

HOME READING.

A Survivor Describes the Heinous Charge.

(Boston Commercial Bulletin) A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives the following graphic picture of the charge: "Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said: "My men, we have received orders to silence that battery."

"We went in a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he had on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death,' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said: "There goes the first!"

"The first was Lord Lucan's aid-de-camp, Captain Nolan, when after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillsides began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell and tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horses, ploughing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closely together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricocheting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer, and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the center of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother or myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabring the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest and only stopped when we reached the bank of the Tcherayna river.

BLOODY REMINISCENCES.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partly guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry: "Ah! you would, would you?" and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting point a cannon shot struck my brother and beheaded him. Tom, ah, thank you!

The color-sergeant drained another glass. "When we formed upon arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said: "It was not my fault, my men."

"And the men replied with one voice: "UNDESMAYED."

"We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us!"

"Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.

"When my time expired in the cavalry I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! fill that glass again, Tom."

This ended the sergeant's story of the famous charge.

Two Short Fables.

(Translated from the French by M. J. D.) THE THREAD OF LIFE.

A little child when contradicted by its nurse, cried out angrily: "Oh! if I were only ten years old, that I might get rid of this hateful nurse. I would then be a big boy and no one would dare to make me obey."

Suddenly a genie appeared before him and handed him a mysterious ball of thread, saying: "Child, this is the thread of life. When you wish to grow older you need only unroll the thread from the ball; but take great care of it, for you can never rewind it, and death is at the other end."

Saying these words he disappeared.

The child was wild with delight, for he was now the master of his own fate. He quickly made a trial of his good fortune and drew out the thread. He was ten years old. At last he was freed from his nurse. What a happiness! But now he found himself in college. Duties, lessons, and rules were imposed on him, to which our young lad was not willing to submit. He discovered that it was not so pleasant to rise early every morning, to go to school every day and to study for several hours in silence when he wished to play. He was soon disused with his new condition of life.

"If I were only in the Rhetoric class," said he, "my studies would be more agreeable. I would be thought more of in the family and I would be a young man besides."

He had nothing then but to draw out the thread to see his desires accomplished; he did so and found himself a rhetorician. But he had scarcely time to admire his fine figure when he heard of the great honors of the baccalaureate; he was now obliged to study Latin, Greek, and a hundred other difficult things which again disappointed him.

What would he do? Leave the college, become free, go into the world and enjoy all its pleasures? Yes, that would be charming. He drew out the magic thread gently, until he saw himself adorned with a moustache. His studies were completed, he promenade with a cigar in his mouth and a cane in his hand, like a great many other young dandies.

"At last I am free and happy," he cried, "I will remain as I am for a long time."

The young man forgot that an idle life renders every one miserable and is the source of all vice. Besides, he was not rich enough to live without working. He was then compelled to enter an office as a clerk and to spend many long hours there.

"How tiresome this kind of life is," he said sadly. "If I was even master, and had an office of my own, and a nice family, I would then be fortunate. I will unroll my thread."

In an instant he was established in business, a father, surrounded by young children who annoyed him with their cries and noisy plays. He had then to endure a thousand trials and cares of which he had never dreamt before.

"This is not certainly the happiest period of a man's life," he exclaimed, "I am tired of business and anxious for the future of my children. I wish to see them all well married and myself relieved of all this worryment. Then I can rest and enjoy the happiness of my family. I will try."

He unrolled his thread and found himself sitting in a parlor, in front of a mirror that showed him his white hair reflected in it. This frightened him and he promised not to unroll his thread again. But several of his children died, others were unsuccessful in business, and he himself fell dangerously ill, and when he had recovered, his wife was carried off by a malignant fever. He believed himself to be one of the most unhappy of men. As he had never learned to suffer, he did not understand the consoling secret of patience. He was in despair.

He soon became infirm, and there he lay stretched on a couch of suffering which no remedies could relieve. He felt as if he could survive no longer. Thanks to his fatal ball he could free himself by the slightest movement. But to die! What an awful thought! He hesitated, but, at length, excited to frenzy by the pangs of suffering, he drew the thread and expired.

He had lived but six months since the apparition of the genie!

If we were in his place, would we have lived any longer? Are we more sensible and less impatient? Alas! we wish to have no trouble in this world, when God has assured us that if there is an art of being happy here, it consists not in avoiding, but in bearing the trials that are sent to us.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

Two large monkeys had been brought up together and lived in the same menagerie, but their tastes were very different. One of them, pleased with the liberty his master allowed him, and the kindness with which they treated him thought of nothing but making visitors laugh at his grimaces and securing their good graces by his gentle ways. Therefore every one sought him, called him, amused themselves with his queer tricks, and rewarded him in turn with fruits, cakes and nuts. The children and their nurses spoiled him. When he compared his fate with that of a great many other animals he considered himself very fortunate and he was right.

