MOUSE CHOOSES. der went away in the direct

The Lefthander went away in the direction of Crow's Nest, with his chin nearly resting on his breast. An unutterable gloom possessed him. He was going to lose Mignon! The long doubt was over. He had hoped that her father would disown her: he claimed her; and thenceforth he, the Lefthander, was alone in the world.

He went on groaning. He would see her soon, for nearly the last time. He had a great thirst of the heart to see her, and take her in his arms and say, "I love you more than your real father can ever love you!"

He reached Crow's Nest as the twilight was deepening into dusk. In front the valley of Bohemia was asleep. Not a breath of air stirred the few leaves of the trees, and a creseent moon was floating through fleecy cloudwaves, bound for the haven of the sunset.

Mouse saw him coming and ran to meet

Mouse saw him coming and ran to meet him, and put her arms around him.

"Why, poppa! what is the matter? You do not look happy," she said.

"Not happy? That is your fancy, Mignon. How can I be unhappy when you are with man."

But Mouse shook her head, and said,

"Something troubles you, poppa.—What's
the use of loving people if we can't see when
they are happy or troubled?"

"And do you love me really—just a little,
my own Mignon?"

"Love you! What do you mean, poppa?
How could I ever live without you?"

"Are you sure of that? Suppose you had
to go away from me Mignon. Yes—let us
suppose a thing. Say I was not your father
—and that your real father was living."

"My real father! Why, what father could
I have but my own poppa?"

"Such things happen. You read curious
things in the newspapers sometimes, and
when the story-tellers put them in stories
people say they are improbable. Sometimes
little ones like you are brought up by strangers,
then you think they are father and mother.
Say that this was true of you, and your real Say that this was true of you, and your real father, as I said, was living; then suppose he came one day and said, 'Give me Mignon, you have no right to her.' You may think the idea foolish, but—tell me—what would

the idea foolish, but—tell me—what would you say?"

Mouse had begun to laugh at the romantic case supposed by the Lefthander, but something in his deep voice quite suppressed her tendency to mirth.

"I don't know what you mean, poppa," she said, earnestly; but I know what I would say if they came to take me from you."

"What would you say?"

"Well, I would not say anything. I would show them what I meant by what I did."

"What would you do?"

"I would do this."

The child put both arms around the Left-hander and nestled close to him.

"You would not leave me, then, Mignon?" Leave you?"
I mean you would not, even if there wer

'I mean you would not, even if there were other people who wanted you, who could make your life pleasanter to you? Let me tell you what I mean, little one—there is something I ought to say to you." His voice had grown deep and full of sudden emotion—he drew long breaths.

"I am poor, and your life is a hard one.

Suppose, once more, that I was not your fatuer, and your real father was a rich man. satuer, and your real father was a rich man. Suppose you had only to choose which you would stay with—the poor man or the rich one. Suppose your real father could give you reetty dresses, and nice things of every sort, while the other could not do that—he could only give you his love. Which would you hoose?"

mean? Her mind was in a maze.

"Are you in earnest, poppa?" she said, with a look of bewilderment.

"Yes, Mignon; in dead earnest. It is my fancy to ask you—tell me—would you leave me or stay with me?"

"I would stay with you, and be your Mignon to the last day of your life!" exclaimed the child. "You are my father, and I love

you more than everything in this world!"

Mouse nestled still closer, and leaned her small face against his own; the little white cheek was like a snow-drop against the bearded face.

"The very idea of leaving you—or you leaving me—I would rather die!" she said.

The Lefthander raised his head and looked

The Leithander raised his head and looked upward. His lips were moving, and he seemed to be praying.

Suddenly hoof-strokes were heard approaching rapidly from the direction of the ford. The Lefthander turned his head and saw Daddy Welles coming on at a long gallop, with his rifle in his hand. In a moment he had reached the spot, and said to the Lefthander. hander, "Be on the lookout, friend; the troops will be in Piedmont to-night. LVI.

THE DEAD AND LIVING.

Mr. Lascelles had ridden on toward the Gap. At first he went at a gallop; then he slackened his pace, and finally came down to a walk. With knit brows and a face full of unutterable things, he went along looking downand r fleeting.

He was going to see Miss Bassick, but he did not think of her once. He was far away from Virginia, and living in past years. He had gone back to the time when he was young, and had loved with his heart; he had deserted the woman thus loved, and she was dead now. It was enough to break the heart to think of it—but she was dead. As long as he could think of her as living, and as having probably formed a connection with some Bohemia boor, his heart was at rest, and he howelf that he cared pothing for her. It hemia boor, his heart was at rest, and he thought that he cared nothing for her. It had been a youthful liaison, to be regretted, perhaps, but not mourned over. She had forgotten him, no doubt, and he was thus at lib-rty to forget her—the past would be the past for both of them, and fall like a funeral pall over their dead loves.

Now things were different, he found. She had not forgotten him, and had not married again—she was dead—and dead from his desertion! There was no one there on the

on! There was no one there on the lonely mountain-road to argue with—he was alone with his own heart. He had killed her, and the thought drove him to despair. His love for her had been very different from his sentiment toward Miss Bassick; there was as much difference between the two sentiments and between washington. ments as between sunshine and darkness. He had really loved his little bride of the Bohmerwald, and had been happier with her than he had ever been before or since; and thinking now of what had followed, he lost sight of everything—of worldly views, the inequality of their position, and every obstacle—and cursed his own frivolous temperament and love of change, which had made him leave her, slowly forget her, and never return to her dowly forget her, and never return to her. He had loved her, he felt that, now that he tnew that she was dead. The flowers of nory grow on graves. He remembered ry feature of her face, her smile, the light n her blue eyes, the touch of her hand, and is frame shook.

His face as he rode on slowly was not a

pleasant spectacle. Pain, physical or mental, writes itself on the eyes and lips, as a storm writes itself on the face of a landscape. In an hour this man seemed to have lost his identity. A great agony had transfigured

As he got to the top of the mountain he suddenly put his hand into his breast-pocket and drew forth Miss Bassick's picture, which hung on a silken guard around his neck. There was enough light to see by, and he looked long at the face, with its physical beauty and provoking smile. The face seemed ugly to him—the cheeks painted. The smile he had admired so was immodest, not the smile of a pure maiden. The eyes of a woman ought not to look at a man as the eyes of the picture looked at him. The truth came to this as a night landscape lives in the quick lightning flash—he understood all now. The

felt that every word was true, and now remembered what indeed had impressed him vaguely on his visit that day—the likeness between the child and his Mignon. Oh yea, this was his child, and he meant to cherish her for her mother's sake, if not for her own. He would acknowledge all!

