THE HAMMONDS' UGLY DUCKLING. There are various ways of being distinguished. There is the tight-rope, there are the hustings, there is the dock. A Lord Mayor is a conspicatous personage—at any rate for one year. A gifted actress, a popular novelist, a professional beauty, can command the suffrages and the stares of the crowd. But everyone of these positions argues in the occupant some energy in well or ill-doing, some character or some talent-out of the common, or, at teast, some quality in excess.

But the Hammonds who lived in Crofton had a way of being distinguished which gave them no trouble whatever. They simply were. And no doubt ever troubled their minds but that the world was the better for their existence. In fact, they did not think of the world at all, except as a roomy place for them to live in; but this want of reflectiveness regarding the universe did not arise

for them to live in; but this want of reflectiveness regarding the universe did not arise from any morbid contemplation of themselves. We may presume that the great luminary of the day, if suddenly endowed with self-consciousness and questioned as to his mission, would emit the well-founded opinion that it was an important one. So the Hammonds. They were not self-conscious, and never thought much about themselves, but if interrogated on the point, it is quite certain that their innermost, if unspoken, reply would have formulated the conviction that they were indispensable.

As it was, the only outward sign of this innate persuasion in them was a good-

As it was, the only outward sign of this innate persuasion in them was a good-humoured contempt for superiority of all sorts. Handsome people, clever people, heroic people, found no favour in the Hammond eyes, but, on the other hand, they never disturbed the Hammond serenity. If they had an ideal, it was that of "a strong common sense." The head of the family, the Rev. George, had taken honours at college, not because he liked books, but because (as he frankly said) he "could not allow himself to be beaten by cads." But being a country clergyman by no means rich, his natural indifference to intellectual pre-eminence in itself difference to intellectual pre-eminence in itself had enabled him, without any conscientious pangs, to launch his sons early in life in busi-

The members of the family with whom we have to concern ourselves are the daughters. These were three in number—Gertrude, Edith, and Joan. Gertrude, as the eldest, governed the motherless household. She was a typical Hammond—bouncing, good-tempered, sensible; not good-looking, of course. Edith, who had more leisure to cultivate her appearance, rejoiced in a pink and white beauty of first youth that was never likely to disturb the family routine, and was regarded disturb the family routine, and was regarded as the right thing in the right place—like an

as the right thing in the right place—like an alabaster chimney ornament.

Joan, Edith's junior by six years, was the foreign element. To begin with, she was, as everybody noticed, singularly plain. When was anything seen so out of the way as her dark, thin face, solemn eyes, and lanky legs and arms? Then, as Gertrude always remarked "Joan is so unlike other people." and arms? Then, as Gertrude always re-narked, "Joan is so unlike other people." She was not stupid, it was allowed, but never-theless, when she had reached the end of the limited curriculum which the Rev. George considered necessary for a woman, she could neither sing, nor sketch, nor dance, while for needlework of all sorts she had an abhor-

She would play for hours, if indulged, but She would play for nours, it indulged, but Mr. Hammond hated the sound of practising, and as he always rose early, sat up late, had piles of correspondence, and the house was small, he invariably heard the piano whenever it was played, and as invariably stopped it. He only liked music of an evening, as a soothing accompaniment to digestion, and conducive to an agreeable doze. Then Edith would him by a waltz or two, or "Annie "and that done, would (by his orders) and that done, would by his orders)
a Joan was always wanting to try over
a old music of that objectionable cort
has no tune, such as fugues of Bach,
atas of Scarlatti, and so on.

which has no tune, such as fugues of Bach, toccatas of Scarlatti, and so on.

Once, when she was quite a shild, in an unguarded outburst of childish arrogance, she had said that she was born for things above the common. As might be expected, this announcement was greeted with a howl of truly fraternal derision by her incredulous brothers and sisters. They instantly nicknamed her Pope Joan, and the speech was never forgotten against her. It was her first attempt to ther. It was her first atte talk about herself in her family, and it remained her last.

She had two friends, both men, and both

She had two friends, both men, and both described by Gertrude as "peculiar." One was Charles Payne, a born Bohemian, whom some odd freak had induced to marry Miss Bertha Hervey, Gertrude Hammond's greatest friend, and a bonny, commonplace young woman, as unlike himself as possible. When he proposed for her the family had given their consent because as was nuiseed. their consent because, as was universally re-marked, although Charles Payne had no money, he was so clever and commanded so

and so he had got on. He ran every day eeper and more cheerfully into debt; and very week abandoned some fresh chance of sing his versatile talents afforded him by the expansible patience of his friends. using his versatile talents afforded him by the inexhaustible patience of his friends. The only person whom this state of things did not distress was—himself. While others fumed, he was always screnely busy about something—which nobody wanted. For energy he had, only it was a perverse imp of energy, that it preferred to do the thing which it was not required to do. For the rest, he was not required to do. it preferred to do the thing which it was not required to do. For the rest, he was so charming that men, like nature, lavished gifts upon him. In good health, he was cordially welcomed; in bad health, he was tenderly nursed; starving, he was fed; naked, he was clothed; idle, he was forgiven. His conversation was brilliant; his manners were delightful; his view of life was a perpetual application, in the most childlike good faith, of the cynical maxim; "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own."

This elusive and enchanting being had drifted down to Crofton for Bertha, who was out of health, to be nursed for a few months

out of health, to be nursed for a few months by her family; and straightway he had be-come a great friend of Joan's. The two used to have endless talks on every subject under heaven, and Mr. Payne expressed the opinion

This elusive and enchanting being had drifted down to Crofton for Bertha, who was out of health, to be nursed for a few months by her family; and straightway he had become a great friend of Joan's. The two used to have endless talks on every subject under heaven, and Mr. Payne expressed the opinion that Joan was elever.

"Poor dear Joan! It does not much matter what Charles Payne says on any subject," was Gertrude's observation, and Joan, on the whole, rather lost than gained in public favour by her new alliance.

Her other friend was a poet-cousin—only son to Mrs. Meredith, of the Hall, the great lady of the neighbourhood, and Mr. Hammond's half-sister.

