

(Continued from first page.)

die away, all her hopes fall back on her heart, chilled and amazed, at the first glimpse she had of his face. It wore the curious repellent look, the dark flush of annoyance that she had seen on it at these rare times when his will was thwarted, or some unexpected cross shadowed his path.

"I am glad you have sense enough to take no notice of Lancelot," he said to her. "If he had proper feeling he would come and speak to me, and apologize, he was the aggressor yesterday, and Lillian tells me that he confided as much to her. He is going in for the breach, you see."

"Yes, Poppy did see it. In quadrilles and Lancers he had stood near her, and had noticed her. He was not so much as to venture for an instant to plead with his eyes, but he had a dark angry flush; a frown of pain gathered on his forehead."

"I have no wish to talk of yesterday," he said. "He danced away with Miss Broadhead, and through the rest of the Lancers eye and hand both avoided Poppy. The girl felt bewildered, maddened, wretched, some kept sense and courage to the end. I will force an explanation from him tomorrow," she said to herself, as she set her small teeth upon her shaking lip, and turned and smiled upon her partner."

"Why was Jocelyn's quarrel with him to be visited upon her? Oh, it was bitter—it was dreadful! He could not mean to forsake her because he and her brother had exchanged a few angry words. He should not be so cruel. He should not do it. He had no right to leave her after all the words of love that had passed between them. Surely he was only angry now; they would make it up on the morrow."

"Thus the turmoil of her thoughts worked like a madness in her brain, while lips and eyes smiled and her ready tongue found answers for the empty thoughts bubbling in her ear."

"Often through the barren clearness of that night's gaily her eyes turned in passionate wishfulness towards her mother and her brother. In her anger and bitterness she had said herself, she would not expect help from either of them. What she had to do was to do alone. There was no counsel or wisdom in her mother, there was no brotherly love in her brother, she was left to Lillian, she saw Jocelyn like a man floating away on a sea of happiness to a new land, leaving her to be left to him alone. She saw her mother beaming on her ancient admirer, her pretty face still young, still childish, lighted up with pleasure at her gaily empty. She did not think of her—she would not ask them for sympathy or aid. Jocelyn had been blind, selfish, cruel—what right had he to quarrel with her lover, regardless of all pain to her?"

"Are you tired, my dear?" said Lady Saterleigh, as her partner brought her back to the rest of the quadrille. "I am getting a little anxious about dear Poppy."

"I am quite ready to go home if you like," returned Poppy in bitter carelessness. "Not till we have had our dance, interposed Luffinoot, coming up to her."

"She laid her hand upon his arm, and they went down the room together, in the dance. Near the spot where they stopped to rest Mrs. Lancelot, with a group of dowagers, remarked:

"There is Miss Saterleigh, called her love, do you?"

"I think her beauty is of a very objectionable kind," said Mrs. Lancelot. "I am very thankful that Richard—"

Miscellaneous.

London, A Long Way Ahead.

The four largest cities in the United States, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Chicago, have a total population of 3,118,684. In 1870 their population was 2,311,390. They have, therefore, increased about a third in ten years. If they keep up this rate of growth ten years longer, their total population in 1890 will be over four millions, or an average of a million each.

Yet now the population of these four cities, of whose growth we are so proud, taken together, falls short of the population of London alone. Even if we added St. Louis, we should not make up so many people as London contains. If we put in Washington, we get an aggregate population about equal to that of London.

London, therefore, contains about as many people as New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington together. Though the latest census of that city was taken eight years ago, its increase has been carefully estimated, and the population is now put at 3,028,867, which is probably within the actual figures. The aggregate population of the six American cities which we have named is 3,654,884.

And even ten years from now, if London continues to grow at the rate of increase which it has shown during the past century, we shall have a population equal to that of our four greatest cities put together. It will contain over four millions of people.

These comparisons are not only interesting, they are valuable also. They may tend to subdue a boasting spirit not uncommon in new and growing countries, and they help us to form some conception of the magnitude of the greatest city of the world has even seen.

