"Yes, madam at New-year. The match,

## VIRGINIA BOHEMIANS

(Continued.) XLVI.

THE OLD CHAPEL

The "Old Chapel" was a well-knownedifice in the Piedmont neighbourhood. It was the ancient stone church, on the slope of the mountain, near which Mouse and the Lefthander

tain, near which induse and the Leithander had met their friends on the morning after the scenes at the circus.

One bright Sunday morning of early December the annual service was held at the Old Chapel. The "Indian Summer" had come and the fall lingered still, and as it often does and the fall ingered still, and as it often does in Virginia until January. The mild air car-essed and did not chill. A low whisper in the few dry leaves still clinging to the trees seemed the murmurous farewell of autumn as it departed.

The old house of worship was filled at

an early hour. Ellis Grantham was going to preach his first sermon. He had reached home on the week before, a newly-made deacon, and this would be the first time he had risen to address a congregation; so the attendance from Piedmont, where the young man was a from Piedment, where the young man was a great favourite, was very large, and persons were also present from the whole neighbourhood, including Bohemia. Mr. Cary and Frances were seated in the body of the church, not far from Brantz Elliot and Nelly and Daddy. Welles. General Lascelles and his family occupied a pew near them, and Mrs. Armstrong and Juliet sat in front of them. In the gallery were Mouse, Harry, and the Lefthander; Gentleman Joe having remained at home to look after the establishment. Just in front of the preacher was seen the portly in front of the preacher was seen the portly form of the United States marshal who had made the night descent on the moon-shiners. He had reached the town on the day before, and was waiting for the arrival of a deta of cavalry, it was reported. Meanwhile, like a respectable citizen, he attended public

orship.

Ellis read the service clearly and 'distinctly, and preached a very good sermon. It was remarkable for the absence of ambitious rhe-toric, and was conversational rather than declamatory. His gesture rose naturally from the feeling, and was an aid.

His sermon was short, and the blessing was pronounced by Mr. Grantham. Then the congregation began to talk; for the people of the Piedmont parish talked after service. It may even be said that they talked enormously ooth very fast and very loud, as well as very long. There was so much to say : they had not seen each other for a whole week! And then had they not—as a writer in the Southern Churchman had said of country congregations—come to church "to see and be seen?" This was a fearful accusation to bring against the young ladies and gentlemen, but it certainly looked very much like it. The maidens certainly did go to and fro through the aisles, gesticulating, exclaiming, and beaming on all around them. But then that was natural; had not the preacher talked at them for an hour, and was it not their turn

outside the church. Here the tall form of old General Lascelles towered above his neighbours, and with his hearty smile, and warm bours, and wish his hearty smile, and warm grasp of the hand for everybody, he was a notable figure. He accosted Daddy Welles with the air of an old acquaintance, and pointed to the United States marshal with a smile. The Daddy smiled sweetly in return

You had better be on your guard," said "Tou had better be on your guard, said the general. "There is going to be trouble." "Trouble, did you say, gineral?" Daddy Welles asked, with an innocent air. "Oh no! I hope there won't be any trouble." "Don't be too certain of it, old friend."

"Don't be too certain of it, old friend."
"We can't be certain of anything in this miser'ble world, gineral, onlessit's one thing—the have-his-carcass."
But the general shook his head.
"Don't count on that, Daddy," he said, in a low tone. "Any law question that comes up in this business will be decided in the United States District Court, not in our And does that make a difference, gineral?

Ain't the have-his-carcass law in District Court, unless it is martial Once Virginia was a sovereign State, and her rights were inviolate; now every-little judge clothed in the Federal ermine openly sneers at the idea that we have any rights. Only one thing is left—to arrest our old Virginia judges, and issue an order that there shall be no more State courts in the commonwealth, unless negroes preside in

Well, well-but the Virginia people won't stand that long, gineral."

"I hope not. But take care of yourself in the meanwhile, Daddy Welles. I'll try, gineral.'

"I am coming to Bohemia to-morrow—to your house. Get your friends together; I want to talk to them." About the business ?"

The general nodded.
"It will be best not to have any trouble. You see the marshal is here already, and there he is coming up to speak to me.

Daddy Welles did not retire at this intimation; he only smiled. The marshal came up and looked keenly at him.
"I remember you," he said, coldly; "your

name is Welles. "The same, friend." So you are a church-goer?" mostly go to meetin' somewheres

And break the laws all the week, depend "And break the laws all the week, depending for safety on your State courts!"
Daddy Welles smiled, and gazed at the marshal with a look of mild inquiry.

"Is there a law passed in Congress that we're to have no more State courts in Virginia, friend!" he asked.

The marshal frowned. The question was

apparently innocent, but was embarrassing.

"And the have-his-carcass—has Congress done away with the have-his-carcass too?"

The marshal uttered a suppressed sound, which very much resembled an oath.

"Nothing of the court ing of the sort! But the Federal

Court has jurisdiction in your case, and you need not depend on it."

"Oh no! I won't depend on it, friend. I s pose old Virginnie 'll have to wait for better troops won't be sent for to

decide law pints."

Having thus mildly expressed his hope for the future, Daddy Welles retired, and the marshal bowed to General Lascelles and said,

"I shall apply to you in a day or two for the future, Daddy welles retired, and the marshal bowed to General Lascelles and said,

"I shall apply to you in a day or two for the future, and the general as before—in this general bowed, and said.

"I shall grant them, of course, sir—though I should think you might have applied to the

"And I hope he will stay away as long as assible. Between a judge in a black coattening on a bench, and violating our State. law, and a marshal acting under orders, with broops to support him, I prefer the marshal and troops - that is intelligible at least."

The marshal bowed, and said, formally, "The business is disagreeable; but, as you have said, I act under orders."

have said, I act under orders."

The general bowed in reply, and the marshal walked on. Soon afterward the congregation dispersed and returned home—all of them, at least, but a small group which lingered in the quiet church-yard overgrown with myrtle and shaded by its large sycamores and willows. There was one great weeping-willows arresignly whose teachers. , especially, whose tassels reached down brushed against the tombstones; and and brushed against the tombstones; and the little party, consisting of Harrey and the Lefthander and Mouse, were looking at the quiet scene, and musing, before setting out on their return to Bohemia. Harry was eir return to Bohemia. Harry was ng of the face of Frances Cary, as she nking of the face of Frances Cary, as she od, a rose-bud in the midst of rose-buds, the aisle of the church, and never had she smed so far away from him as at that ment. The Lefthander, who had seen a lasselles, were a very gloomy expression. Mouse alone of the party looked the party had but her thanker at the care authorise should be should be

and kissed her, and Mouse loved her little hostess of Falling Water dearly, and was made happy by, the kiss.