This lady was a clever manager, and her fasts, farming and the rest of it, a good deat in her hands, while he travelled and woose the muses. He had not distinguished himself at college, which had been a great disappointment to her, and lowered him considerably in her eyes. But if his mother sambed him, he was much petted, in an undemonstrative fashion, by Joan. The girliked all dumb, suffering things, and as a child had had a rare collection of mained pets. Perhaps it was on something of the same principle that she sympathized with the same principle that she sympat

This was an elderly maiden, extremely rich, teen, and far-sighted, who was a cousin to the ate Mrs. Hammond. Miss Priscilla Uptonfor that was her name—long years before had some to stay with her cousin Amy, and been devetedly nursed by her through a dangernas illness. "My dear," she said in an implies of convalescent gratitude to Mrs. Hammond, "We are both poor, but if ever I am sich I swear that I will settle £10,000 upon the law of the stay of

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the post brought her the news of the death, by a boating zecident, of her only brotherand his only son, by which unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel she became the possessor of as many thousands as, until then, she had enjoyed hundreds of pounds a year.

Time went on, the Hammond quiver filled fast, and Miss Priscilla could not but be reminded by more than one circumstance of her rash promise. As long as Mrs. Hammond lived, she gave no hint of fulfilling it; nevertheless it is probable that it weighed upon her conscience, for she was a fairly honourable woman, although a very stingy one. However that may have been, when the gentle Amy died, in an outburst of regret and generosity Miss Priscilla wrote to Mr. Hammond that she had designed £10,000 to the member of his family who before the age of thirty should have fulfilled a certain condition.

This condition was not communicated in the letter, but it was, the writer said, set forth at length in a scaled packet deposited with Miss Priscilla's solicitor.

It may be imagined what an object of interest and curiosity that whimsical lady became to all her young cousins after that! She was made prodigiously much of by them, and seemed to enjoy the process. It is true that while they were still children her attitude toward them was marked by a certain subtle distrust. She appeared to watch them narrowly, and constantly snubbed any effort at self-assertion. But as they grew up she relaxed toward them wishly, and as they neared thirty she became increasingly snave. So much was this the case, that each in turn began to look upon him or herself as the future happy recipient of the magic sum.

Peter, the eldest son, was so obviously in the old lady's good graces that—alow, honest soul i—he almost married on the expectations which she excited. George, the next eldest, was now on the verge of the fateful age, and Gertrude was but three years, off it. To both Miss Priscilla was benignidy itself. Edith she petted more than anybody, and

Besides these uncertain chances accruing to them from Miss Priscilla, the Hammond girls, at eighteen, each came into a small legacy of £300 left to them to "do what they liked with." Gertrude and Edith had of course long ago received and partly spent their legacies, and as this story opens, Joan had just touched hers.

Mrs. Meredith and her son, the Paynes, and Dr. Jeffreys (the family doctor) had been dining with the Hammonds. It was a fresh autumn evening, and the blaze of the first logs upon the hearth was exhilarating.

"What are you going to do this winter, Payne?" asked Mr. Hammond.

"I am off to Munich. I have an order to write the article 'Bavaria' for Grudener's new 'Encyclopædia of European History.' It is the very kind of work I have been seeking for years," answered Charles Payne, look-II.

ing for years," answered Charles Payne, look-ing up from an old score which he had been humming over analytically to Joan.
"Humph!" remarked Mr. Hammond.
While Mrs. Meredith, who had some humour,

smiled.
"Can't you write the article in the British Museum?"
"No," said Payne, "I require the local colour."
"And what will Bertha do away from all her friends?" asked Gertrude in a tone not devoid of asperity. "Bertha will have me," said Charles with

gentle dignity.

"But when you are absorbed by Bavaria will she not feel lonely?" interposed Mrs.

"If even she had one of her sisters with her," resumed Gertrude.
"Spare her one of your sisters," said Payne

"Now is your opportunity, Joan. Now or never." And Charles Payne glanced with smiling encouragement at the girl bending low and nervously, it seemed, over the scat-

What can be more dreadful than to see your grandest resolutions slipping down the vast abyss of another, person's habitual indifference?
"Papa, I am quite in earnest. I wish to go," cried Joan in a tone so excited it verged

on despair.

"Hush—sh! Don't shout in that way,
Joan," remonstrated Gertrude, while Mr.
Hammond laid down his paper with an air of

Hammond laid down his paper with an air of resigned annoyance.

"And where is the money to come from, may I ask?" he inquired judicially.

"I have my legacy," said Joan.

"Oh!" After this there was another pause. The Hammonds were not stingy, and there was a great community of small services among them. Gertrude and Edith had both made Joan little presents out of their legracies. among them. Gertrude and Edith had both made Joan little presents out of their legacies, and they felt slightly hurt at the idea of her wishing to spend all her own upon herself.

"I feel that I should succeed," continued

Joan timidly.
"You do?" said her father. "Experier "You do?" said her father. "Experience may teach you the contrary, my dear."

"Then I may go," urged the girl.

"Really," said Mr. Hammond, much put out, "You are very peculiar. Go? You seem to think it is nothing to go to Munich."

"The journey is easy enough," observed Mr. Payne.

"The journey is easy enough, observed Mr. Payne.
"I suppose it is you who have been putting this nonsense into the child's head?" asked his host, turning irritably upon him.
"The idea was suggested to your daughter by her own genius," answered Charles.
"Her what?" exclaimed Mr. Hammond; then added curtly. "Talk seriously, if you please."

Poor Joan, feeling the inntility of the discussion, and unable to listen to it any longer, rose to leave the room, when an unexpected auxiliary suddenly presented itself in the person of Dr. Jeffreys. That kindly soul had been watching her while the others were talking, and had noticed the quiver of sorrow and disappointment on the earnest young face.

face.

"If I may be allowed to express a professional opinion, Hammond, I should say you would do well to let your daughter go."

"My dear Jeffreys! Homerus dormitat! Munich is notoriously one of the most unhealthy towns in Europe. Besides, what is the matter with Joan."

"There is never anything the matter with any of us, I am happy to think," remarked Gertrude.

"Our little Joan is nervous and impressionable, and is just at a stage of mental and physical development when a thorough change would be most beneficial to her. You must remember that she differs from her brothers and sisters in not having inherited your constitution, Hammond," said Dr. Jeffreys significantly.

sisters in not having inherited your constitution, Hammond," said Dr. Jeffreys significantly.

