"She is entirely at liberty to do so. She is quite welcome to Mr. Lascelles, if she wishes to marry him. You see I am frank; and to be entirely so, I must tell you—as the time seems to have come for it—that I really have no desire whatever to become Mrs. Lascelles."

"So that is the end of the whole matter!" groaned the elder lady, preparing to shed tears by pulling out her handkerchief.
"Don't cry mamma," said Juliet quietly; "you must have more pride. If you cry I shall have to pet you, and that will make me forget what I had to say."
"What you had to say?" Mrs. Armstrong sniffed.

"I was speaking of Mr. Lascelles, and wished to say something more. You know I do not talk much about people; so you ought to listen when I do—as it is such a novelty." Ah me!" came with a long breath f

"Ah me !" came with a long breath from the lady.

"I must say that Mr. Lascelles is not at all to my taste," said Juliet in a tone of great frankness. "I received his attentions because you desired me to do so - for no other reason. I form my opinion of people very much by a sort of instinct, and generally like or dislike them at once. I never liked Mr. Lascelles; he is by no means a candid or sincere person, and there is a peculiar expression of his face which I do not like—he seems to be watching. His manners are very good, but he wants frankness. I do not like that sort of person, and could not have married him unless my feelings had entirely changed. I did not tell-you this before, as I was afraid of causing you disaappointment and pain, mamma; but you disaappointment and pain, mamma; but it is useless now to conceal anything, as Mr. Lascelles won't have me. You will see now why I am not so much distressed, and quite willing that Miss Bassick shall monopolize

him."

This by no means pleased Miss Bassick, who had descended the stairs far enough to hear every word that was said.

"And as to Miss Bassick herself," continued Miss Juliet, who seemed to be in an unusually communicative mood, "I may have been a little too harsh in my estimate of her character. Her position should be remembered. She's an orphan, with no home or family, and naturally wishes to secure one. The Lascelles are very nice people, and Wye is a and naturally wishes to secure one. The Lascelles are very nice people, and Wye is a very attractive place, and Miss Bassick sets her cap for the heir; that is her own affair. I can only say that I could never do so unless the attraction was the gentleman himself. I cannot find a word for such a thing, and if Miss Bassickhas done so I am sincerely sorry. I hope she is not capable of disgracing her sex so much. I have not a very good opinion of her, I fear, especially as she has heen so very cruel to me"—here Miss Juliet's voice laughed quietly—" but I should not like to lose every

quietly—" but I should not like to lose every particle of respect for her. Listening, and inwardly aware of her real sentiment for Mr. Lascelles, which was sincere indifference, Miss Bassick felt gall and wormwood—to express the idea succinctly. She had a good deal of a certain sort of pride, and an extremely favourable opinion of herself; and Juliet's indifference exasperated her. This sentiment was much increased by Juliet's careless touch on the piano and her next

"And now, mamma, I really think we have said enough. There, don't cry; why should you? There never was a single moment when I could have married Mr. Lascelles. Miss Bassick is perfectly welcome to him. She may suppose that she is triumphing over me, to use your own phrase, and be pleased at the thought that she will pay me back for my celdness to her, which I was really unable to conceal. You see I shall not be as much hurt as she thinks. If she were present I could tell her with perfect sincerity be as much hurt as she thinks. If she were present I could tell her with per foot sincerity that all her acting and contealments were quite unnecessary, and that I, at least, should make no sort of objection if she came into the drawing-room and received Mr. Lascelles as a lady should do. But as she is not present, and we are abusing her behind her back," Miss Juliet said, touching her piano, and uttering her frank laugh, "we ought not to—"
"She is present!" cried Mrs. Arinstrong, rushing to the door.

Thereupon a terrible incident occurred—the writer almost shrinks from attempting to paint it. Such occurrences are much better understood and appreciated from scenic representation then from mere descriptions Bassick's position upon the staircase just without the door of the drawing-room has been alluded to. She had ventured to steal down the softly carpeted staircase until she had reached this position, trusting to her "shoes of silence" not to be discovered. But staircases will creak in the best regulated staircases will creak in the best regulated houses, and however carefully the skirts of dresses are held up they will rustle a little. Twice thus Miss Bassick had advanced carefully, and managed to listen. What she heard did not put her in a very good humour; but clinching her pretty fist, she leaned forward endeavouring to catch every word, when she heard a noise at the back-door of the passes and ravidly was we exist.

aage and rapidly ran up-stairs,

It was this sound which had induced Mrs Armstrong to exclaim "She is present!" and to dart toward the door and into the passage. This resulted in the terrible incident referred to above. She was precipitated into the fragrant arms of of Cinda, and their faces came into collision. Cinda, in fact, had oc-casioned the noise which Miss Bassick had heard. Having discovered that the young lady was not in her own room, the coloured maiden had hastened delightedly down the back staircase to report the fact—to be mysterious back staircase to report the lact—to be mysterious, and express with a giggling accompaniment her private opinion that a secret interview was in progress; and entering the passage, had reached the door of the drawing-room, in which she heard voices, just in time to be rushed into by Mrs. Armstrong.

Cinda staggered, and threw out her arms wildly, clasping the lady to her bosom. As the maiden was somewhat slovenly, not to say dirty, this embrace was rather ardent than pure. In the midst of "silvery laughter" from the direction of the piano, Mrs. Armstrong violently extricated herself from the embrace of Cinda: and that fair one with e of Cinda; and that fair one, with asty explanations, and in a state of discom-ture, vanished. As to Miss Bassick, she was owhere to be seen.

The interview between mother and dar

The interview between mother and daughter soon terminated. Being appealed to as to what should be done, Miss Juliet very quietly replied "nothing, mamma." It would be extremely unkind, she said, to turn Miss Bastremely unkind, she said, ack away, as she had no home: it would be better to give her time, at least, to seek for one—and as the fearful Miss Grundy rose before the eyes of the elder lady, she consented. She had recourse to her handkerchief, and smiffed in a painful manner, clasped Miss Juliet to her breast, and bemoaned the presence of shameless creatures, when the gate of the grounds was heard to open, and looking through the window she saw Mr. Douglas Lascelles riding in. scelles riding in.
"There he is!" she exclaimed—"I can't

"There he is!" she exclaimed—"I can't trust myself to speak to him."
"I would not, then," said Juliet, quietly.
"And you ought not to, Juliet. Come my dear; I will send word that you are engaged."
"I am not at all engaged, mamma; I am uncommonly idle."
"You do not mean to see him, Juliet?"
"Why not?"
"After one conversation?"

