fresh colour had died away from her cheek, and her eyes were dull and heavy. "Are you ill, Miss-Fairfax?" he asked, af-

"Are you ill, Miss-Fairfax?" he asked, after a minute's silence.

"No. I'm not ill, only-only-l've told you so much, Mr. Dorillon, that I may as well tell you the rest. We are going away to-morrow morning."

"Going away?"

He asked no question in words, but his voice implied them, and she answered the mute enquiry.

"Yes, she has rejected Ferdinand."

Mr. Dorillon was allent. He could not have spoken had his life lepended on the utterance of a single syllable, but Helena interpreted his silence, after her own ideas, and went burriedly on:

saw her more.

When she was gone, Dorrillon rose and paced up and down the library, with a tumult of feelings warring at his heart. He could not analyze or define them; but first and foremost, he felt the great weight of terror lifted from his life. Her heart was not

given away—is might yet, be his own. He had stood aside and given his rival a fair chance—now there was no earthly power which should keep him from making one more effort to win the treasure. A new hope had sarpung into his breath as a way as in the contraction.

had sprung into his breast, a new courage in-spired him. Let Reginald Delamere sleep in his quiet grave in the dreary old city of Naples—Frederic Dorrillon should inherit all the happiness which was not destined to be

If Ida only loved him! He drew back from the faint chill of doubt and fear which came creeping into his veins; he resolutely turned away from beholding any possibility adverse to his own wishes. Fortune was not to be weed here.

to be wooed by a craven trembler. He had hesitated long enough. The time for action had come at last.

He drew out his watch and glanced at it.

Fifteen minutes past ten; he ground his teeth together to see how late it was. They were

all wearied with the unusual fatigue of the day in the woods—would probably have retired early—and he must live through another night, in ignorance of his fate. The seven years through which he had passed

seemed as nothing to him in comparison with these hars that lay before him. "As I can't sleep," he thought, "I may as well have a cigar on the lawn this hot night."

He went out at the eastern door, and, rossing the flower borders, took his way

CHAPTER XXXV-Continued.

"Let me see, what is the next prominent link which joins the past to the present? The mobilight night on which crossing the Pyrenees, I happened along, just in time to resoue old Tyndale's carriage and frightened servants from the attack of the Italian brigands. It was no special act of bravery. We numbered actually more than our assailants, but the admiral was bewildered, and his attendants arthing more than a neak of ants, but the admiral was bewildered, and his attendants nothing more than a pack of terrified fools. However, it proved a passkey to the heart of the genial old gentlaman, and nothing would satisfy him but I must accompany him to Scotland. It, mattered little to me which way I went, and toward Scotland I accordingly bent my lootsteps. Once there it was impossible to get away. The admiral had taken a fancy into his head that I was not unlike his son—a reconsisting. The admiral had taken a fancy into his hear that I was not unlike his son—a promising young man, who had been recently killed it the Crimea at the siege of Inkerman; and from the resemblance, real or fancied, resulted my formal adoption as his heir. I was still to retain the name of Frederic Dorrillon which I had taken in default of my other pellation; but I was to be presented every here as the adopted son of Admiral Tyr

"Since then my life has presented no very startling occurrences or peculiar incidents. I have continued to learn tidings of Ida every now and then. Without this poor consola tion I should have perished of heart hunger-of inanition of the soul. As long as I knew she was well and happy in her sweet, innocentashion I lived on, and was content—dream and monotonous as my own life was, Ida's happiness—that was all I expected or hoped for now. My own peace was utterly wreck-ed, my own life made purposeless, but she should not be made to suffer with me for

what was, after all, wholly my own fault.
"So things transpired peacefully, until ascertained—no matter how—that Mrs. Dela mere, the lovely young American widow, who had lived abroad for so many years, was re turning home, to a country seat she had pur-chased with the money her husband had left her, on some impossibly beautiful river in America. This fancy of hers made matters essentially different. I became restless, unset tled, and miserable, until my resolution

following her was taken.
"Once in America I plotted a thousan ways of obtaining accurate intelligence of my wife-widow and her movements. But chance, ways or obtaining accurate intelligence of my wife-widow and her movements. But chance, ever my friend, stepped finally in when I was at my wit's end, in the shape of my friend Hugh Dudiey. He was staying at Beech-cliffe, the prettiest place in Connecticut, the guest of the loveliest creature I had ever seen — I should say an anyeaf when I are the content of the c —I should say so myself when I came to meet her and she had graciously extended her invitation to his friend from Scotland.

"One fact I have satisfied myself of, by this experiment—I love Ida as well—nay, better than ever. Time has but strengthened my affection, instead of dimming its fervour. Now, under these circumstances, how long may I reasonably hope to maintain my incognito?
"It depends entirely upon myself.

"If she cares for this Fairfax—nay, who I shrink so foolishly from the word do I shrink so toolishly from the word—if she loves him, my mission is complete. I an be generous still, with the poor generosity that throws away what is worthless to itself and all around it. I will sacrifice my life to the shrine of her happiness. To all intents and purposes. I have been dead for the last seven years; it will be but one more determined deed to lift the dark veil of shadows which separates me from the world beyond. which separates me from the world beyond, and pass, actually as well as nominally, into the land whence I shall return no more. But fifteen miles up the river. be happy, or I will not live at all. Once o twice, as we stood in the shadows that over hung the peaceful river, she looked at me-she spoke to me as if—How my heart beat—how the blood boiled through my veins! If I could win, as Frederic Dorrillon, the love which never was mine as Reginald Delamere—if she could be mine, heart and soul, why, then I might dare in time to tell her this secret which I have hidden away in the inner depths of my own individuality

"I thought this might be a possibility be-fore I saw her leaning on Fairfax's arm to-night, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes full of that limpid softness I have watched so or that impid softness I have watched so many a time. Now, it seems far off, and improbable. I have hoped in vain. It is useless to think of what might have been. But still I cannot tear myself away from the morbid contemplation of my own misery, I am like the convicted prisoner waiting to hear his sentence of condemnation from the lips of the judge, though he already knows perfectly well what it will be. There is a fascination in being near her—in hearing the fascination in being near her—in hearing the tones of her voice, even in sweet words spoken to others which I cannot voluntarily forget. And I will not. There are few enough blissful drops in my cup of joy—it would be madness for me to throw them away,

when they sparkle at my very lips "
So far, Frederic Dorrillon had written, when he folded up the book, replaced it once again in the portfolio, and locked the latter slowly and mechanically. And then he leaned back once again in the chair, pressing his hand to his forehead, as if wearied and exhausted.