The character of the other was entirely different. By his excessive pride he rendered himself unhappy in the very condition which made the happiness of his companion. He felt so much humbled that he wished to leave the place at any risk. In his haughtiness he thought himself equal to man and inferior to no one. Consequently the praises of the common classes did not please him, and when any distinguished persons honored him with their attention, his arrogance was so ridiculous, that the children pelted him with stones and insulted him calling him all sorts of names.

One day he confided his troubles and his projects to his faithful companion.

"Friend," said he, "do you never think of leaving this wretched place?"

"What do you mean?" replied the other. "Our master lets us run out as often as we wish."

"You don't understand me. This pretended liberty is but the vilest slavery; we are despised and degraded. Our name of monkeys is in itself an injury. Are we then so much beneath man that he should make a plaything of us? Have we not a heart, eyes, ears, a mouth, feet and hands like him. And can we not walk erect, if we wish?"

"Well, and what if we do?"

"If we resemble men so much, why can we not pass as their equals?"

"And what then?"

"I am here resolved to seek my fortune. Do not betray me: here is my plan: I will dress myself in man's clothes and visit the city. I will go to the balls, dance and waltz with the ladies, and they will not suspect my origin. Can I not make a bow, smile gracefully, and polka as well as any one. Watch me."

He bowed, presented his hand and waltzed. Wonderful! One would think you had been dancing all your life. But how are you going to conceal the hair on your body, and how will you whiten your skin?"

"Do not worry yourself about that. A pair of scissors is easily handled, and I will attribute the color of my skin to the climate in which I have lived."

But our proud monkey would not listen to these wise counsels. He searched the wardrobe of his master and took a suit of clothes from it that appeared to fit him. Then, after admitting himself in the glass, he took a cigar and cane and started for the city. The people passed him in the streets without paying any attention to him, but when he entered the ballroom all eyes were fixed curiously upon him. In his embarrassment he glided quickly behind a group of busy talkers, hoping to escape public notice, but in vain! All turned and watched him and then broke out in loud peals of laughter. Several nervous ladies fainted with fright, but three gentlemen approached the "Unknown" and questioned him. He answered by signs and was at once found out.

"It's a monkey! it's a monkey!" cried all.

When they tried to seize him, he uttered cries of rage and showed his large teeth. What was he to do? He rushed towards the door amid blows from the guests, and while they went to look for sticks, he escaped. But at what price? In going out, he met a large dog that was set on him, and that tore him with his sharp teeth. The unfortunate monkey tore himself away with great difficulty, and happy to have escaped with his life, reached the menagerie, covered with blood, there to hide his shame and cure his wounds.

The kind attention of his friend did not at all console him for his misfortune; his master, who was informed of it, beat him severely and condemned him to be chained for a long time in order to prevent him from making another such excursion.

The other said to him in a friendly way, "When nature has made us monkey, wolf, dog or cat, it is better to be contented as such. If we wish to become famous, it must be in our condition. A monkey that behaves as a monkey should behave, is thought more of than one who succeeds in badly imitating man. Security and peace are the reward obtained by him who knows how to moderate his desires. It is an old maxim that cannot be contested. As for the rest, consult your wounded back and your torn flesh and they will tell you the same thing. This will give you time to reflect upon your foolishness."

The Four Masters.

To think of a book which tells of a nation's history for 3,500 years may almost frighten one, with its dry, and dreary and dusty records, but it may be of some interest to know that such a book is to be found. More people could tell of the Seven Sages of Greece, or perhaps of the Seven Sleepers, than of the Four Masters, and yet the Four Masters flourished nearer to our own century. The first of them, by name Michael O'Clery, was born in county Donegal, about 1580 A.D. He became a Franciscan monk at Louvain, and was sent to his own country to search out the history of Irish Catholicity, and of Irish saints. Perhaps his superiors perceived how the lights of the old faith were burning dim in the cold blighting atmosphere of Elizabeth's reign, and the reigns of her successors. But whatever their motive Michael O'Clery worked honestly, humbly, faithfully, for ten or fifteen years in various parts of the country, among documents, martyrologies, genealogies and records. He employed colleagues, and they produced three "Tracts," the first on the Kings of Erin, the second on the Saints of Erin, the third on the Inhabitants of Erin, from the year 278 after the Flood to the year 1171 A.D. It is supposed that during the course of this work the idea was conceived of compiling the Annals of the Kingdom of Erin, telling of the general history, exploits, discussions, conflicts, and battles; and these writings, all in manuscript, completed by four monks, who were eminent masters in antiquarian lore, are called the "Annals of the Four Masters." Father O'Clery was able to gain the patronage of some of the old native chiefs, among them the Prince of Ouliffinn, or Coolavin, who was one of the two Knights of Parliament sent to Dublin at that time for the county of Sligo. The work was finished in August, 1636, in the "reign of our King Charles, King over England, France, Alba, and over Erin." The History began with the Deluge, and ended at the Anglo-Norman invasion A.D. 1171, and it is signed with the names of Four Brothers of the Convent in Donegal where it was completed. It has been published in Irish character and also in translation in seven large quarto volumes by Dr. John O'Donovan in 1851. The tangle of Irish history and legend seems to dispirit writers and scare away readers, notwithstanding Moore and McGee, the Nun of Kenmare, and others; even the portions of Ireland's story embellished by the pen of Macaulay have, equally with those debauched by Froude, failed to satisfy the reader. C. B.