The child wandered about, reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. There were a number of little grassy mounds marked by small head-stones. These were the graves of children, but they did not seem to make Mouse sad. She smiled as she read the names, "Little Lucy" or "Our Annie," and said.

and said,
"I think it would be nice to be here, poppa—don't you?"

"Yes," the Lefthander replied," it is a very good place."

"Hear the wind in the willow! Maybe

"Hear the wind in the willow! Maybe the dead people hear it too."
"Doubtful," was his reply; "they don't hear much that is going on. But stop this talking about being buried, Mignon. If they bury you, they'll have to leave room for me not far off from you."

"Of course," said Mouse—"or for me beside you." beside you."
"But that won't be here. We'll get

the troupe soon, and go away."

Mouse looked at Harry and smiled.

Mouse looked at Harry and smiled.

"I am acquainted with a young gentleman who's not anxious to go away," she observed; then leaning over she whispered," Forgive me, Harry, I didn't mean to make you blush so!"

After strolling through the old graveyard, carpeted with myrtle, for a little while longer, the party then set out for home, tollowing the road through the Gap.

The Lefthander walked on with his head bent down, and the same moody expression which of late had become common with him. which of late had become common with him.

It was an expression of hesitation and doubt—
that of the man who is puzzled to determine
upon his course in some important matter.
The singular part of it was that this expression grew deeper and more intense whenever
he mentioned or encountered Mr. Lascelles.

XLVII.

JULIET'S SECRET.

Having returned from service at the Old Chapel, Mrs. Armstrong proceeded to dine, and then repaired to the drawing-room, whither Juliet followed her.

There was a very great contrast between their expressions. Mrs. Armstrong was restless, moody, evidently displeased, and "out of sorts" generally. From time to time she patted the carpet impatiently, almost angrily, with her small foot in its handsome boot, and the inner extremities of her expresses. the inner extremities of her eyebrows were much too close together to indicate tranquillity. much too close together to indicate tranquillity. Juliet, on the contrary, had never seemed more composed. Her pretty face, to use an ambitious smile, resembled a rose-tinted evening sky without a cloud upon it. There was not the least shadow in her limpid eyes, and she leaned back in her arm-chair and looked at the fire with the air of a person at peace with all the world.

with all the world.
"It really is unendurable!" said Mrs. Armstrong, at last; "can he call himself a gentlewith all the world. Who is he, mamma?" said Juliet, with

extreme tranquillity.

"Mr. Lascelles! How can he reconcile it with common decency to behave as he does?"

"I am not sure that I understand you."

"At church to-day he did not come near you, or even so much as bow to you. It is disgraceful! Here is the whole neighbour hood connecting your name with his own— you are reported to be engaged—and he does

not even speak to you!"

Juliet smiled. She had said nothing to her nother of the scene in the woods; but Mrs. Armstrong was quite cognizant of the preference of Mr. Lascelles for Miss Bassick, and was slightly illogical in her present views. If Mr. Lascelles were not Juliet's suitor but Miss Bassick's, why should the lady regard neanour as a matter of any importa his demeanour as a matter of any importance? For the sake of appearances? Yes, no doubt, for the sake of appearances. Miss Juliet therefore smiled, and as she had a good deal of humour under her calm exterior, said, "I suppose Mr. Lascelles was moody and unhappy from not seeing Miss Bassick at church. You know when people are in his state of mind they often neglect the little forms of courtesy."

forms of courtesy. Mrs. Armstrong rose erect in her chair. "Good heavens, Juliet! I really am out of patience!" she exclaimed. "I would not be if I were you, mamma.

"Yes, my dear; I cannot help it, sally seem to have no pride at all." "We have discussed that before, mammadon't let us return to it. I will say again, however, that I have a great deal, and that it s a matter of indifference to me whether Mr Lascelles is polite to me or the reverse.

"But think, my dear? The whole neigh ourhood are talking of you. Common de bourhood are talking of you. Common de-cency, I say, would prompt a gentleman to act differently. Everybody noticed it, and I saw that hateful Miss Grundy nodding, and smirking, and giggling to her horrid Pied-mont friends; they are all low people: she saw Mr. Lascelles pass near you without turning his head, and to-morrow it will be all over the neighbourhood." 'Very well, mamma."

Juliet spoke with great composure, as she anderstood tolerably well what caused Mr. ascelles to shun her—the very unpleasant neeting in the woods.

"My dear Juliet, for heaven's sake don't

ay 'well, mamma,' to everything !" exclaimed ner mother. "It expresses precisely what I feel," Juliet said. "I mean that I am perfectly satisfied to have Mr. Lascelles bow to me or not bow,

come to see me or not come to see me come to see me or not come to see me-although I should very much prefer that, un-der all the circumstances, he would not do so. As to his manner to me in public, that is really a matter of very little importance,

Mrs. Armstrong groaned; then she said, "Fortunately people may think that you have discarded him, and that you have quarrelled on that account.' "I hope they will not. You know I have not discarded Mr. Lascelles—if anything, he

not discarded Mr. Lascelles—if anything, he has discarded me!"

Juliet smiled sweetly, and added,

"He feels badly, no doubt—I mean, ill at ease with me—as he must see that the atmosphere of Trianon has cooled in some degree."

"So this is the last of everything—the end!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, in a tragic voice.

"It really seems so, mamma, and I am very "It really seems so, mamma, and I am very glad of it. I have a great many reasons for great many reasons for preferring not to receive any more visits from Mr. Lascelles. I have not spoken of these reasons, and perhaps I was wrong in not doing so. Shall I tell you all of them at once, tow, and have no more secrets from you?"
"Secrets! Have you secrets from your poor inhappy mother, Juliet?"

It was a pathetic wail, like the former—here was a new misery.

"Yes, mamma; at least, I have delayed telling you something. Until this moment I have never had secrets, really, or concealed anything. I have only chosen my time to speak as I do now."

"What can you meen my child." Lether "What can you mean, my child? Is there anything dreadful coming?" Mrs. Armstrong

Something very disagreeable, if you think it as I do

What is it?" "I met Miss Bassick and Mr. Lascelles in the woods the other evening—embracing."
"Embracing! I knew it—I knew it was 'It was an accident, and there was

Laccelles is engaged to be married, it seems, to Miss Bassick, and I am obliged, therefore, to give him up, whether I wish to do so

or not."

Mrs. Armstrong gasped. Words seemed to fail her. Her lips moved, and probably essayed to utter the phrase "Go on," but there was no sound.

"That is one good reason for not regarding

"That is one good reason for not regarding Mr. Lascelles in the light of a suitor," continued Juliet, "and there is another."

