Of a familiar door, a "vanished hand," A cheery "click" by eager children heas "Papa is home!"—Ah, little, loyal band! How oft your hearts grew sick with he ferred

In time after! for "papa" went forth
And came not back. Then dawned some dark
some days;
The cettage home was sold, and we came north
To a gray city street, to flowerless ways. On the bright steel, great spots of rust \$h

"It would not turn so easily as then"
thought), and "Rosebank" is no more I have no claim to enter it again. Maybe its door has now a different lock-And, oh! if even I could venture there, What should I find? my misery to mock-Ghosts of the dead-strangers' careless

I took the key and laid it out of sight;
"Since thou can'st no more ope the door for one of that dear home, thou need'st not see the light,
For only doors of tears are oped by thee.

The north wind's howling legions
Sweep dewn from boreal regions,
From the pallid sone where winter's throne
Was wrought in the wide waste, wan and lone,
Unnumbered years ago;
They come on wings whose flutterings
Bestrew the world with snow,
And their icy breath is bitter death,
Their football only woe. The east wind comes with sadness
And pain and midnight madness,
com a solttade where curses brood
ad poisoned dews on the dales are strewed,
And sorrow throttles gladness;
it; comes like a ghost from spectral coast
Where cypress branches wave,
And out of its plumes fall ghastly glooms
Like those that encircle the grave.

The south wind comes a-sighing,
To bude and blooms rep ying,
He comes in quest of love and rest,
And presently, on a rose's breast,
In rapture lies a-dying;
He comes like dreams, and only seems,
His cradle is his tomb;
His life is a song to nurmuring streams,
His death—a rich perfume.

The zephyr, fragrance laden, Brings balm to man and maiden— Brings baim to man and master— ings dove-yeak rest to the troubled breast om the mystical regions of the west— From love's enchanted Aidon; It comes with news as fresh as the dews That gather in starry hours, With wonderful store of tender lore From the sweet book of the flowers.

The Old Home.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elr The homestock, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently
sloping down before it,
I see just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting.
With the leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother-listens, as sh
lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

When evening prayer in simple words is said, Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O! happy years of childhood, with thoughts true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest,
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our yea of roving, And clasp fond mem ry's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious heaven. Win back the simple innocence and bliss We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even, We received our angel mother's good-night

DIAMOND WOOING

A NOVEL

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARTH.") CHAPTER VI.

We made a late start the next morning and did not reach the farm house before four o'clock. I had little opportunity of presence of Sturk, who sat on the box of the vehicle and once in a while threw a glance

a degree that more tender sentiments were temporarily pushed into the background. Kate herself, though she attempted to appear obserful, betrayed signs of inward anxiety and nervoueness; while Mr. Birobmore conversed with a volubility and discursiveness greater than I had ever remarked in him before.

The farmhouse stood quite alone on an sufrequented bye-road, in a little angle of the hills. It was not exactly a picturesque

building, with its four walls covered with rough plaster and pierced with dozens of small windows, and its enormous red-tiled roof, with those quaint, narrow apertures, ike half opened eyes, disclosing a single pane of glass, which do duty as dormers. It etood flush with the road, as German houses are fond of doing, but behind was a largo inclosed farmyard, roughly paved with round stones and well walled in. The front door, though rather pretentiously painted and ornamented, with some religions varsicle or other written up on the lintel, was not used as a means of entrance or exit. It was, as I atterwards discovered, not only locked and bolted, but actually screwed up on the inside, and the only way getting into the house was by a side doo opening into the court-yard. As the court-yard itself was provided with a heavy gate, you will see that the farmhouse, close to the road though it was, was by no means so casy of ingress or egress as it appeared— cupposing, of course, that it was the humor of the inmates to declare a state of siege. I mention these particulars merely by the They are common to three out of five in this region.

The Birchmores' luggage had, it appeared, already been carried over from the hotel; but a man in rough peasant's costume, who announced himself as the master of the house, now came out to take charge of my trunk. I was, or fancied myself (as you may have noticed), a quick judge of faces, and this peasant's face failed to commend It was at once heavy and groomy, while a scar at one corner of his mouth caused that feature to twist itself into a perfunctory grimace, grotesquely at variance with his normal expression. In person he was much above the common and, to judge by the ease with which he slung his heavy trunk over his shoulder Starke himself, whose brazen statue domineers over the market place in Dresden.
"Guten morgen, Herr Rudolph!" said
Slurk hailing this giant affably. The two seemed to be on some sort of terms of com-

radeship, having, perhaps, struck up an acquaintance during the previous negotiations for lodgings. I must say they looked to me to be a not ill matched pair.

