AN ACCIDENT. Mouse had, in fact, met with an accident After the angry collequy with the manager, she and Gen leman Joe had hastened into the riog, which was unoccupied at the moment by any of the performers—hence the habit with o'd Gentleman Joe to thus act as the child's escort He was very much devoted to her, and saw that the sight of the great sea of heads and eyes generally frightened her a little; so he alwa "wept on" with her, and thus diverted himself a part of the public attention. This was proof of Gentleman Joe's delicacy of centiment, as well as of his affect on for Mouse. This thin-faced old clown was not a mere merry andrew; you could see that. He had about him the indescribable something which indicates elevation of character; and h s manner, and the tones of his voice, when he was sceaking to the child, had that suavity which marks high

bred pe sons.
As they entered the ring, Gentleman Joe's expression changed at once. He executed agr mace, and, bending his body forward at a right angle, extended his left elbow horizontally toward Mouse, who took the arm offered. He then stepped out with his right foot, putting it down cautiously, as if he were walking upon eggs,

cautionsly, as if he were walking upon eggs, and escorted Mouse to the spot where a tight-rope was stretched over forks about ten f et from the ground

"Lad es and gen tle men," said Gentleman Joe, "I have the honour to introduce to you my young friend, Mademoiselle Celest ne Delavan, who will perform for your amusement upon what is called, by the common people, the tight rope."

In the midst of applause, Gentleman Joe then released his arm from Mouse's grap, knelt on one knee, and held out his hand.
The child placed her small foot in it, and

The child placed her small foot in it, and Gentleman Joe tossed her up to the tight-rope, and handed her the long balancing-pole; he then smiled, retired backward, looking at her admiringly as he did do so, fell over a wooden block behind him, fell over a wooden block behind him, turned a somerset, and lit upon his feet, gimacing. The performance then began.

It was evident that the child was ill at ease, and a little afraid to begin her performance. This was so plain that Miss Juliet Armstrong, who seemed to be much interested in her, said to Mr. Lascelles, interested in her, said to Mr. Lascelles,
"It is very wrong to make such a poor
little thing perform in public. She is
afraid of falling; I hope she will not fall."

"There is probably no danger," Mr. Las-celles replied; "these people are always well trained" "But she is such a wee body," said the sympathetic Juliet, very earnestly for so calm a person, "and quite a little beauty too."

"Do you think so?"
"Don't you?"
"Well," said Mr. Lascelles, rather indifferently, "I really had not looked at her. Yes, she is tolerably good-looking, and a mere child, as you say, Miss Juliet."
"She is too young. Look, she certainly is frightened—she is clinging to the rope with her feet like a bird."

This was true. Mouse's boots were not sufficiently chalked, which is essential in performances on the tight-rope. Alarmed by the augry expression and rough address of the manager, the child had hastened in of the manager, the child had hastened in to go through her performance before she was ready to do so. The smooth soles of her boots made her foothold insecure, and her feet were wrapped around the tight-rope in the manner noticed by the young lady - as a bird grasps the bough of a tree. Nevertheless, Mouse attempted to exe cute her part. She advanced nervously,

her long balancing pole up and her foothold evidently was uncertain, and ones or twice her foot slipped,

rope, but only bruised her arm, causing the blood to flow. She struck the sawdust heavily, and lay still, moaning.

Gen'leman Joe had rushed forward to

estch her in his arm as she fell but he was too late. The child was lying with one of her thry limbs doubled beneath her, and ward off a blow. Some of the blood from had fallen on her I ght curls. Ats'ght of this Gentleman Jos had uttered the cry, and the audience had risen to their feet with exclamations of sympathy. It was an affecting sight to see Gentleman Joe, with a sudden rush of tears washing the de, calling to her. But he was all at once thrust aside, and the Lefthander caught

the child in his arms. claimed. "Are you hurt? Your arm is broken. You fell!"
"Yes, I fell, poppa. My shoes were
not chalked," faltered Mouse, trying to

-I'll kill him !"
The tone of these words frightened the audience, who distinctly heard them. The Lefthander's voice and face were, in fact, ominous. His black brows had made the straight line. Another person probably heard him, and raw the eyebrows, through the opening of the tent—Manager Brown. son, who was observed to retire hastily to his private apartment, away from the gen-

The Leftbander raised Mouse in his arms, growling as he d'd so like one of the wild animals. He was evidently, indeed, a very dangerous animal at the moment, and it was probably just as well that Mr.
Brownson had business which occupied him
elsewhers. Mouse was quite pale, and her white skirt was stained with the blood flowing from the wound upon her arm. The Lefthander had clasped her close to his brease, as a mother holds a baby, and was talking to her. He then rose, with Mouse in his arms, and went out of the tent, muttering, "If he gets in my way I'll kill him!"

The audience did not hear these words. but they looked after the begathlete carrying the tinv being in his arms, and could see the yearning expression of his face as he leaned over the child and repeat dly kiesed her. A murmur rose at this sight—it was "touch of nature which makes the Mis Juliet Armstrong quietly passed a small white handkerchief ver her eyes, and then restored it to her ontside pocket, where it was convenient to

pick-pockets.
"He must love her very much," she said, half aloud. "Yes," said Mr. Lescelles, "or pretends

to. There is never any certainty with these people that what they do is not a part of the performance." XI.

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

If it was a part of the performance the nothing else to do." Lethander performed his part to the life, and continued to do so when out of sight of the audience. Gentleman Joe had hastened after him with a piteous expression. The fact that no one was left in the ring seemed a subject of profound indifference to the pror clown. Manager Brownson might rage if he chose. There was Mouse to think of.

Mouse to think of.