She drew from her pocket the letter written by Mr. Ruggles, in which that gentleman characterized Mr. Lascelles as a forger, with one wife living. Juliet read it aloud, and added,

"Of course I do not believe that there is any truth in it. There rarely is any, I suppose, in amenymous letters, as the persons

recase, mamma, to receive attentions from gentleman of whom such things can be said anybody. I meant to send this note to r. Lascelles, but thought I would first ow it to you."

Mrs. Armstrong took the letter, and read it with an imbecile expression.

"A forger!—one wife living!" she gasped.
"So you see it would be very imprudent for me to marry Mr. Lascelles under any cir-

for me to marry Mr. Lascelles under any circumstances, mamma."

"Good heavens!"—this was a tragic expression much used by Mrs. Armstrong—"and the creature is to pollute this mansion again with his presence!"

"Perhaps he will not do so."

"He is coming to-morrow. I requested a private interview at church to-day."

"A private interview, mamma?"

"I mean to demand an explanation, "gasped Mrs. Armstrong, exhibiting indications of falling into hysterics—"to have a full understanding with him—and he will be here."

Juliet mused for a few moments, and then said,

"Perhaps it is very well that you did make the appointment. It is due to Mr. Lascelles that he should be informed of the contents of this letter without delay—that is only justice and common courtesy. He will come, and it can be given to him. I need not say who is the proper person to doeo."

"The proper person?"

"Miss Bassick. As she is engaged to be married to Mr. Lascelles, this note concerns her more than any one else. She would no doubt object to becoming wife No. 2. I shall therefore give her the note, to

concerns her more than any one else. She would no doubt object to becoming wife No. 2. I shall therefore give her the note, to be transmitted to Mr. Lascelles, and as you can now have no desire to come to an explanation with him, Miss Bassick can take your place, and arrange her own affairs."

Mrs. Armstrong sunk back in her chair, looking so utterly bewildered and helpless that Juliet, who had spoken in an accent of lurking humour and enjoyment of ahe little comedy to be enacted, felt really sorry for her, and rose and went to her side.

comedy to be enacted, felt really sorry for her, and rose and went to her side.

"There, there, mamma, don't take everything so seriously," she said, smoothing her hair gently and pressing her lips to her cheek. She then sat down on the cricket at her mother's feet, and, leaning one arm on the lady's knees, looked up into her face. Her mother bent down and kissed her.

"There was something else to tell you, mamma," said Juliet, colouring slightly.

"Something else ?" faltered Mrs. Armstrong.

strong. anything I have yet told you, mamma. There is a more serious reason than all the rest why I do not wish to marry Mr. Lascelles, and an quite willing that Miss Bassick should, if she

" I am engaged to be married to Ellis Grantham," said Juliet, with two blush-roses suddenly blooming in her cheeks. "Engaged!—to Ellis Grantham!" You are not sorry, are you, mamma Jou are not sorry, are you, mamma? Don't say you are sorry—"
Juliet's head sunk a little, and the queenlike young lady suddenly became only a
shrinking and pleading girl.
"Don't say you are sorry, mamma! I
love him so much."
Mis Armstrong thereupon successible and

love him so much."

Mrs Armstrong thereupon succumbed and burst into tears. She hugged the young lady to her bosom, kissed her in a wild and tragic manner, and with sobs and gasps said she never could part with her darling—which was singular, as she had been willing to part with the darling to Mr. Lascelles.

"EllisGrantham!"she exclaimed; "engaged to him! Oh, Juliet."

"You know you love him, mamma," Juliet said, in a low tone. "You have said so a hundred times: was it so wrong in your daughter to love him too?"
Juliet smiled as she said this; raising a moist pair of eyes and a pair of blushing cheeks.

eeks.
"I meant to tell you all about it before manma, but there was really verry little to tell. You know Ellis came to see us very often, and—and—it happened—I mean, he grew to like me. He did not tell me so, but e told Anna Gray, and made her his confidante, and Anna made no secret of it; you went away he asked me to him, and you agreed that I should do so, you remember. That is all, mamma."

Juliet quietly dried her eyes in an un-

Juliet quietly dried her eyes in an unobtrusive way, with her handkerchief, and
looked up with a smile.

"And the engagement took place by letter?"
said Mrs Armstrong, in a dazed way.

"Yes, mamma. It was very foolish in
Ellis, as he was coming home so soon. But
he begged me so, and said so much about
sparing me the pain of a refusal face to face
with him, that I gave up and wreten with him, that I gave up, and wrote back that I would marry him if you approved

of it. Not now, mamma—when he is ordained and some day he will become Mr. Grantham's "And you will spend your life here, and never go to Paris!" gasped the poor lady.
"Go to Paris? I don't want to go to Paris

in the least, mamma. The Piedmon neighbourhood is charming," said this very in isistent young lady.
"Why you said it was fearfully dull!" st have been jesting.'

But to give you up-my own, my beloved "I shall live much nearer to you than? This reply, which Juliet uttered with a slight smile upon her lips, quite dismounted Mrs. Armstrong's logical artillery.

"Of course, I never will marry without your approval, dear mamma," said the girl, in her sweet, earnest voice, "and I wrote Ellis so. But you will approve of it—won't you? He is so good—and I love him so much, ammai"
When she told her mother good night that

night, Juliet kissed her and said, "I knew you loved Ellis, mamma, and would not object, and he will love you dearly but he never can love you as much as

XLVIII. MRS. ARMSTRONG'S GREAT BLOW.

"You will be good enough, if you please, to look for another home, Miss Bassick—I would suggest your friend Miss Grundy's as a congenial retreat. Under all the circumstances, I should prefer your not remaining longer at Trianon." Mrs. Armstrong uttered these words about

Mrs. Armstrong uttered these words about an hour after her interview with Juliet, who had gone to her chamber. The lady and Miss Bassick were seated opposite each other in the drawing-room. It was not Miss Bassick's habit to seat herself in Mrs Armstrong's presence without being invited, but she had done so on this occasion with an easy air, which seemed to say, "Well, you have sent for me, I am ready to listen to you." Indeed, her whole bearing had changed. She was no longer the submissive companion, but quite a different person. She leaned back gracefully in her red velvet arm-chair, and quietly red velvet arm-chair, and quietly awaited the coming storm. The storm was coming, she felt, for no doubt Juliet had re-lated to her mother the comic incident in the woods; but then that was very unimportant she had triumphed, since Mr. Lascelles was her ficance. This ill-tempered old woman might rage, but that would do no harm; and it was even with a sort of enjoyment that she anticipated what was apparently approaching. In response to Mrs. Armstrong's suggestion that she should seek for a new home, Miss that she should seek for a new hor Bassick said.