A Canadian Sleighing Party.

Who does not enjoy a sleighing party? Not the "Sulky Ride," with no one but oneself. But the real big party of men and woman. It is splendid to crowd the sleigh; the closer the better, especially if your next one be a good looking girl. How timid she is of falling out, and how strong is your arm around her waist to keep her in. Then the whisperrings, the jolts, the snow banks, the bright moon peeping out ever and anon to take heed of you, and the wicked stars twinkling at you. Then the loud song and chorus. Then the drawing up before the old hostelry and the glimmer of the fire, which finds its way through the windows and tells of log fires and fiddlers, and dances, and jokes, and turkeys, and pies, and coffee, and all the ecstasies which make up a night's revel. Oh, it is jolly to go a sleigh riding. I am old now, but I often think longingly of the days gone by, and wonder if I would not still love to do as I did then. After such a time it is always well to clear away the debris from the room and system, the former with brushes, and the latter by Dr. Hancock's SUGAR COATED PILLS. They will right them.

From observation under the microscope, of the Blood of patients (using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites) taken from time to time, positive proof has been obtained of the steady removal of diseased and dead blood particles, and the substitution of vitalized discs, so necessary to the construction of healthy muscles.

Remarkable Counterfeit.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The Secret Service has come into possession of a most remarkable counterfeit \$20 United States legal tender note, which is calculated to deceive even persons accustomed to handling notes of that denomination. What makes it more remarkable is the fact that the work on the note is executed with pen and ink. All intricate figures and curves; all heads; the seal; the fine engraving work, and even the fibre in the paper are almost perfectly counterfeited by pen and ink. The signature of John Allison, formerly Register of the Treasury, is almost exact, while that of John C. New, formerly Treasurer, is perfect. The whole bill, back and face, is a wonderful piece of penwork. The bill was detected at the Sub-Treasury in New Orleans.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Horse.

WARBLE, BITFASTS, AND HARNESS GALLS. When the saddle has galled the skin beneath it, the inflammation resulting is called a "warble," and if this is neglected, so as to cause a troublesome sore, the term "bitfast" is applied. The effect produced is similar to a harness gall, and there is not the slightest necessity for inventing names to distinguish each stage of cruelty in the rider, for if attention is paid to the warble no bitfast will ever make its appearance. Prevention is better than cure, and it may almost always be effected by the adoption of the plan of always keeping the saddle on (after loosening the girths) for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Sometimes, however, in spite of this precaution, the skin of the back swells, and when a heavy man has been riding for six or eight hours on a horse unaccustomed to his weight, the cuticle will perhaps peel off, bringing the hair with it. When the swelling is considerable it should be well-fomented for an hour, and then bathed with a lotion composed of one drachm of tincture of arnica in half a pint of water. The saddle should never be re-applied until the skin is quite cool and free from all inflammation, even if considerable inconvenience is thereby suffered. The same treatment will also apply to harness galls. Oiling the inside of the collar will often prevent the shoulder from suffering excoriation.

GRUBS.

The larva of some beetle, but of what species I do not know, is occasionally met with in the horse, causing a small lump, about the size of a raisin, and usually on the back. This obstinately continues for months, if its nature is not understood, in spite of all ordinary applications. At last a white larva or grub, with a black head, and very similar in everything but size to the maggot found in the nut, makes its appearance, and either escapes to fall on the ground and become a chrysalis, or else it is squeezed out by the groom, which is easily done as soon as the head is visible. When discovered previously, an opening may be made with the point of a penknife, and then the larva may be gradually squeezed out, avoiding too much haste in the operation, which will only retard the process.