Assuming a continuance of its present rate of increase for a century to come, some English writers have imagined London as swollen to a capital of more than ten millions population. But there is no warrant for such estimate, for history teaches that great cities eventually reach the limit of their growth and thereafter show a decline, and that population which is attained by London, however, is beyond the reach of anything like safe calculation, but the indications are that it will have been passed before the next century is over.

Add to New York the contiguous population which really belongs to it as a metropolis, and at the opening of the next century we shall have a population as large as that of London now, provided our rate of increase for ten years past is kept up for twenty years longer. It is, therefore, not at all improbable, indeed, it is very probable, that long before the Twentieth century is ended the cluster of cities which New York the metropolis, will contain more people than any other city in the world. But for a quarter of a century to come London must take the lead, and continue to have a population equal to that of any other two of the great capitals.

Moreover, the perpetual aggrandisement of great cities cannot be an unending blessing to any country.—N. J. Sun.

"The Mercantile Agency," whose representative here are Messrs. Wm. & Co., announce that the failures to the past three months in the United States, 1,065, with liabilities of \$20,111,169, against \$18,779,339. In the quarter of \$22,668,725 in the same quarter of 1879. For the first six months of 1880 the number of failures was 2,407, of \$32,888,763, against 2,009 of \$25,779,339. In the corresponding period of 1879, in Canada the figures are equally satisfactory. The failures for the past three months were 146 in number, with \$84,571 of liabilities. In six months they were 749 of \$860,848, against 1,067 for the corresponding date of 1879. The Agency regard the figures as very satisfactory, and it shows by comparison with the figures of 1878—when the losses by bad debts equaled nearly \$5,000,000 a week, ranging up to \$24,263,000 for the year—that an improvement there. The risks of business appear to be reduced to a minimum. The figures, it is said, if taken in their broadest sense would imply a condition of prosperity and a safety of granting credits without equal in the history of the country. But this conclusion is warned against, and good reason is shown why money cannot possibly be made so fast in the next six months as it could be made in the last six months of 1879. This was made by the result of legitimate trade rather than the quick speculation which resulted from speculative advances. Another element of uncertainty in the agricultural prospects, concerning which the Agency express no opinion. The moral of all that the agency says is that great caution should still be exercised both in doing business and giving credit.—Globe.

A NEW LIGHT ON SCOTTISH MARRIAGES.—Dean Stanley asserts that what are in Scotland called irregular marriages, which by many persons are regarded as excessive instances of Protestant laxity—are in fact the relics of the ancient Catholic system. In modern times what is called civil marriage (that is, a marriage between witnesses without religious services) has been condemned by high Roman authorities as hardly deserving the name of marriage at all. But this form of matrimony is that which before the Council of Trent, in all Continental Christendom, was regarded by the Catholic Church not only as a bona fide union of man and wife, but as a sacrament. The consent of two persons in the presence of a witness was sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. It was not till the Council of Trent that the intervention of the parish priest was considered necessary, and even then, as himself performing the marriage, but in the person of the man and woman who make the solemn agreement in his presence. Scotland nearly followed the practice of the Continent, where any witness was sufficient.—Literary Notes in Daily Mail.

Swiss.—Pigs given a run at grass will do best. The orchard, sown to clover, might well be appropriated to them in part. The effect will be beneficial in two ways; the pigs will have good grazing, and many vermin will be destroyed. If the pigs graze the bark, wash the lower part of the tree with some mud mixed with cow-dung. A feeding coop, such as is described elsewhere, is useful for young pigs. In this some milk in a shallow tub may be given them without disturbance from older ones.—Am. Agr.

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Summer Arrangement. Time Table, COMMENCING THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, Parlor and First Class, Freight, Family only, and Saturday only.

St. John by Steamer. Parlor and First Class, Freight, Family only, and Saturday only.

GOING WEST. Station, Time, Express Daily, Parlor and First Class, Freight, Family only, and Saturday only.

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Agricultural.

It is noticed that some of our farmers, in gaging the new mowing machine, cut too close. This is something that the practical farmer ought to take into consideration, as close cutting is injurious. There are few lands which will bear shearing, at the season of the sun and dry weather of July and August affects the roots unfavorably when they are left with no protection.