"I will do so with pleasure, madam, as anything is better than to live with a person so very disagreeable as yourself !" Miss Bassick smiled and looked straight at Mrs. Armstrong as she uttered these words. She evidently expected an explosion, but none

took place.
"I am glad there is no difference of opinion then, in reference to what is best for you in future, Miss Bassick," said the lady. "There is none at all, madam. Trianon is perfectly hateful to me. I should not like to be married from your house if I could avoid

"You are to be married to Mr. Lascelles

SUICIDE AT SEA.

"Perfectly,"
"We will go to Paris in the spring. Untilthat time Mr. Lascelles will remain at Wye."
Mrs. Armstrong inclined her head and
nade no reply. Miss Bassick was much dispopointed. There was to be no storm after Shipboard in the Atlantic. ppointed. There was to be no storm after il, then; and that fact greatly diminished he sweets of triumph. She began to grow

irritated.

"I have informed you of my approaching marriage," she said, "as an explanation of what Juliet witnessed the other evening—an interview between myself and Mr. Lascelles, when I accidentally met him as I was walking out. He was holding my hand, which I should not have permitted him to do if we had not been engaged. During my conversation with Mr. Lascelles Juliet stole up and listened, which I must say I think was very dishonourable."

dishonourable."

Miss Bassick looked at Mrs. Armstrong. Every word she had uttered, and even the omission of Miss before Juliet's name, was plainly meant as a provocation.

"I say dishonourable," added Miss Bassick. "for it is nothing less than that to lurk and eavesdrop, and go and report what is seen and heard—and a great deal more. Juliet did so on this occasion, though I suppose she will denvit."

on this occasion, though I suppose she will deny it."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Armstrong. "I had supposed that Juliet was an honourable person. It is melancholy to have a daughter who could be guilty of such conduct. You must overlook it, Miss Bassick—but you will, no doubt, do so. Yes, poor Juliet—from jealousy no doubt—must have exaggerated what took place. Indeed, she went so far as to say you were in Mr. Lascelles's arms."

"It is a falsehood—a vile falsehood!" said Miss Bassick, yielding to maiden indignation.

"So you were merely conversing with him: the meeting was accidental, no doubt, like that which took place in the drawing-room that evening."

that which took place in the drawing-room that evening."

Mrs. Armstrong smiled, and the smile stung Miss Bassick exceedingly.

"You are all spies!" she cried. "It is disgraceful in persons pretending to good-breeding."

disgraceful in persons pretending to good-breeding."

"Don't become excited, Miss Bassick," Mrs. Armstrong said. "Your colour is not becoming. You must pardon poor Juliet!—think how much mortified she must be at the preference of Mr. Lascelles for yourself. You are to be married at New-year? That is not very far off now. Will the ceremony take place in church, and the wedding-supper be at Miss Grundy's? I will make out your account, as you will naturally want money for your Miss Grundy's? I will make out your account, as you will naturally want money for your trousseau. Let me see, this is the 10th—would it be convenient for you to be with Miss Grundy by the 15th?"

"Yes, madam; I will go at once—and she shall know, and the whole town shall know, why I have left your house."

"You do not refer to the meetings in the woods as the reason?"

"You do not refer to the meetings in the woods as the reason?"

"Take care how you insult me, Mrs. Armstrong!" cried Miss Bassick in a fury.

"Insult you?" said Mrs. Armstrong: "you really are not worth insulting, Miss Bassick. You are perfectly at liberty to injure my character or Juliet's by any means in your power or Miss Grundy's, if you can. Do enjoy yourself as much as possible by maligning me to the common people in Piedmont, and afterward in your more elevated sphere at Wye. Juliet and I will endeavour to survive Wye. Juliet and I will endeavour to survive t. And now, as this is arranged, Miss Bas-ick, and we have had a frank talk, suppose we terminate this interview." 'Not until I tell you my opinion of you!

ried Miss Bassick, furiously.

Mrs. Armstrong smiled. She was a very uiet and determi

quiet and determined person when she restrained her temper.

"I really don't see what advantage there could be in your doing so," she said; "and I should be tempted to tell you my opinion of yourself, which might not be flattering."

Mrs. Armstring to see hegligently.

"By-the-by, here is something which Mr. Lascelles ought to see," she said, giving Miss Bassick the anonymous letter. "The writer of this note speaks of him as a forger, with a wife living. It is no doubt a slander, but, of course, he should be informed of the charge. You might give him the note when he comes to morrow morning. Juliet is going to see to-morrow morning. Juliet is going to see her friend Frances Cary, and I am afraid I will, therefore, have an opportunity to talk over your affairs at your leisure, as you will we the drawing-room entirely toyour selveswhich will be more agreeable, I suppose, than

It was Mrs. Armstrong's great blow. It was Mrs. Armstrong's great blow. The consciousness that she was going to deliver it had enabled her to pass tranquilly through this very trying interview. It was a cruel coup, but the lady struck it without mercy. Had not this creature made herself and Juliet the laughing-stock of everybody? Had not Mr. Lascelles by her intrigues been wiled Mr. Lascelles by her intrigues been wiled away and appropriated? Miss Bassick had resorted to trick and deception up to a certain point; then, finding that the game was in her hands, she threw off the mask. She triumphed, and did not take the least trouble to conceal her triumph. What could have onceal her triumph. What could she ex

Mrs. Armstrong's revenge was unchristia and not particularly appropriate to the Sabbati afternoon—but it was sweet. Sweetest of all was the expression of Miss Bassick's face, as she seized the letter and ran her eyes over it. As the twilight had come, she went hastily to the window to read it, nearly turning her back on the lady.

"A forger—married already! It is a false-hood—a base lie!" she said, in a husky voice,

n which there was an intonation of fur "So your wedding will have to be de-terred, after all," said Mrs. Armstrong,

Miss Bassick's pretty brows were knit to ther, and her eyes were like two coals of

It is unfortunate, and Mr. Lascelle ought to have mentioned the little circum stance, I think," Mrs. Armstrong said, smil ing. "He no doubt lost sight of it, though it seems singular that he should have for-gotten it. As this is not Utah, it is not custhe same time. The great objection to marrying Mr. Lascelles is, that the lady who esponses him in second nuptials will occupy a very peculiar position; in fact, she will not be a wife at all—respectable people will not visit her, and; worse even than that, the law world intenders. vould interfere, and make the whole affai xceedingly unpleasant."
Miss Bassick was still glaring at the letter

and did not reply.

"That is your affair, however," Mrs. Armstrong added, laughing a little. "You are quite at liberty to marry somebody else's husband if you wish, as the ceremony is not oing to take place at Trianon."