The circus men, standing by their horses, ready to go ou, flocked about the Left-hander inquiring what had happened. The rough fellows in their gl ttring costumes were not the sort of persons to look for womanish sympathy from, one would have supposed; but there was the sympathy, nd it was plainly strong and real, "What's the matter with Mouse, Left-

These evidences of feeling came from the crowd, but the Lefthander did not stop. He

He went on, carrying Mouse close to his breast, to a small compartment on the let, which was divided from the main tent by a breadth of canvas. This he pusted action action and west in. In the room was a mattray, covered with an old counterpane, a small pine table, two chairs, and a cracked looking glass hanging by a string tied through two holes in the canvas. Of it all! You'd be happier that you one of the chairs was a pile of fema'e clothing, and if there had been any doubt of this the presence of Clare de Lune was standing in front of the ceaked looking glass rouging her cheeks with one band have eastablished the fice. The Zephyr was engaged at the moment in tying the ribbon of her clipper, and Clare de Lune was standing in front of the ceaked looking glass rouging her cheeks with one band, while the other hand held a powder-puff with which the had just been powdering her shoulders. Both were in full rising costume, and their appearance was airy and sylph-like.

The Leftbander entered without cere-

sylph-like.
The Lefthander entered without cere-The Lefthander entered without care money. As the Zephyr went on with her occupation, and Clare de Lune at first did not turn her head, it was obvious that the cound of voices in angry discussion. Curious to know what occasioned it, the care was flap, intrus on was not at all resented—the newcomer was probably only "one of the
family." As Clare de Lune fin shed
reaging her cheeks, however, at the moment, and had secured the smile which she
had been practising for some moments in

XII. front of her mirror, she turned her head with mild curiosity, and looked at the in-

truders. Then she suddenly cried, What has happened?" "What has happened?"
"Well, I'll tell you what has happened,"
sald the Letthander, in his base voice;
"Mouse was made to go on, before her
shoes were chalked, by that beast Brownson, and she's broke her arm, I think; she's
alipped and fell."
He laid Mouse on the old mattrass, and

He laid Mouse on the old mattrass, and passed his large hand over her arm.

"Only bruised," he said. "Where are you hurt, little one?"

"It's only my foot. I think it's sprained, poppa," said Mouse, in rather a faint voice; "but I don't think it's much, and it's not worth making a fuss about—it only hartes a lattle."

hurts a l tile."

Mouse tried to say this in a matter offact tone, but she uttered a slight moan, which indicated very plainly that she was

girls like magic. Clare de Lune forgot her rouge and the Zephyr her slipper, and ran to Mouse, throwing their arms around her and crying. One laid her head casily on an old p llow and drew the tattered counterpane over her. The other ran for a stone pitcher with a broken spout, and began to bathe the sprained ankle in cold water. Mouse looked up, smiling—the Lefthander's arm was around her neck. The group, with the crous girls on their knees in the sawdust, and covering the child with cares:es, made quite a picture.

They were not wrong, perhaps, these worthy billet girls, in supposing that careses and petting were good for people in Mouse's condition. Kieses soothe, and tones of love and sympathy heal the wounds of the body as well as the mind. They are wholesome. So Mouse smiled as she received the caresses of those young Amszons of the ring, whom their hard life had not hardened. "There, girls, that will do!" said the

Leftharder; "let the young one be quiet now and rest a little He looked at them from under his shaggy eyebrows and muttered, "Good girls!"

A bay appeared at the opening of the dressing-room as he was apeaking, and called out, "Lefthander!" "Well?" he growled.

"It's your turn, Lefthander. The bare-"Go to the devil !" said the Lefthander. The boy's face filled with delight, and he "Must I tell old Brownson that?"

"Yes, tell him! I'll probably send him here before the night's over."

disappeared, and the delicate lips were smiling. She had closed her eyes, apparently to shield them from the light of a cluster of lawps high up upon the large pole supporting the tent; and the Left hander, half siretched upon the old mattrass beside her, looked at her quietly. It trass beside her, looked at her quietly. It was a great contrast, the huge athlete with the ponderous chest, and limbs rugged with muscle, leaning on his elbow near the child, who seemed, as he had sa'd, light enough to be blown away by the first wind. While he was looking at her with a tenderness which made the rough features wonderfully soft, Mouse opened her eyes.

"Well, old lady," said the Lefthander, quietly, "how is the foot?"

"It's easy," said Mouse, "and it really don't amount to much, I do assure you, poppa."

"She has a warm heart—too warm for this hard business." signed Gentleman Joe. His eyes grew dreamy as he said this, and he added, in a thoughtful tone,
"A hard business, a very hard business. I have been at it now for—let me see—for well, for nearly three years, and I know all about it."

"For three years, father!"

"At least that, my boy. Maybe for twenty or more. You see my memory fails me a little, sometimes. I can't fix the exact time; but it has been a very long time indeed, and I have seen a great many things

"Your avm is broken! It was his fault How about the arm ?"

> wonder it bled so, and it doesn't hurt now. Here's a rumpus," added Mouse, all about a small body that could be put in a "You may be a small body in the eyes of other people, but you are a big body in mine, Mignon," the Lefthander said. "I'd rather see the whole Unrivalled Combina-

tion sunk to the depths than have your little finger hurt."
"The Combination sunk?" Mouse re ined; that would be a bad thing to happen; for you know, then, Clare de Lune and the Zephyr would be sunk too."
"Well, that would be bad," the Left-

"Well, that would be bad," the Lefthander acknowledged

"And there is Gentleman Joe and Harry.
They oughtn't to be sunk instead of playing
away youder—just listen to that music and
the applause. I think Long Tom must be
turning his back somerset."

Long Tom was Mr. Donald Melville,
chief of the bare-back riders, and a friend

Joe and Harry," she said, shaking her head. "I don't think I could get along without them; and then you know we couldn't go off and make up that troupe I

was telling you about."
"The travelling company? So it's all arranged?"
"Of course it's all arranged. I am now considering ab ut the monkey," said Mouse: "he is to have a red jacket trimmed with gold braid, and a blue velvet cap. I will train him to play the tambourine and carry round the hat."

"And you'll look after the flowers and the sunshine?"

