XXXVIII

THE TRAVELLING-BAG. Mr. Grantham had just finished his early oup of tea, and had returned to his study, in which his two candles were burning. The half-written MS. of his next sermon lay upon the table, but, while taking his solitary meal, he had been thinking of Ellis, and the impulse to write to him was uncontrollable.

He had a great deal to say to him, as he had not written for nearly a week. Then, on that morning he had stopped at Wye, on his rids to visit his poor people, and Mrs. Lascelles had spoken of Ellis in a way which warmed his heart. Anna Gray had also alluded to the young man, asking when he would return, in nis neart. Anna Gray had also alluded to the young man, asking when he would return, in a tone of voice which seemed to indicate a stronger feeling than friendship; and Mr. Grantham suddenly began to suspect that closer relations existed between the young people than he had supposed. Was this really the case? Were Ellis and Anna Gray more than friends? That demanded thought. It would be an alterester excellent extraord. It would be an altogether excellent arrangement; for the young lady was a most examplary person. But could it be so? He would write and ask Ellis. They had never

had any secrets from each other. So, turning his back for the moment on his sermon, Mr. Grawtham took a sheet of paper, and began, "My beloved Ellis—" As he wrote the words a knock was heard At the outer door, and he rose and went out.
At the door stood a plainly-dressed man, with
a coarse brown cape on his shoulders.

"Do you wish to see me, my friend?" said
Mr. Grantham. "Come in; it is growing

The visitor entered, and, by way of ex-plaining his visit, presented a soiled paper, which Mr. Grantham took and read. This paper recited the fact that the bearer was a ble resident in the mountain, who had seen "burnt out" some days before, and was an object of charity, owing to a large family who were homeless and destitute in consequence of their misfortune. Under these circumstances contributions in money or provisions would be thankfully received.

Mr. Grantham's first impulse was to put his hand in his pocket. He found the least possible amount of currency therein; but this he at once handed to the unfortunate man.

he at once handed to the unfortunate man. It was received with thanks, but the visitor did not depart.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Grantham, "I quite lost sight of the last part of your paper. You wish for provisions, and I am glad of that. I am pook in money, but heaven has blessed I newith plenty of food."

He went out to obtain the provisions, raying that he would return in a moment, where the movements of the visitor became centric. He looked quickly around him a small travelling-bag hidden away und old secretary in the corner, and went stand bounced upon it. A quick trial of the look showed him that it was open, hastily examined its contents. The ammendation was thoroughly satisfactory. The travelous contents and the same appreciation of his face shewed that his examination was thoroughly satisfactory. expression of his face shewed that his ation was thoroughly satisfactory.

elling-bag contained a child's under and at the bottom was a package These Mr. Grantham's eccentric glanced at and thrust back. He glanced at and thrust the travelling-bag, and, concealing his cape, returned toward the door that are of Mr. Grantham cam

footsteps of Mr. Grantham cam passage from the rear of the hous The worthy pastor carried i plate containing an ample sup The worthy pastor carried plate containing an ample supplate containing an ample supplet containing an ample supplet of bread, no presented visitor, who wrapped it in an old newspaper thanked him. He then took thanked him. He then took and gratefully thanked him. Grantham closed the study. It was hind him and returned to his study. It was not until the next morning the at he discovered a singular fact. His eccentric visitor had hiff singular fact. His eccentric visitor had haft money and bread and meat on the bench of the small porch. As Mr. R aggles afterward said, in relating the incider at, he really could not take the articles away with him—it looked too mean to be imposing on a man like that; he positively could not do With swift and joyous steps Mr. Ruggles hurried out of the town in the direction, of Wwa. He was astounded at his good fort me.

Mye. He was astounde in the direction of at his good fort me. He had not expected to at his good fort me. He had not expected to scure his prize in so simple and easy a manner of the two and as he went along, and as he went along, and as he went along, and as mile exp anded upon his features. Under the effect of his rare good fort ane, Mr. Ruggles' whole soul, indeed, expanded upon his features. Under the effect of his rare good fort ane, Mr. Ruggles' whole soul, indeed, expanded upon his features. Under the effect of his rare good fort ane, Mr. Ruggles' whole soul, indeed, expanded upon his features. His hewas at the peace with all the world. A part of his recent sullenness had arise in from a sense of humiliation. He had failed in all his efforts hitherto—now he had fully succeeded. His happiness was unalloyed. He had not thing to reproach himself with, even in cornection with gentleman his sentiments had undergone a great change ock above the stream. Mr. Ruggles was really touched by having had his life spared. I fis new feeling of regard for the Lefthander was perfectly sincere, and he had even half resolved not to having had his life spared. I fis new feeling of regard for the Lefthander ar was perfectly sincere, and he had even hal resolved not to take part in any future machim. But his present prinvolved that. The pape Mr. Lascelles. Securing the machine was in no manner personally prejudicial. It was all in the way of only carrying out his Lascelles—at least the Mr. Ruggles bestowed them, breaking forth the lefthander.

"It's a real Sarate ga trunk to carry under man's arm!" said Mr. Ruggles, humorous y; "couldn't be h ess than four bag gage-smashers, at the very tast! But I don thousand dollars and a gold never felt so light be-

He reached the rendezvous in the Wye roods a little lefore the hour agreed upon ark, and he had had some difficulty in find and him, but we accidentally unprovided with them on the soccasion. But they were understanding the soccasion. accidentally unprovided with a occasion. But they were uncessary. A few stars were shining, and forded inte sufficient light for his interest with Mr. Lascelles. Mr. Ruggles, there ex, sat down on his favourite root, and while atting fell into reflection as to the manner which he would dispose of his thousand oldars. His thousand dollars? His fifteen would at the very least the way least lea dollars. His thousand dollars? His fifteen hy added, at the very least! He was to have that amount in case his services were attended aith danger. And had they not been? To be sispended over a precipice was rather dangerons, one would say. And then the commission of petty larceny—that also was rather haz rdous. There were such persons as constables, and such places as State-prisons. Decidedly, there could be no question about it. It was absurd to say that danger had not been an element of the affair—and danger meant at least fifteen hundred dollars, if not two thousand.

two thousand.

This sum Mr. Ruggles contemplated with great satisfaction. He was not a bad fellow, and had an old mother whom he cared a good deal for. He meant to give her one-half the amount, and treat his friends and himself with the rest.

the rest.

He was thinking of this when he heard steps, and a moment afterward a figure came loward him. He rose quickly and waited. The figure came nearer. It was Mr. Lascelles. "Well!" he exclaimed, ardently. "I've got it," responded Mr. Ruggles, in the same tone.