Miss Bassick whirled around like a tigree about to spring. Mrs. Armstrong was saunter

ing negligently from the apartment.
On the next day Miss Bassick left Triano (To be continued.) ATTACKED BY A FOX.

Extraordinary Presence of Mind of a Little HALIFAX, N.S., Sept. 2.—This afternoon Alice Laidlaw, aged seven years, was sitting in the garden at her father's residence, on Inglis street, when a slight rustling in the bushes near by attracted her attention. She turned her head just in time to see an angry, snarling fox preparing to spring on her. With promptitude and presence of mind that would have done credit to a much older head, she opened her parasol and skilfully directed it so as to shield her from the fox, at the same time calling for help. A sister of hers who so as to similar for help. A sister of hers who came to the rescue gave Reynard a blow on the head with an axe, killing it instantly. The fox was a full grown one, and is supposed to have come from the lower woods, a short distance from the house.

A young lady living in the township of Turnberry, finding her father hard run with the fall wheat harvest from the scarcity of hands, mounted the reaper, and in aix hours and a half cut eleven acres of fall wheat. The binders declare they never had such a hard time to keep up with the reaper before,

Thrilling Sequel to a Sailor's Yarn Told on

Just as it is Concluded a Young Lady

THE STEAMSHIP ARIZONA, NEAR QUEENSTOWN, Aug. 20.—Last Sunday morning notice was given that divine service would be held in the dining-saloon, the doors of which would be closed promptly at 10 o'clock, in order to prevent the worshippers being disturbed. Through some mistake this order was not generally understood, and, in consequence, quite a number of passengers intending to be present were a few minutes late, and unable to get in. Among them was a young lady who had attracted a great deal of attention. Of medium height and slender figure, she had a very pleasing but strikingly pale face, illuminated by large tender brown eyes, and framed in light brown hair, rather wavy, and dressed simply in a braided knot. There was something inexpressibly pathetic in her expression, and the way in which she held herself aloof from every one, often sitting on deck quite alone and for hours, inclined to the opinion that some great grief was weighing upon her.

On this morning when she found the door locked, all her melancholy calm deserted her, and throwing herself on her knees before it, she wrung her hands in an agony of feeling, crying,

crying, " SHUT OUT! SHUT OUT!" Her companions tried in vain to soothe her Her companions tried in vain to soothe her; she only repeated the cry, and remained kneeling outside the door until the service was over. This incident roused fresh interest in her, but whenever approached she resisted both curiosity and kindness by a prond reserve, only admitting that she was going to England to seek a position as governess, which seemed rather an improbable statement.

The following day was the only disagree able one of the voyage. Hour after hour the rain fell heavily, the wind howled, the sea rain fell heavily, the wind howled, the sea roared, and the ship lurched and lunged over the rough waters. The leaden sky, blotched with huge black clouds, the violent beating of the rain, the sounds of the raging ocean, combined to produce a most dismal effect. Doors and windows were tightly closed, everybody looked blue-nosed and blue-spirited, and the day seemed interminable. But soon after dinner the storm, as though tired of its fury, came to a sudden end, the wind began to dry the dripping decks, and everyone rushed for wraps and hats, gladly seeking the fresh air.

air. Neither moon nor stars lightened the yet dark sky; the waters were yet turbulent, their sombre surface varied only by great masses of snowy foam, turned into fire by the phosphorecent gleams of insect life. At last the passengers, tired of promenading the slippery deck, settled down on their steamer chairs, divided in groups, and listened to the yarns there is always some one to spin. The best, or rather the most tragic, your corres-pondent heard was from the lips of an old sea Twenty-five years ago," he said, "I was

bringing a large number of Indian troops, with their wives and children, from Aden to Bombay. The voyage was ordinarily accom-plished in less than three weeks, but through THE DEAD CALMS that prevailed, and being on a sailing vessel it was prolonged into six weeks. The heat was intense, the vessel crowded, and the na-tives put on half rations, from lack of pro-

tives put on half rations, from lack of pro-visions. But these misfortunes seemed but trifling when the latter was attacked with a terrible scourge called the 'sweating disease.' Though contagions among themselves, it never attacks Europeans; but owing to the lack of physique, the 'result of poor food, it sweeps away the Sepoys, the victims seldom living twelve hours after the attack. Strangely enough, the very blood seems to turn into water, and coze through the pores of the skin, until the sufferer seems to melt away before until the sufferer seems to melt away before the eye.
"The first man who died," continued the Captain, "we shrouded in canvas and read the funeral service over, but after that the ful rapidity that the supply of canvas gave out, and without any ceremony the poor fellows were pitched overboard. The women and children also fell before the disease, and whole families were swept away by it. At the end of ten days over three hundred were

the end of ten days over three hundred were consigned to the deep. Then followed a short season it makes me shudder to think of. We were again becalmed, and the silent sea seemed determined to give up its dead; the bodies of the brave Sepoys rising to the surface and floating close about the ship.

"One mornining, coming on deck, I saw as far as the eye could reach, the ocean as white as milk. As an old sailor I recognized the phenomena, which is caused by vast bodies of animalculæ imparting their colour to the water; but the natives unused to such a change, thought themselves threatened with change, thought themselves threatened with some new calamity, and the wildest scenes ensued. Then followed

A HORRIBLE SPECTACLE. The sharks, who had been in waiting, sud-The sharks, who had been in waiting, suddenly appeared in large numbers, their hideous backs, bronze green in the sun, rose from the pure, snow-white surface, which in a brief time was streaked with the deep red that told of their awful feast. No picture of pen or brush ever depicted so infernal a scene, and many of the crew turned violently sick or fainted at the appalling spectacle.

"Meantime one of the bravest and handsomest Sepoys was taken with the disease; his wife of a few months, and a remarkably

his wife of a few months, and a remarkably beautiful Indian girl, was by the doctor's orders carried from his side by force. He was sick only five hours, and was cast overboard with dispatch in order to prevent his bride seeing the disfigured corpse. At last she succeeded in forcing her way to the spot where she left him. She saw the empty berth, and rushed up on deck shrieking wildly. terth, and rushed up on deck shricking wildly. Twice she ran frantically round the ship, her great black eyes on fire, her coal-black hair flying in the wind, calling 'Naya! Naya!' Then all at once the fearful truth seemed to dawn upon her; she saw the milk-white sea foaming with blood, the torn bodies, the monsters at their horrid carnival, and with

A TERRIBLE SCREAM flung herself overboard right in their midst. We—"
Hardly had the Captain said the last word
when there rushed by us a black-robed figure,
a beautiful, blanched, despairing face, and
like a lightning flash we saw the girl throw nerself overboard.

herself overboard.