LOOKING INTO HER OWN HEART The days at Beachdiffe went by, one by one, like the pleasant lapses of a dream, and were spent in boating parties, picnic groupings, and croquet matches. The guests had prolonged the limits of their originally intended stay, with the exceptions of Victoria Lindhurst and her uncle, who left rather abruptly, and Mr. Dudley, who had returned to his practice in New York.

Mrs. Delamere felt herself being gradually drawn more and more into a region of enchanted dream-life—how, and why, she could not have explained to herself, though she felt the mystic influence. What was it? In what did it consist? Was Beechcliffe under a spell, or was it her own heart changing

what did it consist? Was Beechcliffe under a spell, or was it her own heart changing unconsciously within her?

Mr. Dorrillon and Ferdinand Fairfax haunted her footsteps with persistent attention, as cavaliers of the olden time might have kept jealous watch over some precious jewel of cherished maidenhood. Ida felt it, and yet she did not resent it—on the contrary, there was a shy pride in it which she would not have acknowledged even to her own self.

But Ida knew that the world was changing to her—nor did she wish that aught should be different. It was very sweet and strange, and it was as yet a mystery to her.

"Angie," she said, one night, to the fair-haired hancee, after they had gone up-stairs together and were brushing out their hair in that demi-toilette of white muslin and lace, which is so much prettier than the formal dranging of full dress." you are very hange. draperies of full dress," you are very happy,

"Always?"

"Always, Ida?"

Mrs. Delamere, with her silky black hair hanging loosely over her shoulders and the pearl-backed brush glimmering through its jetty confusion, looked musingly at Angie.

"What is at like, Angie, this love that a woman feels toward the man who is to be all in all to her? Tell me!"

"Oh, Ida," reproached Angie, gently, "did not you know it when you were engaged to Rex?"

"But I shall not feel any differently after I am married, Ida."

"Do not be too sure of that, Angie."
"I could not love Waverley any more, Ida "I could not love Waverley any more, ida

of that I am quite certain."

"But you may love him less."

"No." Angie shook the golden, downfallen masses quite resolutely. "That cannot possibly be. What made you think of such a thing, Ida?"

"I don't know; the instinct of making one's self disagreeable, I suppose. But you haven't told me yet, Angie, what I asked you."

"As if you did not know already."
"Oh, Angie," said Ida, suddenly looking at the marble time-piece, "it is past one o'clock, and you promised to go with us in the morning for a drive."

"Yes, I promised Mr. Fairfax."
"Good night, Ida." "Good night, Angie." But, late as it was, Mrs. Delamere did not

seek her couch after Angelina Gresham had left her. She still sat, with her black hair ripping loosely over her shoulders, and her small hands clasped in her lap, thinking.
"It is so strange," she murmured to herself. "I had fancied that my life would have self. "I had fancied that my life would have passed away without this wondrous keynote of my nature ever being struck, and now—hitherto I have merely existed—now I am beginning to live. There is no use in wilfully blinding myseif further. I do love him: I do. Yet not for worlds would I have him

read the secret of my heart, until——"
And Ida paused in her disconnected reverie, with cheeks burning and crimsoned. She could not give her love unsought—she could

could not give her love unsought—she could not even make a sign of what lay in her heart. No, she must drink that bitterest cup of womanhood, in waiting and doubt, and tremulous anxiety.

The native passion that had so long lain dormant was roused at length by the touch of the arch-magician—Love. Ida knew and felt it. Yet she was powerless to decide her own fate? own fate?

Of all created beings a woman can be the happiest or the most miserable. She rose up and went to the window, where the fair elm-shadowed lawns of Beechcliffe lay before her in the starlight, the fountain glim mering faintly, and the scent of roses weigh-ing down the air with spice. In the distance lay hills of wooded upland, and the murmur-ous sound of the river in the valley rose up like an unsyllabled hymn in the silence of the midsummer night. Truly, it was a fair do-

main, and one of which any woman's heart right be proud.
Yet Ida Delamere turned away from its ontemplation with a low sigh.
"I would give it all—all," she murmured, assionately, "to be loved! I would ex-

change it for a cottage on the dreariest hill in the world, with his heart to bear me com-The little fluttering wild-bird-Love-was

caught at last. CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PICNIC IN THE WOODS.

"Ida! Ida! where are you? We are all eady—make haste!"
Helena Fairfax's sweet, clear voice Helena Fairfax's sweet, clear voice rang from the lawn in front of the portico, as she stood swinging her white partieof to and from the rest of the party making their way down the shelving pathway which ded to the heat house on the river's edge. Ida had returned to the house to give one last order to Mrs. Hyde about the refreshments which were to be sent by the overland route to meet them

In a minute, Helena; don't wait. vertake you."

Miss Fairfax looked laughingly at her rother, who stood by her side.

"Certainly we will wait," be said quietly.

"Gertainly we will wait," be said quietly.

Ida was hurrying through the hall, her round hat hanging by its white ribbons from her arm, when, as she passed the half-open library door, she saw a figure stretched listlessly on the sofa that filled the deep baywindow. She stopped suddenly.

"Mr. Dorrillon!"

"Mrs. Delamere!"

"Can it be possible that this is you?"

"Can it be possible that this is you?"
"You see it for yourself, Mrs. Delamere,"
was the somewhat indifferently spoken re-But you are to be one of

day?" she asked eagerly.
"I think not." "I think not."
"Why?"
The word was spoken quickly, and perhaps with a spice of imperiousness in its tone, Mr. Dorrillon closed his book and looked up, the shadow of a smile hovering round his lips, as if he liked to defy this imperative.

"Because I have not yet been asked."
"Did you think it necessary to await a formal invitation?" she asked, relentlessly tearing into pieces a rose which she wore at her belt, while two round crimson spots glowed on her cheeks.

"I am not in the habit of volunteering my ociety unasked." "You want me to invite you now?"
"As you please, Mrs. Delamere."
"You take a vantage of my being your ostess, Mr. Dorrillon." "Itakeadvantage of nothing," he answered slowly, his eyes fixed on her flushed, beauti ful face. "There are various ways of enjoying one's self, and I dare say I shall pass a

ing one's self, and I dare say I shall pass a very pleasant day in the companionship of the books in your library."