"Certainly, mamma. That makes no difference. My opinion of Mr. Lascelles has not altered, and I have nothing in the world to

went and set down in one of the arm-chairs in front of the fire, just as Mr Lascelles ap-

proached the house.
As to Mrs. Armstrong, she tossed her head and walked up-stairs to her chamber, slamming the door behind her. XLIII.

REV MR. GRANTHAM. It was about half-past eleven o'clock at ight. Mr. Grantham was seated in his study to the parsonage, engaged on his sermon for

writing assiduously since his early tea.

At last midnight struck, and Mr. Grantham decided that he would retire. He was not weary of his work, but as his health was not robust, he was physically somewhat fatigued. His expression was sad. In fact, he was thinking about his poor people, and that they would probably suffer on so chill a night. The weather had blown up cold, and the gusty wind was whistling around the gables of the house. That is not generally an uncomfortable sound: one thinks how pleasant it is to be housed, and enjoying the warmth of a cheerful fire. It was, however, unpleasant to Mr. Grantham. He was thinking that perhaps his poor folks might be without fuel, which was saddening.

From this subject he passed to Ellis. He

Mr. Grantham. He was thinking that perhaps his poor folks might be without fuel, which was saddening.

From this subject he passed to Ellis. He had not finished the letter begun just before the visit from the poor man who had been "burnt out" in the mountain—that strange personage, who, perhaps by way of contempt for the humble offering made him, had left the whole lying upon the bench of the porch that night. This fact had aroused surprise and speculation, but Mr. Grantham had now quite forgotten it. He was thinking about his dear Ellis, who was coming home at once, a young deacon. The face of the father glowed at that thought. He would soon see Ellis now and enjoy long hours and days of talk with him—it the young man was not too much at Wye. The worthy pastor had given much reflection to the subject of Ellis and Miss Anna Gray, and had pretty nearly convinced himself that something was going our in that quarter. Ellis and Anna had been brought up together. She was precisely the person calculated to make an impression on his son. She was not only very attractive in the beauty which perishes, but had the sweetest possible disposition, and was devotedly pious. It was thus very natural that Ellis should have become fond of her—she would exactly suit a young minister. As to whether the young lady's sentiments responded to the young man's, there could be very little doubt of that, Mr. Grantham inwardly decided. Who would not be glad to marry his Ellis?

He always kept Ellis's letters in a drawer of his secretary, and had a special bundle there containing those written during the young man's boyhood from school—in fact, his very first he had even preserved. He thought now that he would take a look at these; so he went and opened the drawer containing them, with a key which he drew from his pocket, and took out the bundle and untied the red tape around it. A cheerful perusal of several of the letters followed. They were written in a juvenile, not to say illiterate, manner, but the reader did not observe that fact, or

but the reader did not observe that fact, or notice any fault in the grammar. This was natural. Ellis had written the letters. Having refreshed himself with this fatherly occupation, Mr. Grantham then tied the letters up again, replaced them in the drawer, closed it, and returned quickly to the fire to extinguish a coal which had popped out upon the old worn carpet. From this resulted a simple circumstance. He quite forgot that he had left the key of the drawer in the lock. He then thought he would go to bed—and this he proceeded to do, first covering up the fire with ashes, which was his regular routine. With his candlestick in his hand, Mr. Grantham went slowly up-stairs and reached his chamber, in which there was a glimmering fire. Then succeeded a ceremony which was based on principle with this worthy man. He put out his candle. It is true the candle was not more than an inch long, but then an inch long and lease the search of the cardle was a like of eachle was the fact of the cardle was the cardle was a search of the cardle was the cardle was leased.

was not more than an inch long, but then an inch of candle was an inch of candle. It was not more than an inch long, but then an inch of candle. It would be valuable to many a poor person; and in any event it ought not to be burnt unnecessarily. The frielight was quite sufficient to retire by. Therefore, Mr. Grantham put out his candle, and knelt to perform his private devotions. These were not especially protracted, as the good man did not believe in much speaking, and uniformly omitted all adjurations involving the phrase "Thou hast," as being unnecessary, since He whom he bedressed did not need to be informed in what manner He had blessed or afficted His children. He prayed for those in authority, but only that they might be endued with heavenly grace, after which he left the details unmentioned. As to the North or South, or this party or that, he had nothing to say on the subject. He prayed for his enemies, and forgave them in his heart as he did so. He always ended with "Lord keep me from uncharity."

After rising from his knees, Mr. Grantham took off his voluminous white crayat and to the local of the prayed for his enemies, and forgave them in his heart as he did so. He always ended with "Lord keep me from uncharity."

After rising from his knees, Mr. Grantham took off his voluminous white crayat and took off his voluminous white crayat and to the local of the local o

After rising from his knees, Mr. Grantha took off his voluminous white cravat and hung it over the back of a chair. He then hung it over the back of a chair. He then remained standing in front of the fire without further disrobing. In fact, his ardour in the composition of his History had excited his nervee. He was not at all sleepy—and then there was Ellis to think about. He would be home in a few days. That broken pane in his chamber must be attended to the very first thing in the morning. The wind whistling around the gables admonished him that broken panes were not desirable as December approached. He must not fail to think of it. All at once a low sound mingled with the shrill song of the wind. This sound came from below—apparently from his study—and resembled stealthy steps.

Mr. Grantham was not at all nervous, or given to hear strange sounds; and yet the

given to hear strange sounds; and yet the idea occured to him that he must really have overworked himself during the evening. Now, overwork produces tension of the nervous organization. Mr. Grantham was aware of the fact, and informed himself that he had been improvedent.

aware of the fact, and informed himself that he had been imprudent.

This view of the case, in fact, seemed supported by circumstances. The noise had ceased at once, which was a proof that it was due to his imagination. Where there was nothing to hear nothing could have been heard. It was a mere illusion of his overtaxed senses that steps had moved about in his study. That was impossible. was locked, and he had not been up-stairs for more than half an hour—at all events, not an hour. All was secure—his old servant had hour. All was secure—his old servant had long been asleep—it was physically impossible that a person could have entered the house, even if it were conceivable that any human being could have reasons for doing so. Enter a parsonage between the hours of midnight and one in the morning? With what object? There was nothing to steal in a parsonage, unless the thief was theological in his tastes and coveted works on Divinity.

