## FLINSERL'S FATE.

FROM THE MAJOR'S STORIES.

(Translated from the German.)

(Continued.) 'Meditatively I observed the simple implement, took the handle in one hand and with the other held the spade, to which particles of fresh earth still clung, to the light. 'There, search!' said I playfully to the dog, who, as I held it out to him, sprang at it and scratched off several clods of earth from the iron with his forepaws.

"Wonderful idea which suddenly occurred to me! I put the spade over my shoulder as François had carried it before, kept the lamp in my hand, whistled to the dog, and went out into the dark garden.

" 'Search ! search ! ' I said several times to "'Search! search!' I said several times to Flinserl, who was off immediately, like a fox-hunter, over the beds. I held the light to the right, to the left before, behind, and looked for freshly dug places. I do not now remember clearly whether it was the terrier or myself who, after several unsuccessful attempts, found at last a little spot where it could not have been long since the soil was stamped down. Flinserl, whining, scratched around it wildly, I soon stuck my spade down deener, and after a short effort, struck on a deeper, and after a short effort, struck on a pot. In the pot lay a casket, this I took under my arm and went back. The garden seemed to be empty, and no one appeared to

have followed me.

"But just as I was going to close the house door, some one knocked softly from without, and the girl slipped in, still paler than before, and asked if I wished to take tea.

fore, and asked if I wished to take tea.

"I thanked and refused, and drew out the key. She asked if a glass of wine would be more agreeable to me, and all that she said sounded modest and suppressed, and other than she had spoken for some time.

"As I assented, she did not go, but motioned to a little table in my room, covered with a snow-white cloth, and spread with cold refreshments and a full 'litre' bottle, which must have been waiting my return. which must have been waiting my return some little while. On the hearth the fire burned broad and clear. For several minutes nothing was heard but the hissing of the flames. I poured myself out a glassful of wine, gave an unusually large portion to Finserl, who was visibly trembling with hunger and who honestly deserved a reward, and moved a little table in front of the fire. seated myself and looked up. My host's daughter was leaning silently against the mantelpiece. She did not speak, she did not weep, she scarcely breathed; she was leaning there unconsciously graceful, her pretty hands resignedly folded. The flames threw a by glimmer from below upwards over hands, in, and brow, and made purple shadows in the folds of her white dress, and seemed even to gild the ends of her loosened hair. I knew very well why the little one stayed, and what fear it was that, in spite of other fears, kept her by me. I could give her no better answer than to shrug my shoulders, as if to say, 'It is not my fault.' Then I took my knife and broke in the cover of the tin box.

A couple of dozen letters lay before me. "'I swear to you, sir, papa is innocent!' exclaimed the little girl, and looking as if she would fall at my feet. 'He knows nothing much the better for him, said I,

and added in a little while, having already read the first letter: 'And François also.'
"She was silent, and I went on reading. I read a quantity of nonsense, loquacious dens, lying reports of shameful deeds, vows of vengeance, and in between some "I found nothing really dangerous, unless, perhaps, some stupid proposals and plans. "I divided the letters into two little piles

in front of me on the table. The harmles ones to the left; the malicious to the right. The first I sealed again with my own signer ring; the others I threw into the fire, and stirred round with the polygraphic. stirred round with the poker till nothing re-mained of that flame of hate. "Then again I looked over to the Free

girl. I found her gaze bent on me, and her eyes were moist. She partly guessed, I think, what I had done. "Half surprised by gratitude, but still half afraid, she stretched her hands towards the little packet at my left.
" 'And the rest?' she asked.

"Instead of answering I called Caspar.
"Carry this rubbish to the post! I said
to him, as he stood before me. The girl was going to precipitate herself towards him. I held her back. To be sure she understood no Ger-man, but the universally intelligible word 'post' made my intention clear enough to her. "'You are sending these letters to the post? You!' cried she, amazed and indig-

nant. surdities that need not trouble us. I wish the recipients joy of taem.'
"Caspar made his salute. I went from the fire to the table to take a mouthful. She followed me and filled the empty glass. where my revolver lay on a box, the contents of which were partly pulled out. 'What is your name, Mademoiselle?' I said, still keep-

your name, Made ing my hands beh hands behind my back. she had to quiet her tears several times before she spoke. Then she said softly,

"In the meantime I had cocked the revolve and found everything in order, and I said, laying it to one side:— ""So\_then, Mademoiselle Nicclette, give

Master François to understand clearly that he had better be off with all haste. I hope that your papa, if no worse jokes are dug us somewhere else, will return home with a who skin. But I will not answer for that rogue François. If he lets himself be seen again must have him arrested, if I wish it or not, or else, without further ado \* \* \* ,

"I did not like to say the ugly word; to support my demonstration I only pointed to the fire which had just destroyed the honest w's designs.
Nicolette said neither yes, nor no; she tood as if bound by fear, unable to move

ackwards or forwards. "'It is probably very difficult for your anish the handsome gentleman?' said I

Put she answered almost angrily, 'Not in 'You don't care for him?' " What are you thinking of! He is my

own cousin !' There are examples," I rejoined, laughing, "where cousin married cousin."
"Not this time!" answered Nicolett "Rest assured that you will not see my for my part, am convinced that he has alread So much the better !

"A slight pause made itself felt. The girl evidently wished to say something more, but could not make up her mind to it. I was tired. I bowed, therefore, as politely as possible, and said:—"You have seen we are not barbarians; I hope, Mademoiselle, that we two, under one roof, will sleep softly and peacefully.' She stepped forward and whispered, her eyes bent on the floor:—'You are very good to use the floor of the floor. are very good to us to-day, sir-' then she

"I had to smile. She evidently wished to thank me, but she could not yet force over her lips a word of gratitude to the enemy. She could not say it, and I—did not wish to

" Then good night, Mademoiselle Nicolette! said I gayly, and held out my hand cordially to my little hostess. But neither had she come to the when she could grasp a hand that had, so to speak, 'steamed with the blood of her coun-She bowed to me as if in a da

n, said a soft, 'good night, sir !' ar the better of the child. She turned und to give a last nod. Then she gazed en-mouthed at me, differently from before, nost good-naturedly, and with much itself to the man before her care the man before the man ost good-naturedly, and with much liestly, just as if she now saw for the first man with whom she had spoken since then.