It was very little: he would have courage to do it. Yes, he would do what was yet in his power to right a great wrong. She was dead—his Mignon of the Bohmerwald—but she would smile on him then! As he thought of that he remembered her smile, and the faint light in the blue eyes as she came to meet him, with her white arms held out to him. He heard her little sigh of pleasure, and the caressing voice that greeted him, The picture of Miss Bassick fell from his hand, and but for the guard would have dropped into the road. A single tear rolled down his cheek. It was so hot that it seemed a wonder it did not burn what it fell upon.

upon.

Suddenly thrusting the picture back into his pocket he broke into a gallop; and, as if seeking to outrun his thoughts, went at full speed down the mountain. He did not go toward Wye, but kept the main road to Piedmont, and dismounted at last before the small house in the suburbs occupied by Miss Grandy.

Grundy.

Miss Bassick had heard the hoof-strokes of Miss Bassick had heard the hoof-strokes of his horse, and came to meet him in the drawing-room. Never had he seen her look more provokingly beautiful, or fuller of physical attraction. Her eyes melted; her lips pouted, and seemed asking to be kissed; her white arms moved vaguely, as though ready not only to be clasped but to clasp.

Miss Bassick had, in truth, determined to dissipate that distrait mood and rather chill preoccupation which she had observed and raged at in their last interview. She closed the drawing-room door and came up to him, leaning toward him. Her face and body said, "Take me!"

Mr. Lascelles sat down.

For a moment Miss Bassick stood looking at him, and it taxed her powers of acting to the very utmost to conceal the internal rage which had suddenly taken possession of her.

"One would really say that monsieur had seen a ghost, he looks so wee-begone," she said, with satirical, almost bitter emphasis.

"I have," said Mr. Lascelles.

"A ghost! Indeed!"

"A ghost! Indeed!"
"I have seen my wife."
Miss Bassick felt as though she were suddenly choking.
"Your wife!"

"They were right when they told you had a wife." had a wife."

"And—you have—seen her?"

"Her ghost, I said. My wife is dead!"

Miss Bassick drew a great breath of relief,
and said, in the same satiric tone,

"I congratulate you, if you wish to be congratulated."

gratulated."
"Congratulate me?"
He looked sidewise at her. His glandwas like the lunge of a steel blade.
"As you please: it is indifferent to me

Choose your own sentiment for the occasion,"
The intonation of contempt in his voice
suddenly enraged her. The profound dissimulation of her character gave way to pason. "One would say that your sentiment

whatever it is, excludes common courtesy."

"If I am discourteous I beg you will excuse it, madam. I am fatigued—nearly ill."

She refused to accept the explanation. Bitter resentment mastered her.

"That scarcely accounts for your tone—it is an install."

is an insult!"

"I do not mean to insult you."

"People who love, speak in a different tone. If you love me no longer; tell me so."

He hesitated, looking at her. Her, face was hot with anger.

"You exact the truth, then?" he said.

"Yes."
"You force me to speak. I would avoid doing so. Well, to be frank—I think we have deceived each other."
"Deceived! Speak for yourself, sir."
"I will do so. I never really loved you."

"This is an insult !-- an outrage !-- it is un-"Perhaps; and I am not so sure that I am gentleman."
He spoke in the cold, dull tone which he

"I have done that in my life," he went on,
"which a gentleman could hardly have done.
I have married a pure woman who loved me,
and deserted her. I was a coward—not a gentleman—have it as you will, madam. But I have seen her face to-night, and it comes between all other loves. She is dead years ago, but reaches out her hands from the grave and they chilled me."

Miss Bassick had not seated herself. Her

superb figure towered above him in an attitude which would have done honour to the mythological Furies.
"And you think I am to be treated in this

nanner—you dare to treat me so!"

He shook his head. His dull, mournful

He shook his head. His dull, mournful eyes, full of hopeless anguish, had never changed their expression.

"It is little to me to dare anything," he said. "I have seen to-night what hardens my nerves—strong nerves, for that matter, which have never shrunk yet. To speak plainer still: I thought I loved you, and I do not love you. All ends here between us, and needs must end. It is best to tell you that."

He took the picture and laid it on the table.

table.

"This is your property. You have nothing that I desire to have returned to me."

He rose and stood facing her, as though conscious for the first time, of the discourtesy in seating himself.
"You will pardon me—I was fatigued, and

carcely aware that you were standing."
Suddenly the fury appeared in all the force of her rage. are a common person, sir !-- a low

person !—you shall repent this !"
The taunt did not affect him. The threat even afforded him a dull satisfact even anorded min a dult satisfaction, and a bitter smile came to his lips.

"Do you mean by poison, or a suit for breach of promise, madam?"

He looked around him, and saw pen, ink, and paper on a table near.

"That is your due, and, if you wish, we need not count a court.

need not go into court. As you wish, I say—it is indifferent to me."

She made no reply. Did she understand his meaning, and not resent it? He seemed to think so. He went to the table, and wrote

a cheque for a considerable amount. He then left it lying on the table and rose. As his gloves were lying by him, he took them and slowly put them on. Then he took his hat, and made Miss Bassick a bow.

"Farewell, madam!" he said,

As he spoke it required all Miss Bassick's self-control to prevent herself from springing "Coward!" she cried, in a voice so hoars and furious that it cut like a whip.
"I was a worse coward once," he said,
"and only act my nature. Farewell, ma-

And he went out of the apartm And he went out of the apartment and, mounting his horse, rode away. Miss Bassick remained standing in the middle of the room, looking after him. Her face was the face of a fury. She raised the little handker-chief in her hand and tore it with her white teeth. As she stood thus, trembling with rage, she resembled a tigress about to spring; but, after all, the business woman was under the tigress.

the tigress.

From the door through which he had dis-

From the door through which he had disappeared her eyes passed to the table. The cheque was lying there, and she went and took it up and looked at it.

Was there balm in it? Her face grew calmer; an expression of fierce satisfaction even took the place of her fury. She folded up the paper, put it like a love-token in her bosom, and slowly went up to her chamber.

