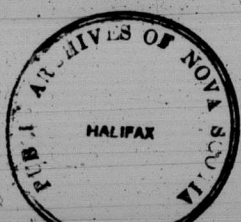


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WILLIAM C. MILNER, Editor.

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No. 7.

AGRICULTURE.

Price Essay on Making and Packing Butter.
By Mrs. M. A. Deane, Farmington, Fayette County, Ill.—From the American Agriculturist.

(CONCLUDED.)

COLORING.—As a rule, it is absolutely essential in the winter to color butter, in order to make it marketable, or at all attractive as an article of table use at home. There may be a possible exception to this rule, in cases where cows are fed largely upon yellow corn-meal, pumpkins, carrots, etc., but this does not lessen the importance of the rule. Of the various substances used in coloring butter, we think that carrots (of the deep yellow variety) give the most natural color and the most agreeable flavor. Annatto, however, is principally used, and with most satisfactory results. Some of the most celebrated butter-makers in the country color their butter with pure annatto, giving it a rich, deep orange color. They do not aim to produce the color which is natural to summer butter, but one considerably richer; coloring it both summer and winter. If carrots are used, they should be grated, the juice expressed through a thin cloth, and put into the cream just before churning. A small quantity of annatto, dissolved in warm water or milk, may be used in the same way, and with similar results; but a richer tint is produced with annatto by coloring the butter directly. To prepare the annatto for this purpose, steep it in butter for some hours over a slow fire, then strain through a fine cloth into a jar and keep in a cool place. When ready to work the butter, melt a small quantity of this mixture and work it in carefully. A small quantity of turmeric is sometimes mixed with annatto and prepared in the same way. With this method of coloring, an inexperienced hand is in danger of working the butter too much, in the effort to produce the same shade of color through the entire mass, which is, indeed, a difficult attainment for a novice. Coloring in the cream obviates this difficulty entirely, the butter being of a uniform color when taken from the churn.

SALTING AND WORKING.—While salt is not to be undervalued as a preserving agent, it must be remembered that too much of it destroys or overpowers the fine flavor and delicate aroma of the best butter. Be careful to preserve all the sweetness of the fresh butter, salting just enough to remove its insipidity. It is important to use the best salt. "Ashton's Factory Filled" has great fame, and is extensively used. But any one can test the purity of salt, and perhaps other brands of Liverpool salt may be found equal to Ashton's. Pure salt is perfectly white and destitute of odor. It will dissolve in cold water without leaving any sediment, or throwing any scum to the surface, and the brine will be as clear as pure water, and entirely free from any bitter taste. Prof. Johnson says in the American Agriculturist, January, 1868, that the "Onondaga Factory Filled" must take rank second to none, provided the ingenious processes of Dr. Gressmann which were employed in Syracuse, a few years since, are still in use. The butter-milk should be nearly all worked out, and the butter well washed, before salting. Washing may abstract somewhat from the flavor of the butter, but it is, nevertheless, a necessity, if the butter is expected to keep long, as it completely removes the cream and casein of the buttermilk, a part of which might otherwise remain in the butter.

Butter should stand but a short time after salting, before it is worked enough to remove nearly all the water, when it may be resalted if necessary; there should be sufficient salt left in the butter at this time to make a strong brine of the little water that remains. It may then stand until the next day, when it should be worked and packed. On no account should butter be allowed to stand long before working, as it is apt to become streaked, often so much so as to necessitate working over, in order to restore a uniform color. Besides, if neglected too long at this period, a tendency to rancidity will be rapidly developed.

We realize the difficulty of giving explicit directions for the second and last working of the butter—its final preparation for packing. If not worked enough, every one knows that the butter will soon spoil; if