"'Monsieur, what do you mean?' said the French girl retreating, but I had seized her hand across the little trunk, and now softly drew the alender form towards me.

but a monster, which her hate had deformed. Was she frightened at what she perceived? Was she vexed at her own eyes? Quickly she turned to one side, seeking something to hide her embarrassment. She found the dog standing beside her, gazing expectantly at the ruler of the store-room, as at his provi-

ience.
" 'Come!' said she quite softly and disap-

"'Come!' said she quite softly and disappeared, Flinserl with her.
"I ate what was on the table. I drank what was in the bottle. I praised the god of battles, who amid the thorns of trouble and calamity still makes the rose of a beautiful moment to grow here and there—and I slept the sleep of the just till the light of day.
"I was considering how late it might be, when I heard scratching at the door; when this opened a few inches, in came Flinserl, in state, dancing joyously on three legs, and after the second unsuccessful endeavour, nevertheless reaching my bed with a leap.
"I was astonished. Was that my Flinserl? He who yesterday was covered with dust and dirt, and presented the most horrible appearance possible, he scrambled in front of me on the cover, washed and combed, brushed and arranged, the picture of cleanliness and care, arranged, the picture of cleanliness and care, like one of Watteau's little shepherd dogs, like

the lap dog of a marchioness.

"He was perfectly well aware of the advantageous change he had undergone, and showed me his pleasure by all kinds of playful frolics, performed on top of me.

"I did not disguise my surprise, and as I myself was in the best of humours, having walkened for the first invariance." awakened, for the first time in many weeks, between two white sheets, I asked him, in

the well-known tune : "Why so fine, thou pretty dog?
All decked out in ribbons blue!"

"The 'ribbons blue' were no empty form of speech. Flinserl wore a blue silk ribbon plaited in the pearl-grey and brown tuft on his head, and the ends, cut into points, stood up coquettishly above his ears. There was thought and taste in this coiffure. Time and trouble must have been given before the unruly little fellow could present himself in

this condition.
"And as I had leisure just then, I began to "And as I had leisure just then, I began to reflect on the circumstance myself. I did not need to puzzle my brains as to who it was who had treated the captain's dog with such care. I found it uncommonly amiable to express the thanks which she could not bring herself to utter so prettily and agreeably by the work of her hands. And as I doubtfully suggested to myself that it might, after all, be nothing but a general taste for cleanly surroundings which had so favoured Flinserl, and that it had no personal significance a proverh of had no personal significance, a proverb of Altenhofer's occurred to me, who used to say, quoting some Oriental, 'Thou caressest my dog, therefore thou wishest to ingratiate thyself with me.'
"Such reflections, while one is idle, are

dangerous to the heart.
"Also, it was by no means my intention to occupy myself long with them.
"At breakfast, as I went to help my terrier as usual, he refused everything with disdainful nose—even sugar, at other times well loved. 'So, not only bathed and brushed, thou art also full! Truly thou hast a regular

paunch! Fie, Sybarite!'
"After I had bestowed on myself nearly all the attention that more beautiful hands had given my dog, what more natural than that, seeing Nicolette in the garden, I should go to thank her?

thank her?

"I only needed to follow Flinserl, who was swiftly in the footsteps of his benefactress.

"So those pale cheeks could blush after all! It suited her well. And as she stood all! It suited her well. And as she stood there in a light, tightly-fitting dress, her head bent to one side as I spoke, in her hand the bent to one side as I spoke, in her hand the hot yet to journey homewards.'

"'And if you never see your home again?' bent to one side as I spoke, in her name the tendrils of a convolvulus, with which she played to hide her shyness, she pleased me she asked sadly.

"I smiled and said cheerfully

My heart was nevertheless cool enough for me to say to myself, that those sharp fea-tures were not pretty. But the fascination of the grace which pervaded her whole being charmed me so, that I stayed by her with pleasure; and I gradually found all that had

pleasure; and I gradually found all that had at first displeased me in my host's daughter meeting with my approval.

"To be sure, I told myself that my feelings were famished, that for more than a hundred days I had seen none but horrible peasant women, barefooted or in wooden sh that the pleasant life which after innumer able privations and hardships seemed so home-like, softened my heart, and that the certain prospect of being led away from this pasis in a few days made me the more desirous of enjoying it. I told myself a great dea nore to the same effect. It is a tiresome game to analyse the causes of one's feelings. calculate accurately the causes which produced it?—it hurts—that is what matters

And with hearts it is the same. "To say it briefly—gradually, gradually, I fell in love with my host's little daughter, a quietly-burning love, which took entire pos ession of me.

"I would not believe it myself at first, so peevish, reserved, and discontented with everything. The old man had not returned on the third day, but he wrote a letter, in which he begged his child to banish all fear for him. He was free, and only remained in Nancy to secure more considerate treatment for his community, which had a bad reputation with the Germans. He was suffering but it was for the good of his fellow-citizens He owed his freedom, after his own resolute-ness, to the intercession of his guest. Nico-lette was to thank me. He knew her to be safe in the hands of a brave man, though an enemy. And now she thanked me with spoken words I frankly rejected these. The old fool owed to my intercession as little as to his personal courage; but he had to play his part—as the final reward of which he saw beckoning to him in the distance a cross hung ning to him in the distance a cross hung

to a little red ribbon. "When at last he came home, he ran around in the village and in the house more than ever, telling all the world what great things he had said, what punishments he had narrowly escaped, and what advantages he had secured for his fellow citizens.

"I do not know how much truth there in it. I only know that the result of his advantages was that he stayed very little at home, and that I was more often alone with Nicolette after his return than before. The reserve, which before had seemed a duty to ooth of us, was now banished. As inmates of the same house we were accustomed to each other; and if every reason was lacking for a momentary approach, then Flinserl, unasked, made all kinds of welcome occasions.

"I walked for hours with Nicolette in the garden. I helped her in the house, I chatted the even increased ways with her. The time passed he evenings away with her. The time passed

I know not how.
"Certainly I did not fail to reproach myself with my folly. Then I would walk through the village and find everywhere the ame scenes. The hate of the enemies and conquerors was not extinguished, but, as it was necessary to live together, it took, so to speak, an endurable form, at least among the common people, to whom the hard necessities of daily life allowed neither time nor temper to offer those sacrifices to their feelings which the cultivated illumined with the greatest

possible light of publicity.

"As I walked through the streets I found that our fusiliers, from innate good nature, or because of ennii, were making themselves useful in their different quarters. There one useful in their different quarters. There one was chopping wood, here another was carry-ing a Lorrainian child in his arms, and across the way a Frenchwoman was darning German , while two enemies were drawing a

stockings, while two enemies were drawing a cart into the barn.

"In France, probably, they would not believe this, and later, further inland, it certainly became worse, but then it was just as I say. Near by, the hate still blazed on both sides, but the war was expected to end after Sedan, and besides, after all, they felt that they were men among men.