Nobody found any immediate reply to this, for Joan's birth had cost her mother her life. Moreover, she was rather like her mother in temperament, and Mr. Hammond had been devoted to his wife. Not a soul but felt, consequently, that Dr. Jeffreys had played a trump card, while Joan, with unconscious tact, followed up the advantage. Going to her father, she knelt beside his chair. "Let me go!" she murmured imploringly and caressingly. Mr. Hammond's reluctant glance rested on her eager countenance, then on the trembling little hand laid upon his arm. In her whole attitude there was an intense expression which he had never noticed before. "I will think about it," he said coldly; and Joan rose with a feeling oddly compounded of prescient triumph and girlish remorse. Mr. Hammond did, of course, in the following days make a few efforts to withdraw his half-given consent. But urged by Dr. Jeffreys, supplicated by Joan, and hurried on by Charles Payne (who was always tremendously energetic when other people hesitated), he; finally yielded, Gertrude, with a portentous countenance of bottled-up contempt, packed Joan's things, and marked her disapproval of her conduct by allowing her to do nothing for herself. Edith repeated at intervals: "Well, Joan, you are fortunate!" Cousin Ned promised a speedy visit of his own to Munich; and Miss Priscilla wrote a most furious epistle. So outraged and inexplicable was its tone that the Hammonds were at first rendered speechless by amazement; the more so that Miss Priscilla had never before interfered in their affairs. "The project," she declared, "was insensate, ridiculous. If put into execution it would be a death-blow to her belief in the Hammonds' propriety, alight? This was only the beginning of the letter, but the rest of it was all in the same strain.

"Just write to Priscilla and tell her that when was the division was here."

ame strain.
"Just write to Priscilla and tell her that when we want advice we ask for it, Gerty," said Mr. Hammond.
But Gerty, on the contrary, wrote a very emulcient reply; for she wisely thought that it does not do to quarrel with rich old cousins for the sake of perverse young sisters.

A week later our little heroine started for Munich

Three years had passed, but Joan's return to her father's house was still delayed. Not being much missed at home in any material sense, and resolute to remain away as long as she thought necessary, she had contrived to wring one extension of leave after another from her father. Between her and her sisters there was no very brisk correspondence, but when she did write, her letters were always reassuring.

reassuring.

"She says she is getting on rapidly with her music, and she appears to be in good health, which after all is the chief point. When a love of home revives in her, I suppose she will return," was the substance of Gertrude's usual answer to any inquiries for her youngest sister.

These three years had not been marked by prosperity for Mr. Hammond. He and his sister, confident in their business faculty, had been entrapped into a speculation which turned out unfortunately. The blow to their pride was almost as intolerable as the loss to their pockets. Mrs. Meredith especially felt keenly the humiliation of having to confess the catastrophe to her son, although the felt keenly the humiliation of having to confess the catastrophe to her son, although the loss to him was after all comparatively trifling. To make matters worse, he had just achieved a decided success with a tragedy in blank verse. His mother, though less displeased than astonished at the achievement, could not help feeling that, like Lady Macbeth's death, it should have come, "hereafter." In old days she would have praised it, with a "critical deduction" in favour of her own inherent superiority. As it was she had to swallow the success whole, and the pill, if highly gilded, was not wholly sweet. Altogether Mrs. Meredith felt uncomfortable. And Mr. Hammond felt no less so. When they met they sat and looked at one another without finding much to say. A diminished sense of self-importance had brought with it a lessened richness of conversation. Mr. Hammond gnawed his nails gloomily, and was conspicuously cross to Gertrude, who felt a natural disgust at the loss of money, and expressed it in a Hammondian "I told you so" tashion.

Things were not improved by the series of the ser

rashon.

Things were not improved by the arrival of Miss Priscilla, with her maid and her pets, on her annual visit. It was evident that the old lady's temper did not improve with age.

"Not coming home yet!" she exclaimed tartly in reference to Joan. "Well, I must frankly confess that I am disappointed in you, one and all. I had expected better things than that George should be so foolish (£4,000 lost, I think you said?), and that you, Gertrude, should be so weak. Studying music forsooth! Studying fiddlesticks! And when she knows counter-bass and thoroughpoint, or whatever the jargon is, what is she to do with them? Lead the village choir?"

"I believe she intends coming out as a composer," replied Gertrude.

"A what?" shrieked Miss Priscilla. "Do you seriously mean to say that she intends to

"A what?" shrieked Miss Friscilla. "Do you seriously mean to say that she intends to drag your name—the Hammond name—round the world on the frontispiece of polkas? I call it positively indecent."

"Cousin Priscilla!" protested Gertrude in

call it positively indecent."

"Cousin Priscilla!" protested Gertrude in amazed consternation.

"An absolute prostitution!" continued Miss Priscilla, with increasing vigour of denunciation. "She might just as well be a ballet-girl. I never thought to see the day when one of your family would consent to the degradation of notoriety."

"I cannot comprehend why Joan should not write music, just as well as Peter can scribble accounts!" suddenly broke in Edith with unwonted fire.

"For Heaven's sake, don't you try to be sharp," retorted the old lady, turning upon her exasperatedly. "Stick to your proper character, my dear. Your chief merit is your want of in— I mean your want of pretension to superior intelligence."

"Why, Cousin Priscilla, I always thought you had a very good opinion of me," said Edith, resentfully, beginning to cry.

"So I have," answered Miss Upton with a mollified smile of curiously grim enjoyment. "You are my ideal of a young woman; the very girl for my—approbation. (Edith had raised a tear-stained face, but buried it in her handkerchief again at the word 'approbation.')

"So stop crying, do. I like you all. All except Joan, and I never shall be easy until she is once again living respectably under her father's roof."

And with returning irritation Miss Priscilla wrapped her red woollen shawl around father's roof."

And with returning irritation Miss Priscilla wrapped her red woollen shawl around her spare form, and precipitately left the

her spare form, and precipitately left the room.

"I wish I were thirty," sighed Edith naively. "Think, if I am to get that money, how convenient it would be now!"