Attention to Fruit Trees.—There are a few operations, small in themselves, which are often overlooked in summer, the neglect of which results in positive harm. Trees which were recently set out, and are making their first growth in the orchard this year, should have the soil kept clean and mellow about them for a few feet on each side. Their success and thrifty growth depend largely on their care.

When the hot, dry days of mid-summer make their appearance, newly set cherry trees are greatly benefited, and often saved from destruction, by a copious mulching. Where grafts have been set on young or old trees, examine them and rub off all shoots springing up below the graft. This prevents the best time to remove suckers from the trunks of orchard trees—not by cutting them away and leaving stumps which will send up new suckers, but by pulling them off close to the trunk, and setting the foot first on them if they are strong. If low down, remove the earth about the tree. A gouge and mallet may be needed for large suckers. By timely rubbing off young superfluous shoots on young orchard trees, the tops may be brought into good shape without the necessity of heavy pruning in future. Register newly set trees in a book before the labels or names are lost.—Country Gentleman.

REVIVING OLD TREES.—An old apple tree of the Fall River variety, had become so old and decayed that it was proposed to cut it down for firewood. But a new owner concluded to keep it longer. He cut off the dead limbs and branches which constituted about one half of the head. He top-dressed the ground with manure, not merely at the foot of the trunk, but as far in every direction as the roots were supposed to extend, or equal to the height of the tree. It took a new start, and the second year bore sixteen bushels of fine fruit; and now, for several years it has continued productive. A correspondent states in a recent number of the Practical Farmer that an old orchard of 200 trees on a farm occupied by a tenant, was reduced by the occupant to 100 because all were regarded as worthless. The remainder were then saved, manured and cultivated, and now yield from 200 to 300 bushels annually. The owners of old and neglected orchards may possibly make them valuable by a similar course of treatment. The oldest apple trees we are acquainted with are not those which grow without care in grass, but such as receive manure and culture in the corners of gardens.—Country Gentleman.

The best thing I know of is prevention. Keep stock in robust health and in thriving condition, with frequent use of the card, and they will rarely be troubled with lice. I have found by experience among the numerous remedies recommended, that dry sulphur is the least objectionable, and as good a good remedy as I ever used. Apply by scattering it along the sides and back of the creature in moderate quantity from the head to the opposite extremity, and card it in gentle at the time. A few applications once a week generally cures.—H. S. Millington, Mass.

Lamps and Oil. First—Always fill your lamp in the morning, for then you have daylight to work by, and the lamp and oil are cold. Second—Never pour oil from a can that has been recently agitated. Third—Never allow your lamp or can to stand near the stove, or in any other warm place. Fourth—Always keep the tube of a lamp clean, and trim the wick every morning. Fifth—Never blow down a chimney to put out your light, but blow up from the bottom or turn down the wick. Sixth—Buy none but the best of oil. Seventh—Never pour oil on a fire, for one-half the lives lost by oil have been lost in this way.

Another Hot Day. Several million people throughout the country this morning greeted one another with the above sentiment in one form or another. The women obtained their inspiration from the kitchen hear where they prepared a breakfast that would suffice for a native of the frozen regions, where, in snow huts, without coal, their fire of life must be kept by meat and butter. The men, fired up with a breakfast of that sort, introduced and topped off with hot coffee, and then they were in town, where the first business is to order roast beef, lamb or mutton for dinner, and greet each other with a variety of expressions: "Hot, ain't it?" "Going to be a scorcher to-day?" "You nor bit it this time?" "Can you get comfortable this weather?" To the last I respond, yes, and so everybody who will eat as they dress—for comfort. Why individual try the plan—one who is not willing to barter twenty-four hours of comfort for a few minutes' extra palate-tickling, (and right here I want to say that he will average more of the very table pleasure because he will never know anything of nausea or lack of appetite), let him try the plan of taking a moderate breakfast of plain bread or mush, made from the whole product of the grain—wheat, rye, oats—except bran or hull, served with milk, and ripe fruit, with very little sugar; and at noon take a glass of lemonade, and at from one to six o'clock take a light lunch of bread, vegetables and fruit, using little butter, and let this lunch be the last food taken for the day; and my word for it, he will feel cool and comfortable all through while the food gizzards are hot, and mean and weak. The rule for time of meals is not arbitrary, except that there should be six hours or more between, and four or five between supper and bed. One week of this sort of diet taken with a will, and he will be equal to a foot race on the sunny side of the street, so clean and strong will he feel.—Dr. C. E. Page, in Golden Rule, Boston.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who larks at you as you pass along.