"Certainly in those days it appeared esp

"She was a good, honest girl. Only a few days before the battle of Sedan she had been taken from a boarding-school of the Holy Heart. Excepting her kinsmen, I was the first man with whom she had spoken since

from indifference. And as she had hated the Germans from exaggerated descriptions as monsters and barbarians, she quietly put away one injustice after another as she found me humane and endurable, and the pretended red-skin of her childish eyes became more and ore an agreeable companio

"To be sure the weapons lay near by, and the tumult and disturbance of war were per-ceptible enough even in this quiet little corner, so that never for a moment did we forget how stern was duty, how sad life, how hopeless

"Ah! certainly she loved me! She did not admit it, but I saw it, I heard it, I felt it. She suffered in her love, but in spite of her uffering, she loved me still.

"In such a time, when hate and prejudice have been awakened and fed, they possess hydra-heads. During the day love might cut off as many of these heads as it willed, in the night others grew up in their place.

"My feeling for Nicolette was simple and beneficial. One grows rough and barbarous so soon in war. A well-bred, cultivated man is regretiable conscious of this particular. is regretfully conscious of this, and if, in be-tween, a more kindly feeling takes possession of him, he thanks his fate for it. So neither

did I need to struggle against the good hour.

"But poor Nicolette not only loved, she hated me too. I think she did not well know

hated me too. I think she did not well know which feeling was mightiest in her, till the moment that decided all.

"In all this he who had the best of it was Flinserl. He got the benefit of all the bright thoughts that love could suggest to a thoughtful girl, and no national hate could prejudice these beautiful thoughts so far as concerned a dog who spoke no language, and liked pleasant things said to him in any.

"He became round and sleek. He was as particular about his food as ever a spoilt Provincial, no speck of dust was suffered on his coat, his hair shone like that of a coxcomb, coat, his hair shone like that of a coxcomb.

nd the ribbon on his tuft was of a different colour every day of the week.

"He knew well enough whence all this kindness came, now Flinserl was never to be seen without Nicolette, nor the girl without

the dog.
"We two trembled in painful uncertainty; the terrier prospered beyond measure.

"One evening I found my man Caspar with blood-red head and eyes starting out, walking around with clenched fists.

"'What has happened?' I asked.
"'The insolent good-for-nothings!' cried he, almost louder than subordination permitted; but when I wished to sound him he was silent, as if he did not consider me impartial enough to listen to him. As soon as he dared,

he slipped out.
"I observed my host. He strutted proudly, with his chin in the air, humming a tune, his hands deep down in his velveteen trousers. Other villagers also held their heads higher than usual. It was not difficult to see that lying news had turned their heads. Bazaine, the victorious hero, had once more broken out from Metz, and had scattered all the German armies till near Paris in one battle. It was only remarkable that our handful here had not been eaten up. The fairy-tale did not affect me. But the French were always

ready for more.
"Nicolette believed the false news also. She came into my room with uplifted head, though in a paroxysm of pity. I believe she wished to counsel me in all seriousness to seek to save myself by flight. She soon perceived that the swindle did not trouble me, and became meditative and quiet, still underided whom to believe. She sighed. That cided whom to believe. She sighed. That

was right in any case.
"'My dear child,' I said, 'however the
die falls, I will soon leave. But certainly

'Then erhaps a pretty young French girl, of whom have grown fond, will lay a garland of immortelles on the stranger's grave.'

"Her eye grew moist, and she looked at
me steadily, even when the tears ran over her
cheeks. Then she said, 'I would be very sad

the news of your death.'

"I shook her by the hand; and, as she did
not refuse this, I said that, in the meantime,
I enjoyed living, and as proof I kissed her
hand, not once but several times, till she sud-

denly drew it away.
"' Have you no betrothed at home?' asked she. And when I denied this-truthfullyshe became crimson, her lips trembled, and with glowing cheeks she ran out of the room. "The next evening the villagers were somewhat less elated. My host lay on the sofa and tried unsuccessfully to tear his short hair. All that spoke French in the place were as it they had received a blow on the head: I have they had received a blow on the head; I have really never seen greater discouragement. We Germans breathed proudly. Metz had fallen. The legend of Napoleon was ended. The fairy-tale of Bazaine had come to shame.

"Flinserl appeared next morning at the Hast thou gone over to the enemy?' said I, and cut off the ribben. and cut off the ribbon, together with the plait. He did not seem to take it badly, but was

merrier than ever.
"I was little in the house that day. The latest news, of which every moment brought a new addition, kept us together at the sta-tion. What exultation 1 Even my poor soul rejoiced. I was soldier enough not to grieve over the certainty that to-day or to-morrow we would be marching further into the coun-try. Forward to the line of siege before Paris. Paris! Hurrah!

ris. Paris! Hurrah!
"I did not think much further—had no intention of thinking aught else. Only then, when I saw the slender figure in the house and garden, with her head bent low, as if the burden of her black hair, or her still thoughts, was too heavy, then it occurred to me, with wonderful clearness, that I had been half unconsciously arranging all kinds of things in my mind, so that I did not cease night

or day to rack my brain with plans!
"I commenced packing my little box. We had as yet no order to set out, but how long could that last? I wished to be ready. Who knows what the last hours may br 'In the midst of my work I saw Nicolett in the garden. I could not call the girl, but I coaxed the dog. The latter hesitated like one who wishes to obey, but does not like to separate from his companion; so she, pro-bably also because she saw at what I was engaged, came too, but only, apparently, to save Flinserl from punishment. "'Can I help you, Monsieur la Capitaine?

" 'Stay with me; that is the best help."
" 'Why are you packing your trunk?
Have you received marching orders?"
" 'Not yet. But any hour may bring

She sat down and remained deep thought for some moments. I stopped my work and observed the girl. I repeated what work and observed the girl. Tepeated what I had often said to myself in those weeks. She was not exactly plain; she was not exactly beautiful. She was odd and different from any other I had ever seen; there was grace in all her movements, taste in everything she did or left undone, and without the 'chique' of the Frenchwoman. But, above all, a good brave heart that loved

me.
"Looking up from her reflections, she said suddenly, 'It is very hard, this eternal leav taking.'
"'It is duty,' I answered, 'and in our posi

tion one learns to do one's duty cheerfully. "'I am not soldier enough for that yet, she returned, with smiling mouth but sad eyes. "She stood up and helped me to arrange 'Where will you go now?"

" That I do not know. Wherever 'To Paris?' said she softly, and hid tear, of which she was not mistress. Will you think of me when I am away "She did not answer. Only after a little while she lifted her head, and fixing her eyes

apon me, she rejoined, "'I, Nicolette, I think of you wherever I am, and I hope that the time is not so very distant when you will be beside me again, where I can think of you without leave-tak-Et vous ?'

