HIS OWN TRUE WIFE.

(Continued.) CHAPTER III.

Wolcott, alone in his railway carge, with his maps, bag, the morning's mes, Punch, and the last illustrated ser, sat looking idly at the motley English wd, which flocked, with more superfluous to than would have showed itself among sericans, into the station.

surprise, trying to understand why her husbrowd, which flocked, with more superfluous assts than would have showed itself among Americans, into the station.

The crowd was as uninteresting as it was notley, until three persons appeared who attracted his attention. These were an old gentleman in a light overcoat, with a stolid English face, white whiskers of old-fashioned int, and silvery hair; a lady of middle height, slosely veiled, and dressed in mourning; and a young, frank-looking, dark-haired boy, in a velvet suit, who clung to his mother's skirts—for they were evidently mother and child.

It was the first child of that age and condition whom Colonel Wolcott had happened to see since the startling news, a few hours before, of his own paternity; and he looked at the little fellow with a lively interest. He was evidently a gentleman's son. From the boy, Colonel Wolcott glanced at the mother. She wore a travelling wrap of light stuff, which concealed her figure; but he was struck by the dainty neatness of her gloves and boots, the elasticity of her walk, and the whole pose of her person. He had been used to watch veiled, shrouded females in Mohammedan lands, and could discern a woman's points "under her muffler." There was something about this woman, little as he could see of her, that attracted him—a dignified lady likeness, a "cultured grace," which marked bee one who differed from the common crowd of travellers.

As he watched the group, a man who was selling railway literature came up to offer them an illustrated paper.

"Portrait of Colonel Wolcott, the distinguished traveller, sir-l Here you have him?"

The old gentleman pushed him roughly on one side, and became fussy in his search after a carriage.

To the colonel's satisfaction, they stopped before the door of the one which he occupied, efforts the door of the one which he occupied, the first station and lands, and became fussy in his search after a carriage.

To the colonel's satisfaction, they stopped before the door of the one which he occupied, t

To the colonel's satisfaction, they stopped before the door of the one which he occupied, and in a few moments they were seated in his company. The lady scated herself by a window, on the same side with himself; the little boy climbed into a place beside her, a vacant seat being left between himself and Colonel Wolcott. The old gentleman sat opposite the lady.

Mamma ! mamma !" cried the boy, pushg her and pointing to something in the owd, "look! look! Oh! turn your head

"Indeed, Lance, I cannot see. I am too short-sighted."

These were the first words Colonel Wolcott heard, and the tone thrilled him. He drew back into his corner of the carriage, and slouched his hat over his brows, looking teadily at her as she unpinned her veil and prepared to make herself comfortable for the law's journey.

spared to make herself comfortable for the y's journey.
Could it be Adela? Could that be—his y? She had called him Lance! As his exceted on her features, he began to recognethem, but how changed since he last saw r! The unformed, over-dressed young d of his remembrance had ripened into a markably graceful and distinguished-looking ream. He said to himself that perhaps she y so impressed him because he was entireanned to cultivated women. But no'! a had been at the Minister's the night benefic he had seen European ladies at Cairo, enandria, and Malta. There was someing singularly high-bred and attractive in e set of her head and the curve of her cheek in the little ears whose beauty was accented

iny jewel.

onel Wolcott sat as if stunned by the
yery. "Who," he asked himself, "is
ald gentleman? Where can they be
ag from? Where can she be going."
I looked at her simbrolitered suchel
young vacant seat. On its side were th might cost him, he would make the voyage on that ship. He would persuade some other passenger to give him up his berth—bribe, if need be; pay anything; but go to New York in the Crimea, at all hazards. He would not again lose sight of Adela until their relations to each other were defined. What possibilities of explanation, of reconciliation, might not arise on shipboard in a twelve days' voyage! though, alas! he knew her mind, through Mr. Deane, concerning their relations to each other. That thought, like a chill, sudden wave, swept over his visions and blotted them.

wave, swept over his visions and blotted them.

"How far is she still bound to me?" he saked himself. "She has accepted—with willingness, the lawyer says—the prospect of a divorce. She is to lend me her assistance to dissolve our marriage. She never sent me news of my boy's birth, she uttered no remonstrances against our separation. She is very rich, and I am very poor. I will not put my neck again under the yoke of her family. Perhaps we are divorced already—Indiana law is swift, they say—who knows? Good heaven! how could I have guessed what time—would make of her? I see a likeness to her former self; but she gave no promise in her youth of such perfection. What chance have I to win her back, if she is free to choose another husband? Would she choose me, from all men, after what has passed? And would it be desirable that I should succeed in winning her if I could? And yet I am the father of her child. She has called him Lance, it seems—Lancelot, after me"

His mind dwelt with complacency upon this thought. He was grateful that his own mame had been remembered, and that it did not happen to be Thomas or John.