Mr. Lascelles had ridden away theorbod in

them.

"Who are these people, Tom?" he said to a stable-boy passing with a lantern.

"De Yankee cabblery, mas' Douglas, come to stirminate de moonshine people," was the grinning response. "De marshal heself in dar—gwyne to set out early."

Mr. Lascelles rode up close, leaned over and counted the number. There were twenty-five mem. He then rode away toward Wye,

LVII. BLUE COATS IN BOHEMIA.

The moment had come at last when the issues between the Government and the moonshiners seemed about to be decided by an appeal to arms. All the morning the marshal was fretting to get to saddle. But delays will take place in the best arranged programmes. It was important to surprise the moonshine people, for which reason the troops had been timed to reach Piedmont at midnight. They were to have set out at dawn, but many of the horses had cast their shoes on the march and limped. It would not do to attempt the rocky mountain-roads without replacing the shoes, atd it was not till past noon that this was accomplished.

rocky mountain-roads without replacing the shoes, atd it was not till past noon that this was accomplished.

Then the search-warrants were not obtained yet, and the marshal was obliged to go to Wye for them, as General Lascelles was the nearest magistrate. There was a stormy interview. The general protested against the employment of troops; but the marshal replied, stiffly, that he obeyed his orders, and galloped away with the warrants in his pocket.

The troops were already on the march, as the officer had seen them leave Piedmont before his departure for Wye. A prompt irruption into Bohemia he hoped would take the enemy unawares, and resolving that he would make an end of the business this time, the marshal hastened on from Wye toward the Gap.

He caught up with the troops and revenue-officers at the foot of the mountain on the opposite side. The cavalry numbered twenty-five, and were regulars commanded by a lieutenant. Two or three of the marshal's subordinates rode at the head of them, carrying black leather satchels alung from their shoulders for the transaction of business.

"Well, lieutenant, that is your road to the left," the marshal said to the commander of the troop. "It leads to the home of the man who is the real leader of these people—an old fox named Welles. He looks peaceful, but is not to be trusted. He was a furious bushwacker during the war, and from what I can learn is willing to have it open again.

an old fox named Welles. He looks peaceful, but is not to be trusted. He was a furious bushwacker during the war, and from what I can learn is willing to have it open again, Keep your eye on him particularly, and warn your men to be ready to fire if necessary. There is his house."

The cavalry, preceded by the revenue-officers, defiled up the road leading to the house on the mountain, the hoof-strokes of the horses clashing on the rocky path-way. It was a very unusual sound in the peaceful valley. A long time had passed now since Bohemia had seen the blue cavalry, and the valley bathed in the mild sunshine of the Indian summer day seemed to be listening. Did it remember? It had witnessed such scenes in the "wild war days" of the past. Was it going to look again on men dyeing the red autumn leaves with a reddertint than before? If there was to be any fighting, it was not going to take place just yet. Daddy Welles was not at home, and his aged helpmate, in response to the marshal's statement that he should search the premises, expressed her perfect willingness. The search was no spirit of any description about the abode of Daddy Welles, and the marshal bowed curtly, and remounted his horse.

"This is a specimen of what we are to ex-

remounted his horse.

"This is a specimen of what we are to expect," he said, "at all the houses we search. These people have been notified, and have removed all traces of their occupation. Luckily, they can't move the stills easily, and we are apt to discover some of them before the day is over."

over."

He looked up at the sun, which was sinking toward the west, and added, Why have we lost so much time? These December days amount to nothing. It will be bad to be caught by night in this detestable country. It is bad enough in broad daylight—but there's nothing to do but to go on. Put your column in motion, lieutenant. The young lieutenant, who wore a dandy uniform, and was smoking a cigar, gave his orders in a nonchalant voice, and the troop began to decend the mountain with the revenue-afficers in front.

"I am going to the house of a man named Barney Jones next," said the marshal; "a small detachment may be sent to a place call-ed Crow's Nest—but I think there's nothing small detachment may be sent to a place called Crow's Nest—but I think there's nothing there. To be plain, I expect to find nothing and nobody anywhere. The rascals are forewarned, and have escaped into the mountain—and to say that troops are not necessary to deal with such people! They are outlaws, and may even resist. I advise you to keep your men well together, lieutenant, and look out for a brush—you may have it."

"All right," returned the lieutenant, puffing at his cigar. "It is my trade to brush

ing at his cigar. "It is my trade to brush or be brushed, and I'll attend to that; I only wish it was under other circumstances. This infernal moonshine business is no better than police duty, and I didn't go through the hazing at West Point for that."

"It is a part of the duty of the army, sir," said the marshal, somewhat offended.
"Is it? Well, the army does seem to be looked to in these days to do a little of everylooked to in these days to do a little of everything. It has now and then occurred to me that the authorities might apply to somebody else. Leave us to go after the Indians, who are interesting animals to deal with, and if you want a police force to operate in the States enrol a battalion of black coats out of the swarm of civil employés—they ought to smell a little powder if any is to be burnt—it would enlarge their ideas. But that don't suit them."

The nonchalant tone of the lieutenant betrayed his opinion of civilians and the mar-

the nonchalant tone of the fleutenant be-trayed his opinion of civilians, and the mar-shal was much offended. He would, perhaps, have made some reply indicative of his op-inion as to the results of the military move-ments against the Western Indians, but at that moment the vidette in front was heard halting some one. They could not see who this some one was, as a dense wall of rock rose between them and the stream from the direction of which the sound came. The marshal spurred forward, and saw that the person halted was Mr. Lascelles.

LVIII.

THE LAST GREETING. As the troop of horsemen had obliqued from the Gap into the mountain-road, a man had passed the rear of the column at a gallop,

and this man was Mr. Lascelles.

Some of the troop turned their heads, and possibly wondered where this horseman was going at his long gallop; but as that was none of their business they dismissed him from their minds, rightly thinking that a soldier's business it to have orders and think from their minds, rightly thinking that a soldier's business is to obey orders, not think.

Mr. Lascelles crossed the bridge, turned into the road leading by Falling Water, and went on at a headlong gallop. The mournful composure of the rider was in vivid contrast with the quick movements of the animal. The horseman seemed scarcely aware that he was being borne along. Profound and absorbing thought made him unconscious of surrounding objects. He was thinking, in fact, of the Bohmerwald, and of the face there once, when he was young in heart and hope.

fact, of the Bohmerwald, and of the face there once, when he was young in heart and hope, and all the harsh and jarring emotions of his present life had been unknown.