"In my moments of leisure, when I've

Mouse spoke with a matter-of-fact air, but her eyes sparkled at the thought of the flowers and sunshine. The Lefthander evidently saw the expression and said,

"Well, I think I've about made up my mind, Mignon; and we'll go off and get up

the company."
Mouse started with joy. "Are you really in earnest, poppa she exclaimed. "I really am."

"And Gentleman Joe! and Harry! Do you think they will go with us?"
"I think I can talk both into it—I don't know; I think I can. Harry's ready, and old brute Brownson's getting Gentle

Mouse forgot her foot, and clasped her small hands with delight.

"It's too good to be true! it is not going to happen!" she exclaimed. "There's no such luck to be expected, and I'll never see that monkey-no, never!"

"You would like to ?" "Like to ?" I'd take him on my back

OF THE HEAVY BLOW INFLICTED ON THE

ment.

He was very heavy-hearted, indeed, this poor old Gentleman Joe, in his striped costume, exploding with jests, and doubling himself up in the ecstasies of his mirth. He was thinking of Mouse the whole time. The child was very dear to him, as he had no one of his own—only Harry, who was grown now—and he could not bear the thought that she was lying there in pain, a few feet from him. This thought made Gentleman Joe extremely unhappy; and as he had an opportunity at length of temporarily absenting himself from the ring, he went out, and directed his steps toward the corner where the colleguy had taken place between himself and his friends just before the child's accident. Perhaps the place recalled her, and he thought that he would go there for a moment before proceeding to inquire into her condition. He was wiping his face on his arm, and unconsciously removing some of the paint, when a voice behind him said,

"What is the matter, father? Something troubles you."

It was the voice of Harry. He had just finished his leaping performance, and seeing the figure of his father disappear in the

face," exclaimed Juliet: "she is frightened, and is going to fall!"

The boy disappeared, apparently overwhelmed with delight at these words. He was a call boy, of a humorous turn, and she was precipitated from the tight rope

As she fell she endeavoured to grasp the rope, but only bruised her arm, causing the man Joe and Harry wave constant.

The boy disappeared, apparently overwhelmed with delight at these words. He was a call boy, of a humorous turn, and probably did not like "old Brownson."

As he fell she endeavoured to grasp the rope, but only bruised her arm, causing the man Joe and Harry wave constant to be here. It is not suitable for a little slip of a thing like Mouse to live in such a raugh world as this—I mean, to be a circus girl. She is a bud with a dew on it.

"She has a warm heart—too warm

"I do, Harry, I do," said Gentleman Joe, cheerfully. "I remember a great many of that sort, too. I could make you split your sides laughing if I told you about some things I have seen. There was the old farmer in Ohio, who waddled into the ring and squared off to fight me for pointing at him, and asking him if he 'wanted to be a Granger, and with the Grangers

Gentleman Joe smiled with sudden delight at the recellection.
"He was angry, I suppose," aid Harry, humouring his father.
"Angry? He was wild!" exclaimed

Gentleman Joe, in immense enjoyment.

"He doubled up his fist and struck at me; but I stooped down and ran between his legs, and sent him sprawling in the sawdust he ha!" lust—ha, ha!"

The speaker shook from head to foot in a series of mirth, after which he executed a series of grimaces from the force of habit. "That was amusing enough," he said, at length, assuming an air of dignity, as though ashamed or his outburst; "but

everything I have seen was not so comic as this. We can't always laugh." " 'It is better to laugh than be sighing' -you know what the song says, father?" —you know what the song says, father?"

"Well, I'm not so certain of that," was the thoughtful reply. "A man who is always laughing is like an empty gourd with pebbles in it. You grow tired after awhile of the empty rattle, and long for quiet and an opportunity to think. But then thinking hurts the head. You remember things, too, when you think, and that hurts the heart."

He looked at the young man dreamily.

It was a sorrowful, absorbed look, and his

mind was er idently busy with thoughts of other per son or places.

"I at third person think of Ellen when I look at you after think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at you are the think of Ellen when I look at think of Ellen when I look at

me; then I'll give him one of my left-handers that will do for him. What noise is that "

"Somebody's quarrelling," Mouse said, "man's face flushed and his lip trembled a When did mother die, and where was it, father?" he said.
"Hush!" said Gentleman Joe in a low

"Hush!" said Gentleman Joe in a low volce, with his eyes swimming suddenly in tears; "it was a long time age—I don't remember the place, but I remember how ahe looked," he added, piteously.

The young man did not speak again for some moments; he was plainly endeavouring to regain command of his voice. At length he said.

"Well, well, father, as it distresses you so I will not ask any more questions. You

The accident to the child had been forgotten by the audience a few minutes after its occurrence. The general enjoyment interrupted for a moment recovered its full force. This was natural; human life and the world of the stage, or the ring, are much the same—has not Shakspeare told us that?

So the gay performances went on; and the jugglers tossed their plates and balls; Clare de Lune and Zephyr pirouetted on their velvet saddles; and Mr. Donald Melticular in the comrades bounded lightly over a dozen horses abreast; and Gentleman Joe, with a heavy heart, grimaced in a manner indicating the very height of human enjoyment.

He was very heavy-hearted, indeed, this proof old Gentleman Joe, in his striped costume, expleding with jests, and doubling himself up in the ecstassies of his mirth.

whelm d with delight at these words. He was a call-boy, of a humorous turn, and probably did not like "old Brownson." As he let the flap fall, the faces of Gentleman Joe and Harry were seen watching and waiting anxiously to hear if Mouse was really hurt. There was no time to tell them at the moment. They and Clare de Lune and the Zephyr were successively "called." The two girls, obeying the inext all his bulk." The young man looked troubled at his father's trouble, and seemed to be thinking of Mouse too, for he said,

She was lying quite easily, and did not seem to be suffering. Her paleness had disappeared, and the delicate lips were smiling. She had closed her eyes, apparently to shield them from the light of a cluster of law ps high up upon the large pole supporting the tent; and the Lifth hander, half stratched upon the old matical second to be thinking and the stratched upon the old matical second to be here. It is not suitable for a little slip to a thing like Mouse to live in such a raugh world as this—I mean, to be a discourteous to you or me. Harry, and "What the devil are you doing iding the trow the dust and heat will dry up the dew. I can't bear it!"

