Fashions.

(Queen.)

...s for costumes take ...mon, being autumnal ...nings more than ever ...the material. One ...ish leaves (faded), and ...ast brown to the paler ...the leaves are cut out, ...ts in reverse colours, ...ers, in the centre of ...being finished with a ...bder, the spaces ...peared with the same ...ts taste on a silk dress ...is most stylish. An ...green of ash leaves, ...spaces filled in with ...used with effect on a ...timmer dress, made ...but other shades plain; ...the collar and pockets ...the trimming, and ...quantity of buttons ...an ash leaf worked in ...gloss are expensive, ...be generally adopted. ...ebe" is now quite ob...s a fair share of patron...asses the feather trim...of plain between the ...the monotony and ...t will be much used ...ed dresses. A selected ...the most becoming in ...nally be discovered. ...t rich corded silk with ...wide bouillons of ma...ways, or running up the ...ed, a head of "ruche ...ting the same to meet ...opened in the centre ...fringed with the ruche ...e waist *à la militaire*. ...is traditional fastening ...ttached to the dress on ...r wheels (which by ...greatly into notice) ...d. Back part of coat ...of cords and wheels, as ...

...d to individualize several ...the general style for ...

...(shape Mother Shipton), ...ded brooms and the illest ...ntained round the edge ...two inches in the shape ...shaded to match, ...over and down the one...

...tage shape) rich brown ...ath of small birds, the ...golden and bronze hue ...This has a small vel...inside to correspond. ...ronnet (shape), with plush ...ostrich feather round, ...ed, the crown remained ...from the mowing lote, an acre of sugar beets ...was well started to eke out the winter food ...of the cows, the pastures were free from ...bushes and weeds and matted with white ...clover, and everything about the premises looked thrifty.

In striking contrast with this farm we passed another farm on which we had known two or three generations to have been brought up in comparative affluence. The old house, one side of which is cracked and plenty, now looks like "some banquet hall deserted." Instead of following the advice to keep the spacious pastures; now ten are compelled to grub to gain a living. The pastures looked more fitted for browsing than grazing. The mowing lots looked better, but the bushes were beginning to spot the meadows, and the pastures were firmly intrenched within the walls. This farm contains, woodland included, 400 acres, and with a little skill and energy, could be made to carry fifty cows again, and turn off two cheeses, fifty pounds daily as it did in the palmy days of the dairy. Improvement is more than a mere phrase, which can be bought for less than the buildings are worth, and renovate it. We know of investments which would return a larger interest. It would be sure to pay, even if the land were left to be covered with forest for a century or more.

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We should not, however, trust to grubbing and drainage alone for the renovation of the exhausted pastures. In case they are not sufficiently ploughed, it is better to follow the spade with a plough. An old pasture, if it will not ploughed, will generally give a good crop of potatoes, especially if fortified with plaster and wood ashes. We never raised a better crop of potatoes than on an old hard-back pasture, on which the bushes had been cut, burnt into piles, with the sods clinging to the roots, and, when sufficiently dried, burned on the spot where stood the field. The crop of potatoes should be thoroughly cultivated, in order to subdue the weeds, and seed should be followed with a good stocking of grass of various kinds, with or without a crop of Indian corn, a crop of rye, a crop of the land may justify, in case grain is raised, it should be stimulated by a top dressing of some superior fertilizer. Ploughing an old pasture gives a much more even surface, but many of the stones are too deep to come up to be ploughed. These can be cleared of bush and brake, and a sufficient quantity of wood, if not sufficient for fuel. The secret of making a great deal of pork out of roots and green crops is evidently known by some farmers more than others, but this is only to be effected by consuming a great deal of meal, or other farinaceous, nutritious, or highly stimulous substances with the vegetable food, and we may take it for granted that the best of all secrets is one which applies to the feeding of cattle and sheep, no less than pigs, namely, never to allow the animal intended to be fed for meat to become stagnant in growth, or in laying on flesh at any period of its existence.—*Live Stock Journal.*

A reason why the Forrest Home for Decayed Actors has so much difficulty in obtaining the funds ready money to carry out the provisions of the will. Mr. Sinclair Coleman, who died in the line of drawer, and the bulk of the property left by Forrest was in real estate. That in Philadelphia is in a dilapidated condition, and the tenants are in arrears. The real estate in Cincinnati cannot be sold for its original cost, and the same may be said of the other real property.