BITES AND STINGS OF INSECTS.

Horses are liable to be stung by hornets, wasps, and bees. If there are only one or two stings made, no interference is necessary; but sometimes a larger number of poisonous punctures have been effected, and then the best treatment is the application of spirit of turpentine and laudanum in equal proportions. The bites of the gadfly are so troublesome in their effects that it is sometimes desirable to prevent them if possible. There is effected by making a strong infusion of the green bark of the elder and washing the flanks, &c., with it before going out.

CHAPPED HEELS.

When a horse suffers from adema of the legs, he is particularly prone to an eruption of a watery nature in the cleft between the heels and behind the lesser pastern. Those also whose legs are washed and not dried are still more prone to it, especially if the hair is white. The skin cracks, and, in bad cases, is so inflamed and swollen that the leg cannot be bent without great pain, and often there is a bleeding from the cracks, caused by the action of the limb, but only to a sufficient extent to show that blood has escaped. The treatment must be local as well as general if the eruption is not entirely due to mismanagement. In any case, the part should be dressed with cerate of acetate of lead, a little of which should be rubbed in every night. Next morning some glycerine should be brushed on an hour at least before the exercise, and renewed before the daily work is commenced. This will prevent all risk of the skin cracking, while the ointment will act beneficially on the vessels of the part. In addition to these applications, the general health should be attended to if in fault, and tonics or diuretics should be given, as the case may require.

Stables—Foundations.

In most cases stables are not built of more than the basement story, with a loft over, which is generally, almost entirely, constructed in the roof; the walls, therefore, are not high, and do not require deep foundations, even if they are built on clay, which is more liable to cause cracks, &c., than any other species of soil of a uniform character. It is a very common plan, on this account, to lay the foundations of any kind of course and of broken slates, but if this is done, a course of broken slates should be laid in cement a little above the level of the ground, or, instead of this, a course or two of hard bricks should be laid in the same material, so as to prevent the damp from striking up the walls by capillary attraction. A neglect of this precaution has, in several instances with my own knowledge, kept stables damp in spite of attention to drainage and a resort to all sorts of expedients which could be carried out subsequent to the building of the walls.

Farm and Garden.

Six bushels of pens are equal to ten bushels of corn for fattening hogs, and pens yield a larger number of bushels per acre than corn. Window boxes containing vegetable plants may be set out during mild days, and when it may be done without risk of frost, be left out all night. If potatoes are planted in hills they should be about three feet and ten inches apart each way, and if in drills from fifteen to twenty inches apart. If salt and charcoal be fed to hogs every week, it will be of great benefit in preserving their health. If this matter was attended to, and clean styes provided, there would be less "hog cholera."

Wit and Humour.

(From Punch.)

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of five shillings from "Ary," as a fine for having cut his name on a national monument. Obvious.—Stingy uncle (to impetuous nephew): "Pay as you go, my boy!—pay as you go!" Nephew (suggestively): "But suppose I haven't any money to pay with, uncle?" Uncle: "Oh?—Well, then, don't go you know—don't go!" (Exit hastily.)

SOLD.—First Cantab: "I say, Green, my boy, heard the news? Every one of our crew has got a stroke!" Second Cantab: "By George! How awful! Is it paralysis or apoplexy?" First Cantab: "No; it's Davis, of Trinity."

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS

SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79.

The Metropolitan Primer. Do 2s. 6d. Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader. Do Speller. Do Catechism of Sacred History. Do Illustrated Bible History. Do English Grammar. Do

Items.

Milk from Jersey cows is sold in Worcester for nine cents per quart, and the farmer does not feel obliged to water his milk. The Chinese are adepts in the art of agriculture, and their seeds are matured before planting them. Raw eggs is a restorative in strength. Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add a very little ice if liked, or it may be taken without this addition. Minnesota is destined to surpass all other States in the production of wheat, and Minneapolis is already the greatest flouring center in the world. There is no locality in our country where so large a proportion of cows can be maintained under natural conditions, on a given area, as in the best dairy producing sections of New York. Pick up the odds and ends that are going to waste around you. Hides, horns, hoofs, bones, wax, moss, and many other trifles have a cash value. Bad odors about a barn affect the quality of milk. The odor of manure from a close cellar will destroy the varnish on a carriage or sleigh in the barn above, and if the odor is so strong it must affect the breath of the cow and cause disease. Cheese made from pure skim milk is about as digestible as a shingle nail, but three-fourths of the cream can be removed from the milk, and if buttermilk is added good cheese can be made. Not long ago workmen on a flume at Fenton, Mich., captured a young eel, put in the stream six months before. It had increased over three inches in length during that time. Heating milk from 180 to 170 degrees destroys bad odors in the milk, and the cream makes good firm butter but if heated to 190 degrees the globules are destroyed. A crop of clover one year in three, followed by fallow for the rest of the season, which helps to clear the land from weeds, is the most economical way to fertilize for, and to cultivate market garden vegetables. Lettuce is a sedative, and excellent as food for persons who are of a nervous temperament. Taken late in the day or evening, it promotes sleep by allaying nervousness. It contains a little of the opium principle of the poppy.