"She scarcely resisted any more.

"Sweet enemy,' I said, 'I mean that I love you well. Et vous?"

"Nicolette answered no word. Only after some hesitation she shook her head. But as she did so, I put my arm round her waist, and so it came that the dissenting head lay on my breast. I lifted up her chin with my finger, and looked into her eyes as she so reclined. Her eyes could not lie. As they looked at me long and tenderly, the mouth commenced to smile, and as I drew her more closely to me, her arms wound lovingly snd firmly round my neck, and we kissed for the first time, kissed often and tenderly, as betrothed lovers kiss.

"Then suddenly Nicolette started violently in my arms. I listened. There was singing in the garden. She tore herself away. A man's voice sang 'La Marseillaise.' 'Le jour de gloire est arrive!' sounded clearly; then it was lost, going towards the garden. The blood flew to my head. 'That is Francois' voice!' cried I, seizing my revolver which lay beside the bar. I opened the window and cocked it. Over behind the bean-stalks singing could still be heard. Nicolette hung on my arm so that I felt her whole weight, and cried entreatingly. 'But no! It is not François! Why that is the father's voice: Kill not, that thou mayst not be killed thyself!' Kill not, that thou mayst not be killed thy

self!'
I laid the weapon on the table. What did I laid the weapon on the table. What did François matter to me? But the anger was yet there, and scarcely half pacified, I spoke to the trembling girl: 'Nicolette, let us speak seriously. The bullet which is intended for me may strike me soon, even today. So be it. The war has already swept off better than I. I am a soldier. But 'every bullet does not hit,'says a German song. This slaughter and horror between the most civilized nations of the continent cannot last forever. Sooner or later peace will come. May I then come back again, Nicolette, if I am alive?'

"She looked darkly, clenched her hands as if in a cramp, and hissed: 'A quoi cela menerait-il?' Just as a German girl would have said, 'To what is it to lead?'

"'Little fool!' cried I. 'To the end that I take you with me, as my dear little wife, to

I take you with me, as my dear little wife, to my home.'
"She cried out: "I? " " " To you? " "

Never !' " Voyons, voyons ! said I, again drawing the struggling one towards me, and inwardly cursing the song which was once more heard from the garden, but I drowned it with eager words in praise of my country, and the joy

words in praise of my country, and the joy of being by her side.

"She turned in agony, and as I would not let her go, she clasped her hands before her eyes, wildly, passionately, and cried: 'Fie! I am a contemptible being! A shame to my people! Let me go! Oh, are you determined to hear that I love you? Yes, then, so hear it! I love you like a fool, like one bewitched! But yet I am French, and if I loved you a thousand times more. I would loved you a thousand times more, I would rather fall down dead here, and never see father and country again, than go with you to your horrible land, and sit at your hearth, object of derision to strangers, and phorrence to my compatriots !

"Eh! how shrill the girl's voice sounded!

"I liked to listen to her. She had never pleased me better than in this moment, when, all the muscles of her face quivered, and the

all the muscles of her face quivered, and the flashing eyes gazed on me as if they would burn and consume me.

"But Flinserl, who had been disturbed in his best after-dinner nap by this violent speech, Flinserl started up, frightened, and approached the angry girl, barking, hopping on all four feet, all the hair on his body brietling.

bristling. "Which of us two cared now for the dog? Nicolette least of all. The long-restrained violence of her temperament was now let loose. The tone of her own voice carried her away, and she continued louder than before to drown the barking of the little dog! thy wife? But, God forgive me, the wife of a Prussian! Knowest thou not, then, what a Prussian! Knowest thou not, then, what thou art, and what thou must eternally be to me? Thou monster, thou butcher, thou incendiary of Bazeilles Palice to the day of Judgment I hope to stand before God, because I did my duty faithfully in the day of greatest distress,' said I. 'Thou shouldst not judge!'
"And I would not let her go. I wanted to force love to decide over hate. I wanted to

force love to decide over hate. I wanted to kiss Nicolette again, and, kissing, to pacify her. The furious girl pushed and struck and writhed. I did not wish to hurt her, but I did not let her free. So almost wrestling, she approached the table. Flinserl, who now imagined we were playing, wanted to have his share too, and with a leap he quickly

and pulled as if he would break his teeth out

' Ah, 'tis thou!' cried the excited girl the dog. 'Good! There!'
"Close beside my hand a shot sounded. saw my revolver in Nicolette's hand. I tor from her the next second, and both of us gazed at poor Flinserl, who writhed, bending and stumbling on the tiles, red with blood.

The poor dog was badly wounded. Reproachfully he lifted his head towards me with painful barking, as if he wished to speak and say: 'Men. men. what monsters you. and say: 'Men, men, what monsters you are! We poor creatures look upon you as the gods of justice and reason, and love you

with all the strength of our souls, and cling to you with a fidelity of which you have no conception. And you reward us malignantly, unworthily, cruelly—thus! \* \* \* thus! \* \* \* thus! And thou seest it, and sufferest it, "The poor creature moved me to pity There was another report. Flinserl ceased to live. For that is a privilege

onging to dogs—that we may give coup de grace.

"Blood, bone splinters, brain substance—
it stuck here and there to Nicolette's train.
A feeling of horror came over me. I threw
the weapon down. The girl lay in an easy
chair, a fit of crying shook her. I did not
turn towards her, but rang for my servant.

"Caspar came quickly—he might have been standing before the door. I looked at him, and he at me, as if he knew and had ex pected what had happened. He tore a cloth out of the box, stretched it out, and ga thered in it all that remained of poor Flinserl "Silently did the forester do what was necessary, and as he at last gathered the corners of the cloth together, he muttere stubbornly:
""Lieb Vaterland, kannst ruhig sein!" an the cloth together, he muttered

"I did not know exactly what he mean and looked after him, as shouldering Fran-cois' spade, and with the cloth in his left hand, he walked past the house into the gar-

den.
For a second I seemed to see a vision. Red and plack glowed before my eyes. I saw Caspa before me, not as I had just seen him, but with blackened face, sleeves turned up high over hairy arms, his knife between his teeth, 'mid steam, and smoke, and blood, the fiery wood-man of the forest, the avenger of his brother, the hero of Bazeilles.

"It lasted a minute. Then I seized my

sabre and cap, and rushed out without "Where I went I no longer recollect.
When I came back I did not first go into my room, but into the garden.
"In all my life I have never been particular ly inclined to be sentimental, and w probably, even less then than ever. ever had experienced anything as fearful as we experienced, whoever has faced the fate that threatened us, would not count a little

that threatened us, would not count a little terrier among the losses, even though it were a good and rare little dog.