This idea caused Mr. Grantham to smile, He was the impecunious viator, he reflected, who need not be afraid of robbers. As to murdering him, what living creature had any reason to thirst for his blood? Mr. Grantham's smile grew more cheerful, and he re-

reason to thirst for his blood? Mr. Grantham's smile grew more cheerful, and he reflected that he must have overworked his nervous system very much indeed, to have it play such vagaries. Then suddenly he heard the stealthy steps a second time.

At this Mr. Grantham moved his head quickly, and remained perfectly still and motionless, listening. He did not hear the steps again, but what he did hear was a low, grating sound, which resembled that produced by the opening or closing of a drawer which is a little swollen and does not readily slide forward or backward. This satisfied him that he had not overworked his nerves, after all. He had really heard what he thought he had heard. Some one was in his study!

study!
Mr. Grantham was a very sweet-tempered Mr. Grantham was a very sweet-tempered and peaceful man in his disposition, but a very cool and resolute one. A great deal of force of character lay under his gentle smile. He lit his candle at the fire, went to the door, opened it quietly, and went out into the little passage leading to the staircase. Here he stopped and listened. For some moments all was quite silent, and he began to think that after all he had really heard nothing. Then an indistinct sound again came from the study.

This decided Mr. Grantham, and he walked This decided Mr. Grantham, and he walked quietly down the narrow staircase. As he wore slippers—his habit in the evening—his steps made no noise whatever. He reached the bottom of the stairs, went along the passage, and opened the door of the study.

As the door opened, a man, who was kneeling in front of the old secretary from which Mr. Grantham had taken Ellis's letters, rose suddenly to his feet. The fire had been stirred up, and lit the apartment—a light which was not needed, however, as Mr. Grantham had his candle. He came into the room, and stood facing the man, who was coarsely dressed, and had hastily drawn a short black.

"It was easy. I supped the bott of your back-door, which is not exactly a Chubbllook."

"Little precaution is taken against intrusion in a quiet place like this, friend. I had supposed that I needed no looks at all. A poor clergyman I thought was quite safe, at least, and it was some time before I could persuade myself that I really heard a noise in this room."

"Sorry you heard it. I tried not to disturb you," said the burglar with a short laugh.

"I scarcely heard you, and thought at first it was only my fancy. I was up late, working, and then read my boy's letters. He is a

veil over his face, apparently sewed to the lining of his hat. This diagnise had two holes for the eyes, and reached to his upper lip, which was bearded like his chin. "Who are you, friend, and what is your object in entering my house?" said Mr. Grant

ham, mildly.

The intruder had put his hand into his pocket, apparently to draw some weapon, but at these words took it out again, as if con at these words took it out again, as if con the stook it was unnecessary. He stook

nothing.

"What is your object in entering my poor house" said Mr. Grantham. "I cannot imagine how you did so, or why. There is nothing here of any value, if theft is your aim. How can there be?"

To this second question the man made no more reply than to the first. He was apparently hesitating what course to pursue, or

more reply than to the first. He was apparently hesitating what course to pursue, or what to say. He had in his hand the very bundle of letters, tied with red tape, which Mr. Grantham had examined an hour before, and grasped it irresolutely. Mr. Grantham noticed that.

"Those letters you have in your hand," he said, mildly, "were written by my son when he was a child. They are valuable to me, but can be of no value at all to you. Why do you disturb them?"

"I don't want the letters," said the man in a gruff voice, letting the bundle fall to the floor, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Grantham. "Why take them from my drawer, then, friend? and why do you stand like a robber in a stage-play, looking at me and scarcely speaking? You must have some object in putting yourself to so much trouble."

"I have an object," said the intruder, coolly: "it is not to rob you of your property. As you say, there is nothing here to tempt anybody. I was looking for some papers."

"Some papers? What papers?—and what possible value can any of my papers be to you?"

Feeling a little tired standing, Mr. Grantham sat down, and said to the burglar,

"Take a seat, friend. I always prefer to sit when I am talking, and perhaps you may prefer it also."

The burglar obeyed this suggestion by aitting down in a hesitating manner—his eyes fixed upon Mr. Grantham, who was, however, quite unable to see their expression,

"Now tell me all about it, friend," said Mr. Grantham, in the same mild voice. You will acknowledge that this incident is a little out of the common every-day experience. It is unusual to find my house entered at dead of night, and my drawers searched for papers. Papers! What papers do you wish? I have only letters and sermons. You can scarcely wish the latter, friend—they would not suit your occupation precisely. Explain your object, and what papers in my possession could possibly be of any interest to you."

"Mr. Grantham," said the burglar.

"Well, my friend?"

"You are a brave man."

"Brave? It is true that was said of me when I was a young man—and I am afraid a

"You are a brave man."
"Brave? It is true that was said of me when I was a young man—and, I am afraid, a very bad one. But I do not wish to be thought brave in all things. If you mean that I do not grow pale and tremble from fear of you, you are right."

"You are brave all the same," said the burgler "What is to receive the same," said the

burglar. "What is to prevent my murdering you? I am armed and you are not. This is an ugly looking toy what do you say to it?"

He put his hand into his breast, and drew from the inner pocket of his coat a bowie-

dling with a man like you.'
He put the knife back in his pocket, and

said, "You asked me just now what I came here Do you for. I came to get some papers. Do you want a story to explain why I am after the papers? Here is the story."

papers? Here is the story."

"I should like to hear it," said Mr. Grantham. He had placed his candle on the table, and was leaning back in his chair, with his elbows resting upon the arms, and the tips of his fingers just touching—the palms of the hands open. In this attitude he presented the appearance of a person at ease in his elbow-chair, and listening to a friend conversing. Opposite sat the burglar, erect in a stiff-backed chair near the open drawer. As Mr. Grantham had closed the door behind him when he came in, they were alone together.

him when he came in, they were alone together.