worked too much, it is spoiled already; though the danger of its being overworked is less. A great deal of judgment and discretion and some-what of experience, are requisite in order to determine when it is worked just enough; the virtue of stopping, in this, as in many other cases, being second only to that of doing. There are some suggestions, however, which may prove valuable, particularly to those having little experience. 1st. The butter should not be too warm when worked, nor should it be so cold as to make working difficult. Immerse the ladle for a few minutes in boiling water, and cool perfectly in cold water; then, if the butter in the bowl is warm enough to admit of putting the ladle through the whole mass without difficulty, and dividing it up without crumbling, and still hard enough to cut clean and smooth, not the slightest particle adhering to the ladle, then it is in the right condition to work. 2nd. It should be worked with careful and gentle, yet telling pressure, and not by a series of indiscriminate stirrings and mashings and grindings against the sides of the bowl. The butter is composed of minute globules, which are crushed by this careless handling, thus rendering the butter greasy and sticky, whereas it should retain its clear, solid individuality, up to the time of packing, always working clear from the bowl and never sticking, in the least, to the ladle. 3d. The butter should not be worked until it is perfectly dry. When ready to pack, it should have a slight moisture about it, a sort of insensible remnant of the clear brine which has been working off, and at the last, enough, so that when a trifle is tried out, a drop or two of brine will ooze out around it, and the trifle itself be slightly wet, as if by a light flow. Overworking destroys all the beautiful consistency of the butter, makes it dry and sticky; greasy in summer, and tallowy in winter; gives it a dull appearance, and a tendency to become rancid. Altogether, overworked butter is very disagreeable, if not positively bad.

PACKING.—Butter should be packed solid, leaving no interstices for air, and should completely fill the firkin, tub or pail, as the case may be, leaving a flat surface. It is common to put a cloth over the top and a layer of salt on the cloth. Some think it better to wet the salt, making a brine. The cover should then fit tightly, leaving no room for air between it and the butter. Some butter also, goes into the table, etc. Every person who is guided by common sense in his choice of styles for putting up butter, always being careful to give it a neat and attractive appearance. If living at a distance from market, and the dealers at his market-place buy for New York, he should pack in firkins or tubs, so that the butter can be easily kept through the season, and the whole lot disposed of at once, in the fall. If at a convenient distance from New York, fresh tubs or pails may be sent in at intervals, all through the season, or the whole kept through, as he chooses. Or if in the vicinity of any city, good chances offer in the way of supplying hotel restaurants, etc. The butter should be put up in style to suit the customers. Some, who are hundreds of miles away, make shipments of butter to New York on their own account, instead of selling to buyers at home, in which case, if their butter is really superior, they will not be long in making a reputation, and will soon be able to secure a high price. Some few have a stamp of their own, and labor assiduously to establish a value for it, as a trademark. It is said that the best butter in the vicinity of Philadelphia (who never sells for less than a dollar per pound), uses a stamp inherited from his father, and that "not a pound of inferior butter ever went to market with that stamp upon it." If you would attain to a good fame, then, as a butter-maker, and reap a rich reward for your pains, attend carefully to the minutest details in making, and never sell any but good butter, put up in neat packages; never allow your "trade-mark" to lose its value.

A Kentucky paper wants the lash restored as a punishment for stealing. The use of the lash, the Delaware people says, keeps their State free from thieves; and the London authorities declare that this is the only effectual preventive they have as yet discovered for guarding.

The Columbus (Ohio) "Journal" pointedly remarks that "every cord of wood given to the poor here will be so much fuel saved from use in the winter."

STEAMER "George B. Upton" having succeeded in landing her cargo for the Cuban insurrection, has returned to New York.

The Wound and the Balm.

By FRANK LOVELACE.

Beneath an arbutus shade, fair Sylvia slept,
When tired of labour and the noonday's heat;
Dan Cupid, roaming, on her slumber crept,
And 'neath her dark-fringed eye-lid took his seat.

Not long he rested; for, with straying feet,
Young Damon wandered musing through the wood;
And stumbling on the maiden's cool retreat,
Arrested by her beauty, gazing stood.

A smile played on her lips, she opened her eyes;
Gay Cupid grasped his bow and tiny shaft,
With lightning speed the pointed missile flew,
Transfixing Damon's bosom to the haft.

With nimble, frightened steps, the poor youth sped,
To where his mother plied her busy wheel;
With bated breath, these words he quickly said:
"What balm can 'scape the anguish that I feel?"

His mother listened with an air profound;
Then smiling said,—"Lay this, my son, to heart;
A maiden's eyes gave thee that painful wound—
A maiden's lips alone can heal the smart."

FOR THE LADIES.

Luxury of Easy Dresses.

The following, clipped from "Laws of Life," is especially commended to the careful perusal of ladies who indulge in tight lacing:

Very few ladies know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one as tight would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort, except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dress-makers that they "fall all to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up, and to recommend a comfortable dress to them is not to meet a conscious want of theirs.

It is a great pity, now, that luxury it is to breathe, and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment of blood enlivened and sent bounding through the arteries and veins, to have aids to digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every organ in place and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into the old, stiff straight-jackets, they would fume and fret and rave in desperation if they could not get rid of them.

