The Old Melodeon.

When mother married father, thirty-five short years ago,
'Twas the days when dresses sorter sagged, they got 'em out so low;
An' their wa yuzed mighty prim an' looped up on each ear,
An' the seen folks wore long beauty locks, so did their sisters, I hear;
An' folks was mighty fearful then, an' her weddin' frin's stewed
Every thread 'wu spared an' counted an' the stichin' set in rows,
Wal, amongst their weddin' presents this old melodeon stood.
All gallus with its shinin' keys an' case o' bright rosewood
Er ye worked the pedal stiddy an' still contrived ter play,
Sech tunes as these meandered an' purty sing-ing away:
"Lord Lovel" an' "Long, long ago" an' "Roll on, silver moon,"
An' "Home there were," an' "old Tom Moore"—in sum the kind o' tune!
Then, "Wha's at the door standing, gay?" "Rose of Allandale,"
"Old mistletoe-boughs" an' "Buy a broom" an' "Jamie's return."
But by an' by a sorter march come stealin' ye know,
Mixed up with and heart-breakin' tunes that sorter went like so:
"Dacoya, over the yellow Army," was the earliest of 'em I hear;
"Oh, Willie, we shall miss you" an' "The reapin' cost o' blue,"
"When the war was is over" an' the "Tramp, tramp, tramp."
The scores o' lonesome women an' the shouting o' the camp;
But there's an groans grew fainter and it wasn't any way
Before the old melodeon sorter hummed a cretin-song:
An' the years wa'n't very many when yo'd hear it go, by chance,
Jest ter play old-fashioned lancers for the little feet ter dance.
By an' by—there's jest one tune it's jest a-schin ter play,
An' then I guess its music days in sorter passed away;
I'll bruce fer one more effort like it knew old memories,
When the weddin'-march 'll echo down its 'yeller, wheezy keys.

Florence E. Pratt in Judge.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

A LOVE STORY.

When he had left the room I read as follows:

"MONSIEUR" (she might have called me Cher monsieur," I thought; but this did not trouble me much, for knowing French ways, I reflected I would have been rather shocked than otherwise had she addressed me differently).—"As I feared, my father saw the Comte de Maupert this morning, settled matters with him, and without even asking me my question, simply congratulated me on having found favor with so honorable and worthy a gentleman. I was called to the drawing-room by my mother, where the comte, in a very polite manner, informed me of his delight at being permitted by my parents to pay his addresses to me; and taking my consent for granted, never condescended to ask me whether I shared my parents' wishes.

"I owe it to your generosity to inform you of this, although you may blame me a second time for acting unlike a French girl; but I will not have you reproach me again for doing that which is wrong, and I therefore ask you to see my governess, who takes this letter to you, and who is aware that our friendship—for I cannot call it acquaintance, that being too cold a word to use under the circumstances—dates only from yesterday.

"You may speak to her freely, for I believe her to be devoted to [illegible]

DIANE DE BRETEUILLE.

P. S.—"Look at the favor, and tell Mademoiselle Garoux whether it is not faded. The azure of my sky is, alas! very cloudy. Pity me."

Here was a blow, and how to parry it without mixing myself up in the intimate affairs of an honorable French family, who probably knew what they were about in the interest of their daughter's happiness, and bringing upon myself a load of responsibility, I neither had the right nor a legitimate excuse to bear. I could not sail. At any rate, I would see the governess and find out how she ground lay.

I told the servant accordingly to show her in, and reflected meanwhile that I would ascertain all I could from her as to Diane's sentiments in my regard, something as to the nature of the girl herself in her own home, and whether I could enlist this governess on my side, if requisite.

At this juncture a prim little woman, with the tiniest specks of eyes imaginable, entered the room. Her eyes were only discernable, because her face being small and her features thin and distinct, anything black would have shown on her pallid complexion; but had she been stout, I was convinced she would have proved a phenomenon of nature, and have presented a face without eyes. This was not encouraging; for when we prepare for an encounter, we rely upon our reading what is in our opponent's eye before we settle on a line of action.

Mademoiselle Garoux's eyes, however, opened on a little more after awhile when the novelty of visiting a young man's rooms had somewhat worn off, and she had warmed to the conversation.

It was a trying undertaking for a woman in her responsible position, and the sense of this responsibility weighed upon her; but in her little prim body the French governess areasured a Frenchwoman's tendernesses of heart for the girl she had under her care, and however distasteful my task might have bend to her, she would have undertaken it for her sake.

Within, she prepared those stereotyped ways of a Frenchwoman when addressing a man, and constantly looked to what she deemed "the convenances," as if, poor soul, any one filled as I was with thoughts of a lovely girl, or indeed any one not so filled, would take time and will to notice whether she had sat upright or courteously low, whether her dress hid her feet, or whether her veil was down.