A Wild Horse Breaking.

A well-known traveller gives this account of the manner in which horses are caught in South America:—They are caught with a lasso, which is a greased and plaited thong, forty feet in length, with a noose at one end, and driven into a corral, which is a place enclosed with posts. Of course the guacho or peon goes at this sport on the back of a tame animal. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about two or three years of age. The chief guacho, mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was out of the corral his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The peon now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his forelegs, just above the fetlock, and twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that he really thought the fall had got him killed him. In an instant a guacho was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, together with the hair from the end as the tail. Thus, they told me, was to mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide in his mouth to serve of a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The guacho who was to mount arranged his spurs, and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ears, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the lead to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick and plunge of our English steed. However, the guacho's spurs soon set him a-going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation that twelve guachos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in natural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue. It was now curious to look around and see the guachos on the horizon, in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they were unwilling to return to the place. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another.

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Milk from Jersey cows is sold in Worcester for nine cents per quart, and the farmer does not feel obliged to water his milk. The Chinese are adepts in the art of agriculture, and their seeds are matured before planting them. Raw eggs is a restorative in strength. Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add a very little ice if liked, or it may be taken without this addition. Minnesota is destined to surpass all other States in the production of wheat, and Minneapolis is already the greatest flouring center in the world. There is no locality in our country where so large a proportion of cows can be maintained under natural conditions, on a given area, as in the best dairy producing sections of New York. Pick up the odds and ends that are going to waste around you. Hides, horns, hoofs, bones, wax, moss, and many other trifles have a cash value. Bad odors about a barn affect the quality of milk. The odor of manure from a close cellar will destroy the varnish on a carriage or sleigh in the barn above, and if the odor is so strong it must affect the breath of the cow and cause disease. Cheese made from pure skim milk is about as digestible as a shingle nail, but three-fourths of the cream can be removed from the milk, and if buttermilk is added good cheese can be made. Not long ago workmen on a flume at Fenton, Mich., captured a young eel, put in the stream six months before. It had increased over three inches in length during that time. Heating milk from 180 to 170 degrees destroys bad odors in the milk, and the cream makes good firm butter but if heated to 190 degrees the globules are destroyed. A crop of clover one year in three, followed by fallow for the rest of the season, which helps to clear the land from weeds, is the most economical way to fertilize for, and to cultivate market garden vegetables. Lettuce is a sedative, and excellent as food for persons who are of a nervous temperament. Taken late in the day or evening, it promotes sleep by allaying nervousness. It contains a little of the opium principle of the poppy.

A Wild Horse Breaking.

A well-known traveller gives this account of the manner in which horses are caught in South America:—They are caught with a lasso, which is a greased and plaited thong, forty feet in length, with a noose at one end, and driven into a corral, which is a place enclosed with posts. Of course the guacho or peon goes at this sport on the back of a tame animal. The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones, about two or three years of age. The chief guacho, mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was out of the corral his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The peon now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his forelegs, just above the fetlock, and twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that he really thought the fall had got him killed him. In an instant a guacho was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, together with the hair from the end as the tail. Thus, they told me, was to mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide in his mouth to serve of a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The guacho who was to mount arranged his spurs, and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ears, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the lead to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick and plunge of our English steed. However, the guacho's spurs soon set him a-going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider. Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation that twelve guachos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in natural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue. It was now curious to look around and see the guachos on the horizon, in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they were unwilling to return to the place. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another.

Wit and Humour.

(From Punch.)

AWAKENED CONSCIENCE-MONEY.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of five shillings from "Ary," as a fine for having cut his name on a national monument. Obvious.—Stingy uncle (to impetuous nephew): "Pay as you go, my boy!—pay as you go!" Nephew (suggestively): "But suppose I haven't any money to pay with, uncle?" Uncle: "Oh?—Well, then, don't go you know—don't go!" (Exit hastily.)

SOLD.—First Cantab: "I say, Green, my boy, heard the news? Every one of our crew has got a stroke!" Second Cantab: "By George! How awful! Is it paralysis or apoplexy?" First Cantab: "No; it's Davis, of Trinity."

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