We alighted and were welcomed in with we slighted and were welcomed in with surly courtees by Herr Rudolph. Kate, confessing to a headache, went at once to her room, whence she did not again emerge. Slurk disappeared into the kitchen regions with the landlord; Mr. Birchmore presently went out for a stroll before dinner; and I, finding myself thrown temporarily on my own resources, decided to make a virtue of ny loneliness by writing some letters which

of rooms in that farmhouse. There were at

into the same the diamonds, it would give use of the same that the same the diamonds, it would give use of the same that the sam

relation of mine—a very near relation,"
replied Christina with the same gravity.
"Have I? I'm glad to hear it! Was she

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows.

Boych did we wooden doorstep old and worn:
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On the distant fielus of rustling, ripening corn.
In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting.
With the leasther-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet faced mother-listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-syed little children, with tangled golden tresses.

"Oh, thy brother! And where did I meet thy brother?"
In Paris, Herr Gainsborough."
In Paris! Rudolph! What, art thou the sister of Heinrich Rudolph? What, art thou the sister of Heinrich Rudolph! What, art thou the sister of Heinrich Rud

Herr's mother."

"So he did, Christina, and he did it better than any one except him could have done it. And so thou art really his sister? How did he tell thee of me?"

How did he tell thee of me?"

"He wrote to me while you were still in Paris, and described the pretty stones and told how Herr Gainsborough used to come and sit with him and see him work and talk a great deal with him."

"Yes, he was well worth talking with.

And I remember now that he said he was born in this neighborhood and that he had a tister and a father living here. It was stupid of me not to have thought of that when I heard your name. Well, Christins, I'm afraid I wasn't of much use to him

who is with me now."
"Herr Birchmore; yes, my brother spoke also of him," said Christina, her gravity returning. "But he did not speak of the returning. "But he did not speak of the young lady or of the servant."

"No. I believe they weren't with him at the time. I only met them myself since I came to Schandau."

"The young lady is Herr Birchmore's—

"The young lady is Herr Bireamore's—
wife?"
"His wife? Dear heavens, to! His
daughter, of course, Christins."
Christina said nothing, being coupied in
neatly smoothing cut the pillow and laying
hear. But 1 on oneed nor our experiments and some the sum of the course and the startle and mystify me.

After a few minutes the two interlocutors moved slowly on up the path and were soon heatly smoothing cut the pillow and laying

the wadded counterpane over the sheet.

"Will Herr Gainsborough stay with us long?" the asked after a pause.

"As long as Herr Birchmore does, I suppose," said I carelessly.

"And Herr Birchmore's daughter!" subjoined Christina with a twinkle of mischief so demure that I could hardly be sure

whether she meant it or not. whether she meant it or not.

"Thou at as elever as thy brother,
Christina," I laugh, coloring a little, teo,
however, I dare say, "It is true I have not
known them long, but—but people see a
good deal of one another in travelling

"I have heard it said that travelling "I have heard to said that traveling makes people acquainted with—" she paused and locked down thoughtfully at her bare feet. Pressnily she lifted her blue eyes straight to mine and asked: "Herr Gainsborough has his diamonds with him?" "Undoubtedly! They are never away from me."

from me."
"In going about this place the Herr
should be cautious. Some of these hills and
valleys are very lonely. There are spots,
not far from here, where no one goes for from me."

ometimes many months."
"Well, I'll be very careful, Christin-"Well, I'll be very caretal, Unrishin-chen," I rejoined laughing, and in truth not a little amused at the care my friends took of me. "But thou must remember that no one in Germany, except Herr Birohmore and his daughter and thyself, knows that any such diamonds as these are in existence ny such diamonds as these are in existence -much less that they are in my pocket."