It so happens that I did notice the veil down, and this only because I was so anxious to hear what she had to say that I thought its removal would have been an improvement; but when I indiscreetly suggested its being lifted, she gave so decided a look of horror that I recoiled from any further attempt.

"Sir," she began, "I have come on a painful errand, which you may readily believe I would never have undertaken had I not seen my poor Diane in tears, and known you to be a friend of the family."

I was then confused by this speech, for I knew myself to be unacquainted with Diane's father, and acquainted only with her mother since a few hours, while, at the same time, the mention of Diane's tears set me into a fury against these unnatural and cruel parents. I had to bear Diane's honor and caution in mind, and I nearly regretted that I well understood her painful position, begging of her to take a chair.

This at first the governess would not do, but she finally accepted a most uncomfortable, high-backed, old-fashioned, oak chair, whereon it was rather amusing, in the midst of our mutual sorrowing reflections, to see her endeavor to preserve her ankles from the profane look of a man, and at the same time sit gracefully on a seat evidently too high for her.

"I've have read, the letter she has sent me through me, and you know the cause of her grief. She tells me you are her friend, and implores you to see her aunt as soon as possible. She believes Madame la Comtesse de Chantalis to be omnipotent with her brother, and fancies that you have great influence with her aunt."

"I know," she continued, "that Monsieur le Marquis is very much attached to his sister, and I have often heard of you from his name la Comtesse, but I was ignorant where until yesterday that you had a cousin in Mademoiselle Diane."

The sly rogue! I thought. Ah! you want to find out, do you? but you shall not—that I swear. Whereupon I asked, as if she had not spoken, "And who is M. de Maupert?"

"He is a college friend of Monsieur le Marquis."

"Has he never seen Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Not for a couple of days ago."

"How is that?"

"He belongs to la noblesse de province, and seldom comes to Paris."

"Pardon me, but of what place does he come from?"

"De Dauphine."

"Has the marquis any property in that department?"

"I believe."

"Then it has been arranged between them."

"So I fancy."

I cared not in the least for these details, but it served my purpose of putting Mademoiselle Garoux off the dangerous topic she wanted to touch on, and to place me on a conversational footing.

"Mademoiselle Diane tells me in this letter, that the fears she was good enough to confide to me yesterday have been realised this morning; and without being asked whether she was willing or not by either her parents or M. de Maupert, she is at present as good as engaged to that gentleman."

"So I understand," said the demure governess.

"Under these circumstances, mademoiselle," I said, "it seems to me very difficult for you and me to interfere with the decision of her parents."

"So I told mademoiselle."

"And though difficult for you, it seems almost impossible for me, does it not?"

"I made the same remark to mademoiselle."

"And what did she reply?"

"'No, no—nothing is impossible for M. Verve, for I am sure he takes too real an interest in me to mind obstacles.'"

I looked hard at the governess. "Mademoiselle Garoux," I said, "are these the very words used by Diane?"

She looked up surprised, both at my calling Diane by her Christian name only, and at my tone of voice.

"Certainly," she replied, "those were her words; and if monsieur allows me to say so, judging by his last remark, I could guess Mademoiselle Diane to be right in her surmise."

This was artful, and I had half a doubt whether I should expose my real sentiments to mount, but the doubt was soon dissipated for the poor governess, sobbing aloud, implored us in the accents of desperation to give her dear charge from this intolerable situation if, as she felt I did, I loved Diane enough to do her bidding.

I tried, however, one more prudent question, and asked Mademoiselle Garoux whether she had considered well what her pleading on behalf of Diane entailed.

"Have you measured," I asked, "the consequences of my interference? Have you foreseen the duties of honor which such interference would impose upon me—duties towards Mademoiselle Diane herself, maybe, God—know, I would fill with alacrity, but which might require from her a response she may not be altogether disposed to give?"

Mademoiselle Garoux dried her tears, and holding out her hand to me, said, "Monsieur, vous etes un gentilhomme. You are quite right, we must think these matters over. I am bound to tell you that Mademoiselle Diane has not spoken to me in the light which corresponds to your evident attachment for her; and though it may be she returns your affection, I have no right to speak on that point, as I am wholly in the dark."

"I will see her this evening," I said, "at dinner at her aunt's; and I will endeavor for myself to make her understand the feelings that animate me."

"No, monsieur, do not do that; our French girls cannot comprehend these matters except through the intervention of a third party."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," I replied, "it is the love of interference on the part of the third party that prevents French girls appearing to understand what is common nature they comprehend quite as well as anybody else throughout the world."

"Diane is very self-willed," observed Mademoiselle Garoux, "but" she quickly added, "she has an angel's heart."

"So I believe; and as evidently, mademoiselle, you are her confidante and love that heart, respect and wish to follow that will, let me tell you that her will will be my law whatever be the consequence, just as my heart belongs to her whatever may be the result."

"I will console the poor girl by those kind words," said the governess.

And I added, "Come sometimes and console me with a message from her, whether of confidence or of hope or of sorrow or of expectation; it will always be a boon to the second being M. Maupert is making miserable, though probably without knowing it."

"I think," observed the governess, with a little mystery, "that he suspects something; for he has asked to be excused from dining with the countess this evening, and requested that Diane should likewise be absent."

"Impossible," I said.

"On this point, however," added Mademoiselle Garoux, "Mademoiselle Diane has been obdurate, and has pleaded that the events that have taken place are so fresh and so sudden that she wants a little diversion to her thoughts. Her parents have naturally not been able to deny this request, and she has told me that I was to let you know."

"Mademoiselle Garoux," I answered, "may I make a friend of you? May I ask you to be my friend and to answer me truly?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Then you will find out for me whether, in the struggle which is imposed upon me, I may hope for the return of that love which impels me to undertake it? I want no absolute promise any more than a conditional one. I know Diane to be a mere girl, on whom, before her time, have fallen some of life's greatest difficulties. I want to help her through these; but with what a different feeling would I undertake the task were hope of winning her at stake, I leave you to guess. I simply ask for her very name, let alone the person herself. Think, then, what love would achieve where friendship is ready to do so much!"

The poor governess took to her tears again.

"How well, monsieur, I enter into your feelings, and how justified are you in entertaining them! If you only knew Diane as I do, you would worship her very ground for I, a woman, have never known anything so adorable. She is loyalty itself. Her sense of duty and justice is beyond her years; and her loving heart, where it yields, is so gentle, so feminine, so pure, so good, that the reward of its bestowal is a prize noble men would have every right to pride in."

I rose a hundred per cent. in my estimation after this; for had I not been selected as the chosen confidant of this lovely paragon of beauty and virtue?

"As I told you before," the governess went on, "I was not aware that you had laid any claim to Mademoiselle Diane's affections, and as she told me nothing on the subject, I can give you no encouragement whatever; but it is fair that you should know how you stand, and I will let you know, if I can, how matters are."

"I thank you with all my heart," I said; though believe me, friend or lover, Diane has an ally in me."

She was just going to leave the room, when, remembering the postscript in Diane's letter, I said to Mademoiselle Garoux, "Will you kinkly give Diane a direct message from me, which though perhaps enigmatical to you, will, I think, be understood by her, as it refers to a little conversation we had last night, and say that the sky is always blue for me while I deserve her favor?"

"I will," said the governess, and left the room, out of which I accompanied her.

On my return I had scarcely time to reflect upon the extraordinary position which in twenty-four hours I had created for myself, when the servant again came in, and in an airy way said, "Monsieur has many visitors this morning."

"Who wants to see me now?"

"A gentleman this time," he said, with a smile.

"Give me his card."

"Here it is."

"Le Comte de Maupert, Senateur," was what I read. Good heavens! has he met the governess? That was my first thought. I do not care, was the second.

"Ask him to come up," I said.

I was too astonished to think of anything, or determine on any action before the door opened, and there entered a handsome, gentleman-like person, with the red rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honor at his button-hole, and a very long ebony stick in his hand.

He was plainly dressed in a tightly fitting frock-coat buttoned up to the collar, and wore a black necktie in the shape of a bow, with the ends showing on each side of the coat.

His hair had a touch of gray, and a small imperial gave his face a longer cut than perhaps his square chin would otherwise have allowed; and altogether his expression was, if not positively amiable, that rather of a good-natured than of a bad-tempered man.

I felt rather as if I were in the presence of some kind male relative about to rebuke me than in that of a rival, and the person I at that moment hated more cordially than any other in the world.

Standing at the door, hat in hand, he said, "It is very good of you to receive me, monsieur, though I was sure you would not refuse me an interview, seeing that your intimacy with several members of the family of Mademoiselle de Breteuille has probably suggested to you already the motives of my visit to you this morning."

I made up my mind on hearing this to listen rather to the end than to make any premature remarks, and begged the count to take a chair.

When he had seated himself, and finding I preserved a discreet silence, he went on

"I have the honor of being engaged to marry Mademoiselle de Breteuille. Happening to hear that a family dinner to which I was bidden, but cannot unfortunately attend this evening at that young lady's aunt, is to have the addition of your presence, I have come perfectly frankly, and, as you see, with absolute confidence in an English gentleman's honor and high breeding to request a favor from you."

"But, sir," I quickly remarked, "this dinner was arranged before your engagement, which you now announce to me, was even thought of; I beg that you bear that in mind."

"I am aware of it," he replied; "but the young lady whom I hope to marry——"

At this word I gave a frown, the count looked at——, squared his chin, and continued "——whom, I hope to marry does not and it is her power to forego the pleasure she anticipates of dining alone, and as your acquaintance with our country may have told you, it is not usual for young gentlemen to be allowed to act where their betrothed members of the company."

I remained steadily silent.

"As, of course, I could not say as much to Mademoiselle de Breteuille, I have come very simply, as you see, to ask you to make the sacrifice which it would be wrong to urge on my behalf, knowing how much she has set her heart on this evening."

"Monsieur le Comte," I observed, "you might find no great honor, and I assure you I appreciate the candor of your request as much as I do your generosity, in so depriving a young girl of so modest a recreation as a family dinner at her aunt's."

I could not help this somewhat sarcastic thrust; for indeed I felt disgusted with the cunning selfishness of this old sinner, as I considered him, wishing to deprive Diane of her evening's amusement, and may be her last chance of seeing me.

"You mistake me," said the count, "nothing is farther from my thoughts. I have told you exactly what I mean, and I mean every word I have said, neither more nor less."

"And have you considered how rude my behavior would appear to Madame de Chantalis, who has purposely asked me to meet Mademoiselle Diane?"

"Do you know Mademoiselle de Breteuille so well," asked the count, "as to call her by her christian name? Her father tells me he has never met you. Her mother made your acquaintance last night, and, if I remember well, Mademoiselle de Breteuille made her curtsey deep as mouse yesterday for the first time."

This piqued me, for I certainly was not in the humor to stand lecturing, but I said nothing.

"I thought, monsieur," he continued, "that I had come here to ask a favor of a gentleman and a friend of my fiancee's relatives—no more. If you have another title, I must make my bow and retire."

(To be Continued)

LOVE TURNED HIS HEAD.

A Young Farmer, Struck by a Pretty Face Goes Crazy.

Frank Evans, a young farmer from the township of Osgoode, while in the city of Ottawa about a month ago, saw a girl drive by in a vehicle who at once took his fancy. He declared to his brother, who was with him, that she was the handsomest woman he had ever seen. The brother said he knew the girl's face and that she lived in the township of Osgoode. When Evans returned home he evinced no desire to work, and took to wandering about the township in the hope of again seeing the lady who had so completely taken possession of his young heart. About a week ago he showed unmistakable symptoms of insanity. He grew rapidly worse, and was at length put under restraint. He was taken to Manotick to be arraigned before a Justice of the Peace, but managed to escape from the constables. Being pursued he swam the river and escaped into the bush. He is still at large, and much trepidation is felt by the people in the neighborhood, as his aberrations have taken a violent form.

A Dinner in the Harem.

We went to the harem at Cairo at 5 in the afternoon, and till the sun set we were entertained by dancing and singing girls with interludes of short, funny stories told by two dwarfs, who made, I was told, a very comfortable living attending weddings and "dilating the hearts" of the guests. As I did not understand Turkish, I tried to talk to some of the women in my halting Arabic, and was not sorry when Mme. Hekekyn Bey told me that we were to have dinner. Little did I think of what an ordeal my first Turkish dinner was going to be.

Sitting cross-legged in a heap is not difficult for a short time, and on a low divan one leg can be put down for an occasional rest; but at dinner I was obliged to sit close to the little inlaid table under pain of spilling the food into my lap, and cramp was the result. The first time of eating with one's fingers is also rather a puzzle; but the dinner was excellent, and I wonder Turkish or French cooks have not taken the place of French chefs. There was rather a jumble, according to our ideas, of soup, sweets, roast, etc., the dishes seemed to come up whenever they were ready, puddings and creams between various preparations of meat or vegetables, and the rapidity with which they were served was extraordinary. Our kind hostess pressed us to eat until I realized what the schoolboy at our village feast felt when he answered the curate timidly: "Please, sir, I think I could eat a bit more if I stood up."—*Mrs. Ross in Murray's Magazine.*

Reminders of Burns.

In Dumfries one cannot look upon a single olden structure, or follow wish the eye any close wynd, vennell or street, without knowing that at some time it was more familiar to Burns than and portion of the old city is to any one of us inhabitants to-day. In the ancient Bank street house where he first lived in Dumfries, in the three tiny apartments, more than one third of the more than 100 poems he produced in Dumfries were composed. Then in the Mill, now Burns street house, where he was last, the remainder were given birth. Among these were "Auld Lang Syne," "My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing," "The Soldier's Return," "Willie Wastle," "Contented wi' Little, and Cantie wi' Mair," "Thou Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose," "My Heart Is Sair, I Daurna Tell," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "Duncan Gray," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and than grand martial ode, "Bruce's Address." The old, though still spruce, King's Arm's Inn could never have so long stood the assaults of time and tourists had not Burns, in a forgivably irreverent and delicious mood, scratched upon its window pane.—*Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Novel Proposal.

Amy—Oh, I forgot to bring my pocketbook. Do you know, I don't know what to do with my hand unless I have something to carry.

Jack—Then, why not give it to me!"

A Big Difference.

"There is very little difference between you and the old hen, Scribbler. You both scratch for a living."

"Yes, but the old hen scratches for one and gets it."—*New York World.*

THE HAPPY FARMER'S SONG.

He rose at dawn, walked on a bench,
Just outside by the pump;
Then fed the horses, cows and pigs,
And himself on the jump.

Then worked till noon upon the farm,
And hurried home to eat,
And all he had was pie or mush,
With very seldom meat.

His afternoon was like his morn,
Then supper was the cry;
And if exhausted he still felt,
They filled him up with pie.

He worked till dark to feed his flock,
Then took his tallow light;
And when we just begin to live
Said to the world good night.

Our little Lucy is just two. She came to her mamma one day, holding up her chubby hand and saying, "Cut my bones," meaning her nails.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Do you smoke?" the maiden asked suddenly. "Y-yes, sometimes, he stammered. "Well, I wish you'd smoke now. These mosquitoes are eating me up."

Standing at the door, hat in hand, he said, "It is very good of you to receive me, monsieur, though I was sure you would not refuse me an interview, seeing that your intimacy with several members of the family of Mademoiselle de Breteuille has probably suggested to you already the motives of my visit to you this morning."

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"But, sir," I quickly remarked, "this

HELPS TO FARMERS.

Useful Reading for the Man Who Tills the Soil.

AND RAISES CROPS AND CATTLE.

Between Niagara and Hamilton.

There is one universal practice in farming near Hamilton, that is in Ohio farms; seems entirely unskilled for it pays to plowing in, manure lands. This is every where practised, even where the land is high and well drained. On sandy, rolling, well drained ground plowing in lands of eight, ten or twelve feet in depth, looks like a mistake. It is not a natural method of preparing a seed bed. Although the farmers can not deny that very little grow therein, and the inconvenience of tilling, reaping and harvesting the crop is considerably increased. The question seems to be remnant of the world English practice, which is not soil and climate adapted or necessary. One can hardly account for its persistent practice where these conditions are not found. It is self-evident that a well sod plowed will not stand drouth as well as one where the surface is more nearly level, and if the land is even slightly rolling the liability of the soil to wash is greatly increased. Old ways and old methods, simply because they are old, are not always the best ways and methods in farming.

Death to the Milk Pail.

It is a fact which should be noted and remembered, that milk is equally susceptible of contagious diseases as typhoid fever, measles, smallpox and others of similar character, as a person is. And that milk exposed to the virus of these diseases conveys it to persons and communicates the diseases to them. A recent case which happened in Worcester, Mass., is especially noteworthy. An outbreak of typhoid fever occurred in the town and was traced to the milk from a farm where the hired man had died of the fever and she farmer lay sick of it. Of the several persons who died in the town, the Superintendent of the Board of Health was one of the first, and strange to say he knew of the existence of the disease at the farm and knew the milk he used came from there. This is a subject for all the Legislatures to deal with and to place the responsibility on the persons who are to blame—the farmers who send diseased and infected milk to market. They might as well put poison in it, for it would not be any more dangerous.

Avoiding Poison Vines.

There need be no trouble in identifying the poison ivy in any of its forms. The hairy trunk will often serve us, but there are two other features which are of much more value. First, let us remember that its leaves are always grouped in threes, whatever the outlines of their more or less wavy margins. In some sections the plant is always called the "three-leaved ivy."

Four things need to be committed to memory, says *Harper's Young People*, to insure safety against our poison sumachs:

1. The three-leaved ivy is dangerous.
2. The five-leaved ivy is harmless.
3. The poison sumachs have white berries.
4. No red berried sumach is poisonous.

Both the poison ivy and the poison sumach, though unlike in appearance of foliage, have similar white berries growing in small, slender clusters from the axils of the leaves. In all other sumachs the berries are red, and in close bunches at the ends of the branches, and far from being dangerous, yield a frosty-looking acid which is most agreeable to the taste and wholesome withal. With these precepts fixed in the mind, no one need fear the dangers of thickets.

Cow Stable Manger.

A novel manger for a cow stable is endorsed by Waldo F. Brown. In his stable he has one wide manger running through the centre, and a row of cows facing inward from each side. In describing it he says there should be no obstructions if it is and that it should be floored with dressed lumber, so that hay may be easily pushed through it, and a broom meet with little resistance in sweeping it. The feed boxes for meal he has projected half their width over the manger and half over the stall. He has also two ventilating shafts leading to the loft above which he uses for dropping hay through into the manger. In answer to adverse criticisms he says that it is a great saving of space and also labor, as the hay is dropped from above directly before the cattle; that there has not been the least danger from the cows hooking; and lastly, that he has been able to keep it thoroughly clean, as it is very easily swept out, only taking about two minutes to sweep the whole length of thirty feet.

Rape as a Cleaning Crop.

There is no crop grown, perhaps, which can be better utilized as a cleaning crop than rape. This is largely owing to the fact that at which is may be sown. Of course much of its efficacy for this purpose depends upon the previous preparation of the land, but there is usually ample time for this, as the rape need not be sown till about the last week in June. It may be sown even later where the soil is good, and where it can be given ample cultivation afterwards with the horse-hoe.

Underground Ice-House.

Formerly, many ice-houses were constructed underground, but the plan has been almost entirely abandoned. You can keep ice in the cellar of your summer-house, if it is well drained. Ran a tile drain from the cellar bottom, so that the water from the ice will run away quickly. Arrange it so that air can pass under the bottom of the ice. After providing for thorough drainage, put in about two feet of sawdust on the bottom. Put about eighteen inches of sawdust on all sides of the ice, and two feet or more on top. Ice will not keep in the cellar unless it is well drained.

Oats and Peas.

The Minnesota Experiment Station experimented last season with oats and peas sowed together. Its reports that either the blue or white Canada field peas are the best sorts to sow with oats, and advises sowing in the proportion of three bushels of peas with a bushel of oats, or where the oats will stool a great deal, two-thirds of a bushel of oats. Theodore Louis, of Wisconsin, on his manured land, sows only one-half bushel of oats and two bushels of peas per acre, but on droughty and poor land two bushels of peas is not enough.

Keeping Clover.

The *National Stockman* recommends that in rainy, cooling weather clover be placed in the stack or mow with alternate layers of straw. It affirms that the clover comes out green in color as when put in. Even the blossoms do not change color. The straw is also imbued with the flavor of the clover and is eagerly eaten by the cattle. Dairymen do not generally realize the value of maintaining the bright green color of the hay. This will be particularly shown in preserving the yellow color of the butter made in winter.

Overbearing Grapes.

Some varieties of grapes have the ability to withstand the abuse of over-bearing for a time, but all will succumb if it is persisted in. The variety most likely to overbear is the Delaware. Vines apparently in perfect health (which had overborne the previous year) suddenly gave out, the leaves fell, and the fruit never ripened. It takes them two or three years to recover. Concords will not show overtaxing so soon. The best paying, the earliest, and the poorest is the Champion.—*New York Farmers' Institute.*

What the Cow Wants.

The cow does the work of manufacturing the milk and only needs plenty of suitable food for that purpose, but the quality of the butter does not depend wholly on the cow. Butter is flavored to a certain extent by certain foods, and the first essential in the manufacture of butter is the quality of the food. The largest amount of inferior butter comes from lack of skill in preserving the cream, churning and handling. To make good butter is an art which requires skill.

Fix the Fences.

Look over the fences. This is the season when stock at pasture is inclined to roam, seeking fresh grasses and better pasturage. It is far better to mend the fences before the stock breaks over it. Better still to have good fences that are not getting out of repair and tumbling down. Put some of that spare money into good cedar posts and wire, and enjoy the pleasure of knowing the fences are all right and the stock safe in their inclosure. It will pay better than 4 per cent.

Crop Rotation.

The following is given as a rotation which gives six crops in four years: 1, clover and timothy, cut about the 1st of July; 2, cabbage, set out after the grass is cut; 3, potatoes, dug in July; 4, rye, sown after the potatoes are dug; 5, potatoes again; 6, clover and timothy. The rotation may then be repeated in the same order.

Cut in the Milky Stage.

Farmers who grow oats and cut the crop when the grain is in the milky stage save threshing and handling of the grain. If oats are cut in the green condition the nutrition that would be deposited in the grain is arrested in the straw, and the result is that the straw is not only more nutritious but more digestible. In preparing the ground for oats another season keep the above in view.

Potatoes and Earwigs.

Can farmers imagine a straining secure a good yield and provide a regular

With cattle in many cases it will be more profitable to sell when grass fed. It is a point worth considering that in some fattening cattle with profit.

In an average the better plan is always to sell an animal whenever it is ready. There is always more or less loss in feeding longer than this.

Times have changed on the farm as well as everywhere else, and for successful farm husbandry the man must know why as well as how.—*Maine Farmer.*

Many of our most troublesome weeds are introduced plants. It is a curious fact that the migrations of man have often been traced by a study of such plants.

"Witches in the cream" may be chased out by dissolving a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of water and adding this at a temperature of 65° Fahr. to each four quarts of cream, just before churning.

Butter kept at a low temperature quickly spoils when brought into a higher. Australian exporters found this out through costly experience, in sending frozen butter to the British market, as it quickly became rancid when thawed.

If it is a good practice in washing butter to add a handful of salt to the washing water, whether the butter is afterwards dry salted or salted with brine. It renders more complete and easy the washing out of the butter-milk.

It is a common mistake to attach too much importance to size in poultry. For the Thanksgiving market, two plump and well-matured ten-pound turkeys will bring considerable more profit than one lean and lank weighing twenty pounds.

Excepting sheep no other domesticated animals more rapidly degenerate for want of attention or need of new blood infusions than poultry. Last year at the Dominion Experimental Farm, two different strains of Buff Cochins were mated, and the result, it is said, was present in a larger percentage of eggs, producing hardy chickens of large size.

OUR FRIENDS ON MARS.

M. Flammarion Tells of Recent Remarkable Discoveries of the Telescope.

M. Flammarion, the eminent Parisian astronomer, says: "I have just received some new observations concerning the planet Mars made this summer at some of the principal observatories of our own planet. They have revealed very strange things. It seems that at certain seasons of the year the oceans of the planet Mars are divided into two parts, just as if a gigantic bridge or bank of sand had been thrown across them from one shore to the other. For instance, there is, among other seas in the planet Mars, one situated in the 90th degree longitude east of the meridian 0.25 degrees longitude on the theastral tropic. On account of the isolation as well as the superficial area, this sea resembles our Black Sea. Hitherto this sea has always been observed as uniform and almost circular, but last June Mr. Schiaparelli, of Milan Observatory discovered that this sea was cut in two by a yellow band which divides it into unequal parts. A lake somewhat similar to our Lake Tschad, was also noticed, to have been divided into two parts at the same time. An excellent and very minute observer in England discovered that the immense canals were also divided into two parts by two straight lines, absolutely parallel to each other, in the same manner as the lake and the inland sea. Other canals were noticed to have been divided some years ago. What can these seas, lakes, canals, that divide themselves up in this manner be? As inhabitants of this earth we have only our observatories and our terrestrial ideas in our mind. These are insufficient to divine what takes place in another world, but such discoveries are none the less worthy of all our attention.

She Was Crazy.

New York *Weekly*: Stomachcoupe (to pleasant-faced girl employment agency)—Have you any objections to the country? Girl (politely)—None at all, madam.

Housekeeper—I have quite a large family.

Girl—The more the merrier.

Housekeeper—Seven children, two of them quite young.

Girl—I love little children.

Housekeeper—It will be necessary for you to bake bread, wash and get the meals. I attend to the pastry and chamber work myself.

Girl—I will also make the pastry and do the rest, if you will allow me.

Housekeeper—I cannot give you more than three afternoons off.

Girl—Two will be sufficient, perhaps more than I will want, as my plan is to give so much satisfaction that I should dislike and thus get the work done up promptly every day so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times.

Housekeeper—I am delighted——

Stranger (suddenly entering)—Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are convinced that one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic Asylum.

An Everlasting Chimney.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick and clay, instead of lime, up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams and rafters where is where the cracks in your chimneys come, and where most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometimes gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Do not get your stovepipe hole too close to the ceiling, but about eighteen inches from it.—*New York Journal.*

Dr. Wild and the Red-whiskered Man.

In his sermon last evening Rev. Dr. Wild dwelt at length on the Ojibway Indian question, and criticized the letter of Hon. Mr. Dewdney very harshly. Part of the audience applauded. A comical incident occurred. While the doctor was in the midst of his exordium the door next to the pulpit opened, a face surrounded with red hair and red whiskers appeared, a man's voice shouted, "How about the Jes-u-ites?" the face disappeared and the door shut. The audience was electrified.—*Empire.*

A Voice From the Boudoir.

"What a foolish man!" said Miss Grace.

"All men are foolish, my dear," remarked Miss Trim. "To what particular one do you refer?"

"It says here in the paper that a Philadelphian has just offered to sell himself to a Czarowitz for $70."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Sour. "I am delighted to know that there is one man who fully appreciates himself."—*Chicago Times.*

Had to be Eating All the Time.

American Grocer: "Hallo, Jim, how are you—coming on with your new diet scheme?"

"Oh, I've quit. I was doing first rate until I came to that part of the book which says 'never eat on an empty stomach,' and (sorrowfully) I had to give up."

Inadvertent Notes.

Dr. Thirdly (of Chicago)—Brother Laker, I have just married two couples who have been divorced and then fell in love with each other again.

Laker—Why don't you hang out a sign, "Repairing Done"?

She Was Always Late.

Terre Haute *Express*: Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour.

If there were many Mayors in Canada like the Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, perhaps the Methodist Conference would not have to grieve over the popularity of progressive euchre in Toronto and Montreal. He has announced that he will arrest all persons in that city who attend progressive euchre parties and play for prizes.

THE TEMPERANCE WORLD.

The Rum Curse in Africa—National W. C. T. U. Convention—A Neglected Children's Act—Missionary Work in Africa.

Mrs. Varcoe, of Melbourne, Australia, a popular and powerful temperance speaker, who is especially interested in juvenile work, has been gazetted as a constable under the "Neglected Children's Act," and now has authority to arrest destitute children or those found in immoral places, and to have them committed to her charge by magistrates. These children are kept in a home, established by her, until foster parents are found them.

Miss Jessie A. Ackermann, the second "round-the-world missionary" for the W. C.T.U., lately addressed a Congressional Conference in Japan, composed of about forty native ministers, and a religious gathering of about 600 Buddhist students. The students were asked to cast down a man who was opposing and gave confusion prevailed, but they listened to Miss Ackermann, and frequently applauded.

The license system is said to be a great failure in Winnipeg, where there is hardly one saloon closed on Sunday and the police are worked harder than ever.

Nebraska with 600,000 less population, has 71 more boys in prison than Kansas.

Convention of the National W. C. T. U. Upon invitation of the Governor and his Council, the Senate and the House of Georgia, and the Mayor of Atlanta, the National W. C. T. U. convention is to be held in that metropolis of the south this year. All the States and territories and the District of Columbia will be represented by delegates duly elected and having back of them a constituency larger than in any previous year. October 29th is set apart as a day of prayer for the convention. It is expected that William T. Stead, of England, will be present and make an address. A new feature will be three minute speeches by the forty-four State and Territorial Presidents, giving the outlook in their respective fields.

The Rum Curse in Africa.

Commerce is growing with great rapidity. Already fifteen steamers run regularly on the lower Congo, and ten river boats also navigate the stream. Four European mail steamers call each month at the mouth of the river. A railroad has been surveyed, and will soon be built, 275 miles long, to connect the lines of navigation, half of the money to construct which will be advanced by Belgium. All nations have an opportunity to furnish the other half of the needed capital. This will go far toward the development of Africa and the suppression of the infamous slave trade.

But there is a terrible evil connected with this commercial enterprise. It is the traffic in strong drink. The cupidity of so-called civilized nations, linked to the terrible appetite for liquor, especially strong in the natives of Africa, has been developing the liquor business to alarming proportions. One of the worst features of this is the great impediment it puts in the way of the work of Christianity. Islam claims jurisdiction over nearly the half of Africa, and it has been estimated that the adherents of Mohammedanism number about 50,000,000—more than the followers of all other religions combined. It is true, the Arabians tolerate and carry on the traffic in slaves, but their religion absolutely prohibits the use of intoxicating drink. Africans with any degree of intelligence must see that it is only a question of time when the slave-trade shall be destroyed. The developments of civilization, with their co-operation, will inevitably accomplish this. But they must also observe the terrible havoc wrought by strong drink. Cupidity and the strong appetite of the people make a gloomy outlook for the suppression of the liquor traffic. We can see that the native must be bewildered as to which is better—Islamism or Christianity. Little help is to be expected from the natives in the suppression of the liquor business. The great responsibility must, therefore, devolve upon European nations and the United States. In it is to our disgrace that vast quantities of fiery rum are shipped every month from Boston to Africa, and the most of it is made in Massachusetts.

We know the deadly power of strong drink among the aborigines, especially in the case of our own North American Indians. Hence Congress has put the ban upon the trade among the Indians.—*Ex.*

An Interesting Masonic Discovery.

The Rev. Mr. Haskett Smith, vicar of Braunceowell, in Lincolnshire, is said to have made a discovery of special interest to freemasons. Mr. Smith has been sojourning for some time with the Druses of Lebanon, by whom he has been admitted into the most intimate relations, in consequence of the service rendered by him in sucking the venom of a deadly snake from the body of a popular young member of their tribe. Among other marks of favor, Mr. Smith was initiated into the number of mysterious rites, and among these, according to his narrative we are quoting, his hosts startled him, as a freemason, by passing the most characteristic of masonic signs. Hence Mr. Smith argues that these strange people, who, he says, are believed to be lineal descendants of the ancient Hittites, are a branch of the great Phoenician race, whose ancestors supplied Lebanon cedars to the builders at Solomon's temple.—*London Daily News.*

Must Have "Annie Rooney."

New York *Herald*: To the highly advanced musical mind it may be discouraging and even provoking to find that most people enjoy Strauss more than Wagner and Suppe more than Rubinstein; that the overtures of Rossini and Auber are popular with more than Beethoven; that the most sparkling melodies of comic opera appeal to wider circles than do the grand operatic symphonies of the Bayreuth master. But if such be the fact it must be recognized. If you would attract the people you must offer them what they like. If they want popular music you must give them popular music or forfeit their patronage.

What Will Be Worn.

Wholesale clothiers are having an unexpectedly good sale of almost all styles of goods, but the winter suit that is cap