Improvement of Pasture Lands.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

We have recently made a short trip over some of the hill towns of Massachusetts, and were much more than ever impressed with the degeneracy of the farms in all the by-places. We were reminded of the saying of Solomon, "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." If the slothful man had looked any worse than those of the waste places of New England, we do not wonder that Solomon "saw and considered." We have seen and considered the desolation of our mountain farms for years, and have been specially impressed with the degeneracy of the pastures. If they are not grown over with thorns and nettles, hardbacks and thistles are certainly more abundant than grass upon them. "Ichabod, the glory departed," is written too plainly upon the grazing-lands of our hill towns.

We do not care now to speculate upon the causes of the degeneracy of these old farms. It is enough for us to know that butter, cheese, wool, and beef have been extorted from the soil, and yielded a fair return, with no other return than the stock may have furnished by their excrement. It needs no prophetic eye to see that when the drafts are more than the deposits, the former will finally be dishonored. This is just what our hill farmers have been doing. They have drawn on their pastures for forage, and seldom—in some cases never—made any deposits. The mowing lots have been top-dressed, and they show the effect. They look better than the old pastures. We passed some farms on which some forty to fifty cows were formerly kept; now the pastures are so overgrown with bushes and weeds that they will sustain only eight or ten. We never called in question the motives of our farmers, quite distinct from the motives of our hill farmers have been doing. They have drawn on their pastures for forage, and seldom—in some cases never—made any deposits. The mowing lots have been top-dressed, and they show the effect. They look better than the old pastures. We passed some farms on which some forty to fifty cows were formerly kept; now the pastures are so overgrown with bushes and weeds that they will sustain only eight or ten. We never called in question the motives of our farmers, quite distinct from this number. In one small town we were told a thousand cows were formerly assessed; now the assessor counts only 300.

The question is, shall these hill farms be abandoned to their degeneracy, or shall some attempt be made to redeem them from the mortgage which mismanagement has brought upon them? We unhesitatingly say that they can and ought to be redeemed. We need no better proof of the possibility of making the hill farms than the fact that we find here and there one which is in a high state of cultivation, supporting a larger flock than in the palmiest days of dairy agriculture. We saw in our recent trip a mountain farm that now carries forty cows in place of twenty-five, the original allowance. This is the result of intelligent management. We saw another, with plush, ostrich feather round, and a little and energy, could be made to carry fifty cows again, and turn off two cheeses, fifty pounds daily as it did in the palmy days of the dairy. Improvement is more than a mere phrase, which can be bought for less than the buildings are worth, and renovate it. We know of investments which would return a larger interest. It would be sure to pay, even if the land were left to be covered with forest for a century or more.

But it is not desirable that all the land should be covered with the growth of trees. Not trees are the glory of a town. With good buildings and good arable soil there is no reason why the prosperous farmer should not be made to support families just as they have done. The roughest part of the farm may be given up to forest culture with a profit. If the labour formerly scattered on 200 acres was concentrated on fifty, there would be more to show for it, both in the barn and in the purse. Our first attention should be given to the farmers. The burden need to be grubbed out, the farms and other lands in the forest, and in a great majority of cases the land should be tile-drained, to let off the surplus water and keep the soil free from grass or pestilent weeds, and to make the fertilizing agents deeper in search of the inorganic food of which the surface soil has been extracted. We have seen instances completely changed the character of the vegetation on a farm, and that too with the simple means of coming in place of the coarse aquatic plants. It is a mystery whence those fine grasses come when they do, wherever the proper food is furnished them. While drover grows on an old pasture, and the wild carrot grows gather around an old cannon.