It was really a piteous sound that issued from the lips of Gentleman Jee. The sigh which he uttered seemed to be sufficient to "shatter all his bulk." The young man looked troubled at his father's trouble, and seemed to be thinking of Mouse too, for he said,

"You are right, father. I wish she was a child should, as much as you do. It is strange how much Mouse makes everybody love her. I don't know how I would get along unless I heard her laugh and tease pole supporting the tent; and the Lifth hander, half stratched upon the old matical such as the sum of the devil are you doing iding the man dewn. The spent of the devil are you doing iding the provide at the sum of the devil are you doing iding the provide at the sum of the devil are you doing iding the provide at the sum of the devil are you doing iding the provide at the sum of the devil are you doi prejudicial to receipts, and had cost him, Mansger Brownson, an admission ticket, by way of salve to the citizen's feelings. Then, since nightfall other things had irritated the good man. The parformers had not been as prompt as he expected. Things had gone wrong generally. The Lefthander had in mere wantonness, and acidently from passonal making strangled. "A hard business, a very hard business. I have been at it now for—let me see—for well, for nearly three years, and I know all about it."

"For three years, father!"

"At least that, my boy. Maybe for twenty or more. You see my memory fails me a lettle, sometimes. I can't fix the exact time; but it has been a very long time indéed, and I have seen a great many things as I travelled about."

"A hard business, a very hard business. I cefthander had in mere wantonness, and evidently from personal malice, strangled the African leopard, one of the finest animals in the menagerie, which was a dead dollars. And even that was not all; this big bully had dared to tell him, Manager Brownson, to his very face, that what he said was a lie! and when he was "called" to his performance, subsequently, had sent him word that he, Manager Brownson, with the menagerie, which was a dead loss of more than two thousand dollars. And even that was not all; this big bully had dared to tell him, Manager Brownson, to his very face, that what he said was a lie! and when he was "called" to his performance, subsequently.

twenty or more. You see my memory fails me a lattle, sometimes. I can's fix the exact time; but it has been a very long time indeed, and I have seen a great many things as I travelled about."

Harry looked a little sorrowful at this aberration of his father's memory, although he was used to it.

"Some things are very sad," Gentleman Joe said, with sudden tears in eyes.

"There was little Charley, Long Tom's nephew. They were training the child. You know they hold them by a cord through a ring as the horse gallops. One day the cord broke, and little Charley fell under the horse's feet and was trampled to death. He was bleeding from a wound on his forehead made by the hoof of the horse. When they took him up he was dead."

Gentleman Joe uttered a sob.

"That was enough to make people cry—poor little Charley! he was very fond of me."

"Well, father," said the young man, "I would'nt think of these sorrowful things. There is enough of trouble in this world without looking it up."

"That is very true," said Gentleman Joe, reauming his equanimity.

"There are bright things and scenes as well as sad one. You must think of the bright ones."

"I do, Harry, I do," said Gentleman Joe, cheerfully. "I remember a great many things in the following like a whole menager! I be dead in a threatening manner, and soowling at the ring-and hear the audience growling and howling like a whole menager!"

Gentleman Joe's frame stiffened, and his face assumed an expression of wounded pride which was very striking.

face assumed an expression of wounded pride which was very striking.

"I was only conversing with my son for a few moments, str," he said, formally.

"I am not aware that I am your servant, to be addressed in a manner so very un

was quite thrown away on Manager Brown-son. If he noticed it he paid no attention

son. If he noticed it he paid no attention to it.

"Don't try to be palming off your excuses on me!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"You and that fellow, the Lefthander, and his daughter, cut down your business one half. It's robbing me!—no better than taking my purse!"

Gentleman Joe coloured with indignation, and said,

"It is not true that I neglect my part, air."

What do you mean ?" cried Mr. Brown son, raising his heavy stick.
"I mean I am an honest man, and not a worm for you to tread upon, if I am a clown in your company," said Gentleman

Joe. "Give me another word and—go on, I

hander in the same tone; "but remer

what I said. You are a good girl now— be a good girl still. Then some day—that will arrange itself."

He touched the check of Clare de Lune with his lips and went out of the tent,

leaving the girl covering her face and sob

When Manager Brownson woke en the

AMERICAN NOTES.

The Vandalia (Ind.) Railroad Company is sued for \$10,000 damages by a woman who, though she had bought a sleeping-carticket, could not get a berth. She claims that a night of travel in an ordinary passenger car ruined her health.

A Georgia paper gives this description of a humming bird's nest recently brought to its office:—"It was set upon a limb of a tree the seize of a man's thumb, and coat-ed outside with the moss of an oak, so as perfectly to represent a knot. It was about the seize of a large hickory nut, an inch high, and constructed of cotton and hair. It centained two little white eggs about the size of a common snap-bean. The Rev. George B. Young, pastor of the Ray Methodist Episcopal church, Indianapolis, wrote to Brother Patterson as follows:—"If you still keep coming to church, and continue your quarrelling, you will have to experience a process—namely, tar and feathers." Brother Patterson called a meeting to consider the matte and before it was over the two men had a violent fight with chairs,

Brownson staggered, reeled backward, and fell at full length on the sawdust. The Lefthander had delivered what he called his "left-hander," and the manager, struck between the eyes, had gone down under it like an ox under the axe of the hatches.

injuries were not serious. He directed a single lock at the athlete, in which the

under it like an ox under the axe of the butcher.

A crowd of performers, leaving their horses standing, hastened to the spot. The manager was lying on the sawdust, with his face bleeding, and growling out curses.

"I have intended to let him have that for some time," said the Lefthander. "It will be good for him."