Before he could recover his self-possession, the train started, and the boy moved to the seat opposite him, to be near the window. Colonel Wolcott made way with a sort of tender awe. He would not give up this "delightful child." Such was his instant resolution. And yet his new sense of the inestimable value of such a child to any parent, awakened a new sympathy for her who shared with him the claim of parentage.

Another moment, and the train was in rapid motion.

"May I look at your picture-paper, if you

The wondering father placed it in his hand. It was the picture of a man in an Oriental uniform, with a full beard and bald forehead, that little Lancey turned. Under it was inted :-"Colonel Lancelot Wolcott, The Dis-

"Colonel Langelor Wolcott, The Distinguished Traveller."

"That's my name," said Lance, in a confidential whisper, after spelling out the letters under the woodcut. "That's my name, and this picture is like the likeness of my papa. It don't look like him, though. It's not like mamma's photograph that she used to wear. This soldier has an old bald head. It is not like my papa a bit. But what a big, long, aplandid beard he has got, hasn't he!"

"Do you like long beards? His beard is no longer than mine."

"No! but I say, where did you get that beard, though? Did it take a long time for it to grow?"

"It took nine years, and it grew in the

"It took nine years, and it grew in the East, as your papa's did."
"O mamma," cried little Lance, "here's a gentleman come from the East, and I think perhaps he knew papa!"
"Come here, Lance; let the gentleman alone," said their elderly escort in a sharp took.

presenum

Passing his arm around the boy, whom he drew beside his knee to watch the English landscape, Colonel Wolcott pressed him to his heart, and laid his cheek down lovingly on

heart, and laid his cheek down lovingly on the dark curls.

"Lancey," said he in a whisper, "do you sometimes think of your paps?"

"Yes," replied Lance, also in an undertone, and with a glance at the old gentleman, "I always say, 'God bless papa!' every night and morning. Oh! see what a splendid big horse that man there has got."

So Adelahad taught her child to breathe his name in prayer! "Prier c'est dire que l'on aime," says a French poet. He dared not take for granted so much, yet surely her heart must be tender towards the man for whom she taught her little son to pray.

"My mamma," went on Lance, after the big horse had been left a mile behind, "says that maybe, when my papa was in danger

"My mamma," went on Lance, after the big horse had been left a mile behind, "says that maybe, when my papa was in danger among the Afghans—she read about it to me in a book he has been making—my little prayer may have come just in time to help him. Did you know about that? Did he tell about it himself? You were there at the same time with him, were you not?"

The colonel nodded, but was silent—silent as a convicted Sadducee might have found himself if suddenly brought face to face with his own guardian angel.

"Well, then, please tell it me all over again. I want to hear it very much. Mamma does not read to me any more in that book. She says she has forgotten all it tells about. When I was good she used to read it to me at night, but since we came away she keeps saying she has forgotten; and she has left the book in America. She used to know the stories all by heart though before we came to England. I think mamma is growing old. Grandpapa says when people grow old they always forget things."

Colonel Wolcott took "his boy upon his knee, and in a low voice began the marrative of an escape from the volbers in Central Asia, which formed one of the most thrilling chap-

man leaned over and evidently whispered remonstrances to the mother, but she did not call away her child.

By degrees the motion of the carriage, the morning of excitement, the strain on his attention, and the summer heat, overcame the little fellow. He dropped asleep upon his father's breast. The white-haired gentleman seemed affronted that his words had no effect. He became silent, and wore the air of a person who washed his hands of the resuit, whatever it might be. He got out, with other passengers, to refresh himselt, at Birmingham. Adela moved to the seat opposite her child and husband.

"He tires you, I am afraid," she said gently, as she did so.

"Oh, no! pray permit me," said Colonel Wolcott pleadingly. He almost betrayed himself by the earnestness of his tones.

"I presume," she said nervously, "that I address the friend of Colonel Wolcott, Mr. A. who was with him in his imprisonment?" Her husband bowed. "I was there," he said indistinctly.