"You will be thirty quite soon enough," replied Gertrude with some natural asperity, that age being past for her. "But as for Cousin Priscilla's money, I don't believe we shall eyer get it. I think she takes a spiteful pleasure in dangling the expectation of it believe our eyes; but I am certain that the condition attached to it is something impossible for us to do. Sometimes I think she wants

One morning Mrs. Meredith called early, with a countenance of the utmost gloom. "Ned is going to be married," she said, and sat down in the nearest chair.

"To whom?" asked Mr. Hammond lugubiconsity.

"To a German girl, a pianist form Munich, replied Mrs. Meredith.
Gertrude and Edith gave an exclamatic of dismay, Miss Priscilla a savage lang "That comes of studying the arts," she marked, in unconscious contradiction to Andrew Aguecheek. Andrew Aguecheek.

"The name of this person?" inquired Mr. Hammond, with the air of a man inured to the buffets of fate.

"Kletterman," answered Mrs. Meredith not more cheerfully.

"Lithiak Law semathing about her in or

"Ketterman," answered Mrs. Meredith, not more cheerfully.

"I think I saw something about her in one of the London papers," remarked Gertrude.

"They are all full of her. It appears she is not only very clever, but very handsome, in that queer, new-fangled style that attracts some artists. She has been taken up by a number of fashionable amateurs, and had a sudden great encess. She has also published a song, which it is said shows unusual talent, especially in a woman. But, oh I what am I to do with her?" and poor Mrs. Meredith absolutely wrung her hands.

"Perhaps Joan knows her. By the bye, we have not heard from Joan for more than two months," observed Edith.

"Perhaps she is going to be married to another pianist," suggested Miss Priscilla.

"Oh, don't!" expostulated Gertrude, who was seriously distressed, for Mrs. Meredith had quite broken down, and was weeping bitterly.

"It's no use grating Sarah "said Mr. Ham."

"It's no use crying, Sarah," said Mr. Hammond. "I suppose the boy is set on it?"
"Quite—quite !" sobbed Mrs. Meredith.
"He is to bring her down to-morrow, to introduce her to me. I don't know if she is coming alone with him. To have to entertain a posse of underbred Germans would be dreadful."

"The principal relative in a German family
the grandmother I believe" observed the grandmother, I believe," observed as Priscilla, and Mrs. Meredith moaned.

cousin suiffed.

"You will all come to dinner to-morrow of course?" said Mrs. Meredith as she rose to go. "I never could go through it alone. Come early. They will arrive by the 7 o'clock

Come early. They will arrive by the 7 o'clock express,"
And the Hammonds, accompanied by the maliciously exultant Miss Prisoilla, went. It was settled that the reception should take place with a certain state in the large drawing-room. The Hammond girls were brimming over with curiosity. Mrs. Meredith, who had outwardly recovered her calmness, at in black velvet and old point staring mournfully into the fire. She looked dignified, but her hands trembled. Suddenly the noise of arrival was heard. There were cries at the door—quick steps along the hall—then noise of arrival was heard. There were cries at the door—quick steps along the hall—then the butler threw open the door, and Ned looking unusually mischievous appeared with his bride-elect upon his arm.

"Papa!" cried a fresh young voice, and the petrified Mr. Hammond found himself suddenly in the arms of a slight graceful girl whose loving glance was strangely familiar in a face of unfamiliar beauty.

"Joan!" cried every voice at once.

"Yes, Joan," said Ned, "wilful Joan, who would go for at least one month into the profession."

fession."

"Public applause is our hall-mark. It stamps us for something of worth. I did not dare ask your permission for fear you would not give it. But now that Francien Kletterman exists no longer, you will forgive her—won't you?" asked Joan with a smile that was irresiatible.

consultation with him, had arrived at the reluctant (she begged him to say the "reluctant") conclusion that, according to the terms of her old promise, Miss Joan Hammond was entitled from her to the sum of £10,000. For Miss Upton had destined this gift from the first to that Hammond who, before the age of thirty, should ashieve distinction in one or other branch of art. Miss Upton, from observation and experience, had never expected so glaring a deviation from the traditions and habits of the family; but having been mistaken, she felt it her mournful duty to warn the remaining Hammonds that at her death the whole of her property would go to the Society for the Preservation of the Ojibbeway Indians. Miss Upton's sympathies were entirely with the savages, and not at all with any one result of a cultured and effete civilization."

"Four thousand must go to you, papa," said Joan, "and the rest can be divided between Gertrude and Edith—unless Ned objects."

But Ned didnoteblect being as Mr. Ham-

But Ned did not object, being, as Mr. Ham-mond remarked, the only member of the family, except himself, who had always pro-perly appreciated Joan.—The Argosy.

A MARINE MONSTER. The History of a Tame Walrus.

The History of a Tame Walrus.

Victoria, B. C., Colonist.

The Spanish barque Odulia, which arrived at Welch, Rithet & Co, a wharf, has on board a tame walrus or sea lion. This animal was captured by Captain DeAbortiz 13 years ago while cruising in Behrings Straits. It was then a "pup," was trained by him, and has been his constant companion on all his voyages ever since. He is called "Senor," and answers to his name or to a blast from a silver whistle blown by his master; but if blown by anyone else he pays not the alightest attention to the call. He eats bread and meat, enjoys ten and tobacco. He is as passionately fond of beer as an old toper, and on many occasions has become genteely "tight" from imbibling too heavily. When caught he weighed only 19 pounds, but he turns the scale at 411½ pounds, has two enormous tusks, measures six feet three inches at the weight. caught he weighed only 19 pounds, but he turns the scale at 411½ pounds, has two enormous tusks, measures six feet three inches at the girth, and is eight feet four inches long. As the scaptain good-naturedly remarked as he showed the brute to a few visitors; he is becoming "one big noosance." In bright weather he sleeps in the sun on deck. During heavy blows he resorts to a kennel, but when the weather is calm he leaps overboard and sports about the ship for hours, catching and eating fish. When tired of swimming he is hauled on board in a great iron basket. On one occasion off the Cape of Good Hope a great shark tackled Senor, laying hold of one of his paws and biting off two of his toes; but Senor dova, and coming up under his enemy's belly ripped him up with one thrust of his great tusks and devoured him with savage cries of delight and satisfaction. He is very found of the captain, and when the latter has been absent from the ship for a day or, two he manifests his uncasiness by a thundering noise not unlike the sounds that might be emitted by two or three scores of dogs barking in chorus. "Senor" is perfectly docile, allows himself to be patted on the head, and is very susceptible to kindness. the head, and is very susceptible to kindness. Taken altogether, "Senor" is one of the most remarkable brutes ever brought here, and would make a valuable acquisition for a

THE COMING DRINK-KAOKA,-Destined to entirely supersede tea and coffee. In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallable cure for lyspepsia, indigestion, pervenages. dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, constitution, sick headsche, sleeplessness, and all roundints arising from detangement of the stomach and digestive organs. Sold in half bound tinfoil packages at ten cents by all just class grocers and druggists.