"Here is my story to account for my wanting the papers," said the burglar: "There
was a friend of mine who got into trouble,
and while people were after him he slept here
one night. He was a big fellow with a little
girl. He had papers about him which
he wanted to keep from the officers. They
were in a travelling-bag, and this was left at
your house by accident. He was afraid to
come and call for the papers, so I came to
get hold of them—not to hurt or rob any-

get hold of them—not to hurt or rob any-body."
"Your friend lives in the mountain, no doubt," said Mr. Grantham.
"Why in the mountain?"
"And you and your family were burnt out

"And you and your family were burnt out recently, were you not?"
"My family—"
"I mean, that it was you who came the other evening and asked alms for your family, who had just had the roof burnt from over their heads. I recognize you now—and shall I tell you how I feel, friend? I feel ashamed for you."

for you."

The words seemed to produce some effect upon the burglar. He did not reply, but a movement of the disguise on his face was evidently produced by a contraction of his

"Do you know that you were guilty of a very unbecoming action?" said Mr. Grant-ham. "It is painful. You came and apvery unbecoming action?" said Mr. Grantham. "It is painful. You came and appealed to me in in forma pauperis, as we say, friend—to ask assistance for your poor family, and that family was only an imaginary one. Tour object was to deceive me, and in return for my kindness, carry off my property—or what was entrusted to me,"

"I put the bread and the meat and the money on the bench of the porch," the burglar said, in protest.

"Yes, that is true; but you robbed me of the clothes of my poor. That was the unbecoming act I refer to. I was afraid it was you."

veer and applied to the doot or for medical treatment, the mother representing that her two daughters had been ill and required immediate attention. After receiving the attention of the doctor for some time, they retired from the office and went direct to the City Hospital, where they stated that they wanted the very best medical attention the city afforded, and asked that rooms be assigned them. Apartments were provided for them, and at one o'clock yesterday morning strange noises, coupled with singing and shouting, were heard emanating from their room, and the house surgeon being notified, he repaired to the room for the purpose of ascertaining the matter, and to quiet the disturbance. The physician was received in due form, and they welcomed him quite royally, urging him to join the party and indulge in the mining the first provided in the provided for the girls indulge in movements bordering on the can-can style, and after expostulating with her for some time he finally prevailed upon her to keep quiet. Breakfast was furnished them in their room, and the girls created considerable noise, so much so that they were ordered to keep quiet. During the morning one of the daughters called upon Mr. Paul Cushman, one of the governors of the hospital, and represented to him that her sister had been admitted into the hospital, and that she was in a very low condition, and asked that a elergyman be sent to administer to her spiritual wants. Mr. Cushman, doubting her story and believing her to be insane, notified the chief of police. Shortly after dinner another fracas ensued in their room. They danced the can-can, kicking about with the agility of a French Mabille dancer, and one of them, in order to cap the climax, performed the deliciously delicate, as well as dangerous and unushal, feat of standing on her head. In the meantime Mr. Cushman, doubting her story and believing her to be insane, notified the chief of police. Shortly after dinner another fracas ensued in their room. They danced the can-can, kicking about h "There they are," he said.
And, in fact, there in the corner was the And, in fact, there in the corner was the small travelling-bag, with the poor children's clothes, and Frances Cary's note and tracts.

Mr. Grantham was obviously gratified.

"I am truly glad to see that you have brought the clothes back. They are not mine; they belong to my poor."

"Well, there they are, Mr. Grantham. It

was a mean act, but not intentional. You see, I thought it was the other bag."
"And you have come for that to night. How did you enter?" "It was easy. I slipped the bolt of your back-door, which is not exactly a Chubb-

night. While in Troy it is learned they visited several of the physicians at that place, and in the pockets of one of the daughters a number of Troy prescriptions were found. They appeared to have plenty of money, and also had return tickets to New York. While in the hospital they feasted on raw eggs, which they bought, one of the girls having a bag containing no less than three dozen. The daughters are quite young, well dressed, and it is said, have friends in this city. The youngest was a book canvasser here about four years ago. value so much on the floor, I see."

The burgiar stooped down quickly and icked them up.

"I am sorry—I didn't mean to throw the etters down. They fell out of my hand." (To be continued.)

FROM BLACK TO WHITE.

Terrible Experience which Change Colour of a Man's Hair in a Night. the Colour of a Man's Hair in a Night.

Little Rock Gazette.

Mr. Slocum, of Slocumville, yesterday attracted the attention of a Gazette man. Mr. Slocum seemed to be a gentleman. He was a young man, and only one thing distinguished him in any special manner from numerous other young men on the street. His hair was white as the driven snow. Vivacious and intelligent in appearance, the contrast between his youthful looks and snowy locks was startling. Feeling that some story of a terrible strain on Mr. Slocum's nervous system was partially revealed in this manner, the Gazette man inquired the cause of the change of colour in his hair. A strange expression flitted across his features at the question, as if no very pleasant recollections were awakened, but forcing a smile he said:

"A terrible experience caused my hair to change its colour, and I cannot yet speak of it without shuddering. However, I have no objection to relating the circumstances."

"What was the original colour of your hair, Mr. Slocum?"

was Killed by a Locomotive.

A year or so ago a little girl living near the line of the Erie railway, two miles from Rathboneville, N.Y., was presented with a pair of doves. They were in the habit of flying about in the vicinity. One day, three weeks ago, they were flying across the railway track, when the male bird came into collision with the smoke stack of the Pacific express, which passes the spot about 7 o'clock in the morning. The bird was killed by the shock, and instantly thrown out of the sight of its mate. The female circled around the spot for a few minutes, in evident amazement at the sudden disappearance of her mate. She then flew to a mile post near by, and for a long time gave utterance to the mournful notes characteristic of the dove. Suddenly she seemed to realize what had carried the male from her sight, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly realize what had carried the male from her sight, and she rose in the air and flew swiftly in the direction the train had gone. She did not return until about noon. She alighted at her cote, where she remained the rest of the day, uttering her plaintive cries. Next morning, just before 7 o'clock, she was seen to fly away, and take a position on the mile-post near the spot where she last her mate the day before. When the express train came along she flew at the locomotive, hovered about the smoke-stack, and around the cab, as if looking for her mate. She accompanied the locomotive for a mile or so, and then returned to her cote. Every day since then she has repeated this strange conduct. She goes to her look-out for the train at precisely the same time each morning, and waits until the train comes along, no matter how late it may be. She never goes further than about a mile with the train, returning then to her cote, and mourning piteously all day. Mr. Slocum ?" Jet black. I will give you my experience