"At the same time—well—I think I have already said that when I returned I went first into the garden and looked around to see what Caspar had done. As the fellow saw me in the distance he shouldered his spade again and made a circuit through the beds, so as not to be obliged to look at me and salute. The man from the forest, who always suffered from 'home-sickness and ennui,' had lost in the pretty little animal his quiet pastime.

his quiet pastime.
"I did not need to search long. drawn to the spot where, the before, I had dug out the pot the post-box in it. In the same

which he had found open, Caspar had laid the dead Flinserl and piled up the earth in a pointed mound, at the top of which he had stuck a broad piece of wood. I saw that something was written on it, and I read from the disjointed letters the proverb:

"Here lies the dog buried."

"Night came on and it grew cool. I went meditatively out of the garden.

"What matters a dor's life!

"What matters a dog's life!
"One might also say:—What matters a man's happiness!
"That same night came the order to

"That same night came the order to march.

"As I conducted the company towards the station, I had to pass the house of my host. The shutter of one of the lower windows was open. In the window I saw Nicolette standing, pale, motionless, as if she were the statue of a woman, her arms crossed under her bosom as if she were holding her heart fast.

"We marched into the iron ring which surrounded the great Paris. I banished burdensome thoughts. Novelty works wonders with a longing heart. There was work enough to do. Only a week later I was carried wounded from the battle-ranks. I need not assure you that I did not 'seek death' as they said. I got my bullet honestly like every other, who at such a moment thinks of nothing further than duty. Since we left Lorraine I had scarcely thought of Nicolette. I had forbidden myself to think of her, and if the little girl nevertheless came into my mind, a desire seized me to be revenged of her. God forgive me.

"My man Caspar busied himself silently round my couch. Since Flinserl's death he had sulked, and he never showed me a bright face.

"When by chance in the march or in the

had sulked, and he never showed me a bright face.

"When by chance in the march or in the battle my eye met his, I found a stern, almost hateful gaze fixed on me from behind his bushy eye-brows. More than once I noticed that my every movement was observed by him. It appeared to me as if before the tribunal of the common man's thoughts, his captain had been 'deprived of divinity,' so to speak. The fellow silently held his extraordinary, secret court over me; and he was the kind of man not only to hold the judgment, but also himself to execute the

judgment, but also himself to execute the sentence to which he had condemned me. "I had to laugh and did not find fault with him. Well, I came off all right. As I lay there and suffered, and the plain room seemed to turn round with me in a circle, then I saw that Caspar in his inmost, thought recon-

sidered many things, and declared me innocent in much, though not in all.

"He nursed me well and faithfully.

"When my five senses obeyed me better once more, and I lay there quietly, the roar of the regiments, resounding from the streets, and the music of the heavy artillery making a mighty back-ground to my thoughts, then

a mighty back-ground to my thoughts, then many things from past days came back to me. Then I thought of Nicolette.

"And I thought of her in a tender and friendly way. I considered why she had acted thus and not differently when fate and her own feelings had pressed hard. And I was obliged to admit that she had defended haveled to the same of the same was conged to admit that she had done right, according to her idea, to draw that bloody line between her longing heart and the stranger, towards whom she could not entirely eradicate the old hate—a line over which neither could cross to the other, although it was only drawn with a dog's blood. "Poor Flinserl, for thee it was certainly hard. But what would become of thee during the winter campaign and the horrible

ays before Orleans!
"But it still remained lamentable that good people, who might have made one another happy, had been obliged to separate so fiercely. But still there were times enough when I asked myself if it must be, and if Nicolette had really loved me. I always saw This last picture stood ugly and hard in my

memory.

"One day Caspar laid a little leaflet on my bed. It was of shining paper, with a square, big border, with a prayer printed on it, such as are given to children in churches and "What is that for?' I asked him.

"' What is that for?' I asked him.
"' How should I know?' answered Caspar.'
'I don't understand the foreign stuff; I found it among the linen, so it probably belongs to the Herr Hauptmann.'
"I took it and read. It was the Lord's Prayer in French. Two lines were daintily at distinctly underlined:
"'And forgive us our trespasses, as we for

give them that trespass against us."
"I read and re-read till my eyes overflowed
I was still weak and ill, and did not upbraid myself for the little tear that ran over my "I kept the leaflet under my pillow as long as I was ill. I kept it in my breast pocket as soon as I could do service again. I carried it with me in the battle befo peated struggle around Orleans, in the great battle of Le Maur, as a charm, or, rather, as the thought of a good, childlike, beautiful heart, carrying blessing with it. I carried it with me as we entered our triumphant native

town as victors.

"More than once in those sorrowful days I aid my 'Our Father,' softly to myself, and always the one petition in French.

"To be sure, the Almighty is said to be 'Himself a German,' as I read the other day n a witty poem; but in any case I am con vinced that my Lord God understood me that way, and that he did not think so badly of that little felony in a brave soldier.

"I have not seen Nicolette again, but I have often thought of her. We have long since had peace, thank God! My thoughts often carry me over the Rhine-Lorraine is a eantiful country; and when a desire to beautiful country, and travel seizes me, well then, who knows, my road may lead me over Nancy. Then I will see if she is still in the old house, and—that understood-not overlook where the dog

Hier liegt der Hund begraben.'—Equivalent 'There's the rub.'

A Girl Monk.

Matrena Ivanovna, a Russian peasant girl two-and-twenty, has recently acquired coniderable notoriety in her native land through he fact that, under the monastic designation "Father Michael," she succeeded ng several months in the cloister of Staraja Ladoga, without incurring the least suspicion on the part of her fellow monks that she was other than she seemed to be. Forced by her other than she seemed to be. Forced by her father to marry a person whom she detested, she disappeared from her home on the day succeeding her wedding, and upon search being made, her clothes and two long plaits of her "back hair" were found near the Wolder of the state of the hoff river, as well as a letter in her handwriting, stating that, rather than live with her husband, she had resolved to drown herself. Her relatives, believing that she had really committed suicide, forbore any further inquiry, and mourned for her as one dead. She, however, dressed in man's clothing, applied last March for admission to the above named monastery, and was duly received into the confraternity on probation, taking the minor vows, and officiating as coachman to the prior. There is no knowing to what ecclesiastical dignities she might not in time have risen, had not unkind fortune decreed that a native of her own village should have been sent to Staraja Ladoga by his master for correction at the hands of the brethren, his offence being at the hands of the brethren, his offence being inveterate drunkenness. Promptly recognized and denounced by this indiscreet toper as Matrena Ivanovna, a friend of his youth, "Father Michael" was handed over to the police authorities by the indignant monks, and is now awaiting trial for imposture upon a religious community—a crime likely to be visited with severe punishment in so priestridden a country as Russia.—London Telegraph.