Joker's Corner.

Some Leading Questions. A young man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear outwardly calm, put a five dollar bill on the desk of a Detroit lawyer the other day and said:

"I want to ask you a few leading questions." "Go ahead," was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight. "If I engaged to a girl and I go back on her, what can she do?" "See you for breach of promise." "But if she goes back on me what can I do?" "Hunt up another."

"Um! Suppose I have presented her with a \$2 fan, a pair of bracelets, a parasol and a ring?" "Then she's so much ahead." "If I believe that her infatuation for another is but a passing whim and I flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?" "Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into the first mud-puddle."

"Um! Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty-shilling umbrella?" "Then she'll keep dry." "And her brother with an accordion?" "Then he'll worry the neighbors." "Suppose, sir, I had, for the sake of making myself solid with the old man, presented him with sixteen dollars' worth of a watch dog?" "He'll set him upon you if you have any trouble."

"Um! Have I no redress?" "Yes, sir, go and lodge the paragon ranger who has stolen away your girl's affections." "I'll do it." "Glad to hear it. I'll defend your case for \$20." "Um!" "Come to think of it, he is a bigger man than I am." "Then let him lick you, and I'll make it cost him \$50." "Um! I think of it." "Um! Office hours from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m."

And the young man troubled with inward agitation took himself out.—Detroit Free Press.

A man who had never seen the inside of a law-court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to a jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner said: "Address yourself to the jury, sir, the man made a short pause, but not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit, and said to him, 'Speak to the jury, sir, the men sit there on the benches.' The witness at once turned round, making an awkward bow, said with great gravity of manner, 'Good morning, gentlemen.'

A teacher asked some time ago for an essay on hens. One of his pupils, after presenting him with the following: "Hens are curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no ears, nor no eyes. They swallow their wittles whole and chew it up in their crops inside of em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillows, eye-balls, and crutches. The inside of hen is filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other things, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than any thing that's not a hen. Hens are very useful to lay eggs for fly puddings. Hens has been going agitated, and they're scared out of their wits. When a hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes unke very fine spring chickens."

SORRY HE WAS DEAD.—A few weeks ago Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," was performed at the first time in the theatre at Wilna, Russia. The play gave great satisfaction, and the delighted audience began uttering loud cries of applause. The manager, in great embarrassment, for he knew no more of Shakespeare than the audience—at last came to the front, prepared to trust to his own wit. Finally, after much preliminary verbiage, he regretfully announced that Mr. Shakespeare, the author of the piece in question, had been dead for many years. "The extinction of the subject of the Seventh Century," he said, "will, said Biddy, she reached around behind the door, but had luck to your picture; you're lingering around here want to get it raised." He didn't linger.

A CHECK UPON THE TARIFF.—Scenes of a Highland herdsman, who, for the first time to the Highlands, but, of course, had heard a great deal about those fearful linguists, the Highlanders, at his club, you know—Well, Trogal, this was a fine morning, the night previous, whatever, no more, and he'll hope the bo's well hereafter! Trogal, severely—"Ay, my young man, Trogal may be Heelan, but she'll be no so Heelan as a' that."—Judy.

—There is no worse occupation for an earnest physician than to listen to the complaints of people who pretend to be ill. A well-known doctor, who was called upon by one of his patients for nothing about once a week, ended by enquiring: "Then you eat well?" "Yes." "You drink well?" "Yes." "You sleep well?" "Certainly." "Wonderful!" said the doctor, as he prepared to write a prescription. "I am going to give you a medicine that will put a stop to all that."