DESPERADOES IN CUBA

Toronto Solicitor and his Comrades in Trouble Among Them.

Waylaid in the Interior and Robbed of a Large Sum of Money and of Personal Valuables.

Messrs. Blake, Kerr & Boyd, a well-known firm of solicitors here, lately became interested in the affairs of an estate in Cuba, and found it necessary to despatch a representative to the island. Mr. Lefroy, a gentleman in the employ of the firm, was selected to go, and left accordingly some time ago. On the way to Havana he fell in with Mr. James Panton, of London, England, a gentleman travelling for pleasure, and with whom Mr. Lefroy had previously been acquainted. They proceeded in company to Havana, and there, at the house of the American consul-general, to whom Mr. Panton had a letter of introduction, they met a Mr. Harris, American vice-consul at Sagua, a town about 200 miles in the interior, and near the estate with which Mr. Lefroy was concerned. Mr. Harris had made arrangements to return to Sagua immediately. The two friends seized the opportunity to travel with him, and took rail for their inland destination the day after their arrival in Havana, leaving at 6.30 a.m. Progress was slow, and it was not until five o'clock in the afternoon that the train reached

A PLANTATION SWITCH about twenty-five miles from Sagua, and near a station called Encrucijado. Here Messrs. Lefroy and Panton left the train, leaving Mr. Lefroy and Panton left the train, leaving Mr. Harris to go on to Sagua. The spot was a solitary one, the stopping place being simply a low platform at the junction of the railway, with a truck tramway running to the plantation, about a mile and a half distant. The two friends started to walk in. On the road they met a rough-looking man, who appeared desirous of carrying their portmanteaus for them, but as he could not speak English, and the Englishmen did not know a word of Spanish, no arrangement was arrived at, and the Cuban disappeared. The Englishmen reached the plantation without further incident, and were most hospitably received by the agent for the estate, a sturdy old Scotchman named McLean, and his wife. This was on Friday. On Saturday Mr. McLean and his two guests went into Sagua, and there McLean, as was his custom,

DREW A LARGE SUM OF MONEY with which to pay the negroes on the planta-tion their monthly wages. In the evening all three returned. They reached the plan-tation switch about four o'clock. On the tation switch about four o'clock. On the tramway was waiting a line of trucks, piled with empty sugar barrels, which had been left by a previous train, and watched by a couple of negro boys. The trucks were headed by an open platform carriage fitted with seats to convey passengers. Inside the carriage was a brake. The tramway for a quarter mile or so inland was level, and over this distance trucks were pulled by oxen, much after the fashion of a canal boat; but after this the tramway sloped into the planmuch after the fashion of a canal boat; but after this the tramway sloped into the plantation, and the trucks descended by their own weight. McLean and Messrs. Lefroy and Panton got into the open tram, with the trucks behind, passed over the level quartermile safely, and started down the incline. They were just fairly off when Mr. Panton, who was looking carelessly about, noticed one of the negro boys, who had been with the trucks, jumping off and scuttling away in a perfect agony of terror. The tram cars were at this moment passing a scrubby brush. at this moment passing a scrubby brush.

Mr. Panton threw his eyes round, and had
the pleasure of seeing a couple of wild-looking horsemen dash out of the scrub within a
few yards of the trucks and cover the in-

won't you?" asked Joan with a smile that was irresistible.

The sound of a door violently slammed awoks everybody to the knowledge of Miss Priscilla's abrupt departure.

When the Hammonds reached home that night their consum was in bed, and by the time they rose next morning she was on her way to loudon.

Her behaviour caused much surprise, of course, and she was pursued with concillatory letters. But no answer to these arrived, nor did the Hammonds ever again see the sight of Miss Priscilla's handwriting. But her solicitor wrote for her, and his letter was to the set in the s of the event that it was some time before they started to do so, notwithstanding the threats of the two scoundrels. The latter eventually forced their victims to give up all their valuables and most of their money. From Mr. McLean they secured \$1,076, mostly in Spanish \$17 pieces, besides a package of silver; from Mr. Panton they got a superb gold watch, valued by him at £50, and from Mr. Lefroy a less valuable time-piece. They then rode off, warning their victims that if they informed the Government the plantation would be burned about their ears and themselves murdered. The Government officers were of course informed at once, and an investigation was supposed to be commenced, but so far nothing has been heard of money, men, or watches.

men, or watches.

Mr. Panton arrived in Toronto a day or two ago, and is still here. Mr. Lefroy has The real danger and narrow escape of the Englishmen were all the more note-worthy from events which occurred

A SHORT TIME BEFORE their arrival in Havana. The American Consul-General was twice attacked by desperadoes, and on the second occasion was slashed across the back of the neck with a razorblade attached to a stick in such a way that, had not a stout coat-collar interfered with the edge, he might have received a fatal wound. Encrucijado, the station nearest to McLean's plantation, was the hot-bed of the "insurgents during the late Cuban rebellion."