As it is, they prefer to languish and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all of their friends and their husbands, and their little children, and I do not see any other way but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied. If only the sinner was the sufferer it would not be so worth while to make a great ado about it, but the blighting of future innocent lives which must follow renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.

A Massachusetts Bull Fight.

About fifty years ago I heard the following anecdote: A man in Massachusetts was very fond of seeing bulls fight. One time he owned a very large bull, and a near neighbor of his owned a pretty good mate to his own. One Sunday when the neighbor had gone to meeting, the other went over and turned the neighbor's bull out and put him into the yard with his own to see them fight. They soon got at it, and one killed the other, and then ran for the man, who fled for his life to his house, and the parlor door being nearest he entered that, but had not time to close it. He rushed, followed by the bull, through the parlor to the kitchen, where he kept his gun, which happened to be loaded with powder and balls. A large mirror hung on one side of the parlor, and as the bull was pursuing the man he chanced to see the reflection of himself in the mirror, and pitched at it furiously, which he demolished instantly; and then headed for the kitchen door, where the man stood with the gun, which was instantly discharged, and the bull fell dead on the parlor floor. This was a pretty tall Sunday's joke. Cor. N. E. Linnestead.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

THERE are 38,000 Mormons and 8,000 Gentiles at Salt Lake.

The new convent in Charlestown is to be inaugurated on the 5th of July.

A KANSAS woman weekly flannels her husband, and then locks herself in the parlor and sings "Nearer my God to Thee!"

A WESTERN paper announces the recovery of a little girl "from the gymnastic nervousness of school development."

Plus youths, on their way to Sunday school in San Francisco, think it curious that the police won't let them stone Chinamen.

A LOUISVILLE man's reward for rowing a friend across the river in the night was drowning, through the friend's clumsiness.

An exchange says, "Hard as it is to understand the difficult parts of the Bible, it is a great deal harder to practice the simple parts."

Nashby tells of a burglar whose burglary was complicated with shooting his friend either to continue or change the conversation.

A MAN at Shakopee, Minn., got up a real nice entertainment in his family by stabbing his wife and daughter, when his son took him dead. The boy says women are scarce enough out there, without having them "put a stop to" in that way.

A MADRID telegram of the 9th, says that the civil guard overtook a part of the band of brigands who captured the Englishman near Gibraltar, and immediately gave battle, killing three and capturing their horses. The others escaped. On the persons of the killed were found 70,000 reals, part of the amount paid as a ransom for their prisoners.

Too LATE.—In a parish not 100 miles from Hexham there once resided a pastor whose mercenary proclivities were frequently spoken of by his flock. One day an old farmer called to pay the tithes, and on settlement there appeared a balance of proposed that they should toss: "Nae, nae," quoth the farmer, "aw niver was a gam'ler, an' aw no start noo!"

The day before Washington's birthday, in February last, a lady teacher, in giving notice of the coming holiday to her pupils, said something about the good Washington, and then asked the question:—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

This was rather hard on the teacher, but the boy did not see it. A Miss Stratton, of Cass county, Ind., challenges any man to a plow match with her, except to drive a two-horse team. The contest would be unequal, and the advantage would be on the girl's side. A female can dress in the height of fashion, and the mere sight of her will scare a team unaccustomed to circuses over more ground than any man can drive the same team with all the whips in the world.

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—In Lexington, Ky., while the snow was trying the Rev. Mr. Henry for having married the sister of his deceased wife, and Father C. was making an able speech against him, in the midst of the argument the offending brother appealed to him to answer if he had not married in Shelby County, united in marriage a couple within the prohibited degrees which he was now condemning. "Yes," said he, "I did, and I will tell you why: she was an old gal, and I thought it was her last chance!"

SPANISH gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarreled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said, "I am dead. Come then up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead-like gentlemen.

WINNING A LOSS.—A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn—full of company, and feeling secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer:—"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest to have the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said a farmer. The swell dropped in a half a sovereign. The countryman followed with a sixpence. "Go on," said the swell, "I won't," said the farmer; "take the whole and treat the company."

The International Boat Race, at Lachine, near Montreal, is to come off on the 5th of September.

As adroit thief stole on Saturday last \$20,000 in notes from the United States Treasury Department.

Boys who have persistently whistled "Shoo-Flay" on our streets, for the past six months, are advised to try a change of air.

A YOUNG Westsmer who fell heir to a large property a few months since has penitentially starved himself on \$40,000 of it since.