We should not, however, trust to grubbing and drainage alone for the renovation of the exhausted pastures. In case they are not sufficiently ploughed, it is better to follow the spade with a plough. An old pasture, if it will not ploughed, will generally give a good crop of potatoes, especially if fortified with plaster and wood ashes. We never raised a better crop of potatoes than on an old hard-back pasture, on which the bushes had been cut, burnt into piles, with the sods clinging to the roots, and, when sufficiently dried, burned on the spot where stood the field. The crop of potatoes should be thoroughly cultivated, in order to subdue the weeds, and seed should be followed with a good stocking of grass of various kinds, with or without a crop of Indian corn, a crop of rye, a crop of the land may justify, in case grain is raised, it should be stimulated by a top dressing of some superior fertilizer. Ploughing an old pasture gives a much more even surface, but many of the stones are too deep to come up to be ploughed. These can be cleared of bush and brake, and a sufficient quantity of wood, if not sufficient for fuel. The secret of making a great deal of pork out of roots and green crops is evidently known by some farmers more than others, but this is only to be effected by consuming a great deal of meal, or other farinaceous, nutritious, or highly stimulous substances with the vegetable food, and we may take it for granted that the best of all secrets is one which applies to the feeding of cattle and sheep, no less than pigs, namely, never to allow the animal intended to be fed for meat to become stagnant in growth, or in laying on flesh at any period of its existence.—*Live Stock Journal.*

BESIDE THE RILLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER I.

A FRESHING MATCH.

Mademoiselle Louise Courbon has a very thoughtful look on her fair freckled face, and her round green eyes have a shadow in them that is quite unusual; for Mademoiselle, although no longer young, is as merry as ever she was, and her little plump, round, well-dressed figure and smiling face are always to be found when amusement is going on in Pont-Audemer. Her round very green eyes are passive; sometimes they are full of innocent open wonder, and then they give through the half-shut yellow eye-lashes long glances which can only be called furtive. She is an orphan, but her parents left her that little half-timbered tumbledown house beside the Rille, with its gable atop and washing-place below. This is a source of revenue, for the river washes the basements of the multitude picturesque dwellings beside it, and Louise sets out the washing-tubs in the pleasant laundresses, a set of merry hard-working souls, as diligent at blackening their neighbours' characters as they are at washing their linen.

Louise does not her slender beauty by dressmaking; that is to say, she will make dresses and bonnets, and caps also, for a chosen few in Pont-Audemer. Madame Ch., the wife of that citizen who celebrated his retirement from the office of Mayor by building on the top of the steep green hill which closes in one end of the town the staring white house with the green jalousies, is a native any—against everything else in Pont-Audemer. Louise has also worked for Madame Trajon, the wife of the leading cotton-yarn and fancy goods store in Pont-Audemer, and for Madame Gérard. But this is a confession; she considers Francoise her equal; and it is not for the girl's sake that she makes the gowns, but for that of Louis Perreyre, a young soldier far away now, whom Louise loves as though he were her young brother.

Louise Courbon is in a hurry to-day, and so, instead of lingering beside the lovely Rille, merry with its shadfuls of chattering, laughing washerwomen, sets with the whirr of the dark-mills, which mingle beside the stream with the quaint, half-timbered red-brick houses backed by lofty poplar trees, the green hill behind them, we must go with her along the green meadows that lie around the bridge, and there is a stone-bordered quay on this side the river, with high gables of broken shape at intervals, up which girls come slowly, with tall, wall-shaped, brown pitchers poised on their heads.

The water is low to-day, for a dark line and a growth of tiny creeping plants on the foundations of the houses above that it is sometimes a foot or so higher, and at such high tides the white-capped women who is now kneeling on a flat stone, and beating the red shirt under her hand so vehemently with her wooden bat, would surely be under water if she tried to wash in the river as it flows by her house. At the back window of one of the houses on the left Louise sees a face she knows, and begins to nod. Then, instead of following the advice to keep on the spacious pastures; now ten are compelled to grub to gain a living. The pastures looked more fitted for browsing than grazing. The mowing lots looked better, but the bushes were beginning to spot the meadows, and the pastures were firmly intrenched within the walls. This farm contains, woodland included, 400 acres, and with a little skill and energy, could be made to carry fifty cows again, and turn off two cheeses, fifty pounds daily as it did in the palmy days of the dairy. Improvement is more than a mere phrase, which can be bought for less than the buildings are worth, and renovate it. We know of investments which would return a larger interest. It would be sure to pay, even if the land were left to be covered with forest for a century or more.