Did he think, too, of that other face, resembling the face of his Mignon, which he was going to see? Passionate love and regret drove him on, as his flying animal was driven by the same One amotion only possessed and by the spur. One emotion only possessed and quite mastered him at length—he would see her soon! He had come up out of the depths of his soiled love to the pure air again. The face yonder in Piedmont, with its physical beauty, its lasciviousness and fury, had disap-

At falling Water he stopped and went in.
Mr. Cary was in the library.

"I have come for a moment only—I am in haste," he said, grasping his host's hand.

"Welcome," Mr. Cary said. "What is it moves you so? You speak to a friend."

"I know that. I have no time, and come to the point. You have a travelling-bag, entrusted to you by the person known as the Letthander."

"Yes, intrusted to my safe-keeping."

"Keep it safely. It contains the evidence of my marriage in Europe. I was married there, and deserted my wife. I did not know that I had deserted my child, too. My child is the little one at Crow's Nest; she is Mignon Lascelles—I pray you to remember that."

"Mignon Lascelles !—is it possible?"
"She is my child."
He went to the table where the family Bible lay, and rested his hand upon it.
"She is Mignon Lascelles. In the presence of God and of Jesus Christ, in whom I believe as the Son of God, the child is mine—she is Mignon Lascelles. You will remember that?" that?"
"Yes, yes-yhy do you make this sole

"Yes, yes,—yhy do you make this solemn declaration?"

"To forestall events—whatever may happen. Life is uncertain. My child's future is now certain. I may share it and direct it—I may not be permitted to do so. It is the same, since she can want nothing now."

With a hurried grasp of Mr. Cary's hand he went out, without saying 'anything more, and mounted his horse. Resuming the gallop, he went on toward Crow's Nest, reached the low fence, at the foot of the hill, leaped it, threw his bridle over a bough, and hastened to the house.

threw his bridle over a bough, and hastened to the house.

Mouse met him on the threshold. The little mamma had wound her hair into a Grecian knot behind, and the delicate outline of the head had a womanly air that was charming. The man looking at her shook. It was his Migon of the Bohmerwald.

He came up to her, and could scarcely control the pasionate longing to clasp her to his heart. He thought that would frighten her, and only stood looking at her—the long took of the human being who sees nothing and thinks of nothing but the face his eyes rest upon, and longs to devour with careases. "Your father—is he here, little one?" he

was it the voice of Mr. Lascelles? No one Was it the voice of Mr. Lascelles? No one would have recognized it. It was music, and melted into cadences of exquisite tenderness.

"He is not here, sir," said Mouse, not at all alraid of one who spoke in that tone to her; "he has gone to the mountain."

"I thought so—I came to tell him—but I will tell him in time."

He turned his head and looked across the valley, listening. The sun was sinking, and long shadows ran across Bohemia. In the red light he could see the cavalry slowly decending the path from the mountain-house.

"There is time," he said, in a low tone; and addressing Mouse,
and addressing Mouse,
"You are all alone here, my child?"

'You are not afraid?"

"Oh no, sir!"
"Not alraid of me? You were afraid when I was here last. Do not be afraid of me; we ought not to fear those who love us."
He looked at her with inexpressible tenderness, and said,
"Will you tell me your name?" "Mignon Ottendorfer, sir."
"Your father is the Lefthander?"

"Your father is the Lefthander?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you love him?"

"Love poppa? Oh yes, indeed, sir! How could I help loving him?"

"Well, I, too, love him. He is a brave man, and a better man, than I am. I am called a gentleman. I am going sto, see him now—there is no time to lose. Is your name Mignon, my child? I knew a Mignon once and loved her, and she loved me; but she is dead, now, You are so much like her—oh! so very much like my Mignon, my child."

He sobbed, and stooping down took the child in his arms and held her to his heart, and covered her face with kisses.

"You are so like my Mignon!—The same eyes, and the very lips; oh, so very much like my own Mignon, my own child!"

eyes, and the very lips; oh, so very much like my own Mignon, my own child!"

He drew her closer, and leaned down and laid his pale cheek on her forehead. She could feel his heart threbbing and his tears on her cheek. One of his arms was around her neck, he placed the other hand on her hair and raised his eyes. Then he pressed a last, long kiss on her lips, and, with a sob that shook his whole frame from head to foot, went out, and, mounting his horse, rode rapidly in the direction of the ford.

He had hoped to reach the mountain in advance of the cavalry. It was too late. As he went at full speed up the narrow road from the ford he came suddenly on the vedette sent out in advance, and was halted.

LIX

THE ADVANCE INTO THE GORGE. The marshal spurred forward, followed by the young lieutenant, and saw Mr. Lascelles "You, sir?" he said, stiffly, for he was in a very bad-humour.
"Myself!" was the cold reply. "Is it for

oidden to ride on the Virginia highway Why am I halted—I may say, arrested?" "You are not arrested, sir," the marsha eplied, apparently conscious of the justice o "I am halted." The young lieutenant interposed, laughin

and said,
"That was by my order, sir. No offence
to you in particular, my dear Mr.—You have
not told me your name."

"Lascelles."
"Well, you've fallen a victim to general orders, my dear Mr. Lascelles. You see we are temporarily on the war-path, and in the enemy's country. I don't mean that the late little unpleasantness between the sections is still in progress—and Heaven forbid that a democrat like myself should look upon old Virginia as an enemy now. My great-grand-mother was an F. F. V., and I'm an unworthy scion. But what the devil—excise me scion. But what the devil—excuse me-prings you here to this infernal Hades, so to call it? It's dark enough now when the sun

"I came for my pleasure."

The deep and mournful voice affected even the mercurial young West Pointer.

"For your pleasure? That's strange," he said; "but every man to his fancy. You will pardon me for saying that I think your taste is devilish bad. It gives me no pleasure at all to be here, I assure you; but there's no accounting for tastes in this miserable world, Forward the column!" he added, turning in his saddle and calling out to the men. He then added to his companion, with a gay laugh,

gay laugh, "Happy to know you, Mr. Lascelles. "Happy to know you, Mr. Lascelles. We are going after the moonshine people, and I'm glad to have yotr company. Try a cigar?"