Western Arkansas. There were fough characters out there. Men who would steal the shoes off your horse's feet, when they could get nothing else. Outlaws who were steeped in crime and hesitated at nothing. In the course of my trip I reached a district in which were several characters who, for doing deeds of crime, had attracted the attention of the whole State, but the authorities were unable to apprehend them. I had quite a large sum of money with me. I feared nothing in those days. After being one morning in a small village near Little River, and receiving \$150, I started out on horseback north towards Fort Smith. I had about \$1,700 in my saddlebags and was a little bit nervous to get it safe to that place. I had seen nothing to make me suspect that I was not safe. The sun shone brightly and the heat was somewhat oppressive. As it grew later in the day it became so warm that I thought I should rest. Coming to the banks of Little River I forded it and clambered up the steep northern bank. Jumping off my horse I tied him under a clump of trees and sought the grateful shade of an elm that grew near the river bank. I had carried my saddle-bags with me, and making a pillow of them, lay down. Two revolvers were in the holster. I fell asleep, and did not know how long I slept, but suddenly awoke to find three men standing near me. Regardless of consequences, I seized one of my revolvers and pegged away, hitting one of them in the shoulder and disabling him. The other two grappled me. One of them made a pass at me with a knife, but I dodged it and hit him in the head with my pistol, knocking him senseless. The other closed with me and we had a — of a struggle. Biting, scratching, and kicking, we tried in vain to throw each other down. I had dropped my pistol. My horse whinnied from fright, and it began to grow dark. To my dying day I will not forget that fight. It was death to one or the other. I had recognized in my assailant Bill Buckle, a notorious character. Desperately we fought, edging nearer the river. The bank

"why, man alive, I don't want to buy dozen cans, but only one. What do you as for half a can, wholesale figures?"

"Never sell half a can." "I reckon you never sell anything if you mark your goods up that way. Suppose I take one whole can, will you come down to a dime?" "Fifteen cents is the usual price."
"That may be with unreliable transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that captures my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime, and throw in a pound or so of soda crackers and it's a whack."

AN INSANE THREE.

Strange Autics of a Mother and Two Daughters.

From the Atbany Argus.

The City Hospital was the scene of

curious sensation yesterday, the circum stances of which are as follows:—On Sunday

afternoon a mother and two daughters arrived in this city, and after calling upon a number of physicians, during the afternoon, they finally visited the office of Dr. Vander-

pound or so of soda crackers and it's a whack."

"Do you buy a good deal in the course of the year?" asked the proprietor, with a sneer.

"Do I buy a great deal? I should say I did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using from now is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, late in February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stale watermelons thrown in as a sorter of an inducement, and you can put these two nickels in your burglar-proof safe."

"Fitteen cents is the lowest price."

"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold out over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk, and it's a transaction."

· Unable to Trade.

A BIRD'S GRIEF.

you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he is fixing to fail or swindle somebody, somehow. Good morning, sir." body, somehow.

Galveston News.

Some two or three mornings after the re-lation of this occurrence, Sketchem came into the theatre, his eyes actually starting out of his head.

"It's a shame," he ejaculated, "an fernal shame!"
"What?" said I. "What?" said I.

"The utter worthlessness of the Boston police force," returned Sketch, indignantly.

"As I was going across the Common last night, on my return home from the theatre, I was attacked by three masked men with revolvers. They would have killed me, sure, but for my dodging behind the trees. It was a close shave, I can tell you. Just look at the hole in that hat;" and removing his tile, Mr. Sketchem showed a neat perforation of the crown suspiciously close to his cranium. "An inch lower," he continued, "and they'd have had me."

In this I acquiesced, and after inspecting the bullet-hole asked him if he had any idea who his assailants were.

"Not the slightest," said he, "I didn't know I had an enemy in the world. It's not

know I had an enemy in the world. It's not the risk I care for, but to think that not a policeman turned up during the whole twenty

"Were there that many fired?" I inquired in surprise.

"About that number, I should judge," said he, modestly. "Of course I can't be precise. I was too much excited. It may have been one or two more or one or two less; but one thing is certain; as I came across the Common, this morning, I could tell the trees behind which I dodged by the bullet marks on them. You must come over and

the trees behind which I dodged by the bullet marks on them. You must come over and see 'em with me."

I assented, and walked away, feeling that people had been popping away at Sketch. A few minutes afterwards I met Stuart Robson, who was our comedian at the time, and concluded to get his opinion on the subject.

"Rob," said I, "do you know Sketchem was fired at last night on the Common?"

"Of course," said he; "three masked men wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"And they fired about twenty shots, more or less?" (with a twinkle in his eye.)
"Right!"
"And there are bullet marker on the trees

this morning."
"Precisely," returned I. "I see he has told you about it."
"Oh, often," exclaimed Mr. Robson, "but not this morning."

"I tell you, Rob," I replied, "the man has a bullet hole in his hat."

"I know it," returned the comedian calmly;
"it's a property hat he keeps for the purpose."

pose."
"Then the whole story's a lie?" "Neighbour, as you have been taken in, I regret to say that it is. There is no one who enjoys Sketch's lying more than myself, but he really ought to get something new—this is the seventh time he has been assassinated on the Common, this winter."—Jay Bee, in Boston Courses.

The experiment which Messrs. Tuckett & Billings entered upon when they, commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this: to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest possible margin beyond its actual cost, in the hope that it would be so extensively bought as to remunerate them. By the end of three years the demand for it had grown so much as to give assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached. hope that it would be so extensively bought as to remunerate them. By the end of three years the demand for it had grown so much as to give assurance that the success of the experiment was within reach. The demand for it to-day is more than ten times greater than it was then and it is still increasing. Success has been reached.

Miss Neilson's will leaves the bulk of her fortune, amounting to some \$44,000, to Rear-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn.

BEATS NIAGARA.