Dr. Richardson, the well-known author of books on health, has delivered a lecture of "Woman as a Sanitary Reformer." He suggests that women should be practitioners of the sand and the sand the gests that women should be practitioners of "the preventive art" of medicine, and he urges this course upon them, "not simply because they can carry it out, not simply because it pertains to their special attributes, their watchfulness, and their love, but because it is an office man never can carry out, and because the whole work of prevention waits and waits until woman takes it up and makes it here." AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

A yoke of oxen are anchored at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Being hitched to an anchor on a ferryboat, they backed overboard, and dragged it along.

Two boys quarrelled over a game of marbles at Reading, Pa. One cried, "Here's one for your head," and threw a big stone, which broke the other's skull and killed him. A California justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before

said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than horse thieves. Then he apologised, and fined himself \$10 for contempt of court.

An Oregon ranchman threw a lasso clumsily, and the noose fell around his own neck. Just then the horse unseated him, and, one end of the rope being fast to the saddle, he was choked to death.

The first sentence of death in Kentucky of a white murderer of a negro has just been ac-complished at Shelbyville. The crime was particularly atrocious, the perpetrator being an ex-convict and the victim a young girl. A man asleep at the top of a telegraph pole was a recent spectacle in Boston. He was a drunken repairer, who had grown drowsy at his work. A great crowd gathered, but nothing was done to arouse him, and he finally awoke in safety.

Among elderly sportsmen, Sir Curtis Lampson, the whilom Vermont boy who was destined to become an English baronet, ranks high. He has lately killed in Scotland eight stags. He is also a conspicuous cattle fancier, and lately gave nearly \$5,000 for a cow.

A prize was offered for the mother who presented the greatest number of her own children at the Indiana State fair. Mrs. mith and Mrs. Line were each accompanied to the fair by nine, but Mrs. Line gave birth to a tenth on the grounds, and so took the

A hungry tribe of Crow Indians came upon herd of 4,000 buffaloes in Montana, and chased them to the Yellowstone River, which chased them to the Yellowstone River, which was a rushing torrent at sthat place. The eager hunters drove the beasts into the stream, and hundreds of them were swept away. A number of the Indians, too, were

drowned. Morton Pritchett and Sarah Fanster, neighbours' children at Marion, Indiana, fell in love, eloped to Michigan, got married, spent two weeks and all their money in a honeymoon trip, and then returned home. The only novelty about the affair was their youth-fulness, the bride being 12, and the bridegroom 13.

A woman was murderously assailed in Clinton county, Kansas, and a lynching party was soon formed to hunt the villain. Henry Bird joined the mob and was foremost in the arch. At length a scratch on his neck drew attention, and other evidence convinced his companions that he was the man whom they sought. They hanged him promptly. Moody and Sankey have of late laboured

Moody and Sankey have of late laboured separately, and stories of a disagreement between them have been told. These have generally related to the profit on the extensive sale of Sankey's hymn-books. But the two evangelists are to be paired again next winter for a revival campaign in San Francisco, where preparations are making for a powerful onslaught on sin. Young Flood, son of the Bonanza king, was

Young Flood, son of the Bonanza king, was out on a spree in San Francisco with a clerk of his father's bank. The clerk, though his salary was small, would not allow himself to be outdone by Flood in the lavish expenditure of money, and the latter, when he got sober, reasoned that his companion was a defaulter. An investigation confirmed that theory. The clerk had stolen \$4,000 from the bank. he bank.

At length the long history of the United States, by Mr. George Bancroft, is drawing toward completion. The author set to work upon this opus magnum so far back as 1825, and has, with little intermission, been labourand ass, with fittle intermission, been labour-ing on it ever since. Mr. Bancroft has se-lected Sampson, Low & Son as his London publishers. The last volume of the book will, according to literary journals, be out at the end of the year.

Most actors forget about as readily as they learn, and a few days will often suffice to de stroy their perfect memory of a rôle. On a recent voyage from Europe, John McCullough and Rosa Coghlan were aboard, and the pa sengers, on getting up an entertainment, put them down for a scene from "Macbeth." Al-though *Macbeth* is one of McCullough's star parts, and Miss Coghlan had not long before acted Lady Macbeth, they were unable to reall the language with anything like accuracy, and, as there wasn't a copy of the play on the steamer, the performance had to be

Three able St. Louis lawyers, Krum, Brodhead, and Phillips, have studied the question of Indians' rights in the Indian Territory, and they agree in an opinion that all the land is open to pre-emption. They hold that, as the territory was acquired by purchase from France, and not from the Indian tribes, the title to the part now occupied by the Indians has never been relinquished by the Government. They got over the treaty point by maintaining that the President has no power dispose of public land in that manner. is understood that an extensive invasion by vhites is contemplated on the ba unofficial report.

Deer Isle, up near Mount Desert, has plenty f schools for the native children, but all th boys are rushed through the course at an early age and sent to sea, for which they are pre pared by a course of navigation. Some of them doubtless develop very original minds. One young chap had a teacher who was fone l history, but did not know mu about mathematics. One day after she had riven him a long dissertation upon a bee tha and flown in at the window the little fellow who knew he could have at the longest only three months' schooling before going to sea, suddenly exclaimed: "I say, missis, 'scuse me, but I dunno as I care how a bumble-bee's wings is made: I hain't no time for sech things:

I want to know how to cipher !" The passengers by the steamer Lessing, on her last trip to this country, about three days before their arrival in New York passed a tre standing as erect in the ocean as it ever stood It was judged to be about fifteer feet out of the water, with stumps of branches extending a foot or two from the trunk. Its erect position might have been due to the clinging of mussels or heavy shellfish to its oots-at all events it was a singular spectacle in mid-ocean. The tree had been stripped of its bark entirely, but the ends of various ranches remained still with the trunk. It is possible that the strange and lonesome travel-fer had been set afloat by some of the West India hurricanes of several weeks previous.

About six weeks ago the Chattanooga Tim ontained an account of how a young lady eigning muteness succeeded in travelling from ois to Charleston, Tenn., without any expense. At Charleston her lover met her and wedding ensued. Later the young lady and her husband passed through the city en route to Illinois. The woman kept up one continual chattering, appearing as if she were trying to make up for the time lost in travelling 600 miles without speaking. As luck would have it, the conductor whom she fooled was in charge of the train on which she left yester-day. She did not think he recognized her. But day. She did not think he recognized her. But he did, and said he was going to try to find out from her how the East Tennessee climate She did not think he recognized her. But had restored her power of hearing

The White House state dining-room is The White House state dining-room is to have some new furniture of the most elaborate and costly description. There are to be but two pieces, a sideboard and dining table; but expense will not be spared upon them. Mr. Hayes ordered them recently of a Cincinnati firm. They are to be of mahegany, very massive and rich in design. The table is to be five feet across and twenty feet long, without its extension leaves. The wood will be cut in the shape of eagles for legs. The national arms, engraved in ebony, are to be CHIT CHAT.