Mr. Lascelles bowed but declined, whereupon the young lieutenant lit his own. With his gauntleted hand resting gallantly on his hip, he rode on with Mr. Lascelles beside him.

res, we are on the way to annihilate the wretches that make bad whiskey," said the gay youth. "They deserve it, too; if it was good, the case would be different. Here we are in battle array, and we'll probably have an infernal row—I heard a preacher in New York use that word 'infernal,' and therefore York use that word 'infernal,' and therefore consider it scriptural! Yes, we'll come on the moonshiners, and I'm told they mean to fight. All right, that's my trade. But this sort of thing is not much to my taste. Here they are—tag, rag, and bobtail, Mr. Lascelles: collectors, revenue-commissioners, and detectives—for there's a detective along. He's that villainous-looking fellow in the black coat yonder—Ruggles by name. I wish he was at the devil! Do try a cigar—they are excellent."

excellent."

Again declining the friendly offer of his companion, Mr. Lascelles looked over his shoulder. There, in fact, at the head of the column, some distance in rear, was Mr. Ruggles. He was not present willingly, and had

"There is the house of the man Jones. It is useless to search it, but we may as well go through the form. We will not find the

is useless to search it, but we may as well go through the form. We will not find the man."

The marshal was quite correct in his surmise that Mr. Barney Jones would not be "at home" on thatevening. It was evidently not one of his receiving days. A hard-featured woman, with a baby in her arms, and a series of tow-headed young ones, rising above each other with a regularity which implied that the matron was a fruitful vine, appeared at the door, and confronted the visitors. Was Mr. Jones at home? No, Mr. Jones was not at home. Where was he to be found? They might find that out for themselves, if they could. He was, likely, huntin' somewhere, and shot off his gun at a ventur' in the woods often. It was dang'rous to be ridin' round in the mounting when Barney Jones was a-huntin'.

"As I expected," the marshal said; "any search would be a mere farce."

"I think it would," said the lieutenant, indifferently. "We had better go on or go back. If I am consulted I'll say go back, as I'm getting devilish hungry and thirsty; but that's no matter. If you are anxious to go on, and interview Mr. Barney Jones, I'm ready."

"Go on? Of course I shall, sir!" the marshal said; "and I will call your attention to the fact, sir, that your orders are to assist in these arrests!"

"I don't think you'll make any, from present appearances," returned the young officer; "but give your orders. I brought along my overcoat,

"Idon't think you'll make any, from present appearances," returned the young officer; "but give your orders. I brought along my overcoat, and wish there was a flask in the pocket. But if we meet any of the moonshiners they may have the politeness to offer us a drink." The column moved on and entered the gorge extending up to the Hogback. The sun was sinking, and the long red rays pierced the glades like spears, and fell in vivid crimson on the rocks, covered with variegated mosses. From in front came the low sigh of the pines in the depths of the gorge; from the rear no sound was heard but the measured hoofstrokes of the troopers.

Bohemia was waiting, and expecting something—you could see that.

LX.

Bohemia was in all its last, and crowning glory.

Not the glory of the fresh spring morning, when the violets first come and the butter-cups star the glades and the fields; nor yet the glory of the summer days, when the clouds drift on the blue sky, and the green foliage of the forest is alive with singing birds; nor the autumn glory of splendid colours and dreamy hours, when the heart dreams of other hours, and sees the faces that have gone many a year into the dust; but the glory of the last moments of the Indian summer—the Nurse of the Haleyon which cradled the Greek fancy—this had come now, and the year was bidding farewell to Bohemia, and expiring in a dream of beauty.

There were few leaves clinging to the trees—the winds had swept them. They lay on the ground, and formed a deep yellow carpet. Here and there a cedar, forming a perfect cone, stood out like a sentinel from a background of rocks, and over rock and cedar, and under the great pines, trailed the autumn Bohemia was in all its last, and crowning

perfect cone, stood out like a sentinel from a background of rocks, and over rock and cedar, and under the great pines, trailed the autumn creepers with bright crimson berries, glittering like coral beads in the light of the sunset. That sunset light made the glory more glorious. It was dashed on rock and tree, and lit up the gorge with a sombre splendour: the wild pines, the dark depths, the figures of the troopers, and the sky above. You would have said that it had come to salute Bohemia for the last time, and that thereafter her glory would be a dream.

The column was in the gorge, and was advancing ever a narrow bridle-path, when the young lieutenant ordered "halt!"

"I saw the gleam of a gun-barrel on that height yonder," he said to the marshal, "As we're about to proceed to business, let us act in a business-like manner."

He sent forward an advance-guard of three men with instructions. These were to keep a keen lookout on the bluffs above, and if fired upon return the fire, and fall back upon the column.

"You won't have far to fall back," added

you."

The advance-guard went in front, and disappeared around a bend in the road. The spot was wild beyond expression, and lofty heights extended like walls on either side as

heights extended like walls on either side as the column proceeded. Beyond the tops of the trees could be seen the long blue line of the Blue Ridge on the left; and on the right rose the bristling and threatening crest of the Hogback.

"I begin to think the moonshiners are going to fight, Mr. Lascelles," said the lieutenant, lighting a fresh cigar. "I saw the man with the gun as plainly as I see you. There are probably some stills in the vicinity here—it is the very place for them; and I think the moonshiners, like good patriots, are going to die by their altars and fires!"

A shot rung out as he spoke from the direction of the vanguard; and then a rattling volley followed, and the men were seen coming back at a gallop.

ing back at a gallop.
"Well,"said the lieutenant, coolly, "what's The report was that they had been fired apon—apparently from a barricade in the nouth of a small gorge debouching into the

mouth of a small gorge debouching into the main one.

"I think it probable there's a barricade, which is not a bad thing to fight behind," said the lieutenant, smoking and reflecting.

"Well, I'm going to charge it, as a matter of course. "I'll have some saddles emptied, I rather suppose, but that's to be looked for."

"It is unfortunate," said Mr. Lascelles; "it would be better to have no bloodshed."

"Vastly preferable, I allow, but the devil of the thing is to avoid it. I'm not speaking "Vastly preferable, I allow, but the devil of the thing is to avoid it. I'm not speaking for myself; I'm engaged to a pretty girl, but she'll have to take her chances for a wedding. This is my business—and after all, too, it's the business of these good fellows on both sides. So here's for a charge!"