Waterfall in Guiana Five Thousand Feet

Barrington Brown, during his memorable survey of Guiana, reached the foot of Roralma, and ascended its sloping portion to a height of 5,100 feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point he reached and the foot of the great perpendicular portion which towered above is a band of thick forest. Looking up at the great wall of rock 2,000 feet in height, he could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold, there they cling. The gigantic cliff itself is composed of beds of white, pink, and red sandstone, interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting on a great bed of red diorite. The length of Roralma is about eight or ten miles; Kukenam is perhaps larger, and the area of Illebeapur is certainly more extensive. It is impossible to view this wonderful group of mountains without realizing that far back in the youth of the world they formed part of an archipelago in tropical

more extensive. It is impossible to view this wonderful group of mountains without realizing that far back in the youth of the world they formed part of an archipelago in tropical seas. That they are well wooded and watered is made certain by visible trees and the enormous waterfall which pours at least from Roralms.

A grand review of this cataract was obtained by Barrington Brown from the mouth of a cave, inhabited by guacharo birds, and situated 1,882 feet above the level of the sea. Through the clear atmosphere was distinctly visible at a distance of thirty miles the white thread of the water-fall. The Indians said it was the head of a branch of the Cotinga river, but it is more probably the head of the Caroni; a branch of the Ormoko. This tropical Staubbach is probably the highest fall in the world, and is at the same time of considerable bulk. The cliff of Roralma is 2,000 feet in height, over the upper half of which it fell like a plumb-line and then descended with a slight slope outward. The remaining 3,000 feet to the valley below slopes at an angle of 45 degrees, and, being tree-covered, the rest of the fall is hidden by foliage. The invisible attraction of the curious savanna range of island mountains to naturalists arises from the inaccessibility. This should not be understood as the mere desire to excel others in a feat of climbing, but as the hope that some relies of the mammalian life of the so-called "miocene" period may have survived on these isolated altitudes, cut off from all communication with the living, moving world. If any of the "miocene" mammals lived upon them when the sea washed over their bases, the descendants of those animals may exist there still, as the lemurs exist in Madagascar, and a whole family of masupials, such as the kangaroo in Australia.

Perhaps a balloon may one day solve the mystery which lends a charm to these island mountains, and the happy naturalist who lands—as one will, of oourse, and in time, on the summit of Roralma—may find himself among the descendants of The family had only lately moved into the register their agreements and only lately moved into the neighbourhood. A day or so after their arrival the head of the family went to a grocery in the neighbourhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk.

"Fifteen cents," said the proprietor.

"Fifteen devils!" exclaimed the customer,

world, grim monsters of the nsn-nzard form, but the great progenitors of existing mammalia. Leaving the tapir, one of the most ancient of extant creatures, at the bottom of the Roralma cascade, he may find at its top its gigantic congeners—huge herbivorous animals 15 and 18 feet in length; the dinotherium a tapir like greature length at the state of the rium, a tapir-like creature, larger than the elephant; antique analogues of the mastodon, ancestors of the horse, the hog, and the great cats which in the known parts of the

did. Why, it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using from now is more than half gone, and, I only got it last February, late in February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stale watermelons thrown in as a sorter of an inducement, and you can put these two nickels in your burglar-proof safe."

"Fifteen cents is the lowest price."

"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold out over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk, and it's a transaction."

"I won't do it."

"All right! You won't do it. I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what it's worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he is fixing to fail or swingle some.

be really as difficult as painted. Lizards in the semi-ophidian stage might be encountered, and other animals which, as the little boy said who had been taken into a lecture of Prof. Owens', "had not quite made up their minds what they were going to be."

The question is, is Roralma as inaccessible as it looks? From recent evidence there is a break in the water-fall at a point 1,000 feet below the flat, cliff-like summit. Now 1,000 feet do not cover a very great height, and there is no good evidence as to the inacessibility of the mountain. Travellers have looked from afar, and Indians have taked, and nothing has been done among them. Has any white man tried the ascent and failed? Is the scientific world of to-day going to give up as impossible what has never been seriup as impossible what has never ously attempted?

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

An Elopement Story from London — Pretty Shop Girl and a Missing Husband. London, Aug. 19.—An evening paper prints the particulars of the domestic scandal referred to yesterday. The two parties immediately connected in the affair are Jas. W. Turner, a Dundas street fruit dealer, and a shop girl named Lizzie Hutton. Mrs. Turner at one time assisted in attending to business in the shop, but about a year ago gave it up, except at occasional times. The girl Hutton, whose parents are respectable people, living here, then took the position of assistant behind the counter. In conversation with a reporter except at occasional times. The girl Hutton, whose parents are respectable people, living here, then took the position of assistant behind the counter. In conversation with a reporter this mcraing, Mrs. Turner says that about the 24th of April she paid a visit to Windsor, where she received intimation for the first time that something was wrong in affairs at home. On returning, naturally she observed matters closely, and while passing in and out of the store saw very frequently enough to convince her that Mr. Turner and the shop girl were on terms of too close intimacy. Love scenes of one kind and another, it appears, have often transpired between the two. Heretofore the domestic life of the husband and wife has been of the most satisfactory character, according to the statement of the latter. Several times during the past month Mrs. Turner taxed her husband about his conduct with the girl, but he always put the topic aside by saying, "Oh, she's a good shop girl, let her alone," and similar statements. On the civic holiday Miss Hutton left for Toronto, and on Tuesday last Mr. Turner set out for Detroit. Mrs. Turner fully believes that her husband left for the purpose of joining the girl, and that at present they are together somewhere, presumably at Detroit. She thinks, further, that he has no intention of coming back. His trade here was a good one, and consequently financial embarrassments were not the cause of his departure. Mr. Mountjoy, wholesale fruit dealer, has received a letter from Turner, saying that he intends returning, and that in the meantime Mrs. Turner will continue the business, which at present she is doing, but under rather trying circumstances. Her appearance indicates great trouble of mind, and she seems to take painfully to heart the faithlessness of the husband to whom she has been a faithful wife.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Lizzie Hutton, who is alleged to have eloped with Turner, the fruit dealer, has not yet returned to the city. It appears that she left the city for Toronto on the civic holida

owing to hard work and close attention to business. No intelligence has reached her people here since then, and to-day Mr. Hutton set out for

the reason that the shop was kept open late, and it was a long distance to where she lived on Pallmall street.

HUMOROUS.

A fool and his hair are soon parted-in the

A mosquito always settles before he pre-sents his bill. The dancing master is always taking steps to improve his business. Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

An indication of spring—A schoolboy putting a bent pin in his teacher's chair.

The rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gather's the fellow that rides a bicycle every The time of life when a young man's mind

turns fondly to dress is unpleasantly called the garb age. Professor—"What are the constituents of quartz?" Student—"Pints." A bland smile creeps over the class.

Steamboat companies are not behind the philanthropists in doing a great deal to encourage people to learn to swim.

"How shall we get the young men to church?" asks a religious weekly. Get the girls to go, brother; get the girls to go. "I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

A little boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder," said he; "mother, I ain't a gun."

A little girl, noticing the glittering gold filing in her aunt's front tooth, exclaimed:—
"Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours.'

"If from your glove you take the letter G, your glove is love, which I devote to thee." The answer was prompt, and was also in verse:—"If from your page you take the letter P, your Page is age, and that won't do for me."

"I'd never have gone into Parliament" says a Tory squire who, somewhat against his will, has been returned for his county, "had I known they were going to pull out this Greek question again. I had enough of Greek questions at Eton."

Upon the marriage of her daughter, the other day, a Philadelphia mother remarked that she was sure she would quarrel with her son-in-law. "But it is all right," she said, "he and I have agreed to have no mud-slinging during the campaign." ing during the campaign."

"And what is your name?" said Spicer, as the porter gave the finishing touch to his calf skins. "Mark, sur," said the Hibernian, as he gathered his brushes up. "Sorry," said the questioner; "you won't live long. Death loves a shining Mark."

Beer sells for twenty five centers also Beer sells for twenty-five cents a glass in Mexico. O jovial Bacchus, just think what it must cost to elect a president in that country! Now we understand why they have so many revolutions in Mexico. A war is cheaper than a legitimate political campaign. cheaper than a legitimate political campaign.

A belle of the Palais Royal company was lamenting over the probability of sea sickness in her transit across the channel. "And

in her transit across the channel. "And have you no dread of home-sickness?" asked an admirer. "I have no home," was the reply. "Or heart-sickness?" "I have very little of that either."

There is to be a club of circus men. There will be no chairs in the club, nothing but trapezes. When they dine everybody will stand on his head. There will be no stairways. The members will get into the club by climbing the waterspout and coming down through the chimneys.

"Why is it," says a bore to a friend," that you call on me and never invite me to call on you 2". "Well, you see," replies the other, "it is because when I go to your house and you bore mes I can take my hat and go, whereas if I invited you to my house and you bored me, I couldn't very well put you out, you know!"

know!"
"William, you have again come up unprepared!" "Yes, sir." "But from what
cause!" "Laziness, sir." "Johnson, give
William a good mark for uprightness." "Bates, you proceed." "I have not prepared, too sir." "But why not?" "From laziness, sir." "Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism!"

A young London traveller got out of the care at a station on one of the miller of the sides.

A young London traveller got out of the cars at a station on one of the railways that run to Niagara Falls, and hearing the words, "Ten minutes for refreshments," said to his bride, "My dear, own Marion, you know, that on these, as it were, as you may say, to be explicit, you know, it is a very useful thing to enjoy, as you can, you know, the luxuries, to be sure, of the mere life that comes to those of us, candidly speaking, wha are, you know, about to descend from the cars, as it were, to see——." Here the bell rang, the train departed, and the young man said, "I will write a book about America."

An English gentleman at the Uffizi Gallery An English gentleman at the Uffizi Galler, was admiring the ancient bronzes representing some of the finest specimens of Etruscan art, when he was accosted by an Anglo-Saxon—"What's this, mister?" and as he spoke he rang a statue of Mercury with his horn, knuckles. "That's Mercury." The ruralist gazed for a moment with onen mouth at the

knuckles. "That's Mercury." The ruralist gazed for a moment with open mouth at the bronze representation of the messenger of the gods, and beckoned to a companion at the other end of the cabinet, to whom he said:—"Jim, what do you suppose that 'ere figger is!" "I dunno," responded Jim, in turn giving it a resounding rap, "bronze, hain't it!" "No," said the other, "'taint; it's quicksilver!" "Wha-at! the stuff they put in thermometers? Wa-al, I am durned. What'll they do next!" And after another long look the couple moved on, deeply impressed with the wonders of art.

Prompt Dignity. Guibollard had been a father just five min-utes. His servant entered with a letter in his hand. "What is that?"

"A letter."
"For whom?" "For you."
"How is it addressed?"
"To M. Guibollard." "How do you know, sir, that it is not for my son?"—Paris Paper.

No Cure No Pay. Dr. Pieroe's Family Medicines are guarateed to cure. For particulars see wrappers and pamphlets. They are reliable, have not sprung into popularity in a week or month, and gone out of favour as rapidly; but, being sustained by merit, have won a world-wide reputation, necessitating a branch in London, to supply foreign countries, while the home sales are enormous throughout the United States. Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, preventing fevers and and enriches the blood, preventing fevers, and curing all skin and scrofulous affections, stimulating the liver to action, relieving biliousness, and curing consumption, which is scrotula of the lungs. If the bowels are costive, take Pierce's Pellets (little pills). Both sold

by druggists.
CHICAGO, Ill., May 5th, 1879. World's Dispensary Medical Association: GENTLEMEN,—For years I have been a great sufferer. My trouble first started with terrible ague chills and constipations. This left me in 1878 with a racking cough and freleft me in 1878 with a racking cough and frequent bleedings from the lungs. Since this time I have been continually doctoring, consulting physicians without number. From them I received no benefit or encouragement. The most noted physicians of our city who last visited me expressed their opinions in the brief but hopeless words, "Take good care of yourself the few days you have to live, we cannot help you." I grew steadily worse under their treatment. One day, through reading your Memorandum Book, I learned of the Golden Medical Discovery. With but little hope of relief, I purchased a bottle, and took it. To my surprise and satisfaction, it took it. To my surprise and satisfaction, it did me more good than all the drugs I had taken the year around. I am now st it with benefit, and recommer just what it is advertised.