A recent visitor to Fiji says : "There is wonderful amount of comfort to be found in a native house of a good class, if a traveller have the true instincts of one. The wish of Henri IV. for his people is here realized. There are no beggars, and the pot is never empty. I never yet entered a house where the pot was not on the fire, and the yams bread-fruit, sweet potatoes, or taro preparing for the family."

The lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth cost, in round numbers, \$16,000,000,000, and would, according to Baron Kolb, reach eight times round the globe, although it is but little over half a century since the first railway worked by steam was considered between Taylington and St. since the first railway worked by steam was opened between Darlington and Stockton, Sept. 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, Sept. 15, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 335, 000 killed, and one out of every 30,000 wounded, whereas between 1835 and 1875 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed, and one in 580,450 wounded, so that we may incomplete the state of the fer that the tendency to accidents is yearly diminishing. Railway travelling in England is attended with greater risk than in any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in railway travelling, the chances in favour of his dying from a railway acci-dent would not occur till he was 960 years

The Rev. Mr. Collins, a naturalist, twenty five years resident in Ceylon, says that ele-phants there live about 130 years, and "come f age "at 40. There are three sizes of them in the same herds, and when they are young the size that they will attain is pretty nearly known by the number of their toes. Those which grow to the largest size have eighteen toes, five on each of the two fore feet, and four on each of the hind ones. Those which grow to a medium size have seventeen toes, five on each of the fore feet, and four on one hind foot and three on the other. The size of elephant has sixteen toes, five on each fore foot, and three on each hind foot. No Singalese elephant has less than sixteen toes. The mahout, or elephant driver, rules his ele-phants by means of an iron hook, with which he touches a most sensitive part behind the ear, which causes the most unruly elephant to become submissive. When Mr. Collins was in Kandy, an elephant which had killed its keeper, and which had been shot in the head before it could be captured, had to undergo the operation of having the bullet extracted, which was performed by the native doctors, the elephant lying quietly down doctors, the elephant lying quietly down while the mahout kept his hook on this sensi-tive part. The elephant drivers are a drunken set of men, and sometimes, while drunk, will treat their charge unmercifully, and the elephant itself is an animal which bears grudges the result being that nearly all elephant

keepers are sooner or later killed. Thirteen of the widows of Brigham Young still live in the Lion House at Salt Lake Their shares of the estate were \$21,000 each, according to the will, but by threatening litiaccording to the will, but by threatening liti-gation they obtained about \$10,000 more. They receive, however, only the income from their property; but that is sufficient to give them excellent fare in the old home, with servants, horses, and \$75 a month in money. Louise, one of the daughters of the prophet by Emeline Free, the most intellectual and intel-ligent of the wives saws that all of her fell ligent of the wives, says that all of her full brothers and sisters have renounced polygamy; but a majority of Young's forty-seven chil-dren are Mormons. Speaking of the house-hold as it used to be, she says: "We lived hold as it used to be, she says: "We lived very happily. My father's ruling hand had a good deal to do with it. He taught us to love one another. Every morning wives and chil-dren met in the parlour, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world father knew all his children and wives, but I can tell you if a single on was missing at prayers he knew it, and found out where he or she was. Our house was like a great hotel, and we the guests. Our father was a great manager, and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Our rooms opened on a long hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from brothers, sisters, or wives, we went into this room or that at will." out where he or she was. Our house was like

The following appears in the China Mail: "A tale of peculiar horror comes from the Swatow quarter. The military mandarin for will be remembered as the mandarin who gave the order for the compradore Ah Pac to lose his head and was also intimately condistinguishing himself in thoroughly Chinese fashion. Some small official, who held the position of tax-collector, had been murdered by the people, who, exasperated probably by his eternal and extensive squeezes, considered taking the law into their own hands to be the only way of getting rid of him. For this daring outrage against the law and order Pung Tye-jen undertook to inflict punishment upon the residents, and did so with a completeness we rarely see equalled. He first secured the services of a gunboat to protect or cover his retreat, the place where the inhabitants had one as we have stated being within reach of the guns of a man-of-war. The place was then besieged and the soldiers killed some-thing like 700, it is said, of the people who were supposed to have taken part in the uprising against authority and had caused the death of this petty official. The number of those destroyed by the avenging army of Pung Tye-jen is variously estimated from 400 to the figure above stated. Surely an ample satisfaction to even a mandarin of the blood. satisfaction to even a mandarin of the blood-thirsty character which this man has ac-

Major Raffelle Piccoli, a volunteer "of the Thousand," and one of the heroes of Garibaldi's famous Sicilian expedition, has re-cently laid hands upon his life in a wholly unprecedented manner at Catanzaro, where he had been for some years past residing with his wife and five children. The Piccoli family had long suffered extreme poverty, its entire income consisting of a pension of three hundred lire—about twelve pounds—granted to the Major by the Italian Governme cognition of his splendid services in 1860. It appears that this unfortunate warrior and appears that this unfortunate warnor and patriot, weary of a hopeless struggle against the direst want, determined to put an end to his troubles by suicide. Having carefully sharpened a large nail, he shut himself up one day in his bedroom and proceeded to carry out his desperate resolve. He wrapped up a heavy stone in rags, so that his chi the anjoining chamber should not hear the noise of hammering, and setting the point of the nail against his right temple, drove it in up to the head without uttering a single cry groan. When his wife casually entered he bedroom some time afterwards she found Piccoli a corpse, stretched out upon the floor, with a picture of the Virgin on his the fatal stone tightly grasped in his right hand. Great public sympathy has been awakened in Italy by the melancholy fate of this gallant Garibaldian, whose body was fol-lowed to its last resting-place by crowds of mourners gathered together from every class of society of society.

A LOVERS' TRAGEDY.