"Give it to me! You are lucky! I take back all I said about you."
"Perhaps you've got the two the about you, Mr. Lascelles?" usand? One thousand was the

"Yes, if there was no danger. Now there was danger enough, I think. Hanging in the ir a hundred feet above rocks and water is

e to frighten you."
Well, it did frighten me—rather," said
Ruggles, sullenly; "and larceny does
stealing your papers I mean."

Mr. Ruggles, but controlled himself.

"Well—let it ; o at that! Give me the bag. Are you cere in it is all right?"

"Certain of it—p apers and all. Have you got a match?"

Mr. Lascelles prod uced his match-case, and illuminated a small a axcigar taper. He then hastily took the bag, opened it, and saw that it contained a child's a under-clothing.

His face glowed, and I, thrusting the articles aside, he plunged his a not into the bottom of the bag and drew out. He had handed the tap art to Mr. Ruggles, who held it between them, and the dim light lit up the two ardent faces producing a decidedly Rembrandtish effect.

Mr. Lascelles opened the package of papers, which were in a brown a frapping secured by an ordinary cotton strile. It contained a number of Sunday-school tracts. With eyes wide open Mr. Lascelles u nfolded a letter accompanying the package, and read by the

companying the package, and read by light of the toper: "DEAR MR. GRANTHAM, -- I send the clothe

I promised you for 'your poor,' and some tracts. I made the clothes up myself.

Your affectionate pared to ride out and visit his poor. To his great surprise he missed his travelling-bag with the children's clothes in it, which he had

XXXIX. THE MORNING PAPER. Mr. Lascelles made his appearance at the breakfast hable with such an air of nonchalance that it was obvious he had not a care in the As he was undergoing at the mo

ment, as will soon be seen, a very considerable amount of anxiety and suspense, this see f-control was all the more creditable; and it is only justice to Mr. Lascelles to say that is coolness and force of character were relaxarkable. He sauntered in and took his seat. with an easy and cheerful air, and the pleasant family break ast proceeded on its way. The general was reading his newspaper, and interrupted himself in this performance to say good-morning to his son, as he came in and took his seat.

"I am afraid there is going to be trouble for our friends in the mountain," said the general, addressing his observation to no one in particular.

Mrs. Lascelles looked at him with her

Mrs. Lascelles looked with the placid smile, and said,
"What did you say, my dear?"
This old couple thus addressed each other, and the words seemed really to express their elings.
"I mean for the 'moonshine' people. I se that troops are to be sent to arrest them. "It is a great pity that these poor people will continue their unlawful business," said

he lady.
"Yes, my dear; a great pity. I have receatedly advised them to discontinue it."
"It is and to think what the consequences may be to them, and then making whiskey so sinful," said Mrs. Lascelles, who was trong advocate of temperance; "it would in much better if no more was ever made." "Well, perhaps you are right, my dear, but that is not what the revenue officials wish. Of course the business is illegal; but after all there is no real harm done. They are poor people, and must live, unless you reply to that argument in the words of the French wit, 'I

argument in the words of the French wit, 'I do not see the necessity.'"

The general smiled, but the lady shook her head, as unconvinced.

"I saw a picture the other day," she said, "of a fox holding a hen in his mouth, and under it, 'An honest fox must live.'"

"Well, my dear, the moonshiners are not that bad, I hope. I must really go and advise them."

"For to break the laws do you mean, my

lear?"
"To be more predent, at least.
The general smiled at his retort, and raising his paper, said, "Here is a delightful para-

The general smiled at his retort, and raising his paper, said, "Here is a delightful paragraph:

"It is reported that the moonshiners are giving great trouble in Virginia, especially in the Blue Ridge, near the town of Piedmont, where repeated raids have been made upon them, but no arrests effected. The illicit manufacture of whiskey has assumed frightful proportions in Virginia, and is estimated at fifty million gallons per annum. The whole of this is consumed in the State, and a simple calculation will exhibit the enormous quantity to each inhabitant. The eighth census shows that Virginia contains a population of twenty-two millions; and thus the amount of spirit consumed by every man, woman, and child in the commonwealth is nearly two hundred and fifty gallons per annum—that is rather more than three gallons a day. This is really appalling. Is it to be wondered at that a population sunk in such wretched habits should have contracted another bad habit—that of never paying the public creditors? There is absolutely no future for a society so abandoned to all sense of shame. Any appeal to the sense of propriety of such people is a farce. They openly defy the government in this moonshine business, and the only course to pursue with them is to resolutely enforce the laws. There is little doubt that this will be done at once. Troops will be sent without delay to support the revenue collectors. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued his orders, and troops will be sent to enforce them. If the moonshiners resist they will be dealt with as they deserve."

"Poor people," said the general, laughing; "but why not deal with the whole population of the commonwealth, and put the bayonet upon them? They are a wretched set, it seems, and ought to be made an example. But here is something more agreeable, which will interest you ladies:

"Proceedings at the Theological Seminary.

—The annual commencement at this Institution took place on Thursday last. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Andrews, and the candidates were th

"And with my Cousin Anna," said Mr. Douglas Lascelles, rather satirically.

Thereat Anna Gray flushed up, and raised her head with the air of an offended duchess.

There was something in the tone of voice of Mr. Lascelles which seemed diragreeable to

her.
"I shall be very glad to see him, if that is what you mean," she said.
"I have no doubt of it!" Having made this satirical response, Mr. Lascelles rese and sauntered out to enjoy his cigar, after which, as the forenoon advanced, he ordered his horse and rode toward Trianon.

XL.

MRS. ARMSTRONG BITES HER NAILS. On the same morning Mrs. Armstrong was seated in her chamber biting her nails.

Every object in Mrs. Armstrong's boudoir was indicative of the lady's taste for "pretty things," and even the doors of her wardrobe were heavy mirrors. A bright fire was burning, with a highly-polished brass fender in front of it, and near it stood a pair of elegant morocco boots side by side, as if their owner were standing in them and had put her foot down.

were standing in them and had put her foot down.

She was biting her nails—a fact above stated—and when a lady bites her nails in that manner trouble is brewing. You could see that Mrs. Armstrong was in a very bad humour. In fact, she had received a piece of intelligence which both startled and enraged her in the highest degree. She was thinking of it at this moment, and hence that performance so dangeroue to the rounded proportions of her pink finger-nails.

Her darling project, connected with Paris, seemed about to fail. It was very doubtful, indeed, if she would spend her winters there with Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles.

Mrs. Armstrong had received intelligence. There was a dusky maiden of the establish-

a prolonged sniff.

"I explained that, ma'am; I thought you understood," she said. "I was stirring the fire when Mr. Lascelles came, and I only stayed a little—and—and talked a little—"

great disgust.

I am tired of this trifling, mialways ready to explain away what you can not deny. It is one of your very charming

'I never denied it. I didn't say I was not fond of stage expressions.

"You would have denied it," she said, "if I had not seen you with my own eyes. But I do not wish to discuss this further. Did you not meet Mr. Lascelles in the woods?"

little trouble. As Cinda herself acknowledged, 'Miss Juliet was an angel, and never quarrelled nor nothing when she was lacing her corsidges in the morning.' So the entente cordiale was thoroughly established between mistress and maid; and finding it necessary to abuse people, Cinda relieved her mind by abusing Miss Bassick, who never presented her with anything. This is a crime in the African cyes, and Miss Bassick, therefore, came to be cordially despised by the disinterested Cinda. As a necessary consequence, she resolved to injure her if it was ever in her power to do so. No, ma'am." "Is that the truth "
"Yes, ma'am. I can only say that I have
not met Mr. Laşceltes."
Nothing more ought surely to have been
necessary beyond this distinct disavowal.
But Mrs. Armstrong was in a rage, and was
not at all convinced.
"Perhammentall John Marketter and the second second

"Perhaps you will deny next that you ar "Perhaps you will deny next that you are even personally acquainted with him." she said, with much sarcasm, looking at Miss-Bassick. The look was unfortunate, as Miss-Bassick had never appeared so handsome, and Mrs. Armstrong exclaimed,

"You are deceiving me! There is an understanding between you. You have had secret meetings. You are acting a part—with your hateful cooing, and way of looking at gentlemen. I wonder that any one calling herself a modest girl could look so. It is sickening!" eived suspicions in reference to the proceed ngs of her dear enemy, Miss Bassick. Sho

This was unpleasant. Miss Bassick had great-self-control, but was growing angry; she took refuge, therefore, in a sob, to conceal ner sentiments.

ceived suspicious in reference to the proceedings of her dear enemy, Miss Bassick. She thought that on one occasion, when Mr. Lascelles entered the hall, and Miss Bassick chanced to be passing, that a slight explosion resembling asalute had followed the encounter. Then Cindia was fired with the noble ambition of discovering everything, and warning her dear Miss Juliet. Was that Mr. Lascelles coming to see Miss Bassick, when he made out he was coming to see Miss Juliet? It was a shame! She, Cindia, would see about that!—and she did see about it.

On the evening preceding this morning when Mrs. Armstrong was biting her nails, Cinda had made her appearance in the lady's chamber, c little after dark, and, giggling with delight, had made disclosures. She had been to look for mush-rooms, as there might be some yet, when, as she was pasing through the woods in front of the house, about dusk, she had seen Mr. Lascelles and Miss Bassick kissing each other. Mrs. Armstrong was in front of her mirror, with a hair-pin between her teeth, when this announcement was made. her teeth, when this announcement was made. She nearly but the hair-pin in two, and sat down, gasping slightly. Being interrogated minutely and exhaustively, Cinda persisted. It was Mr. Laacelles and Miss Bassick, and they kissed each other. They were saying good-bye, for he galloped off and Miss Bassick walked back afterward; but it was them, and she thought she cupit to tall shouth.

she thought she ought to tell about it. Having bitten her nails nearly to the quick, and scowled at the inoffensive fire in a manner apparently indicative of bitter hostility, Mrs. Armstrong rung a small bell on a table beside her, and in a few moments Cinda answered it.
"Tell Miss Bassick I wish to see her," the lady said.

"Yes'm," Cinda responded, retiring with an effulgence of joy on her face, and a few moments afterward Miss Bassick came into "Did you send for me, ma'am?" said

young lady, quietly.
"Yes. Be good enough to sit down." Miss Bassick glanced at Mrs. Armstron It was easy to see that the lady was str gling to suppress a fit of anger, for, cool as her voice was, her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. A storm was plainly brewing, and Miss Bassick wondered what occasioned it. She braced her nerves to meet it, and took a chair opposite Mrs. Armstrong. Her air was respectful, and her eyes modestly cast down.

down.

"Miss Bassick," said Mrs. Armstrong,
"when did you meet Mr. Douglas Lascelles
last, and where?"

"Mr. Lascelles, ma'am!" exclaimed Miss

Perhaps you will be good enough, miss, to omit your usual performances on such occasions, and not attempt to impose upon me by acting the part of an injured person. I assure you that you are putting yourself to unnecessary trouble. It is quite thrown away. I ask again, when did you see Mr. Lascelles last?—in the woods after dusk yesterday?"

Miss Bassick could not suppress a slight movement of surprise, but she exclaimed

miss Basick could not suppress a slight movement of surprise, but she exclaimed, "In the woods, ma'am—after dusk—with Mr. Lascelles! Who could have told you such a thing, Mrs. Armstrong?"

"It is quite immaterial where I procured my information, miss. It is enough that I know of your proceedings, and that you were seen."

"Seen after dusk, ma'am ?" "Yes, seen—in a gentleman's company-not talking to a bush !"
Miss Bassick sniffed.

Miss Bassick sniffed.

"I can only say it is not true. I can't think who could have told you such a thing. I did walk out, as I generally do, in the evening, and went beyond the grounds—but I met nobody, Mrs. Armstrong; and even if I had met some friend—or a servant—and stopped a moment to talk with them, no one could have known them, as it was nearly dark."

"Your friend was seen, miss," exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong, with slumbering wrath.

Mrs. Armstrong, with slumbering wrath.

Mrs. Armstrong, with slumbering wrath.

"Seen, ma'am? Why, I met no one. If some busybody was passing, and thought they saw me talking with a gentleman, they must have taken a bush, as you say, for a man, in the darkness."

Miss Bassiek spoke with an accent of truthfulness. Her denial was certainly flatthere were no ambiguities whatever about it. She was evidently telling a fearful fib, or was injured innocence in person.

She was evidently telling a fearful fib, or was injured innocence in person.

"That is a fine story, miss! A bush—a bush mistaken for a man!"

"I only mentioned it, as they really are like the figures of people sometimes in the dark, and it was quite dark yesterday evening when I was coming home from my walk." Mrs. Armstrong was the victim of suppressed wrath; but even in this condition of mind Miss Bassick's reply had a certain effect upon her; not that she regarded the question as in any degree decided by any statement made by the young lady. Long experience had told her that Miss Bassick was not exactly reliable, and by no means above little occasional wanderings. Miss Bassick was not exactly reliable, and by no means above little occasional wanderings from the straight path of truth in her statements. But there were the natural probabilities. She might be telling the truth. Bushes did resemble human beings after dusk, for she herself in her walks had mistaken the one for the other. It was, therefore, possible—even if barely possible—that Cinda's eyes, sharpened by malice and the delight of discovering things, had seen a little more than there was really to see—in a word, confused mankind with inanimate objects.

Having thus begun to doubt, and argue with herself that Miss Bassick might not possibly have met Mr. Lascelles after all, Mrs. Armstrong naturally proceeded to reiterate her charge.

terate her charge.

"I know you are telling me an untruth; I am perfectly certain of it. I am aware, as you probably know, that you are not above such things. You did meet Mr. Lascelles such things. You did meet Mr. Lascelles—last night, as on former occasions!"

"On former occasions, ma'am?"

"At the same time and place—as surely as you were with him that evening when Juliet and myself returned from Piedmont, and found you together in the drawing-room—that is, would have found you together, if you had not started up and stolen away as we came im"

we came in,"

Mrs. Armstrong had begun to speak throu ner teeth slightly. This was a bad sign—it ignified exast eration. Miss Bassick encoun-ered it with a look of injured innocence and

"There you are, sniffing again! You may save yourself the trouble," said Mrs. Armstrong, "I ask you again—what do you mean by conducting yourself in this man-

You must have a very poor opinion of me

ma'am."

"I have—a very poor opinion, indeed," said the lady, with candour. "What do you suppose people will think when they hear of your goings on, and your base ingratitude? I took you as a homeless orphan, and this is the return you make for all my kindness. You know perfectly well that Mr. Lascelles came to see Juliet, and in the face of that you presume to thrust yourself upon his notice. You have see Juliet, and in the face of that you presume to thrust yourself upon his notice. You have meetings—in the drawing-room—in the woods; and yet you deny it!—you tell falsehood upon falsehood to hide your goings on! You really sicken me, you shameless, designing thing!"

It is not pleasant to be called "shameless," and a "designing thing." It was not pleasant to Miss Bassick. She had an almost irresistible inclination to get up, go, to Mrs. Arm-

to Miss Bassick. She had an almost irresistible inclination to get up, go to Mrs. Armstrong, and slap her in the face. As she was a high-tempered young person, under all her submissive meekness, she at first thought she would do so—give the lady about three good slaps, and defy her. But Miss Bassick was much too politic to venture upon that. They would necessarily part from each other after such a scene, and it did not suit Miss Bassick's views to leave Trianon just yet. She therefore said, submissively,

"I am afraid we will have to part, ma'am. You do not like me, and I ought not to stay.

"I am afraid we will have to part, ma'am. You do not like me, and I ought not to stay. I do not know how I will explain my going; but it will be better to go. I have a 1-little money, and will f-find friends somewhere. There is a room to let, I see, at my f-friend, Miss Gr-Grundy's."

Miss Bassick ceased, and, covering her face with her hands, looked covertly at Mrs. Armstrong between her fingers. If this look was one of curiosity and expectation it was rewarded. Her last words had plainly made a very strong impression. In fact, they

own.

"Miss Bassick," said Mrs. Armstrong,
"when did you meet Mr. Douglas Lascelles
last, and where?"

"Mr. Lascelles, ma'am!" exclaimed Miss
Bassick, with an air of the profoundest asstonishment.

"Mr. Lascelles! I will repeat my question
if necessary. When and where did your last
interview with Mr. Douglas Lascelles take
place?"

"I have not had any interviews with Mr.
Lascelles, ma'am," said Miss Bassick. "I
cannot think what should have induced you
to suppose such a thing."

"That is a falsehood!"

"Oh, Mrs. Armstrong!"

"Oh, Mrs. Armstrong!"

"That is a falsehood!"

"Perhans you will be good enough.

"Perhans you will be good enough. with other members of the Grundy family. The thought was really too much for her. No, Miss Bassick should not go on any account. She should stay at Trianon, where she was under her own eye. She could watch her there—and she would! Having come to this resolution, Mrs. Armstrong slowly grew calmer. The interview gradually toned down; slight explanations ensued: promises were

slight explanations ensued; promises were made—in fact, when two persons wish the made—in fact, when two persons wish the same thing it is easy to come to an agreement. It suited Miss Bassick, for private reasons, to remain at Triangm for the present, and it suited Mrs. Armstrong that she should not go away; so that half an hour afterward the interview terminated without an open quarrel, or any further mention of a separation.

Mrs. Armstrong cautioned the young lady rel, or any further mention of a separation.

Mrs. Armstrong cautioned the young lady that she should expect her in future to be extremely careful in her conduct. To this Miss Bassick readily assented, and, gliding from the apartment, went quietly to her own room.

Miss Bassica readily assented, and, gliding from the apartment, went quietly to her own room.

There was a canary bird in a cage there, of which she was very fond. She proceeded to pet the bird, and call it fond names, and held up her red lips for it to kiss, whereupon the canary pecked at them once or twice, and began to sing for pleasure. Miss Bassick stood looking at him with delight, and then sat down at her table to write a long letter to Mr. Lascelles, describing her interview with Mrs. Armstrong in pathetic terms—to be delivered on the first opportunity.

While engaged in writing, she occasionally stopped to lean back in her chair, thrust out her handsome foot, and yawn—after which she laughed. She was a very fine-looking young female animal—a little like a handsome cat. There was no evidence about her, however, of the possession of claws. She was apparently in a very good humour, and now and then tossed a kiss to the canary, laughing, and calling him pet names. After these intermissions she proceeded with her pathetic epistle, the composition of which appeared to amuse her. She only made one confidential observation aloud while writing. This was:—

"Ham glad I did not slan the old things it

ing. This was :—
"I am glad I did not slap the old thing; it would have been a great mistake. I know a much better way to slap her than that !"

(To be continued.) A stiff Sentence for Contempt.

A sensational scene occurred in the Supreme Court of Queensland on the termination of the case of Brooks v. F. F. F. Swanwick. The plaintiff in the action is a prisoner, and he sued the defendant, a barrister, to recover £150, which he states was given into the charge of the defendant when he undertook to defend plaintiff on his trial. The case involved the professional standing of the defendant, and created much interest. The jury, after an absence of an hour and a half, returned a verdict for the plaintiff of £120, with interest from August 18. The brother of the defendant, Sydney Swanwick, entered the court about this time, and spoke threateningly to the plaintiff's counsel (Mr. Griffith). The latter drew the attention of the judge to the interference, and upon examination Swanwick was found to have upon him a loaded and capped revolver and a sheath-knife. The judge sentenced Swanwick to imprisonment during his pleasure, and on receiving on the following day an humble apology and a request that the sentence might be remitted, said Swanwick might renew his application in ten years' time. All bourne Argus.

that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

Chicago is about to compel the burial of telegraph wires under the street.

A CALIFORNIA TRAGEDY.

A Canadian Seducer Shot by the Sor - law of a Noted Minister.

Eight years ago the people of San Francisco had the skating fever. "The Pavilion," a well-known place of amusement, was turned into a rink, and became the fashionable resort of the city. Mias Minnie Stebbins, a pretty girl of 16, spent much of her time there. She was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, a distinguished Unitarian preacher, who, in 1864, succeeded the celebrated Starr King in the pastorate of the leading Unitarian church of San Francisco. The ticket seller of the rink was a young man about 20 years of age, handsome, and of winning manners. Miss Stebbins began to linger at the window of the ticket box, and it was not long before the acquaintanceship ripened into friendship, and the friendship into love. The ticket seller, Schroeder, was invited by his sweetteart to call on her at her father's house. The calls became so frequent that Dr. Stebbins had a serious talk with his nouse. The calls became so frequent that Dr. Stebbins had a serious talk with his daughter. He told her that she was too young to think of marriage; that the ticket seller of a skating rink was hardly a desirable. Schroeder ceased coming to the house. The young lady seemed convinced and obedient. But the lovemaking went on.

But the lovemaking went on.

The girl s. ized every opportunity to steal away from home and meet her lover. Finally, despairing of breaking off in any other way an intimacy of which he disapproved, and believing in the maxim, "Far from the eyes, far from the heart," the clergyman resolved to send his daughter abroad. This resolution, however, only hastened the catastrophe. The girl lent herself to the preparations for the journey. On the day previous to that fixed for her departure, June 5th, 1872, she managed to obtain leave to go across the bay in order to bid some intimate friends adieu. She met Schroeder, no longer a ticket seller, but an employe in the London and San Francisco Bank, and a minister at and San Francisco Bank, and a minister at San Leandro made them man and wife. Mrs. Schröeder returned to her father's hou alone and tranquil. On June 6th, chaperon by an aunt, she left San Francisco for No York, whence she was to sail for Europe. But the news of the marriage quickly reached her father's ears. He was very angry. But finally he recalled his daughter, blessed her, and handed her over to her lawful husband.

finally he recalled his daughter, blessed her, and handed her over to her lawful husband. Later he gave them money, and called them his beloved children. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder lived happily for eight years. One child was born to them, a lovely girl. They dwelt in a pretty cottage at Oakland, a fashionable suburb of San Francisco.

Mrs. Schroeder's teeth presently began to give her trouble, and Dr. Alfred Lefevre, the leading dentist of Oakland, was employed to attend to them. His rooms were daily crowded with patients, many of them ladies of the highest respectability. Although originally from Canada, Dr. Lefevre had lived in the town seventeen years. He was a married man, with four children. Every one spoke of him in the highest terms, both as a gentleman and a dentist. Mrs. Schroeder called upon Dr. Lefevre several times. On July 26th, according to first reports of the crime as published in the San Francisco newspapers, Mrs. Schroeder went with her child to meet her husband, who was returning home from San Francisco, and told him that on the previous Saturday afternoon (July 24th), while she was under the influence of an anæsthetic, Dr. Lefevre had assaulted her. Schroeder, taking his wife and little daughter. anæsthetic, Dr. Lefevre had assaulted her. Schroeder, taking his wife and little daughter

with him, we not straight to the doctor's office.

The dent st was at the moment operating upon the teleth of a Miss Keeny, the young lady's mother and Miss Mary Agnew, Lefevre's issistant, being present. The room is a small one, between a large front room and a smaller back room, all the rooms having doors opening into the hallway. The dent st was returning from the back room, whin the door opened, and Schroeder, followed by his wife and child, rushed in Schroeder was holding a bulldog self-cocking pistol in his hand. He immediately fired twice u pon the dentist. Not a word was speken between the two men. The first ball struck Lefevre in the left side, below the heart. It ranged downward, passed through with him, went straight to the doctor's off heart. It ranged downward, passed through the in estines, and lodged under the skin just above the hip bone. The second shot grazed the doctor's ear as he staggered back-ward. The two shots and the screams of the ward. The two shots and the screams of the women brought several persons rushing up stairs into the office, which is in one of the most public places of Oakland. J. L. Broomley, who has an office next door, was among the first to arrive on the spot. He assisted Lefevre to a sofa in the adjoining room. The blood rushed in torrents from the wound, and Lefevre knew that he had only a few minutes to live. With a faint voice he dightated the following declaration:

"I, Alfred Lefevre, knowing that I am albout to die, declare in the presence of God and these witnesses that I was killed by a pistol shot, fired at me by E. S. Schroeder, without any provocation."

The shooting occurred at five o'clock in the afternoon. An hour later Lefevre was dead. Schroeder seems to have been cool and collected the order.

Schroeder seems to have been cool and col-lected throughout. After he saw the man fall he handed the pistol to one of the by-standers, and gravely said: "Citizen, do your duty. I am responsible for this act." He was arrested soon after and taken to the city prison, his wife and child accompanying him. On the way he is reported to have said: "I hope to God I have killed him. If I haven't I will. A man cannot seduce my haven't I will. A man cannot seduce my wife and live." ife and live."

Oakland has seldom known such an excite

Oakland has seldom known such an excitement. The young people sympathized with Schroeder; the older citizens said: "This thing of shooting a man down in cold blood, for either real or fancied grievances, must stop." The precarious condition of Mrs. Lefevre, who had just undergone an operation for cancer, and whose chances of recovery have been sensibly lessened by the shock, has gone far to stir up feeling against Schroeder. The statements of the dentist's assistants, who emphatically deny the possibility of the assault, since it was their duty to be present whenever chloroform or gas was administered, also have weight. Yet Schroeder seems to have thoroughly believed his wife's story, whether true or false, She also seems to be thoroughly sincere in it. The suggestion has been made that it is a case of halucination, the effects of the chloroform, Such cases are not unknown to medical men or the courts.

Later evidence modifies in an important point the first suppositions as to the motive of the crime as given by the newspapers. At the examination of Schroeder, July 29, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins testified that on June 12 his daughter confessed to him and her husband that Lefevre had betrayed her; that he and his zon in law zoon afterward visited the band that Lefevre had betrayed her; that he and his son-in-law soon afterward visited the dentist, and he taxed him with the orime; that Lefevre neither affirmed nor denied the charge, but was much excited, and trembled visibly. Dr. Stebbins emphatically added that he regretted not having been arméd at the time; if he had had a pistol, he said, he would then and there have killed the seducer, and saved his son-in-law this trial. He further testified that since June 12 Schroeder had acted as though out of his mind. He ther testified that since June 12 Schroeder had acted as though out of his mind. He himself had accompanied his son-iu-law on a trip through the country to divert his mind from the affair, but without success, as the tragedy of July 26 proved. The testimony would seem to indicate that the first reports as to an outrage having been committed were not well founded. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Stebbins and other friends, Schroeder was on Tuesday committed for trial without bail. His counsel gave notice of an application to the Superior Court for a writ of habeas corpus.

Wedding Breakfast Romance

the bridegroom had disappeared. They vainly awaited his return. Great emotion among the guests, who, with the bride at their head, her arm in that of a groomsman, start out with lanterns in search of the missing one. They searched the environs in vain; finally they entered Paris, where the bride passed the night in the nuptial chamber, a prey to the wildest grief. It appears that the groom, after drinking to headiness, went out to take the air; he began walking, but went so far that, at two o'clock in the morning two policemen found him soundly asleep upon a bench in the Champs-Elysees. He was unable to explain himself, and so was taken to a station and kept over night. Next morning his mind was clearer; he stated his case and soon found his way into the presence of his overjoyed wife.

## ODD HAPPENINGS.

The sun's rays, focalized through the glass of a round water bottle at Alyth, Scotland, set fire to a house.

Lynn, Mass., has a pear tree that is covered on one side with ripening fruit, while the opposite side is covered with blossoms. A Berks county, Pa., hen laid a nest full of eggs in the forks of a tree, twelve feet from the ground, where she hatched the eggs out. A Reading, Pa., man only 65 years old has been married three times, and the father of eleven pair of twins. He has forty-one

children in all.

Berry Bradford, of Clinch county, Ga., was found dead at his plough handles recent-y. He is the third brother that has died suddenly at the plough.

A snake was killed on the farm of W. H.

Williams, Gwinnett county, Ga., which had two feet with five toes, the feet being shaped A beautiful woman, aged 22, very intelli-

gent, with pleasing manners, is an inmate of the Virginia penitentiary, serving a long sen-tence for horse stealing. After a recent shower at Kokoma, Ind. the ground was found covered with fish, all of which were alive and flopping about. They

were the size of minnows. John Thomas, a native of Albemarle, Va., s the father of thirty-two children. He has been twice married, and twenty-one daughters

The St. Paul and Pacific elevator at Minn apolis has been seriously damaged by a pecu-liar worm that perforates the boards and lets the wheat down as if running through a sieve. Ephraim Allen was shot dead by a British ranger when on his way to Sackett's Harbour to join the army in 1813. In exhuming the body recently the bullet that killed him was

A Kentucky chicken that lived five day and was hatched on the farm of Col. J. W. Reynolds, had four legs. In walking the legs were kept in motion, and it was as lively a chick as ever scratched dirt. George H. Guldin, in Amity township, Pa. carries his leg in splints from trying to catch a frog. While pursuing the frog a revolver in his breeches pocket was accidentally dis-charged, the ball entering the leg.

A well near Brandon, Vt., 42 feet deep freezes solid in the winter, and furnishes ice for a family the year round, while 100 rods away, in a gravel pit, is a spot which never freezes, and which sends up a cloud of steam. A sea captain, residing in Portland, Me., now over fifty years of age, has never as yet had an opportunity to vote for President, as he has always been to sea or in some foreign country at the time of election but he country at the time of election, but he says ne will cast his maiden vote for Hancock and

When John Keeton, a Cumberland county, Ky., man, saw a swarm of bees in the woods with nothing to catch them in he was sorrowful. He adopted the first mode inwardly suggested to him, slipped off his pants, soon had the bees hived in the legs, and so carried them home. A little four-year-old of Des Moines, Iowa

A little four-year-old of Des Moines, Iowa, finding a revolver in one of the bedrooms, took it up and killed his baby sister, two years of ago. The same day a Cincinnati boy, aged eleven, also found a pistol in a drawer, and playfully pointed it at his cousin, a girl of nine, and killed her. Mrs. J. V. Alexander, of Big Sandy, Texas, found that her fourteen-month-old infant fretted unless it was placed on the dining-room ted unless it was placed on the dining-room floor daily to play. Staying behind the door an unusual time, she looked for it, and was horrifted to see the child patting a very large black snake upon the head and dividing its bread with it, and the reptile showing its appreciation by wagging its tail. The snake came into the room from a hole in the floor.

George Hayes, who was shot at Setauket, L.I., last week, being mistaken for a wood-chuck, was a Bridgeport lad fourteen years old. He and a companion were hunting. They separated after being out a while, and were standing on opposite sides of the fence when Hayes companion, peering through a hole in the fence, saw a dark object, which he took to be a woodchuck. He immediately put his gun to the aperture and fired, shoot-ing young Hayes in the head and killing him

nstantly.

The latest and worst case of lover's revenge comes from Australia. A young man whose affianced went back on him and broke off her engagement, received a note from her asking him to return the lock of her hair which he had. He looked over his trunk, he which he had. He looked over his trunk, he collected a heap of tresses, culled from various sources during his love-making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to his late lady-love, inclosing a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded and return the rest at her earliest convenience. The story got out, and the neighbourhood felt so warm for her that she went on a prolonged visit to her country cousins.

visit to her country cousins.

A prisoner on a life sentence in the New Bedford (Mass.) prison has always been a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the other ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:—"Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?" The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held her arms out to him and said:—"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you." His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:—"Now, you've got to kiss me, too." He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble.

The Woman Who is Not Particular. Go where you will, you shall see the wo-man who is not particular, It makes not the least bit of difference in the world to her where, she sits or what she has to eat. She is not particular, it makes no difference to her. So particular, it makes no difference to ner. So she sits in the coziest seat and eats of the best that is going. Into a railroad train the other day entered this woman who is not par-ticular. She had a child in her arms. In the ticular. She had a child in her arms. In the centre of the car were several vacant seats. Most persons would have taken one of them; but when the gentleman with her, presumably her husband, pointed to these seats. the woman replied, sweetly: "Oh, I'm not particular, Henry; I'll sit right down here." And down she sat, with her 150 pounds avoirdupois, not to mention the infant, into the half-seat by the door. You see, she wasn't particular. She didn't mind that a lady was already in the seat; she didn't mind that two-thirds of her own body rested on that lady; she didn't mind that the lady was immovably pinned against the iron frame-work Here is a warning to young bridegrooms who are indiscreet at the table:—A week or two ago Mr. H.—, living in the Rue Washingington, married a Mile. D.—. From the Mairie the wedding procession went in joyous pomp to the church, then to the Bols de Boulogne, and from thence to the chalet de Suresnes, where a sumptuous repast was served. At midnight it was perceived that

GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

The mathematician among reptiles is sup-Tanner, by the way, is a great deal faster man on water than Hanlan. Men who live in glass houses should la onservatory in their opinions

In archery the girls can eosily furnish the arrows, but not always the beaux. It sounds very fishy to allude to a pair of reckled sisters as a brace of speckled beau.

ties.

The desire to go somewhere in hot weather is only equalled by the desire to get back again.

"A Watertown man wants to bet he can live forty days on beer. He has been practicing for thirty years.

Whenever a draft strikes Dr. Tanner he gormandizes on it, and next day he is re-The greatest of American riflemen have not gone abroad. They still retain their positions as Indian agents.

During this weather, there is nothing hotter than the woman with a dusting-broom who is wearing herself out doing nothing. A man at Brenham, Texas, died from being scratched by a pet bear. This item is given for the benefit of ladies who have pet bears.

Some people dislike cat concerts at night,
Which they never can cease from abusing,
But it always struck us that a cat concert w
At all times and places a mew-sing. There is a fortune in store for the genius who shall produce a boiler-iron shoe for the small boy. Something warranted to last two weeks is what is wanted.

The first package of new crop Louisiana rice has been received in New Orleans, and reports from various plantations are encouraging for the incoming crop.

The crab is a very sociable fish. If one shakes hands with the toe of a bather it always wants to come out of the water with him and have a good time.—New Orleans

Tanner cocktails are all the rage at Ocean Grove. They are made by adding one ounce of cracked ice to three ounces of filtered rain water. They are considered very healthy and fattening.

Mark Twain, speaking of a new mosquito netting, writes :- "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfitted flies club together and take it out of the min-

Brot Harte is well pleased with his new consulate at Glasgow. He will pass some weeks of the summer with Froude, the his-torian, at his residence in Devonshire. He is engaged upon a novel of country life in England, whose scene is laid in Devonshire.

A young artist who lives in a boarding A young artist who lives in a poarding-house wants to know how he can learn to play on the violin without disturbing the other boarders. "Soap your bow, young man, soap your bow, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. Then you can sit up all night and play overtures, and nobody will mind it." King Alfonso has confirmed the baby boy

of the young Duke of Medina-Celi (who accidentally shot himself last year while hunting) in all the titles and degrees of his father. This makes the infant grandee 7 times a duke. 16 times a marquis, 14 times a count, and 3 times a viscount, besides being 29 times a grandee of Spain of the first class. grandee of Spain of the first class.

Branie is a philanthropist. Lying on the sofa the other morning, it was noticed that he was very particular to brush off every fly that alighted on his waistcoat, but did not seem to mind those that rested on his face. He explained that he hadn't been to breakfast, and he presumed it would be bad for even a fly to walk about on an empty stomach.

Some unusually interesting Indian have been discovered on the farm of Jeptha Layson, in Shelby county, Ky. The most curious is a pipe made of a dark (almost black) substance, much heavier than stone, but which can be cut by steel instruments. It is nine inches long, and weighs two and three-quarter pounds. The design is that of a hird resembling an owl it is the comments.

turned it up. HUMOROUS. A two-foot rule-Don't wear tight shoes. Only a question of time-Asking the hour. A very popular shade for the summer is the shade of the trees.

The first meal that Dr. Tanner eats will, of

ourse, be break-fast.

Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.

Farmers have learned that it takes the best f soil to raise a mortgage.

A woman cannot become a successful law-

A woman cannot become a successful law-yer. She is too fond of giving her opinion without pay.

"Yes," said Johnny, "lapsus may be the Latin for 'slip,' but when mother laps us it usually means a slipper."

The old school physicians believe that Dr.

Tanner is committing suicide. The coroners will sit on him and return a verdict of "death by his own stomach."

Difference in mothers. Tommy (whose mamma had been reading to him about Eve and the serpent)—She wasn't like you, mamma, for you're afraid of a mouse.

"Humph!" said a young gentleman at a sun of the server leads to the serv

play with a young lady; "I could play the lover better than that myself." "I would like to see you try," was the naive reply. A bashful young gentleman, writes that whenever he asks a lady to sing she invariably has a cold. He asks me to name the best cure. Certainly; ask the other girl to sing. Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train—"You don't have any ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far."

A woman hearing the sufferings of our Pilgrim fathers elaborated, popped up and enquired, "What of our Pilgrim mothers! They had to bear all this and the Pilgrim fathers besides."

A visitor enters a French newspaper office. A visitor enters a French newspaper office, and is greeted politely by the office boy:

"If monsieur comes to fight a duel, he will have to be kind enough to call again; all our editors are already engaged for to-day."

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes. "and I am between

that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell. A shrewd little fellow lived with an unck who barely afforded him the necessaries of life. One day the two were out walking to-

gether, and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect he lives with his uncle," said the boy.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she, the other evening after teather than the said she, the other evening after teather than the said she, the other evening after teather than the said she are said to the said she are said s

dear?" said she, the other evening after tea.
"Oh! immense, my dear; perfectly immense," said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry, and said she thought if he thought her feet were so dreadfully large, he needn't tell her of it.

One of the prominent features of a European menagerie was an elephant which played the piano. One day he was led to a piano to satisfy the curiosity of a large andience which satisfy the curiosity of a large audience which had gathered to witness his extraordinary performance. But instead of playing, he gazed at the piano with tears in his eyes; without the curious control of the control of the curious control of the curiou neither threats nor caresses could induce him to perform. Alas I the keys were made from the tusks of his mother.

"Is your husband out?" enquired a gentle-man lately of the wife of a cabinet-maker on the boulevard Montmartre, Paris. "No, sir. He is in the back-shop, working," and at that noment there came the report of a nre-from that quarter; "Gracious!" exclaimed the visitor. "What is the matter?" "Oh the report of a fire-arm the visitor. "What is the matter?" on it is nothing, sir, he is only finishing a gothic cabinet, and was firing small shot into it to give an appearance of worm-eaten antiquity.

## AND HOUSEHOLD

ARMING IN COLORADO.

ver is rapidly casting off all sign of tive individuality, unless it be one the no credit, writes the corresponding New York Sun. The Mexican be of the New York Sun. The Mexican bu driver, the woodsman, the Indian and the trapper have disappeared from her street and loungers as civilized, but less pictures on have taken their place. The sights are so seen, and unless you have resources with rourself the place becomes intolerably dull.

"I wish the grasshoppers would come the rear; they'd starve," said a farmer, in grifecollection of his former foes. Yes, throught is at last an admitted fact. I say last, because it is the custom to treat all su gestions unfavourable to the country with raging contempt. You had better not impany criticisms to a man who owns propert He has "the most unbounded confidence e has "the most unbounded confidence e future, in whatever enterprise he may the on hand. Accordingly, seed went in ground this spring in faith that wou we been called sublime if shown in a bett use. Last summer was one never to forgotten. The sun was a ball fire and the air and smoke in the mount dust on the plain. Even water could hake plants grow. They withered as thousefore a fire. To this a dry winter succeed

before a fire. To this a dry winter succeeds blown dry by incessant gales. This year tweather is not so hot, but still dry, and wholouds gather it is to burst in storms the destroy whatever the drought has spared.

To day the Colorado farmer, always accurated to fight hard for a living gross. tomed to fight hard for a living, dropp hands in a panic. Not for seventeen year such a season been known, but in '63 tween not so many people to be starved or apparent, but the hopes of escaping are in Bets are offered that hay will be \$100 a his winter. There is little danger of that food can be brought from other States. illustrates the state of feeling. Th grass on the prairie and no water in springs. Yet the first man who stumble piece of bottom land, well watered and ca illy cultivated, will cite its yield as a prof what Colorado can do if she tries. There f what Colorado can do II she wies. Allower fertile spots in the desert, but heaven preser to colonize Sahara. Wh as from a scheme to colonize sahara. Whe the history of Western land speculations is written it will contain pages only second, as recit of human wrongs, to the annals of slavery. We are better off than western Kansas, we have mines, uncertain, but still promisis That immense mineral deposits exist in Rocky Mountains is a well-known fact; principles governing their discovery and etraction are not known at all. Mining is matter of chance, very slightly aided by perience. No man should risk more than can afford to lose. If you are earning living, and have a comfortable home, a your friends to watch you till the mini fever leaves you; but if fortune thwarts yo if life is a burden and hardship a relief, co

if life is a burden and hardship a relief, corright along. Men who have nothing to lo have all to gain here. People of sm means, refined habits, and cultivated tast are unhappy in this country.

Large capital is safe if the holders ha brains. Moneyed interests are nurtured with the description of the large capital is safe in the holders has brains. a tenderness in strong contrast with the providing indifference to human life. valing indifference to human life. To criminality of a murderer depends altogeth on the popularity of his victim. The nev papers echo the sentiment of the community which is strongly against unfavourable pulicity. There are no dime novels more stational, no tragedies more gloomy the incidents which from time to time come the notice of a Westerner. Death is selded for away, and he learner to ride with selded. far away, and he learns to ride, with laugh, through what would shock anoth A kind of unexpressed fatalism is a stro a kind of unexpressed tatalism is a stro-point in his organization, and familiar with danger tends to give him a soldier's co tempt for it. The confusion of the lawgit and the despair of the moralist, he is often good fellow to meet in a bad place, if y know how to take him.

THE FARM. August Suggestions to our A The pressure of the summer work on larm is considered to be over when hayi and harvesting are finished. With the exce tion of a few old fogies who believe in letti grass and grain get dead ripe before harve-ing, farmers have a little time to attend the odds and ends which always accumula in the reserved for the state of th in the pressure of hay and grain harvest One of the first things to be attended to the eradication of the weeds, which are no fast ripening their seeds, and which, if n glected, will make awful work, next summe We see in many gardens and fields stalwa

We see in many gardens and fields stalwa weeds, which are contending with the con and potatoes for supremacy. Many farme neglect these pests after hoeing, thinking the their crops have such a start that weeds can do little damage; but the best hoers are at to leave a few weeds, and these are no almost as tall as the corn, and taller that the potatoes, and should be careful pulled out, put in piles, and carted to the potatoes, and should be careful pulled out, put in piles, and carted to the propagate themselves, some a hundred at others a thousandfold. In the rich soil the garden these thieves love to lurk a plunder. That crawling sneak-thief, "pulley," especially delights in the onion-pate where he luxuriates on the fertilizers whi are always furnished in double rations onions. Purslane is an abomination as onions. Purslane is an abomination as weed, growing rampantly and sucking the life out of the soil, but as food for hogs it excellent. Pen-fed pigs will leave corn any time for a bite of purslane, and nothing makes them grow faster. It pays to pull the weed for feeding to pigs. Purslane a makes excellent "greens" when boiled we potluck. Many prefer it for this purpose spinach. Whether it is used in the house pig-pen, it should be exterminated from pig-pen, it should be exterminated from garden, as here it is a perfect pest.

Another of the August farm duties is to the barn-yard and pig-pens with muck some other absorbent, to save and increathe supply of manure. If the droppings the annyard are left uncovered they was their fertility upon the air. Cover them we muck or leaf mould occasionally, as a leist day gives opportunity, and run a plou through the pile to compost it, as the value of these droppings will triple what they otherwise would we know that compost heaps are to know that compost heaps are ionable in these days of concentrated lizers, but we have seen too much heavy c land rendered friable and fertile by mu compost, and too much sandy land render loamy and retentive of moisture by the sai means, not to speak a good word for compost of which means, not to speak a good word for composition of which organic matter, in some form, is leading component. If the muck is put in the pig-pens there is no need of plough shovel in composting, for the pigs will do the thoroughly, and furnish their own tools.

The latter part of August is the time acuting willows, alders, and all kinds bushes, with the hope that the cutting will the only ground constitution that will require bushes, with the hope that the cutting will the only surgical operation they will required an old physician, and at the same time large and observing farmer, said to us low years ago as he saw us cutting hard hacks June: "My boy, if you wish to exterming your bushes cut them in the old of the moin August." We thought at the time that the idea was an old man's whim, as we were no so lunatic as to believe that the moon hunch influence on vegetation, nor do we blieve it now; still, we had too much respect to our old friend not to try his suggestion, as after cutting leve it now; still, we had too much respect four old friend not to try his suggestion, as after cutting bushes for many years in the latter part of August we are satisfied that it good time to attend to this job. The philipophy of its destroying the bushes lies not the moon, but probably in the fact that his time of the year the vitality of the bush a mostly in the trunks and branches, and hese are cut off before they have vitalize the roots by the return of the true sap, the plant generally—not always—succumbs.

In yevent, bushes on a farm are almost as he weeds, and should be exterminated.