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Louise keeps her eyes fixed on Francoise's face. She smiles scornfully at the last words.

"Well, Madame, I have done my part; but if Monsieur Constant comes to see you again I shall tell him all I know; and he is not one to be content with another man's leavings, I fancy.

CHAPTER II.

A JOURNEY.

Pont-Audemer is a small town. It has a large, grand old church, St. Ouen, and a large market place; beside this there is one long street, the Grande Rue, with the country rising up in a great hill at each end; the street in which Louise lives, on each side the Rille; running through it is a narrower, parallel street, and the little, narrow turnings which connect the two wide depots are traverse the canals which work the tan mills. On this account, as every one sees every one side at church or in the market, news spreads quickly in Pont-Audemer.

Louise Courbon knows that well, for she says to herself as she walks home:—

"If Emile Constant did not live all by himself at Montfort, he would have known long ago that Francoise is promised to Louis Perreyre."

But to-morrow is market morning, and it is quite possible for Louise to walk beside the river on the way to Montfort, and meet Monsieur Constant as he comes to market.

"I will tell him Francoise is promised, and I will tell him something else—something you do not quite count on Madame Thérèse."

Very little is full of dissatisfaction, the river looks a dull gray as she walks beside it, and the leaves of the poplar trees hang down hopelessly, as we are wont to do when we are tired.

"He will be in town to-day for the cows lounging about, he will be where I can speak to him quietly.

"Ah—you—are very kind—Mademoiselle," he puffs more than ever, but he sits still in his place.

"Mademoiselle"—he looks slowly round, and then settles himself comfortably—"I am very glad you come out to-day. I think you will have the complaisance to stand close to me, I will lend down as much as possible"—he puffs and blows—"and I will thus receive your information. Ah—"

"Monsieur," she says, gravely, "are you not courting Mademoiselle Francoise Gérard?"

Monsieur sits suddenly and stands sideways between mother and daughter as Francoise pulls her hands away. "I'll do nothing underhand; but Madame Gérard, you let your girl promise herself to Louis Perreyre in my presence, and but for old Eustache you would have let her marry him, too. Well, then, because Eustache Perreyre has lost his money and Louis will be a poor man, is he to be cast off for a rich newcome like Emile Constant? Shame on you, Thérèse Gérard."

Madame Gérard snaps her fingers in Louise's face.

"Shame on you, you meddler. What call have you to be keeping guard over a fine girl like Francoise, with a mother to protect her? But single women are all alike; they think every chance a girl gets is so much taken from themselves. I suppose you have no eye to Monsieur Constant."

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Then, as if she just perceived him, she darts on him with the sudden descent of a hawk.

"Ah, good day, my friend, and you are coming to us, are you not, as you promised?"

She turns as if to walk beside him to her house, but Emile retreats.

His round face has become a very greasy yellow, and his eyes are duller than ever.

"I shall be return home early, and I just forego the honour of the visit."

"Madame must excuse me," he stammers.

"I have to return home early, and I just forego the honour of the visit."

The blue laughs till the tongue shows in her empty mouth.

"What a pity," she says, "when Francoise has staid in all the morning to have this chance wishing for your coming the fortune. Well, then, you must give me a present money for my daughter, she expects it?" she nods her head triumphantly, though she is wondering how to get this fat idiot—as she calls him—home to her house to settle this matter irrevocably.

Constant's lower jaw drops, and he looks ready to faint with terror. The tee gazes at him with cool astonished glances that he is forced to speak. "Madame—I have been told news—Madame—why did you not tell me—Madame—that Francoise Gérard has promised to Louis Perreyre?"

"Louis Perreyre?" Thérèse opens her little eyes as widely as possible—"Ma foi! is there then no end to the gossip of Pont-Audemer? Why, Monsieur, she says she has braved it out—she has conquered the longing she had for Louis' love—from very pity, and that poor young man is left alone, but she cannot bear his contempt, she can. Well, Monsieur, I am sorry for you, but I am his place—she turns away as the miller speaks, and hides her face against the wall.

"Ah, Monsieur, I pity you, I pity you, it takes the heart out of a man to be jilted for a rival, and a rival who