Christina raised her finger to her lips, as f to warn me to speak lower. "There is at who knows—the man

east one other was Slurk!" she said. "Well, perhaps he may," I replied, some "Well, perhaps he may," and, as what struck by her observation, "and, as I see thou hast taken a dislike to the fellow, I will confide to thee that I consider him an atrocious brute. But, brute though he is, there's no harm in him of that kind. He is an old servant of Herr Birchmore, I believe, and would, of course, be dismissed at once if there was anything serious against him."

'Naturally," was all Christina's answer. She made no presence of arguing the point with me. "Adieu, honored sir," she said at the door. But, with her hand upon the latch, she paused, turned round and added rather confusedly, "Will Herr Gainsbor. ough go on any expedition with his friends

orday?"
"Why, I hardly think so, Christina."
"But to morrow, perhaps?" she persisted, lifting her blue eyes to mine again. "Perhaps," I admitted with a smile.
"Then—it he can trust me—would the
Herr mind leaving the diamonds with me
until he comes back again?

"Nay, Christinchen, I cannot give them up, even to thee, and although I can trust thee as much as thy brother, or myself. But thou might'st lose them; and, if they are to be lost at all, I would rather the responsibility should be mine. Besides," I continued, showing my revolver, "I go always with this. But I thank thee all the same, Christinghen, and I would like to do something-to

I stepped toward her; the fact is, I sup-pose I meant to kiss her. But her expresalong an eccentric passage to my room.

I did not know then, nor could I, even to such an advance. She looked both grave now, accurately describe the arrangement | and hurt, and I paused. "I was going to say-if thou wouldst

Now, my window was on the southern

replied Obristina with the same gravity.

"Have I? I'm glad to hear it! Was she as presty as thou?" inquired I, venturing upon the familiar form of address.
She blushed and anewered:

"It was not a woman — it was my brother."

"Oh, thy brother! And where did I meet thy brother?"

"In Paris, Herr Gainsborough."

"In Paris! Rudolph! What, art thou the sister of Heinrich Rudolph, who lives in the Lastin Quarter, and is considered the cleverest jeweller in the city?"

"Yes, honored Herr," returned Christina smiling for the first time and showing her pretty teeth and a dimple on either obsek.

"My brother Heinrich cut and arranged the diamonds in the parure of the honored Herr's mother."

I had no difficulty in recognizing them; they were Mr. Birchmore and his valet. So far there was nothing surprising in the

far there was nothing surprising in the spectacle. That which did surprise and spectacle. That which did surprise and even astonish me, however, was the mutual bearing of the two men toward each other.

bearing of the two men toward each other.

I have already mentioned the peremptory tone in which Mr. Birchmore uniformly addressed the man Slurk, and the generally overbearing attitude he assumed toward him. But in the conversation now going forward all this was changed. To judge by appearances, I should have said that Slurk was the master, and Mr. Birchmore the valet. The former was gesticulating forcibly, and evidently laying down the law in a very decided and autocratic way. His square, ungainly figure seemed to dilate and take on a masterful and almost hectoring air, while Mr. Birchmore stood with his hands in his coat pookets, undemonstrative and submissive, apparently accepting with after all. I tried to get him customers, but I knew very few people in Paris, and the only person I did succeed in introducing to him — By the way, it was this gentleman meekness all that the other advanced, and only occasionally interpolating a remark or a suggestion, to which Slurk would pay but slight or impatient attention. Both were evidently talking in a low tone, for, though they were not more than fifty or sixty yards from where I sat, I could not catch a single word, or even so much as an inarticulate murmur, unless by deliberately straining my ears. But I did not need nor care to my ears.

nexpected scene which I had witnessed

did not so soon pass out of my mind.