But Adela was too nervous to observe his agitation. She went on breathlessly: I have a request to make of you. You may think it strange. Perhaps it is imprudent. I am sure that Mr. Smith would not approve. But I think you will feel for me. Colonel Wolcott is now on his way back—to England, Do not mention to him that you have seen us—me and my boy."

"Why not?" said Colonel Wolcott. "Surely, you cannot think it just to keep a father from all knowledge of his own child?"

"Why not?" said Colonel Wolcott. "Surely, you cannot think it just to keep a father from all knowledge of his own child?"

"You naturally sympathize with your friend. You take a man's view of the situation. How should the law know what is best for a child? Mine has never, since he was born, been away from me—not for a night. Is i tjust to take him from me now, and to give him over to a man who has never written to us since his birth—who has never taken the trouble even to acknowledge him?"

"Never even to acknowledge him?" repeated Colonel Wolcott, in a low voice. It was the preface to something more he would fain have asked. But tears were gathering in Adela's eyes. She was so anxious to complete what she wished to say herself that she did not remark the interruption.

"Do me this kindness," she said. "Accident alone has-made us meet. Do not take advantage of it to bring me into trouble. I

dent alone has made us meet. Do not take advantage of it to bring me into trouble. I only sak your silence a few weeks. I ask you because frankness seems but right since Lance has told you who we are. I think I may trust you."

"Yes, you may trust me, and have no fears. But," added Colonel Wolcott, making a sudden decision, "may I take it on myself to say that when your husband was in the East, and long after, he knew nothing of the existence of this beautiful boy? You must remember how few letters got safely through the lines in the days of the Confederacy.—"

At this moment the other passengers who had left the train came back from the refreshment tables. Adela made no reply. Colonel Wolcott sank back into his seat, with his boy's head closely pressed against his bosom. Soft yearnings, such as he had never before felt, were stirring in his soul. Instincts that he had not comprehended were making themselves felt within him. The ice and snow about his heart were melting into fertilizing

"O mamma," cried little Lance, "here's a gentleman come from the East, and I think permaps he knew papa!"

"Come here, Lance; let the gentleman alone," said their elderly escort in a sharp tone.

Adela turned round and looked earnestly at the stranger, but she spoke no word. He felt that it was touch and go with his identification. A sudden impulse seized him. If she failed to detect him, he would take advantage of the position little Lance had made for him. It might help him during the voyage.

"Would gou like the paper, madam?" he said in a somewhat muffled tone. She took it as he held it out to her. He saw her fur-

what might not lawyers say of her? Above all, her Christian faith, which had been growing in breadth, fervency, and knowledge, was brought into collision with her womanly pride and delicacy. The one enjoined her to de everything to defeat the intentions of her husband; the other revolted against asserting any legal claims upon a man who professed publicly to be anxious to get rid of her.

Meantime the conversation between herself and the dark stranger, who had been, as she believed, imprisoned in the Afghan hill-fort with her husband, flowed on agreeably. She was desirous to impress him favourably, and exerted herself to please.

This was not difficult, for she was a charming talker. Circumstances had led to her cultivating a natural gift for social intercourse, though she had never cared to take a leading part in fashionable society. The Wolcott property on the North River had, after Mrs. Wolcott's death, been purchased by a well-known American artist. With him and with his family Adela had lived ever since on terms of great intimacy and affection. In their house, during the summer and autumn months, which the fierce heat of the American continent converts into a long national holiday, she met the people worthiest to be known from all parts of America; a class who, joining native originality to European culture, are perhaps the most delightful companions in the world. In their homes their work-a-day occupations absorb them; but in the holiday life of the summer months they enjoy leisure and collect inspiration for coming literary and artistic campaigns. Then they shake off their retired habits, live gregariously, and are the very cream of intellectual society, with a soupcon of native flavour to distinguish them from cultivated foreigners, like their mongrel geese, wild turkeys, celery-fed canvas-backs, and prairie heas.

In this school Adela had learned to listen and teally and to avascing a white influence.

turkeys, celery-fed canvas-backs, and prairie hens.

In this school Adela had learned to listen and to talk, and to exercise a subtle influence over men of cultivation. Not the influence of a woman caring for vain homage—for she was free from any tinge of coquetry—but that of one who, having accepted her own destiny in life, cares not to discuss it or to question, but finds a chief interest in other people, and delights to minister to the amusement, the improvement, and the happiness of all around her.

came from little Lance, a prayer from the lips of his mother. But the danger and the shock were over together. Everybody scrambled back into his seat, and looked for explanation into his heighbour's eyes. In the crash Adela Wolcott had been thrown forward, with her head upon the shoulder of her husband. Even in that supreme moment it had thrilled him to have her lying for an instant on his breast. But Lance's cries recalled him to himself, and Adela recovered her seat without perceiving his emotion.

Lancey's face had been badly cut by the broken window glass. He had a gash across his pretty upper lip, another on his forehead. His mather turned as pale as death. She gathered her boy into her arms, while Colonel Wolcott endeavoured to pick away the morsels of glass which adhered to the two gashes.

"Don't cry, my boy!" he said. "See how your crying distresses poor mamma."

Lance looked up into his mother's face and

your crying distresses poor mamma."

Lance looked up into his mother's face, and bravely tried to check his sobs, while blood ran over his pretty velvet dress, and his little arms clung to his mother's neck with a con-

but finds a chief interest in other people, and delights to minister to the amusement, the improvement, and the happiness of all around her.

Wherever Mrs. Wolcott went she was welcomed, and the certainty of giving pleasure breeds a thousand charms. Men liked to come under her influence. She generated an atmosphere more full of oxygen than that which is ordinarily breathed in good society. Good men found inspiration in her talk, and carried back her influence to their studios and libraries.

To please was her aim in social life—a dangerous aim, of course, unless we restore to the word "please." its rightful meaning. It means, not "to attract love," "but to give pleasure." How charming, how invaluable sense, had she occupied her true place in her husband's household! But fashionable social life in her position of "deserted wife" was painful and embarrasing, and she was rarely seen except in the limited field of North sighted eyes, and clear, bright skin, through which the warm blood showed itself in sudden flushes, was no novice in the art of entertaining men; and she did her best to please and win this stranger, whom she supposed might have influence with the husband. His hat had been taken off to be resulted to the contrast, was glowing with excitement and suppressed emotion as they fire.

Thus the beautiful woman, with soft, short-sighted eyes, and clear, bright skin, through which the warm blood showed itself in sudden flushes, was no novice in the art of entertaining men; and she did her best to please and win this stranger, whom she supposed might have influence with the husband. His hat had been taken off to be remained to the contrast, was glowing with excitement and suppressed emotion as they fire.

The true of the contrast, was glowing with excitement and suppressed emotion as they fire. She knew him by his brow, his eyes, his hands, an orasment on his watch-chain, by is green scal-ring on one of his fire. The proceeding the process of the process of the same than the contrast, which might arise out of

for years she had prayed hourly for deliverance, had tallen unawares upon her.

What would he do next? He had said very little, she now remembered with a pang, during their conversation. The animation had been chiefly hers. Yet he had surely said, "Trust me"; he had told Lance not to cry, because his crying "distressed poor mamma"; he had taken care to let her know that he had been ignorant of the child's birth.

Nevertheless, she could not control her apprehensions. Torrified and excited, she remembered that he had occupied himself almost wholly about Lance. Was she, then, nothing but the wife whom he was anxious to divorce—the woman who, in the hour of his humiliation, had sided with her family? The tables were now turned. He had the upperhand with her. The powers of the law were in his favour. She had expected to confront his power in America, and had brought her boy to England to place him beyond reach of any judicial decision. Her own imprudence had thrown the child into the very hands from which she hoped to save him.

Before this anguish passed, another wave of bitterness swelled over her.

Lancey, with the customary self-absorption of a child, felt it to be his right, since he was hurt, to be humoured by everybody. He took a whim to change his place from his mother's arms to those of the stranger.

"He holds me best," he fretted. "I want to go to him. You press me too tight, mamma."

On hearing this, the flattered father took

ed out of the window and asked him a question. The doctor answered it by turning toward a group of people who were talking with loud voices at the door of another carriage.

"Yes, indeed; she is going with us. You know Mrs. Tontine, of course; or shall I introduce her to you?"

"Oh, we shall meet on board. I know her very well," said Adela.

"Can I do anything for you? Who is with you? I suppose you are not travelling."

you? I suppose you are not travelling alone?"
"No; Mr. Smith my lawyer, from London, is taking care of me."

The doctor litted his hat, and walked on.

After a little pause, Adela addressed her husband for the first time since she had dis-

"Don't cry, my boy!" he said. "See how your crying distresses poor mamma."

Lance looked up into his mother's face, and bravely tried to check his sobs, while blood ran over his pretty velvet dress, and his little arms clung to his mother's neck with a convulsive strain.

Colonel Wolcott, as soon as he could get a guard to let him out, sprang from the train, and brought water in his hat from a pool near them. He felt indignant with Sir George for an warrantable interference with his privileges, when he found, on coming back, that he had opened his dressing-case and produced some to clette essence, with which Adels was already washing the wounds.

"Cold water is much the best for it," he said, with authority in his voice, though he knew nothing about the matter. She assented. Together they proceeded to wash and dress the face of their little boy.

"Perhaps there is a surgeon on the train," said Colonel Wolcott, looking at good-natured Sir George, who immediately set out in quest of one. He found a medical student, who drew together the cuts with some plaster from his hat fore a pool near them. Adels, with anxious eyes.

"Will it make him ill, doctor?" said Adels, with anxious eyes.

"Will it make him ill, doctor?" said Adels, with anxious eyes.

"Oh, no! A trifle feverish for a few days, perhaps, but a little pare to his matched in the distance of self-effacement, fell away from her.

"If it is to be a contest between her and me," she thought, "if he has, to make a

Section of the control of the contro was plain to him that the marriage had in reality been no marriage at all. The performance of a ceremony was not absolute evidence that the minds of the parties had met in a binding contract. In this case the conduct of the parties was so extraordinary and unnatural as to be inconsistent with the theory of a valid marriage. And all the circumstances pointed to the conclusion that Miss Hennion was under duress at the time of the marriage.

Polygamy as an Investment. We halted at a way station for dinner. white-haired but not very sanctimonious sain coupied the chair next to me.

"A resident of the country?" I asked.
"Oh, yes; for twenty-five years."
"Married?"
"Some." " More than one wife ?"

"I think so. I've got a few scattered about here and there."
"Believe in polygamy, I presume?"
"Certainly; I'd never have made a living if I hadn't." "How's that?"

"Yes ; in the Crimes."
She held ther peace. If that were so, one anxiety was over. He would not probably attempt to take her boy from her before they sailed, even if he had made arrangements to get possession of him as soon as they should be in American waters. "The slaves of the law" might come in the pilot-bast to "renth him way" from her, at Sandy Hook. She will be should be in American waters. "The slaves of the law" might come in the pilot-bast to "renth him away" from her, at Sandy Hook. She produce, and all danges are most terrible when we meet them in the dark. Not did Mr. Smith know much about United States law. Probably he could not have answered her, had the been willing to lay before him her consciousness of being out of her depth in a new see of troubles. He had already admonished her about holding any intercourse with a gentleman who wax Colonel Woltova's him her consciousness of being out of her depth in a new see of troubles. He had already admonished her about holding any intercourse with a gentleman who wax Colonel Woltova's him had a committed berself to her southwest the state of the southwest of the southwe

UNREQUITED LOVE.

their child, Colonel Wolcott ran back into the station, collected his own traps and belonging, got into acad, and ordered it also to drive to the house of the surgeon. There he was the color of the house of the surgeon. There he was the color of the control of

distriction of the country of the consented with agoing an above the fady, and the country. From the lady, who is described as seventeen years old, with a pleasant face, agreeable manners, and sy, who is described as seventeen years old, with a pleasant face, agreeable manners, and ast the consented with alacrity. They drove to May last the clergyman stopped at the Hension residence and asked Elizabeth Anne to did be young lady that unless she consented with alacrity. They drove to May last the clergyman stopped at the Hension in an extension of the consented with alacrity. They drove to May last the clergyman stopped at the Hension face and sked Elizabeth Anne to take a carriage ride with him, to which she consented with alacrity. They drove to May ke, and when near that city Rev. Mr. Burrell drew from his pocket a pistol and told the young lady that unless she consented with alacrity. They drove to Mayack, and when near that city Rev. Mr. Burrell drew from his pocket a pistol and told the young lady that unless she consented with alacrity. They drove to Mayack, and when near that city Rev. Mr. Burrell drew from his pocket a pistol and told the young lady that unless she consented with alacrity. They drove to minister she should never reach home alive. At Myack they stopped as a hotel, when Mr. Burrell went to a minister, made arrangement for the program of the p in a melancholy mood. It was noticed that he was examining a pistol very carefully. Nothing was thought of it, however, as for several weeks past he had been frequently brandishing about the same weapon, and while in a drunken stupor had threatened to kill everybody because he was not nominated as the candidate for Assembly by the Democratic party. Between three and four o'clock he left the liquor store and retired to his room in the upper part of the same building. He did not sleep long, and before noon was noticed moving around the ward in company with a barkeeper. His movements during the day are mknown as yet, but at half-past two o'clock he accosted James Van Raust, a boy of thirteen, at the corner of Lewis and Grand streets, and asked him to carry a letter to a lady at No. 38 him to carry a letter to a lady at No. 38. Lewis street. The youth said that he would, and Gillen then handed him an open note which was addressed to Miss Mary Sigerson. When Van Raust was about starting for the place Gillen called him back and told him to place Gillen called him back and told him to be particular and not give the letter to any one but to the person addressed. The boy carried the note to Miss Sigerson, and after reading it she wrote an answer on the back of the paper, and pinning the envelope, sent it back. Gillen received the message, and without opening it, hurried away toward Brome street. It is supposed that in the note Gillen had requested an interview with Miss Siger-son, and her answer was a refusal to meet him.

At a few minutes to five o'clock Wednesday evening, the door bell at No. 38 Lewis street was jerked violently by a man in a high state of nervous excitement. It was Gillen, and when the door was opened he rushed up stairs to the front parlour, where Mrs. Sigerson and her daughter were sitting. Without knocking at the door, the young lawyer entered the apartment, but at once excused himself for intruding upon their privacy. He was asked to sit down, and after talking on different matters, politely asked Miss Sigerson if she would give him a drink of water. She went into a rear room to get it for him, and as she was returning with the tumbler in her hand he met her at the threshold of the door, and whispered something in her ear. She shook her head, and then he threw his left arm around her neok, and at the same time he said in a loud tone, "Mary, will you marry me?" She replied, "No. Leave the house. Good night." The next Mrs. Sigerson, who was but a few feet away from the pair, heard was her daughter exclaim, "Mother, catch his arm." As the old lady was moving toward the door to ascertain the cause of the exclamation, she was startled the the report of a his arm." As the old lady was moving toward the door to ascertain the cause of the excla-mation, she was startled by the report of a pistol, and a second after her daughter fell dead at her feet, the bullet having entered her brain and caused her instant death. Horri-fied at the sight, the aged lady was unable to raise an outcry. n outcry.

THE ASSASSIN'S ESCAPE.

barrassing than to converse with her. What the nature of the accident was that detained them he never enquired. At last they were transferred to another train, and, after a good many brief delays, reached Liverpool about nightfall.

The young surgeon, on the arrival at the station, came to the door of the carriage to enquire after his little patient. Colonel Wolcott had the satisfaction of privately pressing a fee into his hand, whispering, "This is for my son"; and heard Adela ask him the address of the principal physician in Liverpool. When they got out of the train, he entreated her permission still to carry Lance. It was granted; but the mother walked beside him, holding the skirt of her child's little coat, as though she dared not trust him quite out of her hands.

Mr. Sung lady—"Very changeable weather, Mrs. Wiggins—"Ess, miss, it be. Fust of, yer see; then cold, then 'ot agin; but it's a blessin', cos it is a blessin', cos it is the weather wasn't a little wariable there wouldn't be no wariety in some folk's convastations."

The Assassin's Escape.

In the mean time the assassin pushed her aside and ran down stairs, and, jumping over these is the sade and ran down stairs, and, jumping over messed; then 'ot agin; but it's a blessin', cos it is a bless

THE FAR

EDITORIAL NOT

The complete official returns ural exports of the Units 880 have just been published bit shows the remarkable propertment of commerce. The \$3,578, against \$558,776.828 for the Breadstuffs form the seedstuns form the children of the seedstuns seed of the seedstuns and vegetable \$290,970,683 as compared to 1879. The cattle exponential seeds of the seedstune amounted tively new feature, amounted an increase of over 50 per cen arport of live cattle was only million dollars. In sheep and was a slight falling off, the an little over \$1,000,000. Hogs ducts amounted to \$35,259,33 with \$79,438,936. Other ite strategictury increase.

The land question is attract and the recent elections in the dividing public interest with th scritation in Ireland. Profess Edinburgh, denounces the Soc and argues that as the state population in all society dependences on their legal relation the country, it follows that the serve country should be cont the country, it follows that the svery country should be controved to the prosperity in the most to the prosperity and in an unmerous rural population. "The moment I buy land I put an obligation to the State, as an organized society, that I this property in a manner prescial interests with which it is many more attempts should be vert new tracts of country into there will be a Land League as there will be a Land League a Highlands. Regarding the fruit-canning

priate notes :-- " No less than companies have been organize of Hamilton within the past This is a direct result of the now keeps out American fruit quantity of which was consun before the N. P. was adopted. before the N. P. was adopted, is possible to profitably extend operations in Ontario, every serich with fruit gardens, should canning factory to swell the province." The canning tousing infancy in the Dominion: Ever fruit and vegetable could be pully in this province; never quantities were shipped to Buff can ports last year, much probably be imported in its can consumption in this country. consumption in this country.
ers must admit that this is an ited to the province.

Exorbitant rates of interes the life out of the Prince Edwa mer, and he is ready to grumb everybody, particularly with Government. Before the pre-tration assumed office he had tration assumed office he had a farm and borrowed money at farm and borrowed money at farm and borrowed money at farm and borrowed money from the farm will barely restorepay such loans and maintain Now under no policy, free trade will land in an old settled provintable if mortgaged an such ter lief required is such an influx would reduce the rate to six per tiations are in progress for the C to devote a million dollars of cas Edward Island. Placing a there at six per cent. will be equipment of the control of th there at six per cent. will be equannual saving to the people of \$12 per cent. as the average interest on an equivalent amount of capi ever the Island farmers can born cent. we shall hear no more them of dull times.

The second lot of sheep by Messrs. Shotwell & Rugg ward on Thursday of last ward on Thursday of last we ment numbering 140. Mr. Sho during the Western Fair and London and made several practices and London and made several practices and land to the several practices and made several practices and made several practices and made several practices and made several practices. W. Walker, John McPherson, Robt. Robson, London Township and E. W. Charlton, Lobo; and of Adelaide. He then came down and purchased the flower in that township. He purchased heicester and one Lincoln ram. Sutcliff, also a Leicester ram, the Leicester ewes and two Lincoln ewes. He purchased also to John Holling, sr., Thomas Cl. Leicester ewes and two Lince ewes. He purchased also to John Holling, sr., Thomas Classeveral others noted for raising If anything was required to credit on the other side of the li-ing fine sheep the present shipmenths matter beyond a doubt. In purchased a very fine two-year from Mr. Cuddy, of Adelaide, phandsome figure for him.

The volume of grain receipt and other western points showe cline last week, and it will pr sumed by the general public t crop is used up, or the farmers back for higher prices. Both sumptions are disproved by to country warehouses are full to the farmers are obliged to carry the to the farmers because there is no rat the depot, and the country to ging for cars in which to send g The cars are not furnished The cars are not furnished as rapidly as wanted, and shi by the hundred are delaye tases several weeks, as a line evil in this shape is met wit but it appears to be a growing pressure for cars is greater than months ago, and was worse then three years previously. The sec the fact-that the railroad comparended their tracks during the more rapidly, than they have ad rolling-stock. In the Dominio lack of rolling-stock is observated all the railways, and our farmers at local points are seriously incompared through freight from the west at of local traffic.

An indication of the research cars are not furnished

An indication of the progress nical revolution in British agric due to American competition, is London correspondent of an ethas been enquiring into the subtics are lacking to show the vacant farms, but they can be continued to let. An agricultural journal to let. An agricultural journal vertisements of 16 farms embedding to show the vacant farms of 16 farms embedding to let. An agricultural journal vertisements of 16 farms embedding to let. An agricultural journal vertisements of 16 farms embedding to let. An agricultural journal vertisements of 16 farms embedding to let. An agricultural journal vertisements of 16 farms embedding to let. An agricultural journal of farms of 17,720 a tricks of England advertised 98 an aggregate area of 27,720 a three papers alone offer 42,000 a ing property, the descriptions for part showing that they are eligible in good condition. They are three market simply for the lack of coabusiness which thousands are tipuing at a loss. The chief difficulties have of entail and primogen estates to which these farms belief heavily mortgaged. The owners and cannot affect the laws of entail and primogen estates to which these farms belief and cannot affect the laws of entail and primogen estates to which these farms belief and cannot affect the laws of entail and primogen estates. due to American competition, is heavily mortgaged. The owners and cannot afford to reduce rents rate—unless indeed they were change their mode of living. The let thought tenants go and put the market at the old figures. Indeed the difficult to obtain in the