"A moment," said Mr. Lascelles; "you ought to summon them to surrender."
"Useless—but it would be more regular."

Useless—but it would be more regular. 'I'll take the summons." "You!"
"Certainly, with very great pleasure."

"You'll be shot!"

"No. They might shoot one of your men in his uniform, but they will not shoot me. I am in citizen's dress, and will raise my white handkerchief."

"That is true—but suppose you're shot. You have nothing to do with this business. I like your face, Mr. Lascelles, though it's rather mouraful. You were cut out for a soldier, but then you are a civilian. Well, do as you shoose."

choose."

"I will go, then, and deliver your summons. You will wait?"

"Yes, but be quick. Night is coming."

"If I am not back in ten minutes it will be because they refuse. Then you can charge."

He put spurs to his horse, and, without troubling himself to display the white hand-kerchief, went at a swift gallop forward into the gorge.

the gorge.
Suddenly a voice called "halt!" and he saw the gleam of gun-barrels behind a barricade of felled trees. He paid no attention to the order, and reaching the barricade leap-

THE BARRICADE. The Lefthander was standing on the top of the barricade, with a carbine in his hand. It was he who had ordered "halt," but he did not raise his weapon. He had recognized Mr. Lascelles, and quietly waited.

Mr. Lascelles, and quietly waited.

Behind him were grouped nearly a dozen rough-looking figures armed to the teeth; among these were Daddy Welles, Barney Jones, and Harry Vance. Under low drooping boughs in rear of the barricade was a rude door in the rock. Behind this door, which the pine boughs brushed, was the still.

The barricade itself was constructed of felled trees, and about breast-high. Behind this the moonshiners were obviously going to this the moonshiners were obviously going to fight.

"To surrender? We will not surrender," said the phlegmatic athlete.

"I knew that, and so that's done with. They will charge you in ten minutes; but there will be time to say what I came to say to you. I have been to Crow's Nest."

He took the Lefthander by the arm and drew him aside. For some moments the group of moonshiners saw the two men engaged in low, earnest talk. Then they saw them grasp hands and come back toward the group.

grasp hands and come back toward the group.

As they did so the troopers charged the barricade.

A volley met it in the face, and the horses, wild with fright, wheeled and retreated in disorder.

"Halt!" the lieutenant's voice was heard shouting, as he whirled his light sabre.

"Form column in rear!—I'll soon attend to this."

The men stormed, and fell into column

to this."

The men stopped, and fell into column again just beyond range of the fire of the barricade.

"Dismount and deploy skirmishers! Advance on both flanks and in front! I'll be in the centre."

vance on both flanks and in front! I'll be in the centre."

And throwing himself from his horse, he formed the line of skirmishers. Then, at the ringing "Forward" of the game young fellow, the skirmishers closed in steadily, firing as they did so on the barricade.

All at once the quiet scene was turned into the stage of a tragic drama. Nature was pitiless and serene; the red crowns were rising peacefully from the summits of the trees; a grow was winging his way toward the sunset crow was winging his way toward the sunset on slow wings; it was a scene to soothe dy-ing eyes, if the light needs must disappear

ing eyes, it the light needs must disappear from them.

In ten minutes it had disappeared from more than one on both sides. The moonshiners were evidently determined to fight hard, and only gave way when they were forced to do so. The crack of the sharpshooters was answered from behind the barricade, and the gorge was full of smoke and shouts as the assailants closed in.

They did so steadily, like good troopers, and at last rushed upon the barricade. There a hand-to-hand fight followed, and it was a weird spectacle in the half gloom. In the shadowy gorge the figures were only half seen as the light faded, and the long thunder of the carbines and shouting rolled through the mountain, awaking lugubrious echoes in the

mountain, awaking lugubrious echoes in the mysterious depths.

The moonshiners fought desperately, but the fight was of no avail. They were outnumbered, and, after losing some of their best men, scattered into the mountain. Among those who thus escaped were Daddy Welles, Barney Jones, and Harry Vance. The parting salutes from their carbines were heard from the heights as they retreated; and the barricade was in possession of the caralty.

cavalry. U

The young lieutenant leaped on the felled trees, and stood there looking around.

"A good work—constructed by soldiers," he said; "and they were game, too." he said; "and they were game, too."

He was tying up his arm with a white handkerchief. A bullet had passed completely through the fleshy part, and it was bleeding.

He leaped down into the barricade. Suddenly he stopped—he had nearly trodden upon something: it was the body of Mr. Lascelles. A bullet had passed through his forehead, and he was quite dead. The shot had been fired from behind a rock by the man whom he had lashed that day in the Wye woods—his bitter enemy.

whom he had lashed that day in the Wye woods—his bitter enemy.

At three paces from the body of Mr. Lascelles lay the Lefthander—dead. Three other moonshifters were dangerously wounded, and were leaning against the barricade. They closed their eyes, as though to avoid seeing the blue uniforms. They were probably troopers of the old battles of Ashby, and accepted their fate like soldiers, not complaining.

As to the faces of Mr. Lascelles and the Lefthander, they were quite tranquil. They had died, in fact, with little pain, and perhaps willingly. Each had muttered the same name as the light faded, and they went into the darkness. This name was "Mignon."

LXII. THE SONG OF AN ORIOLE.

and Bohemia and the Wye neighbourhood are much changed. Piedmont is looking up, and Bohemia is threatened with a railroad and conemia is threatened with a railroad—merciless disenchanter of the modern age.

As to the moonshiners, they seem to have disappeared, and the old trouble with these excellent people has ceased. No one connected with them is disturbed, and Daddy Welles is at peace with all men. If he ever longs for achieves that any hold the present any longer than the contract of the contraction of the a chance shot at anybody, he never says so, and passes his old age in his mountain lodge

and passes his old age in his mountain lodge in smiling content.

Not far from his house, and on the very summit of the Blue Ridge, stands a sort of Swiss chalet, or hunting-lodge, in which Mr. and Mrs. Brantz Elliot pass a large part of the year. Having had restored to him a considerable portion of the property siderable portion of the property appropriated by his uncle, Mr. Elliot has his house in New York, where he spends the winter: but the whole summer and autumn are passed on the mountain, where he and Nelly are not at all lonely, as they have two fine boys, who afford them society.

Gentleman Joe lives at Wye with his bro

ther, General Lascelles; and Mr. Harry Las-celles, his son, at Falling Water with his wife and father-in-law, Mr. Cary. They were married about a year after the scenes in Bomarried about a year after the scenes in Bo-helia, but Frances would not consent until he had promised her not to take her away from her father. She is even more beautiful than before, and more like the cabinet picture than before, and more like the cabinet picture in the library—the portrait of her mother. Harry manages the estate, and hunts, and is devoted to his wife; and every Sunday they attend church at Piedmont, where Mr. Ellis Grantham generally preaches. He has returned with his wife from a year of Indian missionary services in Idaho, and is the assistant of his father, whose health is growing feeble. But the old fee of ritualism is cheerful and happy. A little girl, with Juliet's eyes, flourishes her spoon from her high chair, and requests to be helped first; and Mr. Grantham, Sr. while elaborating his "History of Ritualism," hears the pattering of small feet up-stairs, and is thankful for them. There is a great deal of going to and fro between the parsonage and Trianon, where Mrs. Armstrong makes out to sustain existence in spite of her loneliness. It is true, she drives out of her loneliness. It is true, she drives out almost every day, and consumes hundreds of paper-bound novels. Miss Bassick is a loss, as she has no one to scold—but then she never

as she has no one to scold—but then she never could bear to look upon that serpent again.

The serpent disappeared from Piedmont soon after the unfortunate issue of her affairs. No one knew whither she went, but the rumour was brought that she had become one of the corps de bullet of a theatre in New York. There was still another rumour that she had appeared in a breach of promise case at the capital; but as the jury decided that it was only an attempt to levy blackmail, they dismissed it, and Miss Bassick vanished from all eves.

all eyes.

The peaceful little neighbourhood of Piedmont is thus quiet, and lives its life contentedly under the shadow of the mountain, far off from the noisy world. The days follow, and resemble each other, and glide from Sunday to Sunday without events. Sometimes services are held in the Old Chapel, sleeping quietly on the wooded slope of the mountain. The winds sigh or laugh in the leaves of the great oaks there, and the weeping-willow murmurs as it murmured on that morning great oaks there, and the weeping-willow murmurs as it murmured on that morning when Mouse listened to it, and the Lefthander said it would be a good place to be buried. He is buried there, not far from Mr. Lascelles. His wish was remembered and observed, and Mr. Grantham read the burial-service. When some busybody questioned the propriety of admitting an outlaw into the sacred precincts, Mr. Grantham was greatly offended, and said, "He is a man—are you more?" And that was the end of it.

There is another grave close by that of the

more?" And that was the end of it.

There is another grave close by that of the
Lefthander. The small head stone has on it
the single name "Mignon." After the Lefthander's death she was taken to Wye, and
guarded with the fondest affection. Mrs.
Lascelles and Anna Gray were quite wrapped

up in her, and the old general could not bear her out of his sight—for her parentage was known, through Mr. Cary, and she was all that was left of his dead son. But all was of no avail. The poor child had loved the Lefthander with her very heart of hearts, and her health slowly failed after his death. Grief seldom kills, but it weakens, and then disease finds the citadel ready to totter. Mouse lingered until they had some violets to place on her white bosom, and then she went to the Old Chapel to sleep by the Lefthander. This is sad, and it is not well to leave a sorrowful impression upon those who listen to This is sad, and it is not well to leave a sorrowful impression upon those who listen to a narrative—since life is sad enough already without that. Fortunately Piedmont resounds once more with rejoiceful music. The Unrivalled Combination has come back to visit the borough again. The triumphal entry is a triumphant affair, and the crowds shout and hurrah, and Mr. Manager Bownson waves his black hat and bows. And then the great domes of canvas rise on the same old ground, and the crowds rush in, and the band roars and the crowds rush in, and the band roars and the barebackers appear, and the world of Piedmont is a world of enjoyment. The circus means to remain until the afternoon of the next day, and the tired performers therefore sleep late—all but one of them.

She is a woman, who rises at daylight, and goes out into the silent streets and toward the mountain. She has made inquiries as to some events and personages connected with the last visit of the company to Piedmont, and informed herself. She takes a path which obliques to the left from the road leading to the Gap, and just as the sun is rising reaches the graveyard around the Old Chapel.

liques to the left from the road leading to the Gap, and just as the sun-is rising reaches the graveyard around the Old Chapel.

It is difficult to recognize the laughing and brilliant Clare de Lune in the plainly-dressed

woman, with the heaving bosom and eyes wet with tears. She finds the grave she is looking for under the long tassels of the weeping willow, and the small stone with "Mignon" engraved upon it close beside it, and bends down, and cries, and calls to them to come back to her.

down, and cries, and caus to them to come back to her.

"He told me to be a good girl, and I have been a good girl—and he is dead!" she sobs.

All at once the sun rises and the whole world is full of light. From the top of the world is full of light. weeping-willow the song of an oriole bursts forth. Clare de Lune raises her eyes and listens, and understands, perhaps. THE END.

HUMOROUS.

The best laundried clothes are those which are lawn dried. Amid such a raising of clubs in the politi-cal world somebody will get hurt.

It is something fine to be good; but it is far finer to be good for something. The baker's business should be profitable;

a good part of his stock is rising while he It is absurd to suppose that a man can speak above his breath, since his mouth is below his nose.

Queen Victoria is a poor speaker. Her last speech had the effect of dispersing Parlia-ment, to which it was addressed. "Bob, what's steam?" "Boiling water."
"That's right—compare it." "Positive boil, comparative burst." An old lady in New Scotland, hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said:
—"It was so in my young days—no trusting

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed in our schools. A boy being asked, "Whatis mist?" vaguely replied, "An umbrella." Don't speak all at once, girls. His Serene

Highness, Prince Herman Eugene Adolph Bernhard Franz Ferdinand August Von Say-nevittenstein Hohenstein, is looking for a wife. As they were about to hang an Irishman in London, one of his friends who had come to witness the ocremony cried:—"I always told you you would come to this!" "And you have always lied! I have not come—I was brought."

was brought."

"I say, Jim, they tell me there is a man down East that is so industrious that he works twenty-five hours a day," "How is that? There are only twenty-four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid!" Not to be done. Farmer Styles (reading)

"Alexandra Shilling Tea: Tea, bread and
butter, and cake, ad lib. That's jam, I s'pose,

Maria, but I don't see none. I say young man, you just bring a pot of ad lib. [Chuckling.] They shan't come their London ways Little Boy—" Mamma, I want a stick of candy!" Clever Mamma—"Which do you want—the stick or the candy?" Little Boy—"Which would you take, mamma?" Clever Mamma—"The stick, of course." Little Boy—"Well, mamma, you can have the stick—I'll take the candy!"

Some gentlemen were remarking on the ontire absence of resemblance between two entire absence of resemblance between two brothers: "I consider them strikingly alike," said one of the party. "Alike?" exclaimed the astonished group; "why, what likeness can you possibly see between them?" "Well, they're both confounded fools," was the re-

Incident of dog days:—People on the Boul-

evard Montmartre, the other day, were considerably astonished to see a pair of boots walking gravely all by themselves. These boots belonged to an overheated gentleman boots belonged to an overheated gentleman who had melted and run into them while out for a walk, and who was now making his way An Englishman related that, being at Naples, while taking tea with his wife, a thunderbolt entered the chamber, and the

poor woman was reduced to dust. "Ah, mon Dieu!" cried one of his auditors, "what did you do? what did you say?" The Englishman replied, coldly, "I rang, and said, 'John, sweep up your mistress."

The son of a Galveston merchant has recently returned from his studies at a New York business college. A friend of the mer-chant was asking the old man if the boy had improved his opportunities. "I should say he had," was the reply. "He can imitate anybody's handwriting, and is so expert at figures that I am afraid to let him touch the

Just before visiting the menagerie Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with a long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant eater, my son." After a long silence: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

A correspondent sends the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighbourhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers: A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Shott would be shot. original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. There is not, and there cannot be, any

smoking tobacco superior to the "Myrtle Navy" brand. A wrapper of brighter appear-ance and higher price it is possible to get, but all wrappers are very poor smoking tobacco, and but a single leaf is wrapped round a plug. The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle Navy" plug is the very best which money can purchase. The powers of the Virginia soil purchase. The powers of the Virginia soil can produce nothing better, and no other soil in the world can produce as fine tobacco as PRIZE FARM

egult of the Competition Agricultural and Arts Me

DVANCES IN HIGH CLASS

How the Prize Farms an

vated.

The judges, Messrs. John J. He The judges, Messrs. John J. Ho
Chas. Drury, appointed by the Ag
and Arts Association to award prizi
best farms, have given their decision
able and interesting report they de
characteristics of the farms visited,
join the awards and full description
model farms to which were given

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JUDG awarded to each farm visited.

award to the best managed farm in toral district a bronze medal, where the best managed farm in the best managed farm in the green medal, and to the second best farmedal.

2. In addition to 1. The judges shall keep a detail

2. In addition to any other po be thought desirable, the foll-taken into consideration in estin "the best managed farm": one hundred acres, two-thirds of be under cultivation.

2. The nature of the farming mixed, dairy, or any other mode, most suitable under conditions local circumstances.

3. The proper position of the base of the latest the suitable and the sui

telation to the whole farm.

4. The attention paid to the prof timber, and shelter by planting.

5. The condition of any private in the condition of any priva The condition of any private
 The character, sufficiency, and of fences, and the manner in which is subdivided into fields.
 Improvements by removal of to cultivation, including drainage.

8. General condition of building

8. General condition of buildings ing dwelling-houses and their adapt the wants of farm and family.
9. The management, character, so condition, and number of live stock 10. The number, condition, as bility of implements and machinery 11. State of the garden and orcha 12 Management of farmy and machinery. 12. Management of farm-yard ma
13. The cultivation of crops to manuring, clearing, produce per acr tion to management, and character 14. General order, economy

supply.

15. Cost of production and relati The following are the farms enter above competition :-ENTRIES FOR FARM PRIZE

The following are the awards we have

These awards as far as the riding pr concerned, were, with one exception at our first inspection, which took tween the 5th and 15th of July. Bet ing to a final decision in regard to we entitled to the gold and silver me thought it better to make a second those farms which had marked higher we did, beginning on the 9th and fin the 13th September. We may also the impressions we formed on our were, in nearly all cases, borne or second:—
First prize—Gold medal—J. B. Co

township of Townsend, N.R. of Nor Second prize—Silver medal—Chris township of South Dumfries, N.R. ze medal-H. & J. Hutchi Bronze medal—H. & J. Hutchiso hip of Niagara, Niagara. Bronze medal—R. Frinder, tow Woodhouse, South Norfolk. Bronze medal—Thomas Edgar, tow North Dumfries, South Waterloo, Bronze medal—Tilman Shantz, to Waterloo, North Waterloo.

Bronze medal—John Fothergill, of Nelson, Halton.

In the case of H. & J. Hutchison gara, we consider their management superior that we would suggest that iciation award to them a silver in phonze medal. If it is considered we so, we would further suggest that the of the Association take into consider advisability of offering at the next tion two silver medals instead of one THE PRIZE FARMS. MR. CARPENTER'S FARM. Mr. J. B. Carpenter's farm i about two miles from Simcoe. This ceptionally fine farm of 315 acres. Thostly a rich, sandy loam, with a sittion on the south side running to san subsoil varies a good deal, from clay opan to sand, but over the whole is a go

surface-soil which can be worked dee out touching poor earth. A consider

of the farm, from the toll-road runni is level or nearly. Towards the backbecomes undulating, and gradually finishes up with a magnificent piece at the rear of the farm. This wood of acres is beautifully kept, and park-life. forms a very attractive feature, runni a good part of the back of the farn the land rises to the highest po-forms a background and a finish no doubt is one of the finest farms tario. And fortunate it is that the did not fall into the hands of some van by this time might have had this, as we other two pieces of wood, which ar beautiful, converted into so many be potash, and thereby have destroy would require the time of two or three tions to replace. The other two wood are situated at either side of and each contain six acres. The potthe south side is also on rising gro the south side is also on rising groushows to fine advantage. The wood together covers thirty-two acres. has Mr. Carpenter by the judicious has displayed in leaving the timber parts of his farm where it is seen to advantage, added much to the appearavery into property; but the whole is in a measure benefitted by it, as it is the landscape view of a much larg than Mr. Carpenter's own farm, the original and second-growth to