I got up from my table and began walking about the room with the restlessness of one who cannot make his new facts tally with his preconceived ideas. Who and what was Slurk, and how had he obtained ascendancy over a man like Birchmore? Certainly it could not be a natural accondancy. Birchmore must have put himself in the other's power. In other words, Slurk must be blackmailing him. And this was the trouble, was it? This was the mystery? the strouble, was 1s? In its was an emposery.
It was an ugly and awkward business, ortainly, but the main question remained
after all unanswered. What was it that
Birohmore had done to give Slurk a hold
upon him? And had that act, whatever it was, compromised his daughter along with him? For, now that I gathered up in my memory all the hints and signs which had come under my notice in relation to this affair, I could not help thinking that Kate's attitude had in it somothing suggestive of more than mere filial sympathy with her father's misfortune. In that misfortune or fisgrace she had a personal and separate in addition to a sympathetic, share. And yet, in what conceivable way could a low villain like Slurk fasten his gripe upon a pure and spotless young girl? And what a bideous thought—that such a girl should be in any way at his mercy! The more I turned the matter over in my mind, the more ugly did it appear. No wonder that father and daughter had warned me away. Some men in my position, having seen thus far, might have shrunk back and given up the enterprise. But I was not in that cate. gory. I was more than ever determined to see the adventure to its end—nay, to gain my own end in it, too. The conditions of the contest were, as all events, narrowing themselves down to recognizable form. It was to be a trial of strength mainly between myself and Slurk—between an educated, plucky Englishman and a base German ruf-fian—between one, moreover, who had right, moral and legal, on his side and love as his goal, and one armed only with underhand cunning and terrorism and aiming at nothing higher than the extortion of money. This was the way I read the situation, and I flattered myself that I was equal to the

mergency.
Upon consideration, however, I decided to alter my intention of asking Mr. Birch-more about his valet. It was tolerably clear that he was not in a position to give me any information; and, besides, I had already learned everything except the par-ticulars. Those particulars, if I did not succeed in discovering them unaided, must be extracted from Kate. She would not withhold them from me if I questioned her resolutely and directly, enforcing my inquiries with disclosure of the knowledge I had already obtained. This, then, should be my next step. I sealed up my letters, locked them in my desk, and, it being now nearly seven o'clock, I went down to supper

CHAPTER VII. But at supper there was no Kate. Mr. Birchmore and I were served by Christins while the voices of Slurk and our landlord could be heard in the kitchen. My conversation was naturally somewhat constrained.

Mr. Birchmore had a good deal to say
about some excursion which he had in view for the morrow, but I failed to pay very she uttered no sound. Slowly speculati

nearly to the top of the rcom. On the side of the room opposite the two windows and the bed was fastened a tall looking glass, formed of three plates, set one above the other, edge to edge, in such a manner as painfully to cut up and distort whatever was reflected in them. In front of the looking glass was a liliputian wash-stand, and beside it a straight-legged chair without rungs—in a word, a room more utterly devoid of every kind of pictures que or orna-mental attraction could not be imagined; yet I could not keep my eyes from vacantly The door was behind me, as I lay toward the little table on which the lamp stood, but I could see the free edge of it brokenly reflected in the mirror, with the oracked black porcelain latch-handle and the iron bolt which I had shot into its place.

I was anything but sleepy; the heat and the pest of midges and beetles which the light attracted in through the windows would have sufficed to keep me awaks even would have sufficed to keep me awaks even had my mind been at ease. In order to disperse the inscots I finally extinguished the lamp; the moonlight in the room was so bright that I could almost have seen to read by it. I closed the book, however, and, clasping my hands under my head, I gave myself up to meditation. Not a sound of any kind was audible except the muffled ticking of the watch in my waitstoot pocket and the faint rustle of the pillow as I and the faint rustle of the pillow as breathed. The white moonlight seemed t breathed. The white moonlight seemed to augment the stillness; the whole great night, and the house with it, seemed silently and intently listening, and at length I found myself listening intently, too. For what? I could not tell, but I listened nevertheless.

By and by e, I fancied a sound came—a sound from somewhere within the house.

By-and-bye, I fancied a round came—a sound from somewhere within the house. It was a very faint sound, and did not come again; but it was such as might have been caused by the light pressure of a foot in one of the passages outside. Instinctively I reached forth my hand and laid hold of my revolver, but I did not rise from the bed nor otherwise alter my position. I still lay as if asleep, with the revolver in one hand, the other beneath my head, and my area fixed upon the edge of the door, which

hand, the other beneath my head, and my eyes fixed upon the edge of the door, which was obscurely visible in the mirror.