The Story of a Victim of the Hudson Rive Tunnel Disaster and his Betrothed. NEW YORK, Oct. 6 .- At six o'clock this morning another body was recovered from the Hudson River tunnel. It was identified as that of Bisler, a young Swede. The young man was the son of wealthy parents residing as that of Bisler, a young Swede. The young man was the son of wealthy parents residing at Stockholm, and had received an excellent education. He came to this country in 1875 in search of adventure and gold. After a stay in the Black Hills, during which he spent the money he had with him, he returned east, He had meanwhile fallen in love with a beautiful Swedish girl, and commenced to work hard to accumulate money on which to establish a home. He had almost accomplished his intention when the catastrophe occurred which deprived him of life. The girl has been a frequent visitor at the morgue ever since the accident, and this morning, when she stood by the unsightly remains, she was almost heartbroken. Another body was recovered this evening. FARM WORK FOR OCTOB

The days are now growing shorter an ights colder, and the thrifty farmer will he harvest along as soon as possible.

will gain nothing by remaining longer i ground, and as the weather grows colder, di and picking them up gets to be very disagre work; besides, there is always danger a season of hard freezing that will injure upers. tubers. Where the land is free from potatoes may be dug by running a double mould board plough under the double mould board plough under the and having men or boys enough to follow baskets for gathering them; always so they are picked up, thus saving a se handling. Some farmers make three grathelargest for market, the medium for ing, and the smallest for feeding to pi cattle. We prefer to plant the very smooth and best, and would save seed from market potatoes, either at the time of ging or from the bins in the cellar. In the grathelar seed will be that the sale will be the sale will be and have the sale will be sale will be the s ing for market it does not pay to put it oes that are so small that the sale will jured. A small or ill-looking potate the buyer. If sold by measure there is itive loss from sorting close, as the sm bers will lie between the larger ones will lie between the larger ones will increasing the bulk. In sorting anythin market it usually pays to make it look tractive as possible. Large, sound bring a fair price this year, even in a mathat is overstocked with inferior fruit.

THE APPLE CROP is over-abundant again this year, a would be wisdom for many farmers down or dig up many of their inferior and grow other more valuable crops in stead. It is a good time now while gat the fruit to decide which trees are not standing another year. All trees that are ning to decay, all that bear inferior frui all that cannot be properly cared for better be removed before they bear as crop. It is the surplus of trees that it so difficult to give orcharding proptention. tention.

One good, healthy tree, well cared for is, with the soil sufficiently fertilized the insects are kept in check, and the

thinned, will give much better satisfiand bring better returns than a half and oring better returns than a half trees that are neglected. We have doubt that the export demand for apple increase in this country, but the deman be for large, sound fruit only. Worm gnarled apples will find few buyers should all be husked, and the fodder well this month if possible, and the earlied done the pleasanter will be the work.

main in the field through long storms cribbing the grain, see that it gets ples air until it is dry enough to keep s Heated, moulded corn is poor stuff. SAVE THE SEED CORN while husking, if not done in the field put it where it will dry quickly, and put it where it will dry quickly, and sound. It is very annoying to plant see has been spoilt in curing without discovit till too late for replanting. Farmer are forever getting hold of the wrong everything, and who are always behind with their work, are the very ones who often complain that "farming don't Good, sound, pure bred seed is at the tom of all success in a grintly and the sound. tom of all success in agricultural as visione other branches of productive ind

odder grows rapidly poorer if

Breeders of choice animals understand fully, and it is time that the law of her was better understood, and its influe fully appreciated, by producers in all de ROOT CROPS. except late turnips, are usually safer in vested before the end of the month to left in the ground till November. Bee Il kinds are injured somewhat by hard all kinds are injured somewhat by hard fing. The leaves from root crops make of an addition to the food supply for stothis season. Growers of beets for the sugar manufacturers will find they have leaves than can be fed at once with profit. claimed that they may be preserved by ting in the earth. It will be well to treexperiment on a small scale where ther surplus that must otherwise be wasted, pits should be dug in dry land and well as the story of the sto

water will not settle into them and ro fodder. Asandy hillside is the best si a cheap pit or silo for this purpose. The or bad results of the experiment will de very much upon how thoroughly the air i ed by pressure and excluded by a cov is to be recommended wherever the soil clayey as to be benefitted by the alter freezing and thawing during the winter, ploughing also helps the work along it spring, when farmers are most often hu with their work. with their work. Grass land ploughed fall and harrowed sufficiently to level the face may be dressed, with manure at time during winter, when it will be all i for receiving the seed in the spring. \*
fields that are too soft for carting ov spring may be manured in winter to goo vantage. Carting heavy loads over f ground doesn't hurt it in the least by pa and compressing the soil as during the mer season. It is also less expensive ha manure in winter, when both men and are comparatively at leisure, and field are at some distance from the farm bui are at some distance from the farm built may in this way be cultivated at a p. There is much less waste from spreamanure in winter on fields to be planted following season than most of us have posed. The soil seems to have a great nity" for manure, and holds to it very clously. On a steep hillside a little caution may be necessary, though even caution may be necessary, though even there will be less than one would think had never tried the experiment of w

nanuring.

It is claimed, too, that fall ploughing and the stroys large numbers of insects, and the no doubt that frequent stirring of the se any season, has a tendency in this direction of the Grubs that would bear freezing unharm the soil might find the winter far too f left upon the surface some cold day l October. Fall ploughing of land that been cultivated during the summer will hold in check or utterly destroy many w that otherwise would start into growth in spring, and perhaps prove a great

at pasture should be taken to the barn be the nights become very cold or the feed scant. There is no profit whatever in 1 ing any animals that are not const gaining, and it is not unusual to find cat Pasture growing poor in October. — England Farmer. Rick Burning in England. With the uprising of wheat and ricks in goodly show the season for incen

ism has set in with its usual severity. mysterious "tramp" is again at work blazing stack-yards testify to his ill-om activity. Of course he is suspected, folloperhaps apprehended, and on rare occaeven prosecuted, but convictions are all perhaps apprehended, and on rare occa-even prosecuted, but convictions are al unknown. As often as not, the tramp out to be merely a belated agricultural la-er who has crouched down in the lee stack to light his pipe and who carel stack to light his pipe and who carel flings away an unextinguished match v smoulders until his back is turned, and manages to set fire to the combustible in Yet, whoever the culprit and whatever weather, the difficulty of extinguishing fires is of yearly recurrence. There is ample supply of water close at hand means of effectually using whatever then no fire-engine nearer than the county that and probably neither men to work nor voto pump when the engine is on the Meanwhile, one burning rick communities signal to its fellows, and the resulter ardent emulation is dust and ashelaim on the fire insurance office, a homily next Sunday in the village church dressed to such parishioners as happen awake. One of these fires just reported Leamington may serve as a sample of all-luroke out just after dark; men and boys the county reformatory were summone assist the villagers, "but the only were summone of the county reformatory were summone assist the villagers, "but the only were summone of the county reformatory were summone assist the villagers, "but the only were summone of the county reformatory were summone as the county reformatory were summone as the villagers, "but the only were summone of the county reformatory were summoned to the county reformato nanages to set fire to the combustible