Across the river there lives a woman who has been twice married but is now a widow. She has one child of her first husband and two of her second husband to support. When the latter gentleman died he was in debt by an endorsement for \$1,000, and among his assets was a second mortgage on a small farm which it would not pay to take owing to the size of the first mortgage. How the wife managed to work things when thrown on her own resources makes quite a story of feminine New England enterprise. Take, for example, the case of the worthless second mortgage. The owner of the farm had abandoned the property, and the holder of the first mortgage, realizing that some day he would get it, thought it wise to begin early, and so planted a crop on the land in the spring. The plucky widow, however, finding it would take him several months to foreclose, got from the owner a deed of the land. Then she went and ploughed under the first mortgage man's crop and set the fields herself to tobacco. The other party was powerless until the machinery of the law foreclosed his bond, and, before that time, the widow had cut and removed her tobacco and was just so muchin. By pluck and activity, workinghard herself, she got along, supported herself and family, and, little by little, reduced the face of the \$1,000 debt, which was in the form of a mortgage on her farm, and was held by a trustee, and so could not morally be compromised by him. Finally, by her own labours, she cleared the whole farm of debt, and wiped the mortgage all off. This perhaps answers the question whether farms can be made to pay in Connecticut. To Across the river there lives a woman who of debt, and wiped the mortgage all off. This perhaps answers the question whether farms can be made to pay in Connecticut. To finish the story, it may be added that the husband left no will, and consequently the farm, now that she has paid for it, does not belong to her, but his children, and for all her labour she has no ownership. The law is rather queer in its working sometimes.—

Hartford Letter to Springfield Republican.

Wanzer sewing machines are simple.
Wanzer sewing machines are durable.
Wanzer sewing machines are highly finish.
Wanzer sewing machines are of steel.
Wanzer sewing machines are cheap.
Wanzer sewing machines are well made.
Wanzer sewing machines are up to the tim.
Wanzer sewing machines are noiseless.
Wanzer sewing machines are faulties.

HUMOROUS TRIFLES.

A grass widow is anything but green.

A Chicago bank president bought a brass brick for gold,

As a general thing young lawyers don't have many trying times.

Is it right for a temperance man to accept a "cordial" invitation? The crocus will soon bloom in the garden nd the croakers in the marsh.

When it comes to descending a ladder the ravest of us generally back down. Don't judge a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

The gas-light brigade are like the Balaklava fight brigade; they can "charge" like thunder. Reminiscent: Jones says that the clouds of

his early childhood were no bigger than a woman's hand, but a squall always followed Brown says his minister takes his texts from the Bible, but he can't tell what the parson does with them. They never get into his

Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still. ing him to sit still.

The Bayadere poke bonnet is in favour. Pronounced "Buy-a-dear poke bonnet." When spoken with proper effect the old man rarely fails to come down with the cash.

The new settlers in Texas will find plenty of

elbow room, if nothing else. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grande for a bath tub and all Mexico for a backyard.' A Kansas judge is reported to have decided that a ticket to "admit' one" is good for husband and wife. That judge undoubtedly has a wife, and the circus season is at hand.

The following advertisement, signed by Amy Houghton's mother, appears in Philadelphia: "I caution all persons authorized to perform the marriage ceremony not to marry my daughter to anyone."

"I declare John I reversely such a mart

"I declare, John, I never saw such a man You are always getting some new wrinkle."
And the brute calmly replied, "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle you would have no place to put it,

Wife of an Episcopal clergyman to her washerwoman—"Well, Bridget, how did you like the sermon, Sunday?" Bridget—"It was beautiful. I like to go to that church. It's so nice to see your husband curtseying around in his shroud."

The intelligent jury—In State against Ross (a Louisiana case) the verdict was written "guilty without capitel purnish," but being read correctly by the clerk to the jury and so assented to by them, it was held valid.—Albany Law Journal.

Albany Law Journal.

Professor (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few): "You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you can say." Student (puzzled): "What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

An Irish servant girl, a year over, was given some maccaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise the old lady said, "Didn't you cook maccaroni at your last place?" "Cook it, ez it? We used them things to light the gas with." "Any good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," re-plied the agriculturist; "there is a drive well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels, and sail in."

our father is an undertaker.

MONEY SQUANDERED, HONOUR LOST." Tragical Attempt of an Englishman to Commit Suicide.

A servant passing through a corridor of the Occidental hotel, on the corner of the Bowery and Broome street. New York, on Friday, heard a sharp gurgling sound in one of the rooms, and pausing to listen, was startled by a groan and the laboured breathing of a person apparently in mortal agony. He called assistance, and when the door was forced open a ghastly spectacle presented itself to the intruders. Sitting bolt upright in a chair and almost naked was a young man who was besmeared with blood and from whose throat a red stream was oozing. He was fast losing consciousness, and when the horrified servants reached his side they found that their arrival had been very opportune. Help was summoned, and when an ambulance reached the hotel the would-be suicide was sent to St. Vincent's hospital. Meantime a survey of the room had been made, and all about it was suggestive of the tragic event that had been enacted there. The floor was wet with blood, and on the wall in wavering red characters which evidently had been traced by the unharmy man with his own was wet with blood, and on the wall in wavering red characters which evidently had been traced by the unhappy man with his own blood was written, "Coward," "A thing that is vile." By reference to the register and inquiry into the circumstances attending the arrival of the young man at the hotel, it was ascertained that his name was H. J. Bonna, that he was a native of England, thirty-nine years of age, and had come to this country on the steamer Westphália from Caen, in France. He had evidently been suffering considerable mental agitation, and on scraps of paper found about his clothes a number of sentences were found to be written, all more or less incoherent and indicative of the disordered mind of ent and indicative of the disordered mind of the writer. On one of these was the follow-

ing:—"I assure you all that in my mad brain I believe I could go on with my business outside, or, at least, do something else to benefit you."

On another this was traced:—
"Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Meshech on to have my behitting in with Meshech, or to have my habitation in the tents of Kedir." Elsewhere was the fol-lowing sentence:—"Did I ever have any brains? Why could I not think; want of Then on a separate scrap were the following suggestive words: "Money squandered."
"Honour lost."

"Honour lost," and the circumstances of the tragedy all point at its victim being a prey to trouble or anxiety of some kind which affected his brain. His story or antecedents were not learned, and the fragments of disjointed reflections the would-be suicide left on paper are all that was discovered to base an opinion

EPPS S COCOA .- GRATEFUL AND COMFORT

EPPS S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist tvery tendency to disease. Hundreds of such ele maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly accurated frame. —Grid. Service Geoste. Sold only in packets labelled. "James Errest Co., Hungeopathic Chemists! London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Chooolate Essence for afternoon use. 101.35

Paedical. "-"

Vegetine

of only cleanses the Blood of all its impurities out at the same time restores the appetracengular the stomach, tones up the physic argans, relieves all phases of indigestion, and, word, reinvigorates the whole system.