As Manager Brewnson rose to his feet without assistance, it was obvious that his injuries were not serious. He directed as Twenty years ago the steamer Arabian sank in the Missouri River with 600 bar-rels of whiskey on board. The current of the river went on changing, and now the place where the steamer sank is dry land, and the forgotten wreck is buried forty feet deep in the sand. The other day the venom of all the serpents in his menageric was concentrated, and then retired with-out speaking, probably for the purpose of washing the blood from his face. The Lefthander had stood by quietly, man who owns the place put down a pump, and the first liquid he found was whiskey in one of the 600 buried barrels. For a while after he had tasted the vein his pipe while after he had tasted the vein his pipe had struck, land in the vicinity was held at \$475,000 an acré; but by and by some one remembered about the old wreck and the price fell. A trustworthy and constant vein of twenty-year-old whiskey on any Missouri farm has a tendency to increase the demand for it rapidly.

The Lefthander had stood by quietly, without saying anything more. He now took Gentleman Joe by the arm, and, pushing through the crowd, went to a retired corner, and talked with him for a few moments. They then separated, and the Lefthander returned to the group of circus men, who had resumed their places by the horses, and shook hands with them one after another. It was evident that he was taking leave of them, and that the There is every reason to expect a great yield of fruit in the middle states this season. On both sides of the Hudson river, for 30 miles above Cornwall, the crop will men regretted the fact—their faces showed that. The Lefthander then went for 30 miles above Cornwall, the crop will exceed that of any previous season by one-third. The yield of peaches promises to be fully one-fourth larger than ever before. During the past three years the culture of peaches along the valley of the Hudson, particularly in the southern portion of Ulster county, N.Y., has assumed vast proportions. Over 5,000,000 peach trees have been planted in Marlboro, Highland, Plattekill, Milton, Esopus, Modena, Lattintown and "Cornwall within four years. The apple orchards of Dutchess, Ulster, Delaware, Green, Grange and Columbia back to the dressing room, where he found Mouse lying quietly on her old "How's the foot now. Mignen?" he said.

"Well, it's nothing to give a body any anxiety," said Mouse.

"A sprain's not much. Was there anybedy quarrelling, poppa?"

"A small difficulty—not much. I say, Mignon, would you like to ge away with me to-night?"

"Go away—to-night!"

Delaware, Green, Grange and Columbia counties will yield a full crop. "We are going away—it will be better.
I'm getting in a bad humour with old
Brownson, you see. I might do him some
harm, and it is best to avoid that. Do you counties will yield a full crop.

A very fashionable lady who fairly dotes on her children and is very particular about their toilets, had a narrow escape last Sunday from losing one of her darlings. It was leaning out of a third-story window when it lost its balance, and in a moment more it would have been dashed to pieces on the crowded pavement below. Fortunately the mother seized it just as it was disappearing over the window-sill. Clasping the saved cherub to her breathless breast, the fond mother exclaimed, as tears of gratitude flowed from her uplifted eves. "If that think you would like to go and see if we can't try to find the flowers and the sun-"Oh yes, poppa! Yes, yes! I can easily walk."
"You'll not have to walk. What's a big fellow like me worth if he can't carry a young one like you! It's like carrying a lest, or a puff of smoke blown on the wind." titude flowed from her uplifted eyes, "If that child had fallen into the street with that "But Gentleman Joe, and Harry!

Mouse exclaimed, suddenly.
"That will be all right—I've seen about "What is the matter, father? Something troubles you."
It was the voice of Harry. He had just finished his leaping performance, and seeing the figure of his father disappear in the direction of this corner, had followed him.
"What makes you look so sorrowful?"
he added.
"Mouse," said Gentleman Joe, sighing deeply.
"She is not much hurt," replied the young man. "Clare de Lune said so. Only a sprain and a slight bruise."
Gentleman Joe shook his hesd despondently, and put his hand to his forcheadan common gesture with him—as if some thing was wrong there.
"I can't bear it, I can't bear it!" he said, in a pitcous tone, "She ought not to be here. It is not suitable for a little."

Only say the word, and we'll leave the company, and we'll leave the company and settle down quietly, and I'll do the working for both of us—you couldn't please me better."
"Leave the company, Harry? Leave the company, Harry? Leave the Lofthander, and Clare de Lune saher you'll have to dress—"
"Here I am, Lefthander!" cried avoice at the opening. "What's this badness of yourse?—quarrelling with that dear old darling, Brownson! You ought to be ashmed of yourself. I heard about it!"

Clare de Lune showed a fine set of teeth as she said this, and laughed in away which indicated enjoyment of the manner in which the old darling had been treated. It is not much here exertions in the ring; and a sight bruise."

Gentleman Joe shook his hesd despondently, and put his hand to his forcheadant and manney and settle down quietly, and I'll do the working for both of us—you couldn't have like the Lefthander into the business and Manager Brownson. He was a sprain and a sight bruise."

Gentleman Joe shook his hesd despondently, and put his hand to his forcheadant and muse, worth of all I'll don't think he's very much pleased of late with the business and Manager Brownson. He was a sprain and a sight bruise."

Gentleman Joe shook his hesd despondently, and I'll do 't his his her exertions in the ring; and a single for a little of the working for both of us—yo thoroughfare in Leadville, Col. In the gambling dens, on each side of the room, stand tables devoted principally to faro, and at every turn of the cards are heard and at every turn of the cards are heard boisterous curses and the vilest blasphemies. It is not an uncommon sight to see men who have staked and lost their last cent commit suicide by poison or pistol, and drop in their seats or tracks around the boards. In such esses the games continue with their usual clockwork regularity, the dead-bodies being summarily hustled off the scenes by the well-armed staff of the establishment. Cambling is pect of seeing Mouse and the Lefthander leave them evidently upset these excitable beings; and one could see from the tears in the eyes of Clare de Lune, and her heaving besom, that she was ready to staff of the establishment. Gambling the leading amusement of the town, which is increasing 150 settlers per day.

Peter Grub sold his share in an iron mine heaving besom, that she was ready to burst out crying.