Several minutes passed thus and there was no return of the noise. Then I saw the handle of the door move and turn. The latch clicked slightly; the door, bolted though it was, opened as if on ciled hinges, admitting an indistinct figure in a long robe. admitting an indistinct lights in a long took of soft gray. So much I saw in the mirror. Then the door was closed again and the figure, advancing toward the bed, ceased to be reflected in the glass. It advanced close to the bed and paused there a moment; I could hear its deep, regular breathing. All this time I had not moved, but lay with my back turned, feigning slumber.

ack turned, feigning slumber. Presently the figure passed round the foot of the bed, and came up the other side. The full white light of the moon fell upon it. was Kate, as I had known it was from the first moment she entered the room. She was clad in a dressing-gown of soft, flowing material, which was fastened at the throat and trailed on the ground. It had wide sleeves, one of which fell back from the bare, smooth arm and hand that carried a lamp. The lamp was not lighted. Her black hair hung down on her shoulders and on each side of her pale face. Her eyes were wide open, but fixed and vacant. Her breathing was long and measured, as of one sound asleep. vas Kate, as I had known it was from the

put the lamp down on the table She put the lamp down on the table beside mine and then stood quite still in the moonlight, her face wholly expressionless and without motion. It was an appalling thing to see her thus. It too, remained motionless, but it was because I knew not what to do. To awaken her might bring on the worst consequences. It she were not the worst consequences. the worst consequences. It she were not the disturbed, she might possibly retire as quietly and unconsciously as she had come. But the mystery of her being there at all appeared utterly inexplicable. What had led her, in her trance, to visit my room? How had she ever known where it was? And, above all, how had she contrived to enter through a bolted door with as much ease as though she had been a spirit. Per-

haps this was but a spirit—or a phantom of my own brain! Was I awake? She stretched out her hand, not following its motion with her eyes, but mechanically, and, as it were, involuntarily. She laid it on my coat—on the pocket which contained the diamonds. Then, slowly and deliber-ately, and still with averted face and eyes and that long-drawn, slumbsrous breath ing, she unbuttoned the fastenings one after one, and her soft, taporing fingers closed

upon the case.

Meanwhile, my mind had been rapidly canvassing all the pros and cons of action, and I had come to the conclusion that if would be better for her that I should interfere. Of my personal interest in the mat ter I believe I did not think. Indeed three was no reason why? should be lost, there was no reason why? should. Butit would not do to risk compromising Kate. It was dangerous enough that she should be here at all; but that she should carry away the diamonds with her was in admissible. I rose from my bed and laid ny hand gently on her wrist.

She was no spirit, but warm flesh and blood. For a few moments the restraint in which I held her seemed to baffle and dis-tress her. I fancied I could feel her pulse beat under my fingers; a kind of spasm crossed her face, her cyclids quivered and the eyes moved in their sockets. Then her breathing became irregular and caught in ler throat in a kind of sob. The moment of awakening was evidently at hand, and I dreaded its coming, lest she should scream out and rouse the house. But, fortunately,

looking me in the face, but with her bands clasped tight between her knees. "I do mean him."

mean him."
"Now tell me all that he has done, dear," said I quietly. "I must know everything, and then I promise you that you shall be freed from him."

freed from him."
"He is my master," she said in a frightened whisper. "He has been ever so long.
He makes me do what he wills. He sen me here to night. He shames me and destroys me—he loves to do it! He makes me sleep, and then I cannot help myself. I wake and find it done; and he has no

"Why does he do this?" A Difference in Customs

He was hands: m ... Faultlessly dressed. Jawels glittered on his shirt front. And a smile, that should not have conved a monkey, illuminated his coun puncs.

He was suave. And strictly attentive to busines He was a member of a fashionable courch But he could make Rome howl when ou He had a devoted wife. And pretty children. But what did he care? He held a prominent positio In a big bank. One morning he failed to turn up; So did some \$200,000. The gentleman had fled to Canada, Where he lived in princely style, On ill-gotten wealth

By many he was still highly esteemed. Poor fellow! Thousands do him homage. He was a tramp. Not a pretty tramp. Nor a smart one.

Just an ordinary, measly, unwashed, un odly, dog bitten tramp. But he had seen better days. And in years gone by he had been loved There was one somewhere who loved him Who? His mother And he had shown courage, too.

He had saved a human life by imperiling his own for a wretched companion, who was wildly delirious with the dreadfu ourge of smallpcx.

But he was suspected of theft.

Of stealing a horse.

He was captured.
And pleaded not guilty. "Prove it?"