Sincerely yours, JAMES P. McGRATH,

ENSILAGE. FILLING THE SILO.

ommenced cutting my green-corn f ept. 22, and finished putting on the weight at three o'clock p.m., Sep g in about two feet in depth is fast enough; for the shrinkag be much less when the weights a an it would be were the silo

The seven acres of corn-fodder filler ile to within about 5½ feet from the Upon the top of the ensilage I put about too of rye straw uncut. Then I comment one end, and floored it over by laying the spring plank crosswise the entire le Upon this floor I put about 25 tor boulders. I am not sure that the struckers of further experiments will describe the struckers of the services of the sure less part season. ecessary; further experiments will deshall use less next season.

The ensilage settled about 1½ feet. has been no odour or steam arising fr.
The cost of cutting the corn up, hauling the cutter, cutting it 4-10 of an inch and packing in the silo was not far from

and packing in the silo was not far free cents per ton.

It was new work. The cutter was adapted to the business, clogging badinecessitating slow feeding. All this com to make it cost more than it will when we come used to the work of handling amounts of green corn feeder. amounts of green-corn fodder.

The corn-fodder can be cut in the field corn knives cheaper than by the mo machine. The men as they cut it lay bunches; for it is much easier for the d gather it up after the mowing-machine. extra cost of cutting is more than made extra cost of cutting is more than made the expedition in loading and hauling.

Now, when it is considered that the plant is at its best but a few days; t can all be put into silos when in the best lition; and that, notwithstanding grean successive plantings, if used directly the fields, much has to be fed either in a mature state, or when too hard for the co masticate the stalks—it will be see the saving, however considerable in pl

as well as harvesting the whole crop time, is but a trifle compared to the gnutritive value by being cut at the right of growth, and preserved by the syst of growth, and preserved by the syst ensilage with all its elements uninjured.
Ensilage is therefore the most economethod of soiling. The preserved succommethod of soiling. The preserved succommendate is improved by lying in the silo at the same time the easiest and cheapes by which green crops can reach the man through the silo. It practically annihum winter, and places the stock-raisers and were in better circumstances that they men in better circumstances than they be if they had throughout the year the ing fields of oats or rye and the luxurian in their best stage for soiling, from wh cut the daily food of their animals. The vantage of being able to plant or so whole crop at one time, and to cut and vantage of being able to plant or so whole crop at ene time, and to cut and it all at once, when in its most nut state, can hardly be over-estimated.

My corn was planted from the 15th to 25th of June. On one acre was Stoevergreen sweet corn; the other six a Southern white corn.

There were at least twice as many to the latter to the acre as of the former as of the former.

the latter to the acre as of the form shall plant no more sweet corn for ensure the corn was all sown in drills about feet apart, one bushel of seed-corn to seed the corn to be seed to acre; was manured with about six co stable manures spread broadcast after ping, and harrowed twice with a Tismoothing harrow. It was planted w "Albany corn-planter;" which, in ad "Albany corn-planter;" which, in add to opening the drill, dropping the corn covering it, also doposited about two dred pounds to the acre of a mixture posed of equal parts of superphosphate ton-seed, meal, and gypsum. "A portion not come up well, and had to be replay the dry weather and cool nights of the mer of 1879 prevented a rapid growth it tain portions. In fact it was not a good year, so that the crop was somewhat m at harvesting. The leaves at the bott the stalks had largely become dry and and a sharp frost when the cutting was shalf finished injured somewhat the leaves

half finished injured somewhat the leathat portion still standing in the field.
of the stalks had ears large enough for ing; and the whole of it, I think, was r too mature.

There was estimated to be in the silo opened 125 tons. The crop was very un some parts having at least 40 tons to the Upon other parts, where the drought aff that which was replanted, the yield we over 10 tons per acre. I do not think i be at all difficult to raise 40 to 75 ton

acre upon an average on good corn-land should be planted from the 1st to the 10 June. It will then be in full blossom, as the best condition to cut, by the la August and before any frost can injure it As stated above, the cutting was fin As stated above, the cutting was fini on the 30th of September. It was decid open it on the third day of December; as the condition of the ensilaged maize a question of the utmost importance, it upon the suggestion of Mr. Brown, det to have the "opening of the Winning-Silos" a public matter "as the Amelnitiative." OPENING OF THE SILO.

The top and edge of the ensilage ner door for two or three inches, was some musty, and in places almost rotten. directly below this the fodder came out directly below this the fodder came out soft, moist, and wholesome looking, wastrong alcoholic odour, and quite acid was evident that fermentation had been on until acetic acid had been formed.

The following, from the report of the of the Lowell Journal, who was present describe the impression received by describe the impression received by present at the "opening;"—

"There was, however, no unpleasant steept the acidity, and no unpleasant steept the acidity, and no unpleasant steept the acidity. There were twenty or thirty head of

there were twenty or thirty head of the on the farm, as well as sheep, swine horses. They were all given some of ensilage.

"The hogs ate it greedily. The sheep seemed very fond of it. The neat stock not so eager for it at first; but most of seemed after a while to acquire a taste and soon manifested a desire for more.

"There were spots where the foode not so sour; but it was evident that it do come out the sweet fresh and relatable come out the sweet, fresh, and palatah der which has been secured in the 'The reasons which may be ascril

this are various: Mr. Brown thought is due to the maturity of the fodder when a "It may be that being just at the aborner, near the door, the preservation aygen was less perfect than it will prohave been the case farther down in the "The numerous dry and dead leaves oby the drought and frost may possibly something to do with it. We shall more about this as the silo is emptied.

"One thing is certain thus far: the f "One thing is certain thus far; the f is so usell preserved that the cattle will, and there is no question but that the "Since writing the above we have rec a note from Mr. Bailey, dated Dec.

a note from Mr. Bailey, dated Dec. which he says:—
"'Yesterday morning we fed what en was taken from the silo while you were All of the animals but four ate it all, li out their mangers clean. The four final theirs up before noon. This morning theirs up before noon. This morning about a bushel to each grown animal, about a bushel to each grown animal, about a bushel to each grown animal, proportionate feed to younger ones. pleased to state that they have all eaten clean. The acidity appears to be muc than when first opened, and there is en—as there should be—a strong aler clour. I think that under the circumst we can claim it as a perfect success."

There can be no doubt that the cat this acidity, and the alcoholic odour insilage, is on account of the stalks bein mature before cutting.

Professor Goessmann writes that "acid had formed in the stalks before they cut."

If cut at the period of blosse the sile, and so alcoholic fermentation