CARLY TIOMS BY JOHN G. SAXE cd bless the man who first invented sless Sancho Panza said, and so said 1: ad bless him, also, that he didn't keep H is great discovery to himself; or try make 15—as the lucky fellow mightclose monopoly, by "patent right!" es—bless the man who first invented sleep (I really can't avoid the iteration); ut bless the man with curses loud and deep Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed Observes some solomn sentimental owl Maxims like these are very cheaply said; «But ere you make yourself a fool or low Fray just inquire about the rise—and tall, And whether larks have any bed at all! And whether larks have any bed at all! The "time for honest folks to be abed," Is in the morning, if I reason right; And he who cannot keep his precious he Upon his pillow till it's fair daylight, And so enjoy his forty-winks, Is up to knavery for else—he drinks! Thomson, who sung about the "Season," It was a glorious thing to rise in seaso But then he said it—lying—in his bed At ten o'clock, A. M.—the very reason He wrote so charmingly. The simple fac His preaching wasn't sanctioned by mactice:

l'is doubtless well to be some times awake Awake to duty and swake to truth—
ut when alas is nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth

Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep Are those me pussed in childhood, or—asleep
The legantiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angel's sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin let us sleep, and give the Maker praise. I like the lad who, when his father thought clip his morning nap by hackneyed phruse if vagrant worm by early songsters caught, cd. "served him right!—it's not at all annotations."

surprising— The worm was punished, sir, for early rising JOHN AND JONATHAN

ston Couries revives the follow ternal verses which were writtenet Malta address to the late Admiral Farragut an officers and men, when the United State n-oi-war FRANKLIN was at that port during last foreign cruiss of her great comman

That wouldn't warp, or swerve, or stir From what I thought or spoke, And you, a blunt and honest man, Straightforward, kind and true— That you're a Briton, too. I know your heart, an honest heart-I read your mind and will'
A greyhound ever on the start,
To run for honour still.
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan And stout to see it done-I tell you, Brother Jonathan,

son; send him to college, and make him his heir. We were married. On the very his heir. We were married. On the very eve of my bridal day, I discovered that my husband Richard Burns, was not dead, and that Hart Burgoyne had made me the victim of a terrible conspiracy. I refused to acknowledge that fraudulently obtained second marriage, and he has since persecuted me almost to death.—He put me in'a mad-house, I escaped, and started for California. He came on the same vessel, and captured me last night at the Panama Hotel. This is my story, centlemen. I am not mad. My story, gentlemen. I am not mad. My true husband—the only husband I can have or own—still lives. I want to get to him. In the name of Heaven befriend

nd the New Granadan said warmly:

"Calm yourself, Senora. Have no more fears. You have found protectors

hrown open.

Mrs. Burns retreated to her chair nable to stand, her white face appealing o the two men in a desperate entreaty "Remain here with the lady, Seno

'erry," said the New Granadan calmly I will go down to meet my strange opened as upon a corridor. The veranda encircled the court, and two staircases, open to the court, led from the third story to the second, and from thence to

the paved ground. Senor Otero de-At the very bottom step he was me ntruders were now endeavoring to make where they were persuaded that Mrs. Burns had taken refuge. Their faces, were inflamed, their manner excited.-

renger began to fail me. And what, and artist of insane people. She consented to marry this man, Hart would impose upon a doctor not learned buryoves, who offered to educate my in mental diseases. No doubt you

house keeper was enough for the

"You do not believe my story?" cried

Burgoyne savagely. "You say truly Senor. insanity, a letter from the distinguished Doctor Bullet, my wife's daguerro

We will not prolong the interview. Mrs. Burns is under my protection, and she will remain under my roof until

Burgoyne's face was livid with baffled parture for the steamer.

rage. To know that his escaped prey w Senor Otera detemponied her and Mr.
was so near him, and to be unable to Perry on board; the Golden Gate, and

woman is my wife, and a dangerous maniac. If there is justice in New Granada, you will be compelled to surabout an hour before his interested ded detype thrust into his hands.

"Is she any relation to Judg about an hour before his interested ded detype thrust into his hands."

"Is she any relation to Judg about an hour before his interested ded dethe inquired."

"What Judge Burns?"

much for us. We'd better go back

thing for money, like people in every profession, and I shall yet be master of Julia Burns. Then let her beware!" The world is full of meeting s and par-The world is full of meeting sand partings. People who have mutual tastes and sympathies often come tog ther only to drift apart again. Despite the fact that all her hopes went out to he California shores. Mrs. Burns felt that strange pang which all of us who have strange pang which all of us who have up as a mad woman. Every called upon to part with chance acquaint-

by Hart Burgoyne and Gazzum, who had pushed past the half-dozen servants who had striven to intercept them, not comprehending what they wanted. The hoarsely: "Do you understand me? I claim Burgeyne was still ill from the severe that lady by the right of a husband!" punishment he had received, and had ent he had received, and had decided to remain eyer till he next Burns, That's her picture. You'd steamer. Such was the excus he had know her by it."