He could not. He did not have the horse, and never had one. He asked for

They hung him .- St. Louis Critic. A Western Romanee.

"Truthful James," writing in the Min-neapolis Tribine tells this story: A gen-tleman applied to a young lawyer here for a divorce for a friend whose husband had a divorce for a friend whose husband had deserted her. The facts were such that a divorce could easily be procured, and the lady's friend was so informed. The case was placed upon the docket for hearing, and the young legal light assured the parties that the knot would be untied on a certain date without difficulty. The gentleman interested was going to marry the lady, and they made all the necessary preparations for the happy event the day following that upon which the divorce had been promised, issuing printed invitations, securing the minister and attending to other preliminaries. But the young preliminaries. But the young lawyer, in a fit of absent-mindedness, falle to file his note of issue, and the hearing of the case was postponed for one week. say that there was music in the air doe not fairly express the state of affairs when the prospectively happy couple discovered the situation. But the wedding was the situation. But to postponed, all the same.

How He Touched Home Base "Oh! I am dying, doctor. I am dying," moaned a Bloomington man, as he lay on his parlor floor yesterday. "Ah!" said the man of equills, "it's your spine. What caused it?"

"Baseball," said the poor man.
"You, sir, play that odious game, and man at your age, too! Been sliding in home plate on your back, I presume," a the dcotor, with a look of deep disgust. 'No," feebly mouned the cripple. "Umpire, was you, ch?"
"No; I stepped on the ball at the head
of the stairs, and touched the home base in

the cellar."- Bloomington Mail. A GOED reason why type-writers will hardly become common in China is that the Chinese alphabet contains about thirty thousard characters, and the man who thinks of constructing a Chinese type-writer will have to make it the size of a fifty-horse-power threshing machine and

The Concord school of philosophy struc a snag in a paper forwarded by a Texas professor. It was called "The Platonian Idea," and after an earnest and hopeless search for the idea, the school returned the paper to the professor with the simple interrogation, "Why don't you sign the pledge."-Lowell Citisen

run it by steam.

FARM AND GARDEY

Deep tillage means enlarged resources when practised in heavy lands. Petroleum, it is said, will often cure chicken cholers if given in time. A table-spoonful in a pint of meal fed to the hens is sufficient.

A corn crib may be readily made ratproof by supporting it on cedar or locust costs thirty inches high and capped with a stone or broad board.

The one great cause of the small prefits of the majority of small fruit growers and market gardeners is due to the fact that they try to work too much land. A few sods and a little cow manure made

into a heap now where you can throw hitchen slops will make an excellent com-post for your flower pots next winter. The man who takes up farming just because he has failed at everything else has not a pleasant prospect before him. He is likely to add another failure to his list. The common daisy is one of the most divisible of plants. Each separate branch-let may be removed with its medicum of root, and every bit will form a thrifty

plant.

The days of salt pork as the principal meat for farmers, fortunately, are past, and with them impaired digestion, that under the old diet was the source of innu-

Merable His.

A remedy considered satisfactory for various kinds of insects in stored grain consists in placing an open vessel of bisulphide of earbon on top of the grain in a tight bin. Don's let your colonies go into winter parties with none but old beer. They will fag out" before spring, and your hives will ontain nothing but the remains of setures weekers.

funct workers. Beans and peas that are to be kept over winter may be pulled from the vines as fast as they dry. It left on the vines the hulls will sometimes pop open and the seeds be

Kansas farmers who raised broom-cor

last season and held it till about January last received from \$127 to \$175 per ton, nearly twice as much per ton as they ever before received. Rearrange fields in such a way as to retwee fencing to the lowest point, and cost f maintenance on many farms will be educed enough to balance annual claims

by the tax-gatherer. Alsike clover is estimated as capable producing 500 pounds of honey per acre, but something depends on the season and the crop. It grows best on clay soil, and

Green amber cane is very highly extelled y Minnesota farmers as excellent food for attle and mileh cows, it being claimed that t is equal to sorn for producing mik and perior to it for butter.

At the Birmingham poultry exhibition, lately held in England, prizes were offered for preserved eggs. First prize went to eggs packed in dry salt; second to greased eggs in lime water and calt.