A WESTERN paper having announced the shooting of a wildcat by a little boy five feet eight inches long, an exchange queries "what they call a big boy there?"

A YOUNG lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage:—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do even so unto them."

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE man went to town-meeting, the other day, with enough measles to supply eighty-four men and boys liberally. They were all taken down with the disease within twenty-four hours.

A MAN at Shakopee, Minn., got up a real nice entertainment in his family by stabbing his wife and daughter, when his son took him dead. The boy says women are scarce enough out there, without having them "put a stop to" in that way.

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THE WARNING.

James Baintree, barrister-at-law, and William Hargreaves, clerk in holy orders, were sitting in the chamber of the former gentleman, in the Temple. They had dined together, and had now returned, and had lit the cigar of meditation. They were old friends, school-fellows, and college chums; and William Hargreaves had just come up to town in order to accompany his friend the next day into the country, to assist, according to a promise of many years' standing, at the ceremony of his marriage.

"You say, James, that your lady-love is to be married from the house of her cousin, Lady Berry?"

"Yes," the barrister replied, rather shortly.

"Don't you like the arrangement?" the clergyman asked.

"I can hardly say that I don't like it, William; and yet, if I had had my choice, I would rather that it had been otherwise."

He was silent again; and his friend, seeing that there was something which he did not care to explain, asked no further questions, but continued smoking, leaving it to his friend either to continue or change the conversation.

Presently Baintree threw the end of his cigar into the fire.

"I will tell you the story, William, and you shall judge for yourself," he said, as it is to go no further. "No one knows a man can do just what he pleases. I, I believe, except those concerned, and we all have more or less reason for not wishing such a story to get about. I need not tell you that I never was a believer in ghosts, apparitions or the supernatural in any way. You may remember that at college I was always ready to enter into any amount of argument with men who believed more or less in the supernatural; you, yourself, having Scotch blood in your veins, had rather a leaning toward such ideas. I was utterly incredulous. Having recalled this to your memory, I will go on with my story."

It was in the Autumn of '67, rather better than two years ago now, that I was staying down with Sir Peter and Lady Berry at Wenning Park. It was a very pleasant place to stay at; one of those houses where a man can do just what he pleases. Sir Peter was, or rather is, a man of some ability, and rather unexpectedly, through a series of deaths, and the news reached him in India, where he had been for many years, and where he occupied the position of judge. He had already made an ample fortune, and at once came home and took possession of Wenning Park, which was a quiet man, given to study; but his disposition was singularly genial, and he had one of the most pleasing smiles I ever saw.

A year after his return he married, and his wife died at the seaside, I believe; she was the daughter of a clergyman, but her father was dead, and she lived alone with her mother. I know nothing about the wooing, but should imagine that Lucy—I don't know her maiden name—married the baronet for his money. She was about one-and-twenty, and a very pretty, bright girl. They received very happy marriages, however. Sir Peter indulged her every whim, and was never so happy as when he saw her surrounded by young people, and enjoying herself to the utmost. At the time I am speaking of they had been married three years. It had been a most pleasant visit; the people in the house had been a remarkably good set; partridges had been abundant; and, above all, I had been engaged in a strong friendship with Alice Ferrars—and I think that even then we had both made up our minds that it was not to end with our visit to the Berrys. Time had gone on. The rest of the guests dropped off, and there only remained Clara and Alice Ferrars. Tom Harding—he married Clara this spring—myself, and a man named Pellatt. Pellatt was one of those men who meets everywhere—at dances or flower shows, or in the Park, or in fact, everywhere. He was one of those men I can't bear; a sneering, cynical fellow, and Harding thoroughly agreed with me. He could be pleasant when he chose, and kept an entirely different tone forewarned from that which he used with me. He was a great favorite with them, as, strangely enough, most men are who are generally detested by the men. People said he was good-looking, though I never could see it myself; his features, however, were certainly good, and when his face softened, as it did when he was talking with any woman to whom he was trying to be agreeable, I can understand their being taken with it. Anyhow, his name has been coupled with that of half a dozen married women to my knowledge. He was at Wenning Park before I went there, and he stayed on now, talking frequently, as did both Harding and I, of leaving, but suffering himself very easily to be persuaded by Sir Peter into staying a little longer. From the first, I had seen that he was very attentive to his hostess, not obtrusively so, quite the contrary. In fact, he spoke to her more seldom than did most other men staying in the house. It was in the change of the tone of his voice, and the sudden softening of the hard face, that I could detect the game he was playing. As time went on, I saw that she noticed it, too, and what was more, that she liked it. It was not that she flirted