The property of the picture of the picture of the picture of the picture. You'd steamer. Burns are picture. You'd steamer. Burns are picture. You'd steamer. Burns are picture. You'd steamer. The picture of the picture of the picture of the picture of the picture. The picture of the pictur

"You love her, I suppose?" he inquired:
Burgoyne's face glowed.
"I love her, and hate her equally!"

He drew out from his breast po

Burgoyne significantly. "And let her go on to San Francisco, in Ah!" said Dr. Wisewell again, in find her husband, and set out with him to his soft, deep whisper his eyes gleaming. punish me? Let them go to Riverton and ruin the reputation I have been all my life building up? Never I I'll go has made friends on board. She left through with this business if I have to Pauama in company with an American kill the woman," hissed Burgoyne. "I'll gentleman. I saw them together; she double your reward, Gazzum. And you clinging to his arm. Now this man may The woman's out of , mean to make us trouble. He certainly francisco if nocessary. I know of What I have planned is easily told. A goyne," he said, "when you bring a witness like this in support of your statements."

The woman's out of mean to make us trouble. He certainly our hands at present, but we'll go on to believes her sane, and will befriend her. San Francisco if nocessary. I know of What I have planned is easily told. A witness like this in support of your who used to be partner with Bullet in when the Golden Gate comes in. My his Jersey mad house. He'll do any wife should be got into the carriage, and be driven to your house under the impression that she is going to a hotel.

The man who is looking after her must

be rid of, eluded, thrown off the track. "It might be done." said the Doctor.

to part with chance acquaint hope in time to cure her of her malady the hour came for her de and Butgoyne's face glowed with savage heat. "What will you charge to conduct the business to a successful

"You say she looks sane?" "Ah !" said the Doctor

The state of the control of the cont

Not many years ago the produce of amusing incidents. The most success-Cheese in Canada was very small. Our ful race against time that we ever heard Not many years ago the produce of Cheese in Canada was very small. Our farmers were to a great extent "old sountry farmers," they adopted when they came to Canada the method of farming that they knew something about. They cut down the forests, burned the wood, and tilled the land as best they could. They obtained by means of many hard knocks, enough to hive on and pay for their land, and many of them became, by dint of scratching and working, pretty well off. This system continued without my rotation of crops till at last the land refused to yield enough to support the farmers families, and they had to look elsewhere. The families had increased by that time, and the young men went off to the praise land of the Western States, while their fathers stayed upon the homestead. For several years they continued the old system and became poorer each year till at last, party by reading, and partly by the return of their conduct, and changed their mode of farming from the tilling of the soil to Dairy Farming. No part of the country presents more changed their mode of farming from the tilling of the soil to Dairy Farming. No part of the country presents more evidence of this transmutation than the Counties of Leeds and Grenville in Ontario, of which Brockville is the Ontario, of which Brockville is the county town. Not possessed of a soil equal in fertility to some of the counties of Western Canada, it was among the first settled counties, and consequently reaped all the baneful consequences of excessive tillage without judicious manuring. The land had depreciated to that every that extent that the average cross of the counties of falling from the horse. Thinkcounty town. Not possessed of a soil equal in fertility to some of the counties of Western Canada, it was among the thing. But faster flew his gallant steed, that extent that the average crop of ing it necessary to cast away his ballast, wheat was about twelve bushels to the in a fit of desparation he threw the acre, and if it had not been for the sale precious clock away. The good old time of cordwood many of the farmers would have found it difficult to tide over their difficulties and keep themselves and families alive. Now this is all changed. families alive. Now this is all changed. Pieces. He says he don't intend to write with less cordwood to sell, and with less a book on "What He Knows about labour they make more money, and the Clock and Horses." the land while the spruce buggy, the new farm house, and the rich dresses of the women, all betoken the fact that where there was once almost penury now there is prosperity. Dairy farming has produced the change. The farmer who took the ferry boat went across to Morristown and through St. Lawrence and the trees are reported to be doing well With abundance of rain, it is hored that the "Great American Desert"

The Kansas i across to grow an instance of which places we shall have something to say soon, in following papers of this series. The splendid water power of the little Canadian Mississippi (how it got this big name nobody knows) sufficiently accounts for the building of mills hored that the "Great American Desert" Scientific men differ without a stick of wood on it, and with a good deal of rock in soil; and he tive character of these lands, generally business of woolen manufacturing here found from his conversation with his called the "desert," but many of them could have had no such assured prospect

cousins of New York State that it was believe they will be reclaimed and made of both extention and recention

THE WOOLEN MILLS OF ALMO A LITTLE BRADFORD IN CANA THE ROSAMOND WOODEN

ably have to be transferred to other ably have to be transferred to other localities. The railways have this effect, viz., that they intensify so to speak the peculiar advantages which any particular place possesses, and render the choice of location for manufacturing or other purposes less dependent upon the element of distance merely—a truth