The Best Blood Purifier in the World.

CANCER, CANCEROUS HUMOURS.

A cancer is always a most dangerous disease, and calls for early treatment. A Surgical operation, so commonly undergone, is attended by much risk, and after it has been performed, the chances are in favour of a return of the disease in some other locality. The better and safer way is to treat the disease constitutionally—to stop the growth of the tumour in its primary stage, to remove all favouring conditions, and to cleanse the blood at once of that poisonous taint which has been the cause of the disease. It has been proven beyond all doubt that Vecetime will successfully combat the growth of Cancer and the development of Cancerous Humour. It is in the nature of the medicine to do this, and no other remedy will prove so efficacious as this. The following testimonials will show what Vecetime has done, and give promise of what it can do for others who are suffering the pangs of this terrible affliction:—

WHY WILL YE SUFFER? THE PRICELESS Vegetine.

CANCER CURED DR. H. R. STEVENS: The great sympathy I have for others who are sufferers from Cancers and Cancerous Humours impresses me that it is my sacred duty to write you, although a stranger to me. For two long years I suffered and endured the most painful torments from a Cancer of the Breast. My case defied the efforts of the best physicians. I tried many remedies, when a gentleman in the office with my husband advised him to try your priceless Vegetine; he brought home a bottle. Before taking half of the first bottle I slept well nights. I continued taking the Vegetine; gaining every day; have taken 18 bottles, and am now perfectly cured; not a vestige of my disease left. I wish everyone could know what a good medicine it is for such diseases. Your name will never be forgotten. May God ever bless, guide, and protect you is the earnest daily prayer of Mrs. E. A. SKIVINGTON, 830 Seventh street, Northeast, Washington, D.C.

Vegetine WILL CURE CANCER. READ THE PROOF.

READ THE PROOF.

H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: About two years ago a cancer made its appearance on my face, left side of my nose. When I first noticed it it was about the size of a pinhead (very small). It increased in size, and spread on my face, until it became as large as a common cent. I tried all kinds of remedies and advice from a physician. It was spreading and cating into my feesh very fast. I was very much alarmed. I went to see a physician who cured cancers; he did not give me much encouragement. It pained me very much; I suffered night and day. It would bleed at times very profusely. Everything was done that could be to try and oure the cancer. My brother had a cancer on his lip; he submitted to an operation, being well discouraged. I was one day in Mr. Woodberry's apothecary's store of this town; he gave me your pamphlet containing many cures by the use of Vegetine. I found on page 19 where Vegetine had cured a cancer on a lady's nose. I then bought a bottle of your Vegetine, and it proved a great blessing to me; I could see good effects from it right away. After taking three bottles it stopped the spreading of the cancer about the edges; it checked the caling into my flesh. I could see it was gradually healing. I kept on taking Vegetine, the cancer slowly disappearing, until I had taken 16 bottles, and it completely cured it. It has left a large scar on one side of my nose, and I feel it my duty to recommend Vegetine to all like sufferers, as it is certainly a great." Blood Purifier." I am now 63 years of age, and Vegetine has greatly improved my general health. Yours, most respectfully,

WILLIAM P. CLEAVES,
34 Federal street, Beverly, Mass.
We, whose names are annexed, can testify to
the above, as Mr. Cleaves is an old resident of
this town.
C. WOODBERRY, Apothecary,
HERBERT S. SMITH, ANDREW L. EATON,
A. GLIDDEN,
RICHARD PEDRICK.

Behold Me a Well Woman. CANCER CURED.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., June 26, 1878. MONTGOMENY, Ala., June 26, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston—Dear Sir: I have for years been a sufferer from a dreadful Cancer in my side, which caused me untold agony, and as I am a widow with a family dependent upon my exertions for a support, my pain of body was only equalled by my pain of mind at seeing my children want for bread. I was presented by a kind friend in Cincinnati with half a dozen bottles of Vecetime, and, although one bottle is still untouched, behold me a well woman, completely restored in body and mind, and able to perform my accustomed duties. Long may you live, and may the history of my wonderful cure lead other like sufferers to purchase your valuable medicine, if it is with the last cent they possess. Yours gratefully,

Mrs. FULLIER SUTT.

CANCER CURED. The Doctor's Certificate. READ IT.

ASHLEY, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: This is to cere
tify that I have been suffering from a Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly,
and all my friends had given me up to die, when
I heard of your medicine, Vegretine, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humours. I
commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits
both felt the benign influence which it exerted,
and a few months from the time I commenced
the use of the Vegetine the Cancer came out
bodily.

CARRIE DEFORBREST CARRIE DEFORREST.

Dr. S. H. FOWLERS.

The following extraordinary cure of a Cancer, which had been pronounced beyond the reach of medicine by the best medical skill of New England, certainly merits the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whom are now daily prescribing Vegetine in New England, where it has already become firmly established, and is recognized by all classes of people to be the only reliable Blood Purifier: CANCER CURED.

CANCER CURED.

CHARLESTOWN, Mass.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: In the year 1860, while residing at Portland, Me., I was afflicted with a cancer on my nose, which made rapid progress. All of the best physicians there were consulted without any benefit. For a period of six years it continued to increase and extend until it was invading my whole system. I suffered the most excruciating pains, until my nose was nearly gone, and I found it was approaching a fatal termination. Being burnt out of house and home in the great fire of 1856 I moved here, when I was entreated to try the Vegetine, and suffering greatly, without hope or comfidence in relief by any medicine, I finally consented to try it: and only those who have a similar suffering can realize my feelings when, after two months' trial, I found the open sore commencing to heal. Gaining confidence that the disease was being successfully combatted by the Vegetine (for I took no other medicine), I faithfully continued its use, and in six months, the cancer was healed and my health fully restored.

I am confident if I had used the Vegetine in the early stages of the disease it would have arrested its progress and saved years of great suffering. I desire simply that others may be benefitted, and attention called to its usefulness; and, in the interest of suffering humanity only. I cheerfully add my testimonial to its entire success in my case; and, though I have lost nearly all of my nose, my face is entirely healed and I enjoy good health. My husband joins with me in approving this statement.