"Can't be helped," the Lefthander said, concisely. "Engagement wound up, and receipts algned and delivered. We are going on our travels—get Mouse realy, girls. I'll scon get these circus things off and come back for her." at Cornwall, Pa, reserving the right t enter upon the premises forever and take therefrom sufficient ore for the supply of one furnace. That was almost a hundred years ago, when iron ore was smelted in a somewhat crude fashion, and the average yield of a furnace was 1,500 tons a year.
That was about the amount taken by Mr. "Yes, indeed, she shall be ready!-Grub annually during his lifetime. But You're not really going ?-She can't walk ! the process has been vastly improved since The idea of going!"

This combined wail arose from Clare de en, and now a furnace turns out as much in a single month. The question arose, of Lune and the Zephyr at the same moment.
The Lefthander paid no attention to it,
and went out of the dressing room. Theremon the girls promptly set about getting Mouse ready for her expedition. This was not difficult. The child was accustomed to sleep indifferently at public houses or under the circus tent with the young wemen; and a small travelling satchel con-

course, whether the heirs of Grub were entitled to as much ore as would supply an eighteenth of a nineteenth century fur-nace. A lawsuit has been in the courts for twenty-four years, employing some of the ablest lawyers in the State. The Supreme Court has just decided, on appeal, that ore can be taken in sufficient quantity taining her few clothes was lying on the sawdust at the head of the old mat-The Gunnison News is responsible for the following story: "Several years ago a man who had lost everything but his dog in stock speculations in New York, came West, accompanied by the dog, of course. After running around in this State for awhile, he finally pitched his tent near whom Leadville new stands. trass. From this Clare de Lune now drew out a neat child's dress, a pair of black morocco boots, a small felt hat, and other articles of Mouse's wardrobe. She and Zephyr then removed the child's dancing-dress and replaced it with that taken from the travelling afternet. dress and replaced it with that taken from the travelling satchel, tying her light ourls behind with a ribbon, and the strings of the hat under the chin. They then re-treated a few steps and looked at her criti-cally as ahe leaned upon the old mattrass. Mouse presented a very attractive appear-ence thus dressed, and resembled a child just ready to set out after breakfast for school-a resemblance which was againt. where Leadville now stands. 'Inexorable fate'—and the dog still pursued him. Owing to the high altitude, perhaps, and the meagreness of his fare, poor Tray had to succumb, and the sorrowing owner con-signed the body of his faithful friend to signed the body of his faithful friend to mother earth, marking the spot with a stake driven deep into the soil. Years rolled by, bringing at last the great carbonate excitement of Leadville. The unfortunate man bethought him of the lonely sepulchre of poor old Tray in the far away carbonate deposits of Colorado. He came back and found the 'stake,' which prospectors had respected as marking a 'claim,' and now spends his time at first-class hotels drinking mint-julens." school—a resemblance which was assisted by the satchel lying beside her. After contemplating her with admiring eyes for a short while, Clare de Lune and the Zephyr rushed at her, burst into sobs, and covered her with kisses. In the midst of this the Lefthander re-appeared. He had dis-carded his stockinet and velvet, and wore hotels drinking mint-juleps."

Gambling is

carded his stockinet and velvet, and wore a plain brown citizen's suit, in which it was difficult to recognize him. The athlete had vanished, and the citizen had taken his place.

"Come on, Mignon," he said, "we are bursing daylight. It's time to go."

Thereupon new wails arose, and new sobs and kisses,

"Don't take Mouse away, Lefthander!"

"How oan we do without yer and A writer in Chicago says :- "I meet the directory canvasser in my rounds, and occasionally pluck a few interesting secrets out of him. A weary, way-worn wan-derer he is at best, but this year he is full of unspeakable trouble. 'It's tough work,'
he remarked, swabbing the perspiration
from his brow, 'tough, tough work to get
people to give up.' 'Give up what?' I
said. 'Give up anything,' said he; 'why,
do you know there are whole rows of good
families that two in covery year. How can we do without yeu and Mouse?"
"Needs must, girls," the Lefthander do you know there are whole rows of good families that try in every way to dodge away from us, and when they can't dodge us they go to the company and almost go on their knees to have their addresses kept out.' 'What's the object?' quoth I. 'Blest if I know,' said he, 'but I can tell you I have just been offered, right here on Ohio street, by a lady, a \$10 bill to keep her husband's address out of the directory. Maybe the husband's in debt, or they're alraid of their granger cousins swarming in upon them at the conventions. Don't know, of course, all the reasens, but I "Needs must, girls," the Lefthander said; "who knows? we might meet again some of these days. But nobody ever knows about that. You are good girls..."
He went up to them and put his arms around them and kissed them.

"Good-bye!" he said. "You don't wear long frocks, and they're out low in the neck, but there's something under He took the satchel, and then lifted Mouse in his arms. Clare de Lune came and kissed her, crying, and then fixed her eyes on the Lefthander.

"I thought you would not leave me," she said in a low voice, sobbing. know, of course, all the reasons, but I know it's like drawing eye-teeth to get a name out of 'em. They make me feel like a parsonal tax man. I've got to fish up neighbours all the time, and poke into family secrets like a detective." "It is hardest of all," said the Left-

The Greatest Blessing. A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

When Manager Brownson woke on the next morning his head felt exceedingly uncomfortable, but far greater was his mental depression at certain intelligence which was promptly conveyed to him. The Lefthander, Gentleman Joe, Harry, and Mouse had all vanished; at one fell swoop he had been deprived of the pride and glory of the Unrivalled Combination—its athlete, its Mr. Merryman, its tight-rope attraction, and one of its best acrobats. Manager Brownson groaned; not even his morning bitters revived his spirits.

By suprise the tents were struck, and Cut This Out-It May Save Your Life. "Give me another word and—go on, I and one of its best acrobats. Manager in the highest degree, and uttering a volley of oaths, he raised his stick and struck at Gentleman Joe. As he did so, the young man, who had listened to this colloquy with a flushed face, sprung straight at him.

There was no personal collision, however,

"Give me another word and—go on, I and one of its best acrobats. The Left hander, Gentleman Joe, Harry, and Mouse had all vanished; at one fell swoop he had been deprived of the pride and glory of the Unrivalled Combination—its athlete, its Mr. Merryman, its tight-rope attraction, and one of its best acrobats. Manager Brownson groaned; not even his morning bitters revived his spirits.

By sunrise the tents were struck, and it wondrous cures astonishes every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents for a bettier. There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would rather die than pay 75 cents for a bettier. A gentleman from one of the miner is athlete, its Mr. Merryman, its tight-rope attraction, and one of its best acrobats. Manager Brownson groaned; not even his morning bitters revived his spirits.

By sunrise the tents were struck, and it wondrous cures astonishes every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents more than an inch thick. No other to bacco on the same errand if it was not more than an inch thick. No other to bacco on the same errand if it was not more than an inch thick. No other to bacco on the same errand if it was not more than an inch thick. No other to bacco on the same are considered to the first may of the miner its first more than an inch the first more than an inch thick. No other to bacco on the same person living users in the first mor

HUMOROUS.

The thrush in the thicket is singing.
The lark is abroad on the les,
And over the garden-gate swinging
A maiden is waiting for me. She will wait till she's weary, I'm thinking, Though eager I am for the tryst; She will wait till the bright stars are blinking, And aigh for the kisses she miss'd.

For her father is watchful and wary, A very ill tempered old churl
And I'm not the sort of canary
To be kicked for the love of a girl. The naked truth-A hear story Handsome feathers make gay girls. What does the pupil of the eye study? Forced politeness-Bowing to necessity. The pupil of the eye has to be lashed. To have the gout is to have the "swell"

The lawn barber has begun his summer's The backers of Courtney had their wal-

lets sawed. Some fiction is written just for the novelty of it. All watering-places depend upon a floate ing population. Did you ever see a pretty girl with a

neat waist basque it? A serious step—Out of a second-story window to the ground below. The man who exploded with laughter probably didn't know it was loaded. The true woman question-" Why did you stay out till this unseemly hour?" Mr. Courtney's new rowing apparatus has gone to meet Edison's electric light, Jones says he used to have red cheeks, but had a had cold some years ago, when he blew all the colour into his nose.

The Mule Puzzle.—Draw a circle fifteen feet in diameter, place a mule in the centre and walk around him without getting out "The book to read," says Dr. McCosh.

is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think." A bank book, for instance. The plump, nice-looking spring chickens that are allowed to roam about the lawns in the vicinity of seaside hotels are merely walking advertisements. They are not intended for table use.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table. John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave, The latest from the logic class :- Professor—"Miss C., give me an example of a true conclusion drawn from twe false premises." Miss C.—"Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true." Class is dismissed.

A new and fascinating amusement has been introduced in Chicago by small chil-dren whose parents live at hotels. It con-sists in scattering the blocks used in building play-houses along the stairs leading

child had fallen into the street with the the st often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered. I have State street, lined on either side by barrooms, dance halls, gambling dens, variety
shows, and frequented by hardened sinners
from every country, is the most prominent

Col prominent A young pastor who has recently had a

son born to him notifies a brother pastor as follows:—"Unto us a child is born; unto us a child is given.—Is 9; 6." It was written on a post card. The receiver showed the message to a sister in his church, "Ah, yes," said the woman after reading it, "it weighed nine pounds six ounces."

—How dear to my heart is the school I attended And how I remember so distant and dim, That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended And carefully put on the bench under him! And how I recall the surprise of the master, When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster

THE NEW CENSUS.

Some Unofficial Information Regarding Next Year's Count. Under the new law the census man has questions, but there is such a thing as a census man going too far. It is well enough for defenceless families to know

where the line is drawn, No census man has a right to dispute a voman when she gives her age. Under the law he can elevate his evebrows and exclaim :- "Did you ever?" female supposed to be 45 returns her age at 32, but he must stop right there. He may wonder to himself where on earth all the grandmothers of this country have suddenly slipped to, but he mustn't won-

suddenly slipped to, but he mustn't won-der to you.

No census man has a legal right to ask
a woman if she is living with her first,
second or third husband, or whether she quarrels more with the third than with the first. The law supposes every family to be living in peace and harmony, and the Government never takes any notice of a family row brought on by the hired girl being kissed in the dark.

Under the law, no census taker has any

right to ask a wife how many evenings in a week her husband is out after 11 o'clock, or what is the subject of her remarks when he slips in at the side door. The law does not specify that the census man shall ask a wife if she couldn't have

done better by waiting for a second offer. This information is supposed to be cheerfully volunteered, and is marked with a big red "X," to signify the official's belief that if she hadn't accepted the offer she did she would have died an old maid. A baby with the measles counts just as much in law as one galloping around barefooted in the front door yard. The law requires the census-taker to remark that your baby is the handsomest one in the ward. If he neglects to do so, he should be called back.

For the benefit of wives who do their

own housework and are ashamed to have it known, blanks are furnished with a heading which reads: "Is generally in the habit of keeping four servants, but has just given her help a vacation."

Oxford is to have a professorship of archeology.

Miss Wilson is a Delaware heiress and beauty. She fell in love with a farm hand, because she deemed him herose; but when they eloped, and he ran away from her across the fields at the approach of her pursuing father, she consluded that she had overrated him, and went back home con-

tentedly.

John and George Bond, brothers, fell in love with Miss Whitney, the daughter of their landlady, at Denver. She cared very little for either, but encouraged both, and they became jealous of one another. George lost his position as clerk in a store, and had time to stay in the house with the girl. John immediately abandoned work. sixteen hours a day. Then she jilted them, and engaged herself to marry Mr. Smith. The brothers promptly combined to whih Mr. Smith half to death, and that police court.

The demand for the "Myrtle Navy" The demand for the "Myrtie Navy tobacce is still on the increase, and from every quarter the firm who make it are receiving unsolicited testimony of its growth in public favour. A gentleman from one of the mining islands of Lake Huron writes, "Your Myrtie Navy is an invaluable solace to the loneliness of the

AGRICULTURAL

TO KILL DANDELIONS. Sir,—Is there any way by which may get rid of daudelions upon a lawhere they are spreading rapidly and stroying the grass?

MORNINGTO

Willbank, May 25, 1880. Millbank, May 25, 1880. [If any of our subscribers has been cessful in eradicating these pests, we be happy to hear of his method.]

"ENSILAGE"

ARTICLE NUMBER II. For the first article, see Weekly Mai April 20th. About two months after my last in with Sylvester Idlenot, when vised him to try Easilage, I saw him

ing up the walk to my house. As he of ed the office door I said, "Good morn Sylvester. Take a chair. How are M and the boys?"
"All well, God bless 'em, I thank I proceeded to finish the advice I g Sylvester last March. "Sylvester," and, "you are keeping your cows on All right; continue to feed the rye them until the first of June, and then the will be plenty of feed which will of them till fall, with the help of a l grain. In fact, keep them as you we if you were not trying the ensilage syst Finish your silos. When you have t filled with the corn ensilage, put a li on the other side of the barn, and in a month buy thirteen more cows and them in the barn, turning them out ev day an hour or two in the yard to exerc Feed the ensilage to them twice a about a bushel (25 or 30 lbs.) to a The two siles will hold about four l dred tens; that with the rye ensilage be sufficient to keep fifty cows the through, if you give to each cow, in a

tion to the ensilage, about four pounds bran or cotton seed meal daily while sh

But, docthur, won't the cows sheep get tired of the ensilage and nee change sometimes?" asked Sylvester. "I don't see that there will be any n of a change." I replied. "I have fed ca npon it exclusively for several months, they like it better and eat it with greatidity than ever. It is almost the sa as fresh pasture grass when bran or co seed meal is fed with it, and is certainly good as fresh pasture where the cattle est their fill without labour. When the plenty of food in the pastures no dreams of offering a change to stock. will have but twenty-eight cows, and t is all I advise you keep; but as you he the feed for twenty-two more, you m build a shed on the south side of the sil twenty-four feet wide and forty-seven i long; fence in a yard of about one quar of an acre of that high, dry ridge east a south of your silos, and buy one hund eding ewes, common merinos, such a bought last fall, only you need bother about their breeding. If they grades they will answer just as we As I am advising you what to do, will let you take two of my Cotsw bucks to put with them. If they to out well you can pay me for use of them what you think right. Now you will want to a six good brood sows (any large breed),

a pure Berkshire boar to use on the You can keep the twenty-eight cows, one hundred sheep, and the seven hogs the ensilage which you will raise on t acres. If the contractor tries to beat de the price of milk, you can make butter have the skimmed milk to feed to the p If your cows each give 2,000 quarts milk per year, you can make two hund pounds at least of butter. The kim m the run of the five acre orchard must ring the hogs when you turn to out to pasture), and ensilage in winter, will make at least 500 of pork to each cow. This will you \$20 for butter if you have sell it at ten cents per pound. 500 lbs. po at three cents per pound is \$15. You walso raise a fine calf worth at least \$ when one year old. This gives you each cow \$45, or \$1,260 for the 28 he Your 100 sheep will shear you seven pour of wool on an average (my merinoes she between 9 and 10 pounds), worth at le 30 cents per pound, \$2.10 a head, or \$2 on the whole flock. Then you will rai by the use of Cotsweld bucks, 90 lambs

least, which will be worth when fo months old, at least \$4 per head; this \$360 more. Now let us see—your in will be as follows:—

"You must in the future as in the par make the sales of fruit, eggs, poultry ar wegetables pay the butcher's and groce bills, so that there will be to come out the \$1,830 the following items of exper Interest on farm, value......\$5,000 00 Interest on stock and depreciation on farming tools, value.. 1,500 00
Interest on 13 additional cows, Total investment.....\$8,195 00
Wages and board of one hired man
months, at \$25

Wages and board of one hired man 6 months, at \$25.

Repairs on buildings and fences
Taxes and insurance
Bran and cotton seed meal, 4 lbs daily to each cow when in milk Total expense This leaves you and Mary \$558.30." Fhat! five hundred and fifty-eight de lars and thirty cints! besides inthrust a all expinses is it!" asked Sylvester, wh had been watching me closely, "and a thanks to the contractor—wid butther tin cints a pound, and pork at three cint pound, wool at thirty cints a pound, as Cotswold, Merriny lambs at four dolls aplece! Sure, that is too low for the lambs anyway. Your lambs, docthur, the same kind weighed over 100 pour aplece when only five months old; for dye moind, I helped ye to weigh the

myself."
"That's so," I replied, "they will worth from five to seven dollars each; will the butter be worth more than t cents a pound, and the pork be worth mo than three cents a pound. I have put to prices low in order to show you what co be done by the system of Ensilage. Nov Sylvester, you and Mary take hold of the as you do of everything you undertake and my word for it you will think yo have found the real 'Philosopher's stone After you have tried it one year, show m your account. If it is not better than laryear, I'll pay the difference out of my own poches."

pocket."
"Ye'll not be called upon to do that docthur," said Sylvester; "and ye can do pind upon Mary and me and the by's thry."

John M. Bailey in the Mass etts Ploughman, ENSILAGE AND SILOS. A VISIT TO WINNING FARM.

The Editor of the New England Farm The Editor of the New England Farm says: On no one subject have we receive so many letters of inquiry, during the pa few weeks, from readers, as upon to somewhat new method of preserving cattered in silos or pits, the material preserved being called ensilage.

Mr. Francis Morris, of "Oaklan Manor," Howard Co., Maryland, cure green corn fodder in silos, in the year 1876, and has continued the practic through subsequent years with much satis through subsequent years with much sati faction. The first farmer to make the er periment in New England, so far as w know, was Dr. J. M. Bailey, of "Win ning Form," Billerica, Mass., whose letters to the ters to the press have caused such a comotion in agricultural circles during the past few weeks. A few days since visited the farm, prepared to make such as observations. We had already read so many appar ly extravagant statements made by ices would all