For a moment everyone was paralyzed, for it seemed like a part of the terrible tragedy to which we were listening. Then the alarm was given. I ran to the railing, in a minute the poor girl rose, rose through one of the patches of fiery white foam we had been watching; rose with wide distended eyes, and a face white even beside the snowy foam. Then she was hurled into darkness are resulted. Then she was hurled into darkness and space.

And the great ship plowed on. Dreadful it seemed this speeding on as though unmindful of the poor perishing life; yet Captain Murray, a brave and true hearted man, said it was more than useless to attempt any re-covery as we were dashing on at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and before the wind, the body would be miles away before a boat After the first shock the old question came

up, only changed from "Who is she?" to the the brief glimpse we had, the melanfor in the brief glimpse we had, the melancholy, sweet face of the girl who sat alone with her grief and had cried out "Shat out!" "abut out!" at the closed door on Sunday morning, was recognized. Her effects consisted of one small, black leather satchel, and on opening it, the first object that met the eye was a note, which ran as follows:—
"In case of any accident, please send this bag to the address:—Adaline T. Clarke, No. 643 St. Mark's avenue, corner of Nostrand avenue, Brookiyn, N. Y. Whoever takes it there will be amply rewarded." there will be amply rewarded."

This note caused some confusion, for there was no such name as Adaline Clarke on the killed at birth.

assenger list, and it was some little time be-ore it was discovered that the young girl had egistered as Kate G. Carvfield. Then the registered as Kate G. Carvfield. Then the purser remembered that the young lady had applied for a passage about two hours before the boat sailed. She seemed in a great hurry, and had no baggage with her but the satchel. The latter also contained two bottles, one morphine, one of laudanum, which would indicate that the unhappy girl had meditated suicide before starting. The next object was a finely bound Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed "To Adaline T. Clarke, from W. and W. G. Wood, March, 1878." Throughout the volume various versee were roughout the volume various verses were derlined, all bearing on grief and affliction, though none on sin or repentance. Passages from Thomas a Kempis were written on note paper, interspersed with poems on sacred subjects.—Correspondence, Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

And its Dangers—A Band of Highway Robbers Infesting its Approaches. LOUISVILLE, Sept. 4 .- Persons coming in from Cave City report that the two stages which run between that town and the Mammoth Cave were stopped by highwaymen last night and all the passengers robbed. The stage to the cave was first attacked about four miles east of Cave City and the one passenger on board rifled. The coach coming the other way was shortly afterward met by two men on

way was snortly atterward met by two men on horseback heavily armed, who ordered the driver to stop, then compelled all the passengers to get out and stand in line, and ordered them at the pistol's point to give up all their property. The robbers took all their money, jewellery, and watches, aggregating in value \$1,200. After this exploit they made their victims take a drink of whiskey with them victims take a drink of whiskey with them and then rode off. The greatest prevails in the neighbourhood.

A BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAILER.

ome Operations of a Montreal Gang—A Too Pretty Foreigner and Too Good Foreign Cigars.

MONTREAL, Sept. 4.—A few months since a Belgian about fifty years of age, with a handsome young wife not more than twenty, came to reside in Vitré street, near the centre of the city. He advertised in one of the French newspapers the sale of real Havana cigars, and invited gentlemen to give him a call. In company with his wife he has frequently attended picnics and national filter in the neighbourhood, where they got acquainted with people of standing, and this led to gentlemen visiting the house this led to gentlemen visiting the house as patrons of the cigar shop. It has begun now to leak out that it would have been more to the interest of these parties if they had not given way to the attraction of either a pretty fiven way to the attraction or either a pretty face or a good cigar, as they have had to pay rather dearly for their visit. A young law-yer, whom the reputed husband of the lady found in the house when he returned, is said to have had to hand over his cheque for a coniderable sum under the menace of a revolver A second case is that of a merchant who was blackmailed out of a note to appease the thirst for blood of the injured husband, and there is a third case, that of a young clergyman, who, however, was too poor, and probably too nnocent, to be victimized. It is said the are several other cases of blackmailing don the same party, but as the victims dread the ordeal of exposure, they quietly submit to having been fleeced rather than allow their names to appear in connection with such scandal. The city detectives are aware of the facts of the case, and have the black mailers under surveillance, but owing to the delicacy observed by the victims they are powerless to make any arrests.

They Can't Help It. There is a limit beyond which the house wife who has eagerly plunged into the com-ning and preserving season cannot go. There are only 1,500 known methods of putting up peaches. It may take her some time to get to the last one, but she'll reach it in time. The latest estimate places the number of fruit jars on sale in this country at 30,000,000. No housewife can secure more than her propor-tion of these: After she has asked her husband seventy-eight consecutive 'times to "send up another dozen of those cans," there must come a lull. She may then demand her of this great and growing country, but winter is only three months away. By-and-bye there must come an end to this asking for "anothe twenty pounds of that same kind of sugar. The stock on hand in this country will not al ow any family to consume over 5,000 pounds in putting up preserves. The woman who goes beyond that must do so at her peril. While the average husband feels a thrill of exultation as he realizes that plums are played, the must not be plunged into despair to learn that peaches will go down to fifty cents before the last of the crop is in, and that pears were never known to be so plenty. No cellar can hold more than it can. After the jugs and jars and cans and pitchers are stacked from oor to joice, the wife has either got to lay of ther big apron and quit or else rent space from the neighbours, and the chances will be that they will have none to spare. In two weeks more she'll have to give up on peaches and pears. Then she'll begin on tomato pickles and catsup, jump to cucumbers, slide off on apple butter, work up a bushel of quinces, boil down a barrel of cider, and then sit down and give up the unequal struggle. That is, she'll suddenly remember that every can and jar and jug must be lifted up or taken down and opened and heated over, and if perchance she finishes the job before spring, the mince-pie season will serve to keep the house stirred up. They were born that way, and men up. They were born that way, and men up. np. They were both must suffer and endure.—Detroit F

South American Pampas

The South American correspondent of the London Times writes:—"The provinces of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are as yet far from being overcrowded; but an immigrant will not fare worse for going farther for elbowroom, provided he be as careful to insure free and search companies times. and easy communication as a good general would be anxious to keep within reach of his base of operations. There are rivers in this region navigable by steam for thousands of miles, and the railways, which seem to have been providentially invented to serve the pur-poses of American colonization, are already reaching the borders of the Grand Chaco, the Grand Pampa, Patagonia, and other great deserts, where land is to be had for the mere asking, and where the red Indian has ceased to be the bugbear he was, and cannot be made to face a breech-loading rifle. The land is in the main an immense flat, no doubt; very large tracts of alluvial soil, without a tree or a pebble; part of it mere swamps or salt wil-derness. But even these thousand miles of unbroken level are not without a peculiar beauty of their own—their boundless hori-zon and awful solitude, the freshness and zon and awini soncude, the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the keen enjoyment of unlimited freedom. Nor, apart from intercourse with his fellow-men, is a man here crushed by the sense of utter forlornness: for nothing is more striking than the teeming life of the animal kingdom in the pampas—the abundance of game, the storks and herons, the owls and hawks, the flights of wild turkeys and flocks of ostriches, to say nothing of the ubiquitous ptero-ptero and chattering little cardinal; a multitude and variety of fowls and brutes—nameless to me as well as numberless—the gaiety of whose plumage and fur and the strangeness and wildness of whose screeches and howls a settler will always and everywhere have with him, and which will only gradually make room for the flocks and herds, the barking and bellowing, the crowing and cackling of his domestic surroundings. Life in the prairies is life in the saddle; for the very beggar here is mounted; and, away from rail or tramways, neither for sex nor age is there any other practicable, or at least endurable, means of locomotion than on horseback; and the horses are fleet and sure-footed, brave as lions and gentle and docile as cows, and their purchase and keeping cost little, and their stabling and shoeing nothing."

The Massachusetts Society for the Preven tion of Cruelty to Animals recommends that all kittens that cannot be provided for be

## COLUMBIA SKETCHES

Yale and Emory on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

New Towns and Busy People.

Shortly before nightfall the gallant steamed blew her unearthly whistle again, the lines were loosened, and she swung out into the stream and proceeded on the way to Yale, writes a correspondent of the Victoria Colonist. Before darkness had fairly set in the Two Sisters—twin rocks that rear their heads in mid-channel—were reached. At least they used to rear their heads, but the Dominion Government sent a party who keed. minion Government sent a party who knocked off the head of one Sister with giant powder. and her shoulders are only visible at lo water. The water here riots in a spirit sheer wantonness, and dashes and foams with the ferocity of ten thousand furies agains the stony-hearted damsels. No use. The Sisters are immovable. There the stand as they have stood for centuries receiving the assault and turning aside, dividing and beating into spray, the rushing waters. The Irving enters the foaming current. She sits like a cork on the surface, yet trembles like a leaf, while the ponderous wheel astern revolves with the attention. wheel astern revolves with the utmost rapidity. For an instant the steamer hangs as on a pivot, evenly balanced. The hungry waters rush on in anticipation of their prey, and every whirl seems a maelstrom impatiently waiting open-mouthed to engulph the Irving and her load. The pause is but momentary. Slowly she forges ahead, and presently leaves the Sisters far behind, with the river lashing itself into foam against their rocky sides. few hundred yards further on, and the Irvin is run into the bank, and tied up for the night. At dawn off we go again. At five o'clock a pause is made to land some heavy mining machinery near Emory City, which being done we glide on. At seven o'clock we climb Sawmill riffle, turn a sharp curve in the

river, and

THE TOWN OF VALE lies before us. Seen from the steamer the chief characteristic of the town is its newness. New buildings, new fences, new streets. We land, and crowds, of new faces line the bank, town is full of people. They fill hotels, saloons and business houses; they crowd the saloons and business houses; they crowd the sidewalks and line the streets. The merchants are doing a good business. There are four or five liquor licenses in the town, and the lucky holders are making rapid fortunes. Yesterday was pay day, and the "boys" Yesterday was pay day, and the "boys" with a month's wages burning holes in their pockets are making matters lively, keeping the constable's hands full of business and giving the honorary J. P. (Mr. Deighton) no opportunity to attend to his legitimate calling. But with all the noise and drunkenness there is very little crime. The offences are generally trivial and crime. The offences are generally trivial, and are squared by the payment of a light fine.
On all sides is heard the sound of hammer and saw. In every direction buildings are under weigh. The black scars caused by the recent fire are nearly obliterated, and in the course of a very few days there will be naught save the memory of losses to remind even the sufferers of the catastrophe. Business, as we have said, is brisk. People don't walk at Yale—they rush. Yale is no place for a gentleman of leisure. From "peep o'day" till long juto the night the recent and in the processor. tleman of leisure. From "peep o'day" till long into the night the movement of men, horses, and waggons along the one business street goes on with scarcely any intermission. As we gaze at the hurrying throngs we wonder how on earth they all find beds, or even space

how on earth they all find beds, or even space in which to lie down when at last they seek repose. It seems that the sides of the buildings must burst from the plethora of inmates. After breakfast we walk to the edge of the bank and gaze at the rushing river as it frets and fumes on its way to the sea. The scene is picturesque and beautiful; the landmarks of long ago are unchanged, but the grating of the rocker and the sound of the gravel as it whirled through the sluice-boxes of the miners are no longer heard. The mining interest exists as longer heard. The mining interest exists no more. "Worked out" is the verdict of every on Yale bar. The miners whose perseverance converted Yale bar into a hive of industry have gone, and only the "tailings" remain courted the smiles of the fickle goddess. The experience of Yale bar is the common experience of every bar along the river. Hill's bar, where flour gold was found in great abundance, is deserted, and Emory bar has been laid out as a city with wide squares, market places, and waterworks. The future of other deserted bars does not appear so promising; but who would venture 1, sketch their career when the iron horse shall have pranced and snorted past their doors! Yale is indeed much improved, and what strikes the visitor as most peculiar and extraordinary is the large number of Victorians he meets—nearly all following some pursuit. If Victoria's late floating population is here, it is at least a comfort to know that they are all usefully employed in some capacity, and that the city street-corners which once knew EMORY CITY.

From Yale to the terminal point of the Yale-Savona railway is four miles. The British Columbia Express Company supply British Columbia Express Company supply the horses, the waggons, and the driver, and we are off for Emory. On the road are seen many evidences of the progress of railway work. Numerous gangs of busy workers are engaged drilling, blasting, and grading. In many places the road-bed is finished, and it is said that by November the road from Yale to a point one mile below Emory will be ironed and ready for the rolling stock. The work is of a heavy, substantial character—quite English in that respect—and when completed the railway will be one of the safest on the continent. We pass the railway powder magazine, nent. We pass the railway powder magazine, which is in the custody of an old and respected Victorian, and after a most delightful drive over an excellent road reach the suburbs of the new town. We cross a substantial bridge which spans Emory Creek—a stream of cool, clear water, babbling merrily as it comes over the boulders and gravel. The little boaster passes swiftly between high banks, and a few hundred feet below plunges abruptly into the arms of the Fraser—the centre of attraction of all mountain the centre of attraction of all mountain streams on this watershed, and is instantly swallowed up. On the opposite side of the bridge a pleasing and unexpected sight mees the eye. It is a saw mill—a veritable steam saw mill—in active operation. How the saws revolve and the chips fly as the monarchs of the forest are collared by strong hands bound to the carriers and sent into require. bound to the carriages, and rent into required shapes. How like criminals condemned to pushed forward, and the resistance offered to the saws as they enter the wood seems like a protest raised against the cruel treatment. The capacity of the mill is 23,000 feet per day; but the demand exceeds the supply, and the propriet Massey Cay Houk and the proprietors, Messrs. Gray, Co., recently of New Westminster, are to harness the water of the saucy litt and utilize it to double the capacity establishment, which is in a comp and fitted with every modern requisite to success. Some 30 hands ployed here, and a look through the nent shows that thrift and careful man agement preside over its operations. Into the waggons again, and after a drive of a couple of hundred yards we come to—a printing office ! If the saw mill appeared like a "surprise party" in our eyes, the spectacle of a printing office in this charming spot was

Not long ago a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown un-ceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbours asked him how he liked his drive. "Oh," replied Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awful quick way in puttin' me oot." FARM AND HOUSEHO

ENSILAGE.

THE WHEN FORAGE PLANTS CONTAIN GREATEST AMOUNT OF NUTRITIVE VA A great advance has been made w w years in agricultural knowledge among the most valuable facts learn been this, that grass contains a amount of nutrition when in blossom any time before or afterwards. What is true of the common grasse

timothy, red-top, orchard-grass, and is equally true of corn, which is but a If then, a stalk of corn contains time it blossoms more nutritive value any subsequent time, how foolish and ful to let it stand for the ear to form

expense of the stalk, while at the sar great loss is going on from the leaves stalk, as is the case with other and The seed formed in the head of a timothy or other grass—while very r nutritious in itself—does not by any compensate for the loss which has be tained by the stalk and leaves while t forming and ripening.
The loss which is sustained in the

process is not all. By expending amount of labour the corn is shucked in the cribs. There it suffers more we hope or expect to induce our cattle much of the stover, we must cut it powerful cutter; next the corn m ground, and carefully mixed with corn-fodder. Then it must be steam after all this labour and expense the

enough of it to keep themselves well Now what do we accomplish by all the ing cribbing, grinding, cutting of the mixing and steaming. Why, we ha getting up a very poor quality of "En After the stalks and leaves had almost worthless by exposure to the ridews while the ripening of the ears w accomplished, we then, by an ex laborious, and roundabout way, try the appliances of steam and machiner the corn back into the stalks so that

will nose it about in their mangers,

induce our cattle to eat them.

Why not take and preserve the pla its nutritive value is the greatest? its valuable elements are mixed and in an harmonious whole exactly ada the healthy sustenance of our domeimals, by that Master Chemist whos work as seen in the timest leaf is so f vance of our most skilful combinat we can never even hope to comprel it was formed from the original elem-It will be almost unnecessary to this system of preserving corn-formal well adapted to all the grasse Hungarian grass, millet, pea and bea and, in fact, to all kinds of forage-or is often impossible to cure by drying to the lateness of the season, the sur obliquity of its rays having lost mu-

more available nutrition in a kernel when it is fully grown, before it has when it is fully grown, before it has to harden, before a part of its substaben converted into a hard, tough which is almost indigestible, than subsequent time. This hard protect velope is a wise and providential proprotect the kernel as a seed for future Heretofore no means have been known to cure forage crops except by drying Ensilage has been proved practical, now harvest all our crops when they the greatest available amount of as multive elements, and preserve then paired indefinitely. In this view of the of ripening grain, the conclusion is in that the nutritive aeme in corn an grain is to be found at or before the soming period, as it is in the grasses. soming period, as it is in the grasses.

It is by no means certain, so far kernel of grain itself is concerned, t

ripened grain contains as large an

in the milk. I have often observed

when fed upon soft corn grow bett when fed upon old corn. Experim feeding swine at the West, reported National Live Stock Journal," show t EXPLANATIONS WHY ENSILAGE MUS Many farmers and others came to process of filling the Silo with the gre fodder; nearly all declared that it spoil, mould, heat, and rot. Sever "I guess you will have a fine lot of before winter." I replied, "Gentle will not spoil at all; it will not even will come out inst as good feeding state.

vill come out just as good feeding s s now, and I think better." None of them believed a word I sai plain to be seen. They were certain last of my "new-fangled notions prove a complete failure, and they have the laugh on me this time. deavoured to cheer me up by sayi
"even if it did not work well for the
I intended, the Silos would be a capit
to store fruit in, so that it won't be

any way."
This kind of talk had been goin several days, and was, I confess, get be rather monotonous. One day a nu well-meaning but incredulous neighfarmers were present. They knew no agricultural chemistry, or the philo its preservation; but I made up my would comvine them that the its preservation; but I made up my would convince them that the gree fodder would keep instead of rotting fore I said, "You think it will heat a do you?"—"Yes. I am afraid it withey, each and all."—"Now, I tell won't do any such thing." "Why what makes you think so?" they as knew that I might quote M. Goffart the agricultural scientists in the withem till doomsday, and it would have pression on their minds, so I took illustrations. Said I, "Why doesn't horse-manure heat when it is left in the all winter under the feet of the all winter under the feet of the until it gets three or four feet deep doesn't sheep-manure heat when it i winter in the sheep-folds, and becom and a half to two feet deep?"—"Be is trod down so solid the air can't do is trod down so solid, the air can't it."—"Just so! that is the reason to fodder won't heat and spoil : it is 'tre so solid that the air can't get into i joined. This was rather a staggere there anything which is quicker to he it has a chance than horse or sheep m I asked. "No-o-o," they reluctant mitted. "Now see here," said I: " you all noticed in the spring, when getting out your hog-manure, that ye came across, in the bottom of the buried under the manure, potato-vin weeds which had been thrown into the fall before, that were just as granter as when they were first pulled the ground?" They all replied, "I have all replie "Well," said I, "My Ensilage

just the same way. I trample it do as it is put in the Silos, cover it w straw, then floor it over with plank, about a foot in debth of cobble-st boulders which will press it down so cider-cheese. No air can then get i air and gases already in will be conbeing forced out by the weight. Tit cannot heat any more than the habeen manyers are the statements. sheep manure can when it is trodde compactly." They were silenced.

Pretty soon one old farmer who head, slowly looked round, and stadeliberately said. "By Horn Fyre. deliberately said, "By Horn, I've my mind! I believe it will keep, will have to feed it all out before the begins to get warm in the spring you?"—"No," I replied: "the outs persture has nothing to do with its! Won't a pile of horse or sheep manual." and 'burn' if it lies up loose so that can get at it in the winter, be it ever just as badly as in the hottest days