with him. She was rather given to flirtation, and I had seen her engaged in one or two little affairs on a previous visit, but these had been open, undisguised flirtations, merely the result of high spirits and a love of fun. There was nothing of this with Pellatt. She seemed infected with his own quiet way. When she spoke to him her voice was lower and softer, and her fingers had a trick of nervously playing with the flowers or anything else she had in her hand. It struck me, too, that she avoided him as if she was afraid of him, and that even when she was not apparently watching him, she yet knew or felt what he was doing. I have seen her when he approached her from behind move suddenly forward, and begin to talk eagerly and rapidly with any one else who was near. Of course, I said nothing of my ideas on the subject as long as the house was full; but when there remained only the party I have named, I unbent my mind to Harding, who was an old friend of mine, one day when we were out shooting together. Tom was altogether of my opinion, and agreed that Pellatt meant mischief. The question was, What was to be done? Neither of us, though we talked the matter over and over again, could hit upon anything practical. You see, my friend, it is a very ticklish question to interfere in a question of this sort. Difficult and delicate at all times—for no one thanks you, and you are sure to be looked upon as a meddling fool—truly so when you have not a shadow of proof, and nothing but your own vague suspicions to rely upon.

Of course, our best plan would have been to have gone away at once, as Pellatt could hardly have outstayed us; but, you see, we were both seriously enamored of the Ferrars, and intended to settle the business before we left; so we persuaded ourselves that, if it was broken off now, it would be renewed in London when there was no need to watch over her, and that it was best to let the game be played out under our eyes. Upon one point we were agreed, namely, that we would interfere when it became absolutely necessary; but whether our interference should take the form of an opening of Sir Peter's eyes, or of an intimation to Pellatt to give it up, under a threat of assault and battery, we could not finally determine. At any rate, we were determined to save Lady Berry, even if it cost us our lives.

leaving. Harding and I had been out for our last day's shooting, and both had shot badly; I think that we had made up our minds to propose on the following day. When we came into the drawing-room ready for dinner, we both saw at once that something had taken place—that the crisis was, in fact, at hand. Lady Berry was unusually pale, with a spot of color on each cheek. She was in feverish spirits, and talked gaily and rapidly all dinner-time. I seldom, I observed, addressing her husband, never even looking at her, as if she could help it, at Pellatt. In spite of Lady Berry's efforts, the dinner was not a success. Both the Ferrars were unusually quiet, and I fancied that they must have noticed something. I have since learned that Pellatt, after lunch, had announced his intention of going for a walk, and that during the afternoon Lady Berry had been absent from the drawing-room for some time, and that Alice, going upstairs for something, had happened to look out of the window, and to her surprise had caught a glimpse of the two walking together in the bushes. Their uneasiness had been much increased by the fact of Lady Berry's making no allusion after her return to the fact of her having left the house. All this we knew nothing of until long afterwards; but we felt sure that the girls as well as ourselves saw that something was wrong; and although we tried our best to talk naturally, and let our own case, the thought that the time had come to act, and the wonder what our course ought to be, rendered it difficult for us to second our hostess's efforts to be gay. The only two of the party who seemed really themselves were Sir Peter and Pellatt. The former was genial and kindly as ever, utterly unsuspecting of the tempest gathering round him; while the latter was as coldly cynical and unpleasant as was his wont.

After the ladies left us our sitting was a short one. Neither Tom or myself were in a humor to engage in argument with the man opposite us, whose white teeth and fingers were itching to disarrange. We very soon, therefore, joined the ladies in Lady Berry's boudoir, in which, since our numbers had so dwindled, we had met instead of the grand drawing-room. It was a good-sized room, prettily furnished. There was a piano in it—an old-fashioned one, and out of keeping with the style of the rest of the room. It was prized by Lady Berry, however, as having been the gift of her mother upon the occasion of her having married. As we went upstairs, Harding whispered to me: "They have come to an understanding. Meet me in my room to-night. We must settle what to do."

We had now a repetition of our dinner behavior; and Lady Berry's gaiety seemed even more forced than before. I think Pellatt noticed this; for he asked Alice Ferrars to play immediately after tea was over. When she played two or three pieces, there was a pause as she shut the piano and returned to her seat on the sofa; for neither her sister nor Lady Berry play.

(Continued on fourth page.)