We suffer the year of the statement.

We suffer the year of the sentire success in my case; and, though I have lost nearly all of my nose, my face is entirely healed and I enjoy good health. My husband joins with me in approving this statement.

We suffer the year of the suffering humanity only. I cheerfully add my testimonial to its entire success in my case; and, though I have lost nearly all of my nose, my face is entirely healed and I enjoy good health. My husband joins

Fully concurring in the above.

JOHN PATTERSON.

Vegetine Is the Best Spring and Summer Medicine. DR. C. S. BALDWIN WRITES: H. R. STEVENS. BOSTON: Having used Vegetine for two or three years in my practice, and sold it in my drug store. I can cheerfully recommend it as a "Blood Purifier." and for "General Debility" it works like a charm, reviving and building up the whole system. It is truly invigorating, renovating, and tonic in its effect.

C. S. BALDWIN,

Physician and Druggist, Farley, in.

Oct. 28, 1578.

Vegetine SPRING MEDICINE AGRICULTURA

EDITORIAL NOTE

Ontario secures markets for her oth the East and the West. Or wheat have for a considerable to hungry of Europe; and now our po going to Chicago, where there ap a scarcity of Hibernian apples.

The Emerson people are delight posit of hard coal has been found t niles north-east of the town, and coverers have come down to Ontar to raise the means with which to It is to be hoped that the deposit i one, for to prairie farmers coa

A correspondent asks if the price \$2.50, for railway lands, mentioned cular of the Canada Pacific syndica to all their lands. It does to all la company fit for agricultural purpor terms of payment by instalments yet been definitely decided upon, by made public through the press at t possible date.

Reports from various sections of th indicate that rain is very much n the fall wheat, and that unless there warm showers soon the farmers can half a crop. A correspondent say heavy snow of last winter and the h nights, with the hot sun during the spring, have made the wheat very w According to the Virginia City

the farmers of Nevada have pros large grasshopper crop next harves the settlers in Carson Valley began this spring they found that with each they turned up whole beds of them state of development that it only a period of genial sunshine to star life. The question with the Nevad turists is therefore. To plough of turists is therefore, To plough or plough? If the soil is not uptur will be no crops, and if, by plough are produced, the grasshoppers wi them. Evidently the great featur Far West are not all described in t tisements of the land agents

No less than one thousand cases of mouth disease were imported into ford cattle market in two week result the Imperial authorities h closely examining the vescels used been cattle trade. The Utopia Anchor line, was a fortnight ago and found not to have been properly and disinfected as required by law. prietors were fined £10, and £2 The proprietors of the Sumatra were the same negligence to clean and £20, and £2 2s. costs. These case illustrations of the care and jealo which British cattle are guarded from the care and properties. tion. It may be remarked in this co that Victoria, Australia, has Boycot land by prohibiting the importation from the Mother Country, on the grothe foot and mouth disease prevail The American wheat crop this ye

enormous, the surplus of the Unit alone being placed at two hundred m bushels. Unless the Græco-Turkish should lead to a general European wis unlikely, the European deficiency abundantly supplied, and the price will rule low. The British Commission of the Comm clared that the Old Country farmer compete with American grain selling land at less than \$1.43; yet he will have to face a keener competition wit months. The fifty cents per bushel by the English authorities to cover of transportation has been already re-keen competition is springing up bet lake and Mississippi routes, and be-season closes the rate from St. Paul season closes the rate from St. Paul pool will not exceed twenty-five obushel. When that day arrives whe ing in the United Kingdom will be a

The Governor of Dakota is in Ne seeking assistance for those residents territory who have been ruined by fr floods. It is needless to repeat the their experience as already told their experience as already told columns. Governor Ordway's sum the result is more eloquent than any statement. About 500,000 acres of est farming country in Dakota is cove water to a depth of from two to Most of the inhabitants have lost possessions save the bare land of their The devastated region is the oldes part of the territory, and the farm forchanded, well-to-do people; but, farmers in a new country, their savi invested in stock and improvements invested in stock and improvements land. Their destitution is complete have no animals, tools, or seed to pla crop, and nothing to live upon until time. Over seven thousand of thes tunate people are now supported be charity. It was a sad day for the they listened to the flattering tale land agents and the railway runners.

Governor Ordway, of Dakota territ

a thrilling story of the disastrous floo have rendered seven thousand peop less and dependent on charity. Fou most populous counties were inunda half a million acres are now cov water. The entire town of Green Is swept away. The moving masses o molished every building in progress. ers were swept from their fasten carried one and two miles inland. dition to the destruction of the dibarns, and other outbuildings, cri with wheat and corn awaiting sale th were utterly demolished, and their contents destroyed. Horses, cattle hogs, and poultry likewise perished the resistless march of the insatiat. The inhabitants were rescued in sma. The ice dam, which was ten miles in at first, and has now reached a length of thirty miles, still remains as firm. The ouly possible way of destroying blowing out sections of it with poother powerful explosives, and thus outlet to the pent up water, or awai action of the coming warm weather it. No doubt many of the settle Canadians who moved to Dakota a feago, and had got comfortably settled somewhat remarkable that the two S which our agricultural emigrants water. The entire town of Green Is. which our agricultural emigrants migrate have been compelled to ask charity of the Union within the pr months—Kansas an account of droug Dakota by reason of an inundation wh ruined thousands of farmers.

Shorthorns as Dairy Cows.

An enquiry is before us pertaining to horns for the dairy. The idea is abro-this breed is not desirable for dairy pu and that these cattle have been bred s and that these cattle have been bred s with a view to pedigree and certain points that the milking habit has been cod. To some extent this may be trit is not the rule; in fact, poor among shorthorn cows constitute a minority of the breed. There are goo are in all breeds, and there are all ones in all breeds, Pure-bred shorthorn are frequently seen that are exclairly cows, and with grades this often the case; and such cows havides, the desirable quality of quicklying for market. To discover that the horn cow has a good record as a milke only necessary to refer to the differ umes of the American Herd Book. It found that cows are mentioned the thirty quarte and more daily for a or able length of time, and made three appearance of butter per day. Of early