Farmers are getting out of the habit of washing sheep. It is dangerous to men and sheep, and unless the wool is very clean there is dirt enough in it to more than balance the difference in price. Heavy wirds that shake off a great des of fruit do not always diminish yield, for what is left grows larger, sometimes so

much superior in size and appearance as to overbalance all apparent loss. The manufacture of beet sugar in Califormix has proved financially successful both to the manufacturers and farmers who raise the beets. The latter can net \$20 an acre profit in raising sugar-beets.

A lat steer or other animal intended for the butcher will go off readily at any time but it is not possible to put on the required fat in a few days, so if there is the inten-The careful shepherd varies the feed of his flocks to suit their condition and appe-tites. On cold clear days his stock will eat nearly twice as much as on warm, we days, and the amount of feed should be

auged accordingly.

If one takes a little time and pains he can readily raise nearly all the trees and shrubs he needs by transplanting to a nursery patch from the forest when small or by buying from the nurseries, where they are grown from seed very cheaply. Many nurserymen advise transplanting vergreens in late summer rather than apring, as the pleasant moisture of the utumn causes them to root well before winter, and they are not first taxed to

It is unfortunate when the character and fertility of a field are not nearly uniform in its several parts. With uniformity of soil the orop will ripen so that all can be har-vested together, and this with machinery run by horse power is a great advantage.

Do not feed a sow that has sucking pige on too much dry food. She should have plenty of slop, but it should be rich and nutritious. A mixture of cornmeal, ground cats and middlings reduced to a hin consistency with skim milk is a good Farmers who have sown gypsum or

strawberry plants to promote their vigor have met some disappointing results. The gypsum produces so large a growth of clove that it becomes almost impossible to keep the rows cleap, and in some instances th hed had to be abandoned. Hubbard equashes are more profitable to

grow among potatoes or corn than pump-kins, and they also make excellent food for stock, especially when cooked. A few pumpkins, however, will serve well in winter as a complete change of diet, and the crop should not be neglected. Plans should be laid to prepare the

Frame rhould be laid to prepare the ground to be planted with raspberries or blackberries next spring this fall. If the ground is ploughed at any time after this and thoroughly cultivated about the close of October, raspberries can be planted as soon as the frost is out without reploughing. thy does not grow very tall, and is some times not worth cutting. It is excellent for turning under as a green manurial crop and also makes extra fine pasturage. Timothy is not as easily thrown up by the

frost as clover, and usually endures the The good start that the calf had on mill in the first few weeks must be kept at least through the first year it the animal is to have full development. The first winter is the trying time, but it requires only liberal feed and comfortable quarters ntain steady growth. Anything short

s sure to be less. A New England dairyman states that he has fed green rye to his cows for three seasons, and the improvement in the quality of milk, cream and butter was very marked. He uses no coloring for his butter, and finds the green ryo better than many other kinds of grass. Considering that rye is a crop that grows well on nearly all kinds of soil, this is very encouraging. Shelter belts to be effectual all the year und should be of evergreens. masses of perpetual foliage make them especially valuable for that purpose. A double row of these trees is worth more as shelter belt in winter than a dozen row

of deciduous trees that offer only naked boughs in winter. Basides tilling carefully and thoroughl the young apple trees, rubbing off surplus shoots, etc, keen observation as to cater-pillars will avoid the enteeblement of any otherwise good trees. Rob any tree of its foliage during the growing season by any process, and the tree is greatly reduced any process, and the in vitality thereby.

The idea that sheep at pasture will live

and thrive without water to drink is serious and costly delusion to many farmers. By eating then dew is on the grass they can get along with little water, but that little they require absolutely as any stock, or poor condition and poor wool will tell the story of their depriva-

white clover is a very persisted plant, and once it is seeded it endeavors to remain, which makes it a valuable grass cathose locations where red clover will not thrive. Like the strawberry, it not only produces seed, but also propagates itself by runners. It makes an excellent pasture and it is a valuable grass for bee-keeps:

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who Are Just IMPENDING DOOM.

"There's going to be comething the matter with my big brother Jim next week," said a 6-year-old child to ber acher. "Indeed," said the teacher, "what is

"Indeed," said the venture, which going to be the matter with Jim?"
"He's going to get married; that's what's going to all him," was the surprising regly.

A SPORTING SPIRIT AROUERD.