"Then you do not wish to go?"

"Nay, you are hardly logical now. Did I say that I did not wish to go?"

"You left me to infer it."

Mr. Dorrillon lifted his eyebrows slightly.
"Are we not verging on verbal battle for a very insignificant matter, Mrs. Delamere?" he asked.

Ida did not answer directly

"Will you go with us, Mr. Dorrillon?" she asked, speaking as if the words were rung from her against her will,
"Do you wish me to go?" he questioned, slowly, and watching her face with keen eyes "I do wish you to go," she said, in a low voice; and, scarcely looking up from the flower stem in her hand.

He rose at once,

"Then I snall be happy to accompany you, although I have a misgiving that your invitation is forced from you from a sense of duty merely,"

"I am not going to have all my inner motives dissected for your benefit," said Ida, a little haughtily. "We must make haste; the rest are at the river-side by this time."

"Will you take my arm?"

"Will you take my arm?"
"No—I would rather not." At the same instant Mr. Fairfax, who had At the same instant Mr. Fairfax, who had been lounging on a rustic chair on the portico, rose and advanced into view as they passed through the door.

"At last, 'he said, gally. Mr. Dorrillon's keen glance, first at Fairfax and then at Ida, spoke plainly enough the thoughts that were in his mind. "It was because you made sure of this man's companionship that you refused to accept the offer of my arm!" Ida was hotly indignant with herself, for the blood rose in a vivid carmine torrent to her cheeks as she met his eyes.

Perhaps Mr. Dorrillon had really some very important letters to write, for when, toward ten o'clock that night, Miss Fairfax came into the library, he was sitting at the desk, with an open portfolio beside him, and his face very pale, with weariness or some other strong motive cause.

Helena started as she saw him; she had not expected to find anyone in the library, which was generally deserted at that time in the evening. her cheeks as she met his eyes.

He smiled slightly, and turned to Miss Fairfax.

"Will you allow me to be your escort to the riverside, Miss Helena?"

She took his arm at once, and they walked a little in advance of the others to join the impatient group below.

It was a long, lovely row, in the dewy coolness of the summer morning, the boatman keeping in the shadows of the western there, when the place of the oars kept time to "I beg your pardon, Mr. Dorrillon. Am I disturbing you?"
"Not in the least, Miss Fairfax," he an-

the conversation allowed time to listen to this undercurrent of nature's orchestra; and it was nearly noon when they landed at the grove which was their destination.

The commissary department had arrived before them, and the impromptu table, consisting of a satin damask cloth, spread on the green sward in the most level spot, was ready, with its display of cold chicken, daintily dressed salads, tongues, ham, cake, and jellies. A glass pail stood in the middle, filled with golden slices of lemon, lumps of ice, and claret—tinted liquid—Mrs. Hyde's matchless lemonade—and the wines were

and claret—tinted liquid—Mrs. Hyde's matchless lemonade—and the wines were await ng summons; in their ice-pails, among the bushes near at hand.

A merrier party could hardly have convened than the group whose voices now made the woodland shadows musical with gay words and laughter, provoked by almost nothing. Everyone was in a good humour, and everyone was determined to be pleased; consequently the impromptu banquet "went off" splendidly.

No sconer was the cloth removed than the croquet arches were promptly installed on

No sooner was the cloth removed than the croquet arches were promptly installed on the level spot it had partially occupied, and those who had not been smitten by the croquet mania wandered off, in cozy tête-à-têtes, into the woods to enjoy the shade and coolness, and explore the solitudes for the few wild flowers which were still in bloom, party-coloured mosses and ferns.

ance of a single syllable, but Helena interpreted his silence after her own ideas, and went hurriedly on.

"Yes, it is all over now—poor, poor Ferdinand. She was very sweet and gentle, but she told nim." No resolutely. She should never marry again; she did not love him, though she respected him, and all that sort of thing. We had not dared hope much, and yet—well, it's no use now thinking what might have been. "She is the only woman who could have made Ferdinand happy; but even now I can't be as angry with her as I try to be. Perhaps Ferdinand was too precipitate in speaking techer. I told him not to hurry matters too much, but he could not endure the suspensa." Men are naturally impatient, I believe, added poor Helena, with a faint smile. "But I have a great deal to do in packing up to night, and I must not stand here talking as Good night, Mr. Dorrillon, and good-by."

She held out her hand. He took it, scarcely knowing what he did.

"Believe me Miss Fairfax, your brother has my sympathy," he said. "There is no one—no one in all the world who can know better than I how much he has lost."

So Helena Fairfax, marveling at the fervour of his words, went away, and he never saw her more.

When she was gone. Dorrillon rose and party-coloured mosses, and ferns.

Mr. Dorrillon had watched Fairfax and Mr. Dorrillon had watched Fairfax and Mrs. Delamere slowly sauntering down one of the glent, leafy aisles, until a growth of alder bushes hid them from his view, and so intent was his absorption that his companion spoke twice to him before he heard her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Fairfax. Were you addressing me?"

"I spoke to you twice!" laughed Helena; who was too good-natured to take offence at any such casual affront to her self-esteem.

Dorrillon bit his lips. "I must have been

any such casual affront to her self-esteem.

Dorrillon bit his lips. "I must have been dreaming! Will you be so indulgent as to repeat your remark a third time?"

"It is hardly original enough to bear such frequent repetition," said Helena, demurely. "However, since such is your wish, you shall have the benefit of it. Don't you think the day is growing very warm?"

"I do, most emphatically."

They talked idly on one subject or another, with long silences between, both evidently preoccupied, until at length Helena Fairfax looked up with an abrupt laugh, and said:—

"I must seem strangely absent-minded to you, Mr. Dorrillon, but my thoughts are iull to-day."

"Are they?"

"Are they ?" "Are they?"
"Yes; and not of myself."
"I should easily have imagined that, Miss
Fairfax, without being told. I do not think
you are a selfish person."
Helena looked wistfully at him.

Helena looked wistfully at him.
"I wished I dared tell you what it is, Mr. Dorrillon. I would fain have the courage to share my hopes and fears with someone else."
"Does it require so much courage to confide in me? he asked, smiling.
"My impression is that it does not," she answered, in the same tone.,
"Have the goodness then to act when

"Have the goodness, then, to act upon your impression." "We have been very good friends," said Helena, frankly, "and I think I might tell

"You think you might tell me? Are you not sure? And what does this mighty mystery of preamble foretell? I can guess!"
"Guess, then," she said. "You are going to be married."
"No, I am not; but possibly some one else
You are getting 'warm,' as the children

"And he will propose to-day-your bro-

"You are going to be married."

"No, I am not; but possibly some one else is. You are getting 'warm,' as the children say."

"Some one else? Your particular friend, perhaps, to whom you write long, double-sheet letters, and send embroidery patterns by every mail."

"Some one nearer and dearer than that," persisted Helena, shaking her head.

"I can't guess; you will have to tell me."

"Well, then, it is my brother!"

"Your brother!"

"Your brother!"

"Your brother!"

"Your brother!"

"Trederic Dorrillon echoed the words, quite unaware that he was doing so, In that one instant he felt that his fate was sealed; he saw the far-off shining gates of a fancied happiness closing on him forever; he saw Ida standing at the flower wreathed altar with this tall, well-featured Ferdinand Fairfax by her side, and caught himself wondering if the her side, and caught himself wondering if the lonely, nameless grave—his grave—would cast a shadow on her radiant path if she knew of it. If! And in the husbed silence dresses floating over the grass as they went.

"Mrs. Hyde is early to-night," said Angle Gresham's voice. "See, the drawing-rooms are already darkened. Are not you coming in, Ida?"—for one of the figures had paused close to the edge of the marble basin into which the waters of the fountain fell with a cool, tinkling drip. of the woods a little bird broke into a golden rivulet of song just in time to warn him that ant eyes were on him.

cool, tinkling drip.
"Not just yet, Angie; it is so warm in "So he is to be married, your brother?" he "So he is to be married, your brother?" he said, hoarsely.

"Now you are getting on too fast," she rejoined," laughing a little nervously. "I did not say he was to be married; I said it was possible that he might be."

"Then—"
Frederic Dorrillon knew it was not an hon-"But you said you were so tired !"

"So I am; and that is the reason I mean to rest out here, with the stars and the deli-"You will take cold." "No, I shall not. I never took cold in my rederic portilion knew it was not an non-ourable thing to do; but for the life of him he could not have repressed the question. "He had not yet promised, but we, brother and sister, are all in all to each other, Mr.

"Shall I stay with you, Ida?"
"What for? No, no, little one, I had rather be by myseif for awhile. Go in; you will be pale to-morrow, and I shall fall under the ban of Mr. Cleve's most solemn dis-Dorrillon, and Ferdinand tells me everything. He said to me this morning that he should ask her to be his wife to-day. He cannot endure the suspense any longer, nor is there any reason that he should. He has known her a long time, you know."

"Her?"

"Ida"

Angie laughed and ran up the portice steps, disappearing into the lighted doorway as swiitly as if she had been gifted with wings instead of little slippered feet, while Ida De-lamere remained alone, and apparently im-movable—one hand, on which the precious stones sparkled in the starbeams, resting on the rim of the meable bear. ther?"

"He told me that he should. Oh. Mr. Dorrillon, do you wonder that I am excited and absorbed, when so much—oh, so much of of Ferdinand's destiny hangs upon the syllable to be spoken this day from a woman's lips?"

Mr. Dorrillon rose suddenly.

"Shall we join the croquet party? They will be wondering what has become of us?"

He felt that he could no longer sit idly there, asking and answering questions—he must be alone, to look this coming caramity full in the face. Solitude—silence—without these he should go mad.

Miss Fairiax wondered at his leaving her

the rim of the marble basin. Frederic Dorrillon's heart throbbed high. Fate had placed within his grasp the oppor-tunity for which he had so ardently longed. Ida was near him, and they were alone, and all the sweet, softening influences of nature were marshalled on his side. What strange faint-heartedness was it which, even at this auspicious moment, would fain have bid him tand motionless in the shadow of the elm boughs, and let the tide of his life ebb by, never again to be overtaken? Perhaps it was the natural reaction of the long chain of consequences, either for good or evil, which hung on the issues of that moment; but Frederic Dorrillon was not one to yield to any temporary weakness. He put aside the low-hanging boughs of the tree, and advanced with a calm; determined step into the starlighted lawn.

Ids turned round with an involuntary start as the sound of nearing footsteps fell on her ear, but she did not move from her position.

"Mr. Dorrillon, you are out late to-night."

"The sultry atmosphere of the house was too cramped, Mrs. Delamere; I could not breathe there."

"It is deliciously cool and fresh out here."

these he should go mad.

Miss Fair'ax wondered at his leaving her so abruptly when they reached the level open glade, where the croquet balls were clicking merrily against one another, and gay voices echoed, half a dozen at once. She could not account for this conduct, so much at variance with the usual calm, polished courtesy of his manner. Could she in any way have offended him? she asked herself, but her memory bore record of no word or look which could possibly have been unfavourably construed.

When the picnic party assembled together, just after sunset, to set out upon their homeward way, one of the number was missing.

"Where is Dorrillon?" inquired Mr. Carisforde, who was mentally numbering up the boat loads.

James, the servant, turning round from his breathe there."
"It is deliciously cool and fresh out here."
"Yes, it is."
"Presently Dorrillon spoke again:
"I was hoping for an opportunity of speaking to you this eving, Mrs. Delamere, but the servants told me that you had retired."
"I did go up to my own room, but Angie coaxed me out again for a walk among the roses."

boat loads.

James, the servant, turning round from his task of packing the silver, glass, and china that had been used in the waggon which was to take them home, replied:

"If you please, sir, he has walked home,"

"Walked home!" echoed Carisforde.

"What! fitteen miles on such a broiling afternoon as this!"

"Yes, sir, I offered to row him myself, or to drive him home. There's plenty of room in the waggon, and I could have gone a little earlier just as well as not; but he said he liked the walk, and I was to say he had just remembered some letters that must be written this evening." Still she did not ask him why he had wish d to see her.
"I understand that Mr. Fairfax leaves u -morrow morning," he said, quietly.

"You will miss him?" "You have been friends for some time, I

"Yes, for several years."
"It strikes me," said Dorrillon, slowly,
"that he did a very foolish thing in risking,
for the mere possibility of a nearer relation,
the surety of friendship such as yours has
been. Men are foolish at times—it seems to

be a part of their nature."
Ida looked up quickly.
"Mr. Dorrillon!" "You are surprised at my intimate know-ledge of your private affairs. Yes, Mrs. Delamere, I happen to know that Mr. Fairfax has proposed to you, and been refused. But you need not look so startled—the secret is

swered, courteously. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you. I only came to get a book or two which belong to me."

Mr. Dorrillon gazed earnestly at her. The

An Indiana widow drinks nothing but black tea while she is in mourning. Such consistency is truly pathetic. But what a nerve she will have for her next husband.—

Hartford Post,

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

After Death, If I should die before you, love,
I pray you do not weep
Your woe beyond the first few tears
The world will have you keep?
But say, "I make his heaven less
By moaning thus in dreariness.

And plant my violets, white and blue,
Above my place of rest,
And tend them with those dear, kind hands
I have so oft careased:
And say :--" These flowers were his last will,
And for his sake I watch them still." And when the spring that I so loved Shall flush the land with life, I pray you seek my quiet grave, But not with tears, sweet wife; And if the flowers in bloom shall be, Say: "Lo' he sends his love to me."

Fashion Notes. Dresses entirely of poppy-red are popular r seaside wear. Toilets of spotted grenadine or Indian gauz re fashionable for dinner parties. Fancy buttons of all kinds now form a great ture as decorative adjuncts to summer

toilets

pigeon's throat, gooseberry green, and Mare-chal Neil yellow. The newest grenadines come in soft shades of sea-foam green, primrose-pink, cream-white, apricot, and brass colour.

The most fashionable shades of the silk are

Silk dresses made perfectly plain and draped with Spanish, Mechlin, Flemish, or point d'esprit laces are much worn.

Lace ties have given place to plaitings of lace rising from within the straight, high dress, and coat collars, soft lace ruffles, and cascaded jabots.

A neat costume is of ecru batiste, embroid-ered with small corn flowers in chenille; ecru lace hat, with corn flowers; spotted Jacket bodices of dark cloth are worn, the trimming consisting of fine, closely placed rows of narrow mixed braids in black, with

gold or silver. Lace chemisettes, with short pagoda sleeves, are worn under low-neck dresses, to make them suitable for dinner, theatre, and all oc-casions of demi-toilet.

A pretty morning toilet is of cambric, printed with large flowers, gathered blcuse bodice, small Directoire bonnet, with flowers above and below the brim.

Travelling dresses of wool grenadine of the fashionable tan shades, or thin beige in fawn, cinnamon, iron grey, bronze, nemophila, and smoke-blue are all fashionable. A brown linen costume, studded with forget-me-nots; gathered bodice, with a waist-band; bonnet of forget-me-nots, with a tuft of roses at the side is very stylish.

Stays are being made shorter waisted, and satin stays are said to be more comfortable and easier to wear than those of coutil; they are, however, much more expensive. A number of baby dresses are worn by very young ladies for ordinary walking purposes. They have waists plaited back and front, and drawn in to the figure by red leather belts.

Cream-coloured linen batiste, or che cloth, makes very serviceable and pretty toilets, when trimmed with coffee-coloured lace and bows of scarlet or pale-blue ribbon. Lace-bordered handkerchiefs are again coming into fashion. The lace is generally Valenciennes and very narrow. It is also the fashion to embroider the initial in the centre of the handkerchief in coloured silk.

A beautiful toilet is of cream linen em broidered with silk in an open-work design, and lined with pale, yellowish pink silk; straw hat, turned up at the side, and lined with black, streaked with gold, a large plume round the cover; white parasol lined with

Velvet skirts have satin balayeuse, which are scalloped or plain, and fall over a plaited flounce sewed to the underskirt. Over this is a plaid tunic without trimming, which falls like an apron down the front, and is raised on the sides by a buckle and long ribbon

on all evening or garden bats. The Lilian Russell poke is one of the best to trim in this manner. A facing of Oriental lace, a band of muli, and a cluster of snowballs or daisies, with long mull strings at the back, to tie under the chin, make very charming and coming head coverings.

A handsome black dress has a skirt with three Chantilly lace flounces; bodice to match, gathered at the throat and waist: lace epaulettes and sleeves, long Suede gloves drawn over them; small black lace bonnet, narrow pink ribbon crossed on the chignon, and tied as strings, the loops being fastened down with rearl-headed pins; lace parasol over pink silk.

Some new travelling dresses are made of tan-coloured cloth. One seen recently had the apron front of the overdress scattered with sprays of carnations outlined in brown silk cord of a deeper tint, draped over a plain skirt of the same coloured silk, with a narrow plisse at the bottom. The back of the skirt was fully draped, the bodice being tight-fitting and braided to correspond with the overdress.

dress.

Among the newest buttons are those formed of a stone imported from South Africa, called the Orange River Cat's-eye. The stone is, properly speaking, a crocidilite of intensely hard substance, exceedingly curious, and when cut and polished is fashioned into articles for various uses, parasol handles, necklaces, etc., and is much in vogue for fancy jewellery in combination with brilliants or pearls. The buttons in gold and green tints are very effective as trimmings for travelling gowns of mixed tweed or heather homespun material.

A new kind of veiling has been brought

homespun material.

A new kind of veiling has been brought out, which looks like handsome surah. It has a brilliant, soft effect, although there is a certain body to the goods, and it is destined to meet with great success. Foulards and surahs are in the most peculiar designs, such as plums, grapes, and pink radishes, with green leaves. Grayish taffetas have cubeshaped designs in relief of black or coloured velvet. All kinds of light grazed taffetas have appeared in most beautiful tints. They are sometimes in fine plaids, and sometimes have tinted floral designs. Light wooden fabrics are different on either side, like double-faced ribbon. They are destined for toilets, but are different on either side, like duble-faced ribbon. They are destined for toilets, but principally for confections. One side of the goods is a fine plaid in two shades, while the other is plain and in a different colour, which produces the effect of a lining. Double-faced goods have for some time past been in general use for waist linings.

For and About Women, A lady at Saratoga has become blind from using something to make her eyes brilliant. She sees her folly, though. An exchange says that in Tennessee re-cently a rattlesnake was killed by a young woman eight feet long. That young woman would make a fortune in a dime museum.

A young woman in an Ohio town has mar-ried her brother's wife's father. When last seen she was busy with a compass and a dic-tionary trying to study out what relation she was to herself.

An exchange relates that because Miss Ida Bussels, a Baltimore belle of 18 summers, had a quarrel with her lover she blew her brains

of the Buffaio Express.

In Rome a duke's daughter has eloped with a poet. She will doubtless find in the course of time that if she had taken fifty cents and bought a cheap book of rhymes she would have made a much more profitable venture.

Mary Strachan, who lives in London, enjoys the distinction of having been the wife of Simon Cochrane, a sergeant who fell on the field of Waterloo, and of having been present herself on the field at the time he fell. She has received since 1822 a pension of \$70 a year.

Brave Mary Trainer was a Pittsburg servant girl who saw a little child belonging to the family for which she worked playing on the track in front of an express train, ran and picked it up, was herself struck by the engine, but at the instant threw the child so that it was picked up unhurt. The girl was frightfully mangled, and died after two hours of aconv.

An aged lady who appealed for financial aid at the Wheeling, W. Va., police head-quarters a couple of weeks ago declared herself to be a daughter of ex-Vice-President King, and widow of Gen. Hunter, President Jackson's Minister to Russia. W. W. Corcoran was one of her playmates in childhood. Her story was found to be authentic, and she was given the necessary assistance. "I wish I had a drink," said Mrs. Fogg, but I don't like to go to the fountain, there

are so many men there." "You've just as good a right there as they have," said Fogg, "don't you see the motto, For man and beast? Come along." "Oh, it is well enough for you to say come along," replied Mrs. Fogg, "but you know I'm not a man." The Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, com monly known in England as Fat Mary, has set the example of riding the tricycle. Now

Victoria has ordered two machines for her young granddaughters, the Princesses of Hess; the Princess of Wales gave her eldest daughter one for her birthday present; the Princess Louise rides, and hundreds of ladies have followed the fashion.

A country newspaper reporter visited Vassar College for the purpose of getting the views of the young ladies on the tariff question. To the very first one he encountered he opened the subject without circumlocution by remarking: "I suppose you girls go in for protection?" "We did." she said, with a comparation of the protection? with a low, sweet gargle, "but if they're going to increase the tax on chewing-gum we're al free-traders."

A girl at Long Branch speaks with an acquired London accent, "Me cawt, me cawt, at five o'clock," she said to the family coachman, in a voice loud enough for a verandal full of people to hear. "Caught what, miss?" the man inquired. A repetition of the order did not make him understand it, and she had to say, in plain American pronunciation, though she lowered her voice and stepped closer in doing so: "My cart, stupid; my village cart, at five o'clock."

Boston Women,

If there are idle in Boston, they are not women, writes a New Orleans Times correspondent. The occupations open to women here include everything there is, from the arts and professions to the industries. In stores, shops, libraries, restaurants, offices, you are served by women. In the post-office the registry of letters is superintended by a woman, with assistants. In the Athenaum and public library women almost exclusively attend. In our best restaurants men serve as waiters, while a delivity descend as waiters, while a daintily dressed woman sits behind the desk, with vases of cut flow ers, and attends to the cash account. It used to be considered a little pronounced for a lady without escort to go the ladies' restaurant at the Parker house; but now the presence of a refined and dainty woman at the cashier' desk has quite done away with that feeling.

Household Arrangements Three Hundred Years Ago. What would servants in the present day was to such a code of rules and regulations as was adopted three hundred years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of "Ariosto?" A servant absent from prayers to be fined 2d.; for uttering an oath, ld.; and the same sum for leaves to the same ld.; and the same sum for leaving a doo open; a fine, 2d. from Lady day to Michael open; a fine, 2d. from Lady day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven, or out
after nine, a fine of 1d. for any beds numade,
fire sailt, or candle-box uncleaned after
eight; a fine of 4d. for any man detected
teaching the children obscene words;
a fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent a meal;
for any one breaking any of the butler's
glass, 12d.; a fine of 2d, for any one who has
not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten,
or the supper by six; a fine of 4d, for anyone not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six; a fine of 4d. for anyone. absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of 1d.; for any follower visiting the cook, 1d.; a fine of a 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet: a fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a fine of 1d. if the hall be not cleansed by eight in the morning in winter and seven in summer; the porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not ring meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

The Wife's Influence

The Wife's Influence.

Two gentlemen at a large reception in New York last winter were discussing one of the foremost politicians of the country, a man who, whether in office or out, always keeps himself prominently before the public. "I knew him at college," said one of the gentlemen. "He was a man with a clear head, extraordinary memory, and much personal magnetism. But I can not understand why he chose a public life or has pushed himself forward so persistently. He was a lazy, thoughtful, visionary fellow, absolutely destitute of ambition." "I can tell you the secret," said the other. "You will find it in his wife's nose. There she is! Did you ever see a more perfect mearmation of energy ever see a more perfect incarnation of energy and love of command? Napoleon would have chosen her for one of his marshals at first sight." His friend was amused at the guess, and said, presently: "There is another of my old class-mates, P. He was a thin, ambitious, scholarly fellow, with refined tastes and high aims. He now is fat, indolent animal, without a thought, apparathly, but animal, without a thought, apparently, but his cognac and terrapin. Who is to blame for that?" "His wife's mouth and her money. I will show her to you." He pointed out a gross, voluntuous woman, richly dressed. "P.," he resumed "has lived in idleness since his marriage. He was not strong enough to carry the weight of so much wealth and so much vulgarity. They have borne him down. He will never rise." Young men at school and college are very apt to be enraptured with a sparkling eye, a rosy cheek, or some charm. college are very apt to be enraptured with a sparkling eye, a rosy cheek, or some charm of manner in some young woman that they happen to meet. They are hardly masters of themselves: and a moonlight night, or a song, suddenly tempts them to ask the enchanting creature who has bewitched them to share their future. They do not consider that she will be the most real, active force in their whole lives, almost irremistible with power to drag them down or to lift them up in body, mind, and soul.

The Luther anniversary has suggested in quiries about the reformer's family. Many quiries about the reformer's family. Many German papers have said that the male line of direct descendants of Martin Luther became extinct in 1742. This it seems, however, is not the case. It is credibly reported that in Cloister Allendorf, on the Werra, in the District of Meiningen, there are still living some direct descendants of the famous man of the sixteenth century—namely, Heinrich Luther, a carpenter, 32 years old, and his six sons. Carl Luther also, Heinrich's brother, is studying theology at Jena. For this branch of the family there' exists a "Luther stipend," from which each child receives fifty thalers three times in his live—athis first communion, during apprenticeship, and on his weddin day. These Luthers, it is said, can prov their direct descent by a genealogical tre which is preserved at Leipsic.

The Countess de la Torre pleaded that, being a member of the anti-cruelty society, she took eighteen cats and nine dogs into her house out of compasion, but a London justice fined her \$1 and ordered abatement of the

broken down chair among the trunks. The dog was satisfied and so was the baggageman, but the woman was mad.

A CHARMING CHRIS/I ENING. A Description of the Ceremony in a Quebec Church.

A correspondent writing from Quebec We were all a trifle nervous over the noise the little candidate made, and I could see that the old cure's hand trembled as he held the holy chrism above its head; his gentle eye beamed benevolently, but he waited reverently until she ceased her wildest wriggle and her lustiest yell before anointing

"Of a truth, she will never be a nun," whispered one of the little congregation.
"When they scream so loud, my godmother says, they will be healthy and lucky," whispered another. "Ah, now she is quiet, the petite. Bah! my goodness, but she is pret-

She was. The weather has been so the spring has been so late, that baby's in

DELAYED THE CHRISTENING of her darling until a sunshing day in May and baby fullsix weeks old. It was a pretty picture. The little cherub had fair, soft hair and deep blue eyes that looked boldly at one; aristocratic little cars and mouthed Her upper lip was a perfect Cupid's bow; a dancing dimple low down in her left cheek, and her nose, though good enough in prospect, doubtless was like all babies—a serene pug. The little one was robed like a princess. The front of her christening robe, too, was of solid lace, faint, frothy, and of a delicate cream colour, the soft tone that only time can give such the soft tone that only time can give such fabrics. Over the lace there opened another robe of pale blue and soft cashmere, turned back with old point lace

The ceremony was long and again baby objected. In vain the big fat nurse.

KEPT UP HER MUSICAL CROONING under the cure's Latin, and gently jolted her charge up and down. Baby was sleepy and hungry, and wanted mamma. Neither the gentle hand of the tall, beautiful godmother, that was laid soothingly upon her little shoulder, nor entreaty in the kind eyes of the priest, could pacify. The little old sexton, who acted as assistant to the cure, was shocked as he made the responses, and looked over his spectacles at the baby as if he would suggest spectacles at the baby as if he would suggest "heroic" remedies. In artistic argot they would tell you the picture was "well composed." The tall figure of the ecclesiastis bending over the queenly-robed infant; its beautiful, pale, sad-faced godmother, dressed in mourning; the fat old nurse in colours, the funny little sexton, and the extemporized congregation, onen-mouthed at the splendour congregation, open-mouthed at the splendour of "millinery" not often displayed in a little Canadian village. The ceremony had been called strictly private, and so it was in the sense of "no cards." The sexton had come hastily in from the garden of the presbytery, where he had been digging, put on his funny

spectacles, and a FUNNY PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES, fully an ench too long in the fingers, and hastily presented himself in response to the cure's call. He made no other concession to the occasion than the wriggling of white gloves, not even a white collar to apologize for his grey flannel shirt. He was all funny —his figure, his dress, his spectacles, his gloves; but all put together was not as funny

as his Latin.
"Dominus vobiscum," said the curé gently.
"Et cum spiritty to-noo-noo," responded the sexton.
"But he is intelligent and sympathetique,"

explained the curé to me after the ceremony was over and we stood chatting on the porch of his house. "He can keep accounts and fish, shoot, make an omelet, weave a hammock, and is an excellent gardener."

While he sounded these praises the sexton was ringing the bell as the christening procession filed up the picturesque road on the Ottawa river. The mistaken mother had sent the sexton a fee of a dollar, and, as I verily believe, he rang the bell for two hours. A dollar must be in this little place an extraordinary fee.

A dollar must be in sales like a woman, ordinary fee.

I had nearly forgotten, and, like a woman, gone over into a P.S. It was a pin after all. The nurse confessed it with confusion to her mistress. Her mistress told the curé, and, as we were playing whist last night, the curé

Dr. Best has a little girl who is one of the children we look upon with awe, a little rosy peach ripened before its mates; an example of what all children will come to be in future

time. The other day Miss Mary overhear father and grandmother discussing Savage "He is a very low man," said she.
"What do you mean?" said her grandmother. "You do not know him in the
least."

"Nevertheless," said Miss Positive, "I think him the lowest of a human being." think him the lowest of a human being."

Her language was so plain and unmistakable that authority was used, to which this child of eight responded by bringing to her father and showing him a passage in a geography wherein the sweeping assertion was made that all savages belonged to the lowest order or kind of men. Explanations of the matter were received with only a sly twinkle to show whether "the child really knew or not."

Some one spoke to her the other day in the

knew or not."

Some one spoke to her the other day in the most complimentary terms of her doll, an unfortunate Yankeeism marring the pronunciation of the word. With the most perfect assumption of parental mildness she answered, "Don't say 'dorl'—say doll; and if you can't say doll say puppet.

Dr. Best is very clever, but he says her arguments, though short and salutary, are often unanswerable. Overhearing another discussion between father and grandmother, in which her father slightly disputed some Biblical statement, she said, in the most win-

Biblical statement, she said, in the most winning way:

"Papa, you may know a great deal, but
God knows more. He knew enough to make
you, besides telling you what you know."

Sentence of Louise Michel.

The sentence of Louise Michel and her associates to various terms of imprisonment, for "going through" bake-houses, was made the occasion of a demonstration by Anarchists which is described as "the most uproarious public meeting that has been held in Paris since the foundation of the the Third Republic." The Government permitted the vapourings to come forth uninterfered with, and the consequence was a vast amount of noise, but no immediate harm. Michel's offence was excused by the first orator of the day on the ground that neither she nor her fellows had really pillaged anything, inasmuch as "the Opportunist party governing France are the real thieves." They, it was explained, had "plundered at the Bourse and in Tonquin." Having thus acquitted the lesser rogues because greater rogues had full swing, the meeting went on to mark out a plan of venz geance. The key-note of the outburst of excitement was an assertion that the bourgeoist-republic was worse than the most despotic monarchies and empires. Therefore, down with it! Citizen Martin read, to the accompaniment of loud applause, a pamphlet calling on the soldiers to kill their officers and burn their barracks. Citizen Cantet read—and his hearers took notes—the names and addresses of the judges and jury who condemned their barracks. Citisen Cantet read—and his hearers took notes—the names and addresses of the judges and jury who condemned Louise, "in order that when the time comes the anarchists shall know where to look for their enemies." Another untamed Jacobin proposed that "the people" should take possession of the banks and public offices, and burn the houses of landlords. And so on. These tirades sound deadly, but France is as yet disposed to laugh at them.

A goat herder on one of the great stock ranches in Colorado drove about 700 goats to water, in the river, and while they were drinking just below a bend in the stream a mountain rise came down like a solid wall of water from ten to fifteen feet high. On one side of the stream was a perpendicular bluff, and on the other a gradual incline, but before the active goats could get out of the way 200 of the 700 were drowned, and the herder only escaped by awinging himself into a tree, where he was compelled to remain on his unpleasant perch for 24 hours, when the river went down as rapidly as it had risen.

AGRICULTURA

We will always be pleased to rece of enquiry from farmers on any ma-ing agricultural interests, and answ given as soon as practicable.

CROPS IN ONTARIO

The reports on the wheat crop of vince, made to the Bureau of Inc the 1st August, are not wholly sa They show that as regards both qu quality much of it is inferior to erop-that, in fact, its market present quotations must be less millions of dollars. But it should in mind that last year's crop was ar dinary one, and consequently that o with it as the standard cannot be ac with it as the standard cannot be ac fair. We have not yet sufficient ascertain confidently what an aver crop in Ontario is. For this purpos cessary to obtain returns for a successive years, giving as a as possible the acreage and duce for sach syear. The prevent is probably below an average whole province; but no one can stively whether it is or not. Last tively whether it is or not. Last cording to the statistics collected bureau, the area under wheat was acres, the produce 40,921,201 but he average yield per acre 23 bush year the area is 1,691,603 acres, the (as estimated by correspondent) as estimated by correspondents) (as estimated by correspondents) I bushels, and the average yield perbushels. For the two years the average therefore be 19.7 bushels per ac possible, however, that the resu threshing season may modify to so the figures for this year. The unacter of the crop makes it difficult to the yield of fall wheat and emission. the yield of fall wheat, and spring liable to be affected by rust and the

The May report of the bureau sh in the western half of the province was damaged to a serious extent d winter months—being either frozen under a coat of ice and sleet in the counties, or smothered to death heavy covering of ice-crusted sno neary covering of ice-crusted and northern. It was also injured in so ties by exposure to spells of intense the snow and ice had disappeared, temperature of April and May mad dition of the crop a disheartening of ploughed up or resown with oth The returns showing the area of dealt with in this way are somewifect, but in the Lake Erie, Lake Hu Midland and Georgian bay counties less than 60,000 acres. In the eastern province the wheat win tered remark and the crop is not much below year. The heavy rains of June were favourable in promoting a growth of straw, but in all section province correspondents report that cess of moisture has been accompa rust. In the western counties, w is a great depth of alluvial soil, 'the produced its worst effects, and the graderably shrunken. In the eastern on the other hand, the injury is tively elight. Insect pests are not but the presence of the midge an sian fly is noted in some localities. favourable harvest weather of the weeks the crop will no doubt be good condition.

SPRING WHEAT. The breadth of spring wheat is ! same as last year, although seeding were hindered by rainy weather, high or well drained lands it made gress throughout July, and unl gress throughout July, and unles by rust or in ects it promises a la than last year's crop. The recent bright weather has been very favour maturity, but the midge, the weevi Hessian fly are reported in all spring wheat districts. The exte damage done by these pests, how not be fully known until the grai In the lake Ontario district the is season will open about the 15th inthe northerly and north-easter about the 20th or 25th. This

weeks later than the usual period wheat harvest.

The following comparative table total area of fall wheat as collected ship assessors, less the quantity pld or resown, and the area of spring cording to returns made by the i the province to the Bureau on the June. The quantity of old wheat i hands is also furnished. The prodinew crop, as already stated, is bas reports of averages furnished by pondents of the Bureau.

Fall Wheat——Spring Wht
Acres. Bush. Acres. Bush
1883...1,105,542 17.157,139 586,041 9,665,9
1882...1,188,520 31,255,202 586,817 9,665,9 MANITOBA'S CROPS. Mr. Acton Burrows, Deputy 1 Agriculture for Manitoba, has issue

Bulletin No. 2," which is based upo servations and replies of 260 corr scattered over different portions of West, from which he has reached to ing conclusions regarding the condicrops mentioned below :-

WHEAT.—The comparative acre shows an average increase of 54 per 1882. The reports from points the whole province are of a very sa nature, and large yields are fully extended to the great maintains. the great majority of cases. Though from the extreme and prolonged dring the early part of the season, still every few cases is absolute injury and these occur only where the grant in being sown. From very many ports upeak of wheat as "flattering looks remarkably well," "wheat fa" wheat never looked better," etc., few cases worms are reported each few cases worms are reported as injuno serious complaints are made,
bountiful crop will no doubt be reathe general yield over an average.
Oars.—The extent to which oats
sown as compared with that of last y
an average increase of fifty-eight per
a great many localities the spring
ward, and oats sown late were i
frosts in the early part of June,
jury, however, is only reported in

frosts in the early part of June. Sirry, however, is only reported in a places. Grubs or worms are also as working destruction in some The great majority of reports sp dently of a good average crop, and are expressed of any failure or scar Barley.—Though not grown to great an extent as wheat or oats, has an average increase in acreage of per cent. over 1882. This grain is to have suffered to a considerable of the early June frosts and also frost However, very encouraging ren made, and a good fair average crogeneral. The dampness of the groue arly part of the season and the rain later on has caused the straw to but reports generally speak of looking sound" and having colour."

colour."

Pras.—Field peas do not app grown to a very large extent, as with some other grains, but they average increase in acreage o cent. over 1882, and appear been very generally sown to the province, though in limited ties. They do not appear to have from frost, and are generally refavourable, and showing evidences favourable, and showing evider

POTATOES.—A large increase in spotatoes is reported. Reports as to and probable yield differ very much are spoken of as having damaged the anumber of places, and grubs are a of as having affected them to a certification of the control of the cont Roots.—Roots have been exten