VIRGINIA BOHEMIANS 35 (Continued.)

XXXV. IN THE BOHMERWALD.

One morning, a few days after the incident just related, the Lefthander and Mouse were alone together at Crow's Nest. Is was just after breakfast, and Gentleman Joe had gone to pay a visit to his dear (Nelly, and Harry had wandered away into the nine thicket if had wandered away into the pine thicket in rear of the house, to look after some traps with which he amused his convalescence. The Lefthander was smoking, and leaning forward in a meditative attitude, with one of

forward in a meditative attitude, with one of his hands resting on his knee; Mouse was busily putting away the tin cups and plates on a shelf in the corner. Having at last ar-ranged everything to her satisfaction, she came and sat down by the Lefthander, and opened a small bible, which she took from her pocket, and began to read to him. On this morning he remained silent for some minutes after the child closed her book; then he said.

"After all, that is the only bible-which

is strange." "What do you mean, poppa?"

Monse. "I mean, Mignon, that there's not a differ-ent bible for different people. This is the only one—for lords and ladies and tramps and beggars. And the strange thing is it suits every one of them, wherever they are and relatives they are " vhatever they are.'

atever they are." He mused a little, and added, "But I wish you were one of the ladies, not

the poor little one you are." "A lady? I'm just as good a lady as I want to be, sir," said Mouse, with a grand

air. "Yes; I really believe you are—in your character. But I was thinking of the easy time the real ladies have. I wish you were one of them for that reason—not such a little

one of them for that reason—not such a little chit, only the child of your poor mother." "You never told me anything about moth-er, poppa," said the child. "You always and I was too young, and you'd tell me some tay. Won't you tell me now? I'm old chough. Can't you tell me, poppa?" "Yes, Mignon—there's no sort of trouble gbout that. You are right. You are grow-ing up to be a little woman now, and ought to know about things. I met your mother in the Bohemian country—I belonged to a circus —I ran away from my father and joined it when I was a boy."

when I was a boy.

"Ran away, poppa?" "Yes; I ought not to have run away; but my father was a very stern man. He was a peasant, and very poor, and made me work hard from daylight to dark, so I joined a circus that was passing, and never saw

again." The Lefthander spoke rather sadly.

"My father died soon afterward, and I was very heavy-hearted," he said. "It would be much better if people avoided doing what makes them heavy-hearted when they think of it.

"But if they did not really mean to do wrong?" said charitable Mouse. "I ought not to have done as I did. I am

"I ought not to have done as I did. I am very sorry. Well, I went off with the circus, and grew up to be a young man, and found I was strong, and became an athlete. At last the company travelled into Bohemia, and I met with your mother. It was an accident. Mouse rose and came to the Lefthander, nd, sitting in his lap, put one arm around

his neck.

his neck. "What do you mean by saying it was an accident, poppa?"she said. "I will tell you about it. There was a performance at a place called Prague, in the Bohemian country. I had taken by that time to the trapeze business as well as lifting, and one niebl I had a fall and hurt myself. It

with a feather in it, maybe, and a carriage tride in, and life would be easy for you." Mouse reflected, and did not dissent from this. She evidently would have liked what the Lefthander spoke of. "That would be pleasant," he said. "Yes, it would be." "And you'd enjoy it. "I think I would."

"I thought so," said the Lefthander son

"I thought so," said the Lefthander sor-rowfully. "But not without you, popps. Of course it's natural to like pretty things, and I should certainly like it all—but how could I get along without you?" The Lefthander's rugged face seemed to melt at the words. There was an indescrib-able tenderness in the very manner in which he careased the child's hair. "You would seen get used to it," he said. "I den't think I would," Mouse replied, shaking her head slightly; "I know I would not. I don't see how nice things and easy living can make us forget the people we love. I am sure if I lived that fine life, and you were not with me, I would lie awake in the bed with the pretty counterpane and think of you and cry—aad then, you know, that would spil all the fine things, and the boots with the black buttons would pinch me." The Lefthander was overcome by the mixed pathos and gaiety of the child. He held her close to his heart, and his lips moved as if he were praying for her. "Woll well" we and "you must it mind

"Well, well," he said, "you mustn't mind my talk, Mignon-I'm a little down to-day. It is natural that a father should be thinking about what might happen to his child if he were to die. It would be better if you were a little lady, as I said-but then I would not

see you any more ; and if I were not to see you I think I should die, Mignon !"

you I think I should die, Mignon ! His breast heaved and a tremor passed through his frame. "I must go and see about Harry," he said, rising suddenly, "he is not well yet." Was this to conceal his amotion ? It seem-ed so; Mouse had never seen him so much avitated. Ha took his hat and wast out agitated. He took his hat and went out, turning his head as if to conceal his face from the child. A few moments afterward she saw him disappear in the thicket.

### XXXVI. MOUSE'S VISITOR.

MOUSE'S VISITOR. Mouse sat down after the departure of the Lefthander, and fell into deep thought. She was thinking of her mother. Her vivid im-agination filled up the picture of the scenes in the Bohmerwald—her father lying sick in the home of the old hunter, her mother nurs-ing him, no doubt, their love and marriage, and her death in less than one year afterward. That was very, very sad. She understood now why her father was so quiet and sorrow-ful often. He had been gay once, he said— now he was no longer gay, and that was nat-ural, since he had lost the person he loved best upon earth.

best upon earth. Mouse sobbed, and remained for some time Mouse sobbed, and remained for some time quite absorbed in thoughts of her poor mam-ms; but then that would not do, she reflect-ed. She had a shirt of Harry's to mend; so she went and got the shirt and her work-basket, and sat down to mend the garment. As there was no back to her chair, she placed her feet on the round in front, and pinning the shirt to her knee began to sew. She was thus engaged when she heard a step approaching, and a long shadow ran over the porch. Mouse looked up suddenly. There stood an elegantly-dressed gentleman, with a riding-whip in his hand. He was the same who had accompanied the United States mar-

who had a nied the United States mar shal on his search for the moonshiners that

the bag?"

rance at least. Why did he leave th to means of doing so in a straightforward anner. Why were people thus compelled in Lascelles reflected, to adopt "crooked" cans? He would have much preferred the mpler course, but that was impossible. He trainly could not go to Mr. Grantham and y, "A travelling hag was left with you mutaining papers which you will be good nough to deliver to me." Explanation ould be asked, and he would be obliged to ate that the papers were of right his pro-serty. But then the explanation would re-uite an explanation, and that second explan-tion Mr. Lascelles was not apparently pre-ared to make. ns of doing so in a straightforwa There was a fight with—with Mr. Brown " Mouse said, not having regained her What was it about ?" " About me, sir, I think. I fell off the "ope, and Mr. Brownson was angry." "Oh, yes, when you sprained your ankle, r something. And you went away that

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on the whole it would be much better

The trouble was to devise the means,

sary to determine on the hazardous procee

nearly half-past three in the afternoon. Fou

Mr. Lascelles took out his watch. It was

night?"

a sometiming. And you went away that night?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where did you sleep ?"
"Is the town—my foot hurt me, and popps was carrying me."
Mr. Lascelles fell into reflection. After awhile he looked intuntly at the child, and seemed to have conceived some project. This was apparent from the sudden disappearance of his air of indifference.
"Well, miss," he said, "it was fortunate that your father was not arrested. He had assaulted a peaceful person, and left the circus company without a moment's warning. Ill-natured persons might have said that he did so to prevent being searched."
"Searched, sir!" exclaimed Mouse.
"I am sorry to shock you, miss, but peeple On the whole it would be much better to quietly resume possession of his property without raising a scandal. There would be no moral transpression in so deing. Mere forms were not of vital importance, where there was no real violation of the laws of meum and tuum. Moliere had claimed the right to take his own wherever he found it, and why should not he? If by taking it quietly he avoided strife and contention, was it not all the better? The trouble was to devise the means and

"Searched, sir !" exclaimed Mouse. "I am sorry to shock you, miss, but peeple sometimes leave a place suddenly to avoid that. There is such a thing as carrying away what is not one's property." Mouse was so much shecked at this imputa-tion that she flushed, and looked almost de-fiantly at Mr. Lascelles. "Poppa does not steal things," she said, with the air of an outraged princess. "Not to your knowledge, doubtless; but that is no proof. How could you know what he had in his baggage ?" "He had no baggage at all—nothing but

"He had no baggage r "He had no baggage at all-nothing but my old travelling-bag," Mouse replied, so much offended that she seemed to forget her

"Your travelling-bag, ch?" "And there was nothing in it but a few clothes of mine and some old papers."

clothes of mine and some old papers. "What old papers?" Mr. Lascelles asked the question with an abruptness which showed how much the words of Mouse affected him. There was the inde-finable change, too, in his whole manner that is seen in the fox or deer-hound, when, after circling around, he at last comes on the scent

# of the game. "Old papers-what old papers?" he said.

"Old papers—what ord papers i he said. "I don't know what they were, but poppa had kept them for a long time." "Where are they now ?—I mean, you brought your bag with you to this house, I

suppose." "No, sir, I lost it. Poppa thinks it must have been dropped, but *I* think it was left at a good man's house where we slept that night."

o clock was the hour when he was accustomed to meet Mr. Ruggles, and there was just time to reach the rendezvous. He put spurs to his horse, and went on at full gallop. This soon brought him to the Wye woods, and turning a bend in the road he saw Mr. Ruggles seated on a root awaiting him. "I was looking for you," said Mr. Lascelles, rather curfly. "What good man ?" "His name was Mr. Grantham, I heard." rather curtly. "Well, here I am," returned Mr. Ruggles, retaining his seat on the root of the tree, and 'Mr. Grantham !- Parson Grantham ?"

"That was his name." Mr. Lascelles lost a little of the colour in his speaking in a careless tone. Mr. Lascelles was already in a bad humour and by no means relished his companion

ace. "Why have you never gone back for it?" "Poppa did go, but the good man was "You appear to be rather indifferent away." Mr. Lascelles fixed his eyes on the floor,

whether you see me or not," he said. Mr. Ruggles had been picking his teeth with a straw. This ceremony he still proand was quite silent for some moments. His expression of face was extremely gloomy and ded with. "Well, to tell you the fact, Mr. Lascelle neasy. "How do you think you came to leave it I'm a little tired of this business," he said. "Indeed !" Mr. Lascelles returned, iron

there?" he said, in a low voice. "I think it was left on the bed where I slept," Mouse replied. "Well," Mr. Lascelles said, after a mo-

ent, "I suppose that was all your fancy. The good man, as you call him, would have looked for you, to restore the bag if he had

und it. "It was not worth thinking of, sir." "Why not? The papers may have been uable. How did they ever come to be in

"Poppa put them there; his own old trunk had a broken lock, but my bag had a very good one, only I think it was unlocked that

## MISCELLANEOUS. Free of charge-an empty gun. Wilhelmj has packed up his j and is going

Doctors are like verbs. They are regular, irregular and defective. Flies are evidently the disciples of Matthew Arnold, -- they are invariably attracted by sweetness and light.

They are trying lady ushers in some of the churches in Chicago, but they are not a suc-cess. Every lady with a new bonnet is seated away back.

Punch :--- "Whither are the Jesuits expelled

What tramp can now have the hardihood to ask at our doors for a meal of "wittles," with the plea that he has eaten nothing since yesterday? Can't he profit by a good ex-ample? Let him ask at Dr. Tanner's back-

"Here, Johnny, go to the store and get some brads." "Some what, father?" "Some brads. You know—nails without heads." Johnny goes, and the storekeeper is informed that "Father wants some brats without brade."

A gentleman who married a widow com poor dear."

why had he failed? It was really absurd. The papers were in existence, and there was the money ready. Why were they not forth-coming? The result-contempt for Mr. Rug-gles, and ill-suppressed *hauteur* of bearing in that gentleman's company. 'Not even the marrative of Mr. Ruggles's ruse with the black bottle, and of what followed, had moved him. He was evidently no match for the Lefthand-er, and the struggle was over-but he might be for Mr. Grantham. He might suggest something, at least, and if it was found neces-sary to determine on the hazardous proceed-A prominent undertaker says that several days ago a lady who lives in the east part of the city came into his establishment and said: "Does my husband owe you any money?" She was informed that there was an account of about \$60 on the books against him. She replied : "Well, here is your money ; I am that man's second wife, and I just found out to-day that he still owed the funeral expenses for the burial of his first wife, and I am going to pay them out of my own exprises

wife, and I am going to pay them out of my own earnings. How absolute some people are in their con-versation. There is Smartington, for in-stance. Said Jones to him the other evening, "Do you like dogs?" Jones, by the way, is a lover of the animal. "I never ate one," replied Smartington, dreamily. "Well, who supposed you did?" exclaimed Jones with impatience. "If I were to ask if you liked donkey, now ?" he continued, with a lingering emphasis on "donkey." Said Smartington; ingeniously, "I like you, Jones." The famous African explorer may now be

the shipping-places have been destroyed, and the bark has to be carried sometimes hun-dreds of miles on the backs of natives.

dreds of miles on the backs of natives. Milwaukee drinking water is a viscous opaque fluid, made up of a number of mucila-ginous compounds. With a little evaporation it can be used for plaster or mortar—the lime and the hair being present in sufficient quan-tities. A "prominent physician" has made fifty-three examinations for the Sentinel and reported the following assorted articles con-tained in the solution : Part of tongue of smail, pine bark, tan bark, woollen fibre, ani-mal debris, skin of caterpillar, feathers, mos-quitoes, cat hairs, dog muscles. For a scare and a sensation this is admirable, and the "part of tongue of smail" and "dog muscles" indicate such superhuman sagacity on the part of the analyst that he ought not to be permitted to blush unseen. Let us have this atomizer out in public view. Mr. John Blatchferd, sr., of Haysville, died at his son's residence on Sunday evening inferior to the make in the western section of the Province. If this is the case we trust of last week under peculiar eircumstances. The deceased had been in his usual health until

The deceased had been in his usual neutral unit about a couple of weeks ago, when working one day in a field a shower came on, and he took shelter under a tree; while there he was bit on the shoulder by what he then supposed good results from his visit to the Madoc fac-tories will soon manifest themselves.-North Hastings Review. to be a mosquito, but has proved to be some deadly insect. He paid little or no attention to it for some time, but it gradually grew worse, and Dr. Nichol was called, who did all worse, and Dr. Nichol was called, who did all in his power to check its progress, but to no purpose; the injured part swelled and in-flamed until it finally terminated in death as above stated. He was 64 years old, and leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn his untimely end.—Durham Chronicle. The particulars of the drowning of Henry Robinson, adopted son of Mr. Hooper, of St. Andrew's, N.B., at New Rochelle, N.Y., are as follows :- The schooner Wm. G. R. Mor-rey was lying in the stream, the crew dis-charging and rafting cargo, after dinner Thursday, the 15th ult. Two of the crew

Inursday, the 15th ult. Two of the crew went in swimming. Harry sat on a raft alongside smoking a pipe, watching them. The captain said to him, "Harry, why don't you have a swim? Jump in, and I will jump in, clothes and all, as I stand." "All right," replied Harry, making a spring into the water. He made two or three splashes, went down but did not one are an in the did down, but did not come up again. He did not speak a word after he said all right to the captain. Every effort was made to save him. The body was recovered the same afternoon

Some eight or ten years ago, parties who were prospecting in the Madoc district, came across a ledge of slate-like looking rock on the farm of C. F. Aylesworth, and uncovered the farm of C. F. Aylesworth, and uncovered the surface near the northern edge of the ledge, finding some apparently good slate. Not until some time this spring was the pro-perty again examined, and this time attract-ing the attention of some practical miners, a company was organized, who a short time ago commenced active operations. The com-pany is composed of Messrs. H. K. Lee, Cornelius Gromberg, and E. B. Fralec. This guarry is about one mile and a half from the quarry is about one mile and a half from the of Madoc on the Hastings road, and only about 500 yards, from the railway track. The ledge of slate rock outcrops for a dist-ance of over one thousand feet, and varies from 100 to 150 feet in width.

ingeniously, "I like you, Jones." The famous African explorer may now be addressed as "Dr. Henry M. Stanley." A year ago the German Academy of Leopold and Caroline conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In a letter of thanks to the president of the academy, bearing date "Camp in the District of Utanda, on the Congo, March 26, 1880," he says: "On the borders of a beautiful region, and filled only with the magnitude of my task, I had entire-ly forgotten the civilized world behind me, when I was greeted by you as Doctor of Philosophy." Kaid Maclean, a retired English officer who ommands the Moorish army, said recently : 'If I were to publish half the things I have ically. Mr. Ruggles modded. "I've done all I could, and I can't find your papers. Are they really to be found any-where? They have been destroyed, maybe." "They are not destroyed," said Mr. Las-celles, knitting his brows but restraining <sup>14</sup> If were to publish half the things I have seen with my own eyes in this extraordinary country, I should be branded as a liar for the rest of my life." The Moors of Morocco are described by Captain Colville in his new book of travels there as barbarians, but their bar-barism is concealed by a politeness, "genuine and gentlemanlike." Yet, "the Kaid or Pasha with whose nolite manners and lavish Philosophy. Brown's landlady passed him a dish of vegetables at the dinner table, and he helped himself to about two spoonfuls, almost bank-"Yes. Perhaps your not finding them is due to another circuinstance. "What circumsthice is that?" Pasha, with whose polite manners and lavish hospitality one has been so struck, may just have been watching a slave flogged to death, rupting the dish, when she said to him, with a smile on her face and ire in her eye :--"That you are a new hand at your busi-"Those are new potatoes, Mr. Brown, and some of the other boarders may want some." or may, at the very time he is talking to one, er, or planning some new and horrible tor ure by which he may extract money from his nent in his windpipe, "I thought the peas," and then he finished his dinn The Arab tortures most cruelly. " but always for a Brown is now hunting around for her boarding place, Napoleon III.'s widow derives her reven from three sources the product of savin and speculations, the insurances on the E peror's life, and the real estate which t During the last political campaign in Michi-gan, a well-known lawyer of that State was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers, in Gratiot county. In order to win the confidence of his hearers, he said : Empress bought in her own name when she was on the throne. Nominal sales have been "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father made since she came to Chiselhurst, as well as two genuine ones. The Empress disposed of, for a considerable sum, the property in the Rue d'Alba and the house in which M. been with the thiers of the son. My latter was a practical farmer, and so was my grand-father before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn." Here the speaker was rudethe Rue d'Alba and the house in which M. Rouher used to live free, at the corner of the Rue d'Alysee. The purchaser of this estate was Baron Hirsch, "the Turkish railway king." There are, besides, estates in Spain, Switzerland and Hungary. The Hungarian property was acquired in the present year, and is adjacent to the domain of Count Zichy. Under her son's will the Empress acquires properties near Trieste and in Tuscany, as well as houses and grounds in Toulouse. Here are two good stories of "Inish disstalks of corn." Here the speaker was rude-ly interrupted by some one in the andience, who exclaimed, "A pumpkin', by jingo." Writing on the French fête, the Paris cor-respondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says :---" Much of the aristocracy which left Paris to protest against the fête stole back from the protest against the fête stole back from the provinces to see what it was like. Grand Dukes and Crown Princes, it is bilieved, are here incognito to amuse themselves at the most gigantic kermesse of this or any other period. Certainly the King of the Belgians was the occupant of a suite of rooms in the Rue de Rivoli, and had the future Empress of Austria under his paternal wing. A young Archduke was recognized by some Viennese Here are two good stories of "Irish dis-tress." A landlord in the county Westmeath has a tenant who refused the other day to has a tenant who refused the other day to pay his rent, amounting annually to some 2450, pleading inability to do so from the bad times. The landlord sent a courteons but firm letter to say that he must take steps to make him pay. A few days after, the tenant appeared at the London residence of the landlord, and offered to g ve him £12,000 for the fee simple of the form 1 A landlord in Archduke was recognized by some dancing in the Tuileries gardens." dancing in the Tuileries gardens." The young Duchess of Norfolk gave re-cently the only ball that has been given at Norfolk House within half a century. Nor-folk House is one of the great palaces of London, and is peculiarly well-adapted for grand receptions. There is a splendid ball-room, whose decorations are peculiar, the walls being completely panelled with mirrors, richly and heavily ornamented with gold foliage and fruit. The architraves over the old mahogany doors are similarly treated. The style is that of Louis XIII. All the old Roman Catholic families were represented the fee simple of the farm ! A landlord in Ireland the other day had some fat bullocks for sale, and one of his tenants came and for sale, and one of his tenants came and became the purchaser, and paid for the cattle down—ready money—in sovereigns! The landlord on going out, saw the tenant's cart standing at the door, into which he was getting to drive away, and remarked some large full sacks in the cart. "What have you got there in the sacks?" "Sure, yer honner, it's the relief male" (meal). old Roman Catholic families were represented at the ball, many coming from the country. honner, it's the relief male" (meal). M. Challemel Lacour is a gray, almost white bearded man, with white hair thrown back from the forehead. The nose is straight, and the features cut in a large mould. In-stead of using the splendid apartments of the French embassy at Albert Gate, London, he occupies a little writing room as you enter; and though one of those gorgeous dressing gowns, dear to ordinary Frenchmen, would not be out of place in a *Cabinet de travail*, true Republican simplicity forbids it. In the early morning he is found in a dark gray shooting, or rather yachting suit. His man-ner is elegant, yet kindly; dignified, yet courteous and refined, without being finick-ing. The glance of the eye is candid, but when he feels strongly, the expression becomes intense. The voice is as musical, the periods as harmonious as before, but the eye glows Prince Leiningen is not to be second in command of the Channel fleet, though it seems that Mr. W. H. Smith did, while in office, say something which was by somebody construed into a sort of promise to appoint the Prince. "There is no doubt whatever," says a London correspondent, "that Lord Northbrook has to some extent been incom-remienced by this matter and that represent Northbrook has to some extent been inc venienced by this matter, and that repre-tations have been made with reference Prince Leiningen's claims which could of be met, as they were met, by plainly sh-ing that his Highness' peculiar naval exp ence was not such as to qualify him for next." A gentleman of the Civil Service in Briti A gentleman of the Civil Service in British Burmah recently applied for leave on urgent private affairs, and the Government granted the leave on his explaining that he wished to marry. On the expiration of his leave he re-turned, still unmarried, and the Secretary wrote, asking for an explanation of such conduct on the part of the gentleman. The reply was as follows:---"I have the homour boinform you in answer to your No B 23 as harmonious as before, but the eye glows. The manner in which the Montenegrin Minister of War usually transacts his official Minister of War usually transacts his official business would, says a correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, no doubt, be viewed with horror by the fastidious routine sticklers at our own Horse Guards. As I have already hinted, the Podgoritza War Office is a singu-larly inpretentious government building of to inform you, in answer to your No. B. 23 of the 21st April last, that on taking leave hinted, the Podgoritza War Office is a singu-larly impretentious government building of circumscribed interior arrangements. It is, in fact, hardly bigger than a good sized porter's lodge. Therefore, for the lack of reception space in his official residence, his Excellency prefers to hold his levees in the little public square in front of his office. Here he may be seen at all hours of the day, pacing slowly backward and forward, over the orbitespace reading I fully intended to marry, but, on my arrival in England, I found the lady in question entertained frivolous objections to my personal appearance. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant ----." Cardinal Manning's secretary, the Rev. W. A. Johnson, writes to the Times to contra-dict a statement made by the Pungolo of Milan, to the effect that the Cardinal stated slowly backward and forward, over the cobblestones, granting audiences, reading despatches, issuing orders or smoking con-templative cigarcttes with his staff, formed in a line a deferential step or two behind him. Tobacco cultivation is now carried on ex-tensively and with increasing success in Jamaica, although it has only taken a place in the industries of the colony within the last few years. The Governor, Sir Anthony Mus-grave, in a report to the Colonial Office just printed, speaks highly in favour of Jamaica grown tobacco. Political troubles in Cuba drove over to Jamaica a large number of the natives of that island, many of whom had been engaged there in the cultivation and manufacture of the plant, who, finding in Jamaica suitable soil and climate in various localities, embarked in its cultivation. Being successful, they have for the most part conthat his predecessors left him a considerable sum for a cathedral in London, but that he had devoted the interest of the capital to the creation of a seminary. Mr. Johnson says no money for a cathedral was left by the Carno money for a cathedral was left by the Car-dinal's predecessors, but that a site for a cathedral has been obtained at a cost of nearly forty-three thousand pounds ster-ling, which, with the exception of £3,500, has been paid off by means of contributions made since the death of the Cardinal's pre-decessors ' The Cinchona Forests of South Ar The Concional Forests of South America is the subject of an article in the Popu Science Monthly by Mr. Henry S. Wellow who recently visited Ecuador and trave through the forests where the bark is gathe He says that the supply is by no means in haustible, as some writers have represen they have for the most part con r plantations, although invited t haustible, as some writers have repri-but that, on the contrary, if the ruinous system of destroying the tr making no effort to promote new gro continued, they will, before many y practically exterminated from their sell. Abready the sections of forest equent observation of these f res that there is no reas cigars should not have a

island is shipped to the German market, and much is manufactured into cigars for island consumption. These cigars have certainly, says Sir Anthony Musgrave, gained a name for themselves in the island itself, where a prejudice against home-made cigars at one time existed.

Last week the principal cheese factories in this vicinity were visited by Prof. J. B. Harris, who is in the employ of the Dairy. men's Association of Eastern Ontario, giving what are said to be valuable instructions to cheese makers for the manufacture of an im cheese makers for the manufacture of an im-proved quality of this article. He is in-troducing what is known as the "Cheddar" process, and which is being invariably chosen in preference to the old system wherever it has been tried. Cheese made by the "Ched-dar" process is said to be worth threedar process is said to be worth three-quarters of a cent per pound more than the cheese made by the old system, and cheese buyers always prefer the former. He says the cheese made in Eastern Ontario is far

Col. Flatters, the chief of the Trans-Sahara railway expedition, has just returned to Mar-seilles, and reports the practicability of a route about 200 kilometres south of El Golea, in 24 degs. north latitude. The expedition in 24 degs. north latitude. The expedition found a reasonable amount of water, never having been three days without it, and in the course of the exploration a lake was discov-ered, full of fish and surrounded by vegeta-tion. The general character of the soil was a hard sandstone, though for 80 kilometres there was an arid belt of very hard limestone. The whole country is much infested with snakes and lizards, and among the wild an shakes and inzards, and among the wild ani-mals were antelopes in great numbers. The tamarisk tree grows luxuriantly in the Sahara, acquiring a development of three and a half yards in circumference. The price of salt is enormous, 100 kilos of this necessary article being valued at four slaves. As each playe in estimated at \$100 the set of

slave is estimated at \$180, the cost of the and a quarter pounds of salt is about \$7. Ambassadors to England now, as, for stance, Challemel-Lacour, who is simply rather poor literary man, are of a far diff ent stamp from what they were some th years since, being now selected for abil rather than wealth, as then. For instan in 1838 the Austrian Ambassador was Prin Esterhazy, the Hungarian magnate, wh when a vainglorious nobleman in Lond boasted that he had so many thousand shee calmly remarked that that was just the r

ber of his shepherds. The magnificent Ma yar, whose "costume de gala" was a jacke pelisse and pantaloons of maroon-colour velvet, all thickly embroidered with se pearls, was very fond, when he waltzed, o wearing diamond tassels to his Hessian boot with the generous intent, in his choregraph gyrations, of scattering a few unconsidered trifles in the way of brilliants for the benefit of the young ladies who might not be avers to picking up the glittering baubles. A very remarkable man, the Rev. John

Russell, nearly fifty years Vicar of Swym-bridge, in North Devon, and known as the "brave old hunting clergyman," has been transferred now, in his 86th year, to the valuable and pleasant benefice of Black Torring ton by Lord Polsimore, and has been presen-ed at the residence of the Duke of Bedford by the Prince of Wales, Earls Fortescue and Devon, and a number of nobles and gentle-men, with a silver tureen and a purse of  $\pounds 650$ , as a token of affection. He is one of the best riders to hounds in England, and rarely missed a meet, but was most attentive to an his duties, greatly respected and loved by his flock, and an admirable preacher. His bishop, the late Dr. Philpots, once exclaimed after hearing him, "What an admirable missed a meet, but was most attentive to a

## AGRICULTURAL.

# QUERIES AND REPLIES. How would rape seed answer as a fertilize on as soon as the crops are removed; an at quantity will be required per are we any of your subscribers tried the e

SUBSCRIBER

SIB,—If those of your subscribers who ung turkeys are dying, will chop very fu me young onions and mix with their fee d in the course of a few weeks report, ti alt through your columns they will oblig ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER. Truro, Nova Scotia, July 26, 1880.

MILK FEVER.

Milk fever is a disease of the blood cons ment upon a disordered circulation, and is out of apoplexy, the brain being inflam and congested, and the nervous system pro-mated. Usually, a cow affected with the lisease lies still, with the head on the flam deshes the head about y sometimes dashes the head about viole which should be to give a strong 16 to 20 ounces of epsom salts, wit nce of carbonate of ammonia. and rest in a dark, clean, le.-Am. Dairyman.

COVERED AND UNCOVEREMANURE.

e years ago, says an experienced Some years ago, says an experienced in mer, I had a lot of sheep wintered in a buil-ing and yard fenced in with high palings keep out worthless curs. In the second stor-of the building hay was kept for the sheep and fed to them under the building, while and fed to them under the building, while was open at one end, some six or se high, into the yard where troughs w for feeding grain. During the winter man accumulated under the building to twelve fifteen inches in depth and extended gradue fitten modes in depth and extended gradual tapering to the ground, out into the yard. I the edge of the building the manure w about twelve inches deep. In the followin astanna, when I went to haal out the manu for wheat, I found that immediately outsi of the edge of the building, where, expos is the weather, it had rotted and such till was only six inches deep, whilst that inim liately under the shelter was still about a for

I took a cart and oxen and drew I took a cart and oxen and drew the manure which was on the outside of the build ing, and put it on a strip across the field in tended for wheat, then drew out the sam quantity in bulk from under the building and put it in like manner on an adjoinin strip of same size and quality. All we sowed with wheat of the same kind and a the same time. The group from these time the same time. The crop from those tw lands was not measured, but everyone wh examined the crop before cutting decide there was about twice the quantity on th nanured by the covered manure.

### FREE SOILING.

farmer in Chicopee, whose specialty A farmer in Checope, whose specially milk and whose pasturage is limited, resort to soiling to supply his cows with summe food. The first green crop that is availabl in spring is winter rye. This he sows at the rate of about two bushels per acre on heavil manured land, and commences cutting soon as it is eighteen inches high. So rap sits growth that a dozen cows will hard est two access of it before it gets to its fu height, when it is unfit for feeding. Aft rye a small pasture supplies the wants of th herd until oats are large enough to cut a goo

swath. In feeding out this last crop it has been noticed that when considerable was left in the mangers a little early cut hay sprinkle over it will cause it all to be eaten, the an mals craving a variety through the seaso. For a herd of twelve cows four acres of con irable. The first planting is

ed as late as the middle of July.

GRASS.

enough to secure free, mellow earth e it. Then never mind the roots ; le

them sleep or spront, but go for the tops wery time they show an inch above ground. Very likely the surface will need working wice a week. The last patch I took hold of In this determined way was ploughed he 4th of July, and my Journal of that are shows that we harrowed it to an

he at of July, and my Journal of that year shows that we harrowed it ten, and hoed it fifteen times before the ground. froze. We wanted the ground for a strawberry plantation early the next sping, and by the way, it had been nearly as full of Canada thistle as of witch

southern. This last may

Chili has found time, in spite of her war with Peru and Bolivia, to finish the canal de la Merced, seventy-five miles long and cost-ing about \$400,000. "Can any scholar tell me the meaning of epithet?" said our fair preceptress. "I can," says Isabella Jane O'Gradivous Riley; "It is something they put on a tombstone,"

the other day from the Rue de Sevres to go? The Voltarian members of the French govern-meat will perhaps reply, 'From Sèvres to China.'' The trouble was to devise the means, and he naturally thought of Mr. Ruggles. At first he hesitated to have recourse to the as-sistance of that gentleman, of whom he was growing a little weary. His views as to the efficiency of "detectives" had undergone a shock. The perusal of modern novels had elevated the detective police very high in his estimation. He was very much surprised now to have his eyes opened, and to find that they were the merest pretenders. There might be some efficient ones, but Mr. Ruggles was evidently an ignoramus or a new hand; else why had he failed? It was really absurd. The papers were in existence, and there was

heads.'

plained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah! I thought that I was cooking for Mr. Brown," said she; "he liked his rare, But darling, I will try and forget the

one night I had a fall and hurt myself. It had me up for the time, and when the com-pany left Prague I thought I would have to remain behind; but they put me into one of the waggons on a mattrass, and we went west toward the Bohmerwald." "What is that, popps?" "A high mountain on the boundary of Bo-hemia. It was a tedious matter thosaing its and as to myself, I did not cross it at all; I was in so much pain that they had to take me out of the waggon and leave me at a house we passed, where an old hunter of the mountains itsel. Your mother was his daughter." The Lefthander draw a long breath. "She was very beautiful, your poor moth-er, Mignon," he went on, "and nursed me till i was well of my hurt. So I came to love her, and loved her more and more every day,

till I was well of my hut. So I came to love her, and loved her more and more every day, and she loved me, and it was not so surpris-ing, therefore, that she should be willing to go away with me at last as my wife. I was a gay young fellow then, though I am often so quiet and sorrowful now—her death made me so. She died in less than one year after her marriage, but she left me you. I should have gone crazy without my little Mignon when my other Mignon left me. At first I could not even cry; I was thinking of her, and breaking my heart about her, day and night. But one day I was holding you in my arms, and you put yours around my neck-they were rosy little arms—and you babbled 'poppa ! poppa !' and then I began to cry at last."

"Poopa ? poppa ? and then I began to cry at last." "Poor, dear poppa ? sobbed Mouse, hold-ing him close. "Well, she was dead, yon see," continued the Lefthander, "your poor little mother, far off in the Bohemian country, which you don't remember, for I brought yeu away with me when you were a baby. Your mother's name was Mignon, and sometimes I say the name to myself quietly : she is gone, but then I have my small Mignon-I couldn't get along without ker. What would the big oak do without the bird that sings on the top branch ?

without her. What would the big oak do without the bird that sings on the top branch? It would be a tiresome business to the tree not to hear the bird singing, and not much matter how soon it would be cut down." "But the bird is not going away," Mouse cried, clinging to him, and smiling through her tears. "Go away, poppa? Where would I go, and how could I live without wou?"

"The tree may go, Mignon-I mean it "The tree may go, highon-1 mean is might be cut down: something might happen to me. I was thinking of that just now-1 think of it very often—and that is why I said that I wished you were a lady. What I meant was this: If you were a lady you would have a family and friends to take care of you. If I were to die, what would become of you? That is on my mind all the time, Mienon "

lignon." "Oh, poppa, don't talk of dying ! I should ie, too, if you were to." The Lefthander shook his head sadly. "Young people think that," he said, "but ney are mistaken. People forget in this orld—that comes after awhile, and it is best. don't exactly forget, they manage ive on somehow, just as a man shound the body, and as good as done for a on and don't die for years afterward."

hangs on and don't die for years afterward." "Bat you are not shot through the body, poppa, and you're not to think of dying, if you please, or of my being able to get along without you." The Lefthander drew the small head down to his broad chest, and smoothed the child's hair. "My good little Mignon," he said, with the look of trouble still on his face; "I a the bickness are forsed his oblid 't believe any father ever loved his child nuch as I love you; and it's pitiful to be poor, and not be able to make life easier to so poor, and not

"Easier ! Why, what do I want more

"Easter ! Why, what do I want more than I have ? I have you." "You might have a good deal more if we were not such mere vagabonds ! It's pitiful ! Here you are in rags, nearly, a poor little one, doing everything. How you ever learned to read, even, I can't understand. You learned yourself at odd times, and read better than I can. Ten years old, and here in this old shanty, without a mother or sister, or almost a held to cleare as !"

to sleep on !", on will do for mother and sister, and

too win do for mother and succe, and bed is as warm as toast." ouse laughed, and tightened the small arm nd the Lefthander's shoulder. But think," he said, "if you were a lady u see I come back to that—you would

see I come back to that—you would adies to associate with, and servants to work for you, and easy chairs, and a any bedstead, with a white counter-

sly, for Mr. nit any of the forms of politene morning, sir," said Mouse, wh tle startled by his appearance She had ri

"You seem to be all by you

"Yes, sir—popps and all are away." "Who is your father ?" "His name is Ottendorfer." "And he is absent this morning ?"?

"Yes, sir." Mr. Lascelles slightly knit his brows, appe ently from a sentiment of disappoint His face, as he stood looking at her, e did not produce a very agreeable impression upon Mouse, who lowered her eyet. As th shirt was still pinned to her dress, and sh held it in her hand, her skirt was raised showing the slender limbs in cotton stocking and Mr. Lascelles, looking at them, wonder

Mr. Lascelles, without intending to do so-from the mere force of habit, probably--raised his riding-whip as though he meant to strike the child with it. Thereupon a great change suddenly took place in Mouse. She stopped and stood erect, with a deep flush in her cheeks, looking straight at him. It was really wonderful to see how her whole ex-pression had changed in an instant. "Don't strike me!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling, but with a covert defiance in its tones. "Harry will be here soon, and he will not let you strike me:" For a moment they stood facing each other. The threat, or apparent threat, to inflict a

boot with his whip, walked out of the house, and going down the hill, mounted his horse and rode back toward Piedmont.

XXXVII.

IN THE WYE WOODS.

Mr. Lascelles gained the Gap and rode on in he direction of Wye, lost in moody reflect

and Mr. Lascelles, looking at them, wondered a little at the delicacy of the small feet, and, indeed, at the same trait in Mouse's features, framed in the light hair. "You are young to be left in such a lonely place as this by yourself,"he said, indifferent-ly; "are you never afraid ?" "N-o, sir," responded Mouse, with a strong conviction that ahe was not speaking the exact truth; "that is—not when nobody comes—" "Well, I have come—and you are evident-ly afraid of me, which is absurd." This did not seem to altogether reassure Mouse. The face of Mr. Lascelles was plainly not at all to her taste. The threat, or apparent threat, to inflict a degrading punishment on the poor child seemed to have changed her whole character in an instant : she defied and threatened him.

Monee. The face of mr. Lascentes was plainly not at all to her taste. "Where is your father...Ottendorfer ? You said he was your father." "He has gone away, sir-fer a little while," added Mouse, by way of indicating that she was in reach of assistance ; "he will soon be back"

"Then I will wait-for a short

He sat down on one of the broken-backed

He sat down on one of the broken-backed chairs, in evident ill-humour. "What a kennel you live in !" he said, looking around him with obvert disgust. Mouse felt that it was necessary to say some-thing, so she replied, in a voice which did not indicate either the recovery of her self-posses-sion or an improved opinion of Mr. Lascellea, "It's not very nice, sir. There's not much furniture ; but it's all we've got." "Not much furniture : not an oppressive amount, and rather old-fashioned. This chair is enough to break one's back. I'd like to break it's own, except that it has none !"

is enough to break one's back. I'd like to break it's own, except that it has none !" Mr. Lascelles was not in an amiable state of mind, plainly. He was not generally ill-humoured; but people will fret sometimes when they have wound themselves up to go through an interview of an unpleasant ohar-acter, are anxious to have it over, and find that it must be deferred. As Mouse, less and less pleased with her visitor, whose face exhibited mingled dissatis-faction and distasts for all around him, did

visitor, whose face exhibited mingled dissatis-faction and distaste for all around him, did not make any reply to this attack upon her furniture, Mr. Lascelles, glancing indifferent-ly at her and cutting his boot with his riding-"Ottendorfer is your father

"Ottendorfer is your father "ou say. Where is your mother?" "She is dead, sir," replied Mouse. "One of the circus women, probably. You belonged to that company, toe, I remember now. I saw you dancing on the rope. What was the cause of your leaving the company? —what made your father drag you off here to this cabin, when your life yeader was so ever?" easy ?" "Oh, it was very hard-not easy at all, sir

I like living here so much better." "Rather a queer taste," said Mr. Lascelles indifferently. After this careless comment he stretched his handsome riding-boot, and looked out of the window. "When will your father be back ?" he

said. "I hope he'll be back very soon." The tone of the words seemed to attract Mr Lascelles' attention.

"Perhaps your meaning is, miss, that his eturn will terminate an interview which is not particularly pleasant. You do not seem precisely at your case with me." Mouse looked down, a little confused, and

"One would say you were afraid of m fonse did unquestionably look a little fer and only murmured some vague words.

inecessary, and absurd, too, a Your fathup with black buttons, and a little hat | or may be; he is certainly a 1

This observation evidently Mr. Lascelles knit his brows ; then he grey siderably'; his addenly savage. Perhaps the child h rilled to tell the whole story. n expression. nty years in the force, and think

"Are you certain ? "

"Been twenty years in the rorce, and think it knows a thing or two?" he responded, not without covert defiance. "No one would think so," replied Mr. Lascelles, nuable to suppress the retort. "This business is simple enough. I wand something—a part of my property—which an-other person has in his hands. I employ you "You are deceiving me!" "Oh no, I am not, sir."

"Oh no, I am not, sir," "Where are those papers?" "I have told you all I know about them," aid Mouse, retreating before his fiery eyes. Mr. Lascelles rose and advanced towards her, whereupon Mouse hastily retreated. "If I thought you were trifling with to get possession of it and you fail to do s I don't tell you you are inefficient, exactly Mr. Lascelles, without intending to do so-

but I say you must be new at your business. "Been nearly twenty years in the force ! reiterated Mr. Ruggles, with a rather more

flance. "Well. I have not, and yet I've found out nore in half an hour than you have done in a "Found out what ?"

The tone of voice employed by Mr. Ruggles was open to the criticism of being rather un was open to the criticism of being rather un-ceremonious, and Mr. Lascelles lost his tem-per slightly. "Mr. Ruggles 1" he said. "Well, sir ?" "It would be better, probably, if you were

a little more friendly-or polite, at least-in your manner of speaking. I mention it as a thing apt to cause bad feeling." "I'm polite to everybody !" said Mr. Rug-

in an anstant: she dehed and threatened him. "Strike you! Who spoke of striking you?" he exclaimed, moodily. "Who is the Harry you spoke of?" """ "He is one of the family, and will be here soon," Mouse said, still defiant. Now, to meet "one of the family," other than the Lefthander, was not contemplated by Mr. Lascelles when he came, nor was it now. There were reasons prompting him to hold as gles. "You are devilish short to me !" replied Mr. Laseelless, with a dangerous look. "But all this talk is folly. The papers are in the town, at a Mr. Grantham's. They were left there in a travelling-bag containing a child's dethes. Can you are can you not eat hold of clothes. Can you, or can you not, get hold o

clothes. Can you, or can you not, get hold of them ?" His professional character being thus in question, Mr. Ruggles replied that he had no doubt he could get hold of them. "It's a serious matter," he said, "something like burglary—it will cost you money." "Burglary ! Who speaks of burglary ? I might go and demand my property, but that would cause talk. It is mine—why not go and take it, if it can be found, without mak-ing a scandal ?" "A scandal Yes, that's disagreeable," said Mr. Ruggles, looking significantly at Mr. Lascelles. There were reasons prompting him to hold a private interview with the Lefthander. As that gentleman was absent indefinitely, and another member of the family was about to make his appearance, Mr. Lascelles seemed to abandon his project, for he turned toward the deer

door. "Well, I have no further time to waste on you and your *family*, miss," he said, almost roughly. "Your surroundings are not very inviting, and your own manners not particu-larly engaging. The sight of my riding-whip seems unpleasant to you; but if your father used a switch occasionally it might teach you a little better how to behave yourself." With these words Mr. Lascelles tapped his boot with his whip, walked out of the house.

"A scandal res, that's disagreeable, said Mr. Ruggles, looking significantly at Mr. Lascelles. "It would be infernally disagreeable—I make no conceatment on that point—but that is all. As to the business, there is no wrong done anybody; it is my private affair. The papers are of no value to anybody but myself. They are kept from me by that obtinate ras-cal, who has some bad end in view. They are probably lying about somewhere yonder; what is to prevent you from quietly picking them up and bringing them to me? Your check is ready." "This latter observation seemed to have far more effect upon Mr. Ruggles than the whole preceding train of argument. "Well, I'll try," he said. "The matter's simple enough. If they are lying about I can easily get hold of them." "Well, the sooner the better. I have been to the house in the mountain and had a talk, and by this 'time 'Ottendorfer knows that I know. There is time to try to-night." Mr. Lascelles looked at his watch. "You might get there to ward dark, and that would be better. If you say so I will meet you here at ten to-night to hear what has happened."

tion. His visit to Crow's Nest had been the re-she preceding night. As Mr. Ruggles, to his great diagust, had completely failed to obtain pushle to devise any means of attaining that object, Mr. Lascelles had determined to bring the whole affair to a point by a direct negoti-ation on the subject with the Lefthander. We had no reason to believe that the Left-hander, in his depressed financial condition, word prove deaf to golden arguments. Men were always for sale, he reflected ; the only difference was that some cost more than others. It was possible that the Lefthander in this depressed financial condition, word prove deaf to golden arguments. Men were always for sale, he reflected ; the only difference was that some cost more than others. It was possible that the Lefthander in minally advantage of the state of things and mulch thin, Mr. Lascelles, heavily. But such infortunes must be put up with. To attain our ends in this world we must make sacri-fices. Mr. Lascelles was track to make them, ad proposed to purchase what he could not otherwise lay his hands on, and in order to effect this had visited Crow's Nest. More then by any means thrown away. He had made a very important discovery, indeed ; the papers had been is the child's travelling-bag —this had not probably been dropped, as something would have been heard of it in that event ; it was, therefore, no donbt in posses-sion of Mr. Grantham. At this thought Mr Grantham opened the bag and examined the papers'. If so-but it was improbable. As before, something would have been heard of it in that case, and nothing *bad* been heard of it. It was just as likely that Mr. Grantham had *not* examined them : at all events it was necessary to prevent his doing so, if they His visit to Crow's Nest had been the

has happened." Mr. Ruggles reflected, hesitated, and then

nedded. "121 try to-night, then. My cape will hide the bag if I get hold of it, and I won't be seen coming back." He rose and buttoned up his coarse brows

cape. "At ten, then," said Mr. Lascelles. "At ten," said Mr. Ruggles. They then parted, Mr. Lascelles riding toward Wye.

(To be Continued.)

Twenty Years a Sufferen DR. R. V. PIEBCE :--

Dear Sir,-Twenty years ago recked on the Atlantic Ocean, and exposure caused a large abscess to on each leg, which kept continually discling. After spending hundreds of do with no benefit, I was persuaded to try Colden Matical Discovery and nor it Golden Medical Discovery, and than three mouths after taking than three mouths after taking tle, I am thankful to say I as cured, and for the first time in put my left heel to the ground. and now,

t. It was just as inkely that all events it was necessary to prevent his doing so, if they were still in his possession. How could he ascertain the fact and lay his hands on the papers? It was a difficult at, air to manage. There really did seem to be I am, sir, yours respectfully, WILLIAM RYDER 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo

hearing him, you ought to see him on the pigskin, my ord." Last year, at Sandringham, he danced the old year out and new one in, with the

be planted in manured drifts and with a ridger. He finds it good p The Scottish Presbyterians proj below an acre of grass in the spring, as it can be mowed twice in summer, comes a little ste, and the change of food is relished by the stock. Turnips sown in the middle of Jel-tre fed without topping in October. As, the result of years of experience, it has been found that forage-plants generally should be cut before blossoning to be of the greatest value in producing milk, their bulk should be increased by heavy manuring, and as a rule two or three cross should be raised on brate an interesting bi-centenary. It was in 1680 that Richard Cameron, a Scottish preacher, of great power and earnestness, set up the standard of rebellion against Charles II., who attempted, in violation of the Solemn League and Covenant, to reinstate the "black prelacy" in Scotland. Cameron and some twenty others marched into the town of Sanguhar, and in the market when formula ale two or three crops should sanguhar, and in the market place formally proclaimed their renunciation of allegiance. They were hunted like wild beasts in the hills same land in one season. HOW TO GET RID OF WITCH between Ayr and Nithsdale, and finally cap-tured and killed at Aird's Moss. But their adherents grew and multiplied exceedingly, and they came from all ranks in the com-nunity. To this day the stories told of the The true way to manage witch grass is to The true way to manage witch grass is to let it alone, except by mowing, or pasturage, unless we mean destruction as a business. In the latter case, a considerable part of a year is required to kill it. The first step is to turn it under deeply, with a spade or plough, by the rod or by the acre, according to what we own of it, and wish to destroy. Bury it deen anough to secure free mollow cost

munity. To this day the stories told of the sufferings and the desperate valour of the "hillmen," as they were called, are the de-light of all Lowland Scots, most of whom, if they can trace remote ancestral connection with some Covenanter, no matter how humble n position, are as proud of their pedigree as f they had a patent of old nobility in their

The scientific department of the California contributes some very interesting remarks concerning improvements in the art of mil-ling, developed under the lights of science. Pieces of iron, formerly so hurtful, are now separated from the wheat by magnets. Bran, formerly separated by means of a blower, which carried fine dust throughout the mill at the artment of a blower. blower, which carried fine dust throughout the mill, at the expense of considerable power, and sometimes caused explosions, is now separated from the flour by frictional electricity, developed at a trifling expense. Science, by the aid of the microscope, has shown that good bread cannot be made of flour in which any large portion of the starch globules have been broken. by being reduced to dust. The rising of bread is due to the starch globules which remain whole, while the dust from the disintegrated ones, by souring, impair the lightness and quality of the loaf. It is but recently these facts have become known to millers, and they are dis-carding old methods and adopting those which will separate the starch globules with-out pulverizing them. A correspondent writes :--You are always

out pulverizing them. A correspondent writes :--You are always criticising men in their various relations in life, but you never say a word about wives who won't be pleased, no matter how hard their husbands try to please them. My wife is never satisfied, though I am always devi-ing ways to give her pleasure. Last winter I brought her home a box of fine mixtures. She said :---"Oh, why didn't you bring me fried oysters, and she declared : "You want to kill me, giving me oysters at this season of the year." If I give her a box she always

kill me, giving me oysters at this season the year." If I give her a box she always wants a bottle, or if a bottle of perfumery she takes offence, and says she knows I meant it. I bought her a canary bird, and she told me I only did it to keep her from sleeping in the morning with its noise (she calls its de-lightful singing noise). Then I got her a globe and some gold fish, and she said one d them had no fins. When I looked at it the top fin did ensem wanting but I believe she top fin did seem wanting, but I believe she cut it off. Now, don't you think that sort d wife is a trial?

The Astorian says the run of fish few days has been unprecedented. On Wed-nesday the catch at the Fisherman's packing company was 4,016 salmon to twenty boats. At William Hume's cannery, boats. At William Hume's cannery, catch was over 3,500 on that day, and ye day fish were brought in such vast num that several boats were called in, the su being beyond the capacity of the canner butt down. Yesterday morning we we? Badollet & Co's cannery at 11 a.m.; 3 fish had already been landed at that h and only about half the boats had repor Mr. Leinenweber informed us that the number that day would reach 5,000; he no doubt Badollett & Co., will handli number that day would tee, will handle no doubt Badollett & Co., will handle they can get as long as their supply of in will hold out. For the up-river canneries the steamer Welcome's decks were literally covered fore and aft yesterday morning. W were informed she carried away betwe a- 8,000 and 9,000 salmon. On our way to the noise of the steamer the river on her with per town we noticed Watson's such that cannery with twenty-six boats astern, loaded down to the gunwale, and some on kept afloat by constant bailing. We heard, one boat rolling over near the bar with 2

and during this fallow one sprouted as often as the other. In April we wakened it early with a subsoil plough. That will shake the ground without turning it, you know. At the end of the first bout we found thow. At the end of the first bont we found the plough clogged with roots, a half-bushel, perhaps, of them, but the roots looked as black as death in every inch or so of their length. We were prepared to run the har-rowing and hoeing through another summer, but the witch grass gave in and died easily, only a few dozen spears showing during the spring. The strawberries were planted, and the summer weeding of them was yery licht a summer weeding of them was very light. A old harrow was kept all the time right anguide this patch of ground—some three-arths of an acre—and whenever there was s to spare for half an hour, it was hitches The hoeing was done mostl and, with a fourteen-inch thrus my own hand, with a fourteen-inch thrus Such a hoe will cover a great deal o und with the smallest amount of labour ground with the smallest amount of any and the hoe was applied between harrowing to quell the rankest spots and produce a transmission — Conn. Courant.

HOW A FAMOUS CHEESE IS MADE.

Dairyman's Journal. Perhaps the most justly celebrated cheese nade on the continent of Europe is the Swiss Gruyere. This is made mostly in huts, called halors by ere. This is made mostly in huts, called ts, high up among the Alps, at the time g which the pastures on the mountain-are accessible, and the huts habitable, com the melting of the snow in May to ad of September, when men and animals and for the winter into the sheltered val-thousands of feet below. The chalets cated in the midst of the mountain pas-on a spot safe from avalanches, and ally near to a small pond or spring of the valleys are carried up weekly to the ts, and it is under such difficult and ro-to circumstances that a cheese is made to hundreds of years has been con-tainnost, if not quite, best on the con-

partly skinmed or not, ac partly skinmed or not, accord-quality of cheese desired to be into a great kettle and swing or a gentle fire, where it is al-tain a temperature of 77 degrees when the kettle is swing off the set is added to the milk. When has advanced far enough the into as fine pieces as practicable ge wooden knife which is used see. The kettle is then swing again, and the curd is taken up theses in a portinger, and poured the fingers, whereby it is still ivided. Oreat importance is at-a division of the curd, in order