A small child was kept from doing evil by being told by his mother that the boo-man would catch him, and by his father that the devil was after him. In time the shild's curiosity became excited, and on being again warned he answered: "Paps, I'd just like to see the booman and the levil get after each other."

MATTIE SEES NO REMEDY. "Why, Mattie, you have put your shoes a the wrong feet!" "Whot'll I do, mamon the wrong feet !" "Whot'll I do ma? They're all the feet I've got." TOO DIFFUSIVE.

"Mamma," said little Mary, "is Uncla Ned Arthur's uncle, too?"
"No," said her mother, "he is Arthur's

father."
"Well, is he your uncle?"
"No; he is my brother. He is Fred's uncle, and yours, and Cousin Lizzie's."
"Now, said Mary, shaking her small head very positively, "I know Uncle Ned isn's such a lot as that!"

AN AVERAGE SCHOOL COMPOSITION. A schoolma'am at the Chase House has the following juvenile o mposition among her school-house manuscript: "A codien is the only Annymal that sin't got no neck. is the only Annymal that aid't got no rect. There and thut one kind of a fi h in the World that lives on the land aid F., s round in the air, and that is a fish-hawh. A codfish has a large mouth, and my Sunday tohoo! Teechers got a large mouth to. Two kids got fixing in the vestry one day and one of em pulled quite a lot of Hare out of the other kids fied and the Superintending pounded one of his Eers with a tending pounded one of his Eers with a book and so they quit. A fish would look funny if they had legs and could rop."

The Mighty Dellar Is long distanced by a 10 cent beatie of Polson's NERVILINE, the newest and test pain remedy. It cures colds, oramps, or it pain in the head, sciatical pain in the best; in fact, it is equally efficacious us an external or internal remedy. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of the great paid remedy, Nerviline. Sold by druggists. Large bottles only 25 cents. Try a sample bottle of Nerviline, only 10 cents. Take 10

The new material for unsinkable appare has been further tested with success in London. This material is composed of threads of cork interwoven with cotton silk, or woolen—machinery which slices the cork to the required thinness forming part of the invention. The garments which are made in this manner have the same appearance as ordinary clo hing, and possess remarkable buoyancy in water,

Thousands of cares follow the use of D

It would seem from the letter of a par-respondent of the London Standard that frogs and mice are deadly enemies. This gentleman observed a battle royal going on between these creatures in a shed. The mice pursued the frogs all over the place for some little time without result, for the frogs managed to clude them. But gradu-ally the mice gained an advantage, capturing and recapturing the frogs, and biting them until they were incapable of further resistance. The mice then ficiency the business by devouring a portion of the the business by devouring a portion of

e the door gently, And, bridle the breath :

I've one of my headaches-I'm sick unto death." " Take ' Purcative Pellets." They're pleasant and sure ; I've some in my pocket I'll warrant to cure.'

Dr. Pierce's " Pleasant Purgative Pelets" are both preventive and curative John Carothers, while burning brush near Akron, Ohio, caught his foot in a brush heap, and was in danger of bei g urned to death. His yells brought a man who said: "Pay me the \$5 you owe me, and I'll help you out." Carothers incisted that he didn't owe any \$5. "All right, then, burn" said the man, and he walked away. Carothers then by frantic efforts released himself, but not before he was

If Your Lungs are Destroyed do not expect that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will make new ones for you. It can do much, but not impossi-bilities. If, however, you have not reached bilities. If, however, you have not reached the last stages of consumption, there is hope for you. But do not delay, lest you cross the fatal line where help is impossible. The Discovery has arrested the aggravatiog cough of thousands of consumptives, cured their night-sweats and hacotic fevers, and restored them to health and happiness.

Tramps in Dakota are not too lazy to the "crow act." That is, they act as scarecrows in the wheat fields, taking turns at standing on a platform high above the wheat, and cossionally yelling cy throwing a stone at the birds. They are paid very little besides what they eat. A learned crank named Adams devotes seven columns in a recent medical journal to "The Dangers of Kissing," He might have said is in five words: "Kissing often leads to matrimony."— Marathoa Inde-

Marriage among the Sioux Indians is for a life-time. Siouxing for a divorce

CONSUMPTION

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto Ntamp 1,000 assorted) Foreign Stamps, 25c D. C.R. L. 37 56

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND