Literature

GEORGIE'S WOOER.

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XI—*continued.*

Yet how like a tired child, weary with wandering in a desolate way, and finding all at once some safe place of rest and refuge, had Georgie felt as that strong arm clasped her close! She could have laid her head down upon his breast, and felt as if the load of troubles, and plans, and perplexities that made it ache so often were laid there at rest too—as if nothing could ever hurt her as long as that loving arm was round her, to hold and shield her evermore!

For if Georgie had doubted whether she loved Douglas Ainsleigh well enough to be his wife, she knew the truth in that short moment when he held her close against his breast; knew that every fibre of her being thrilled a sweet echo to the passion and tenderness of his; that henceforth to be with him would be content and rest and joy, and, even in the day of trouble, the best and surest comfort; to be parted from him the only sorrow that could sap the well-springs of joy out of her life.

But the old training came to Georgie's aid, the lines by which the father had taught his girl to measure life in all its bearings.

"Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra!"

Come what might! no matter the pain, and the weary, lonely hours that may follow; no matter the stumbling of tired feet, the stretching forth of trembling hands, the eyes blind with hot tears, so that they cannot see "clear shining" on the tops of the eternal hills.

"Fais ce que dois——"

And Georgie thought she saw very plainly what she ought to do, and essayed to do it; but perhaps her courage hardly answered readily to the call made upon it, for she trembled very much as she stood by the fireside, and rested one hand on the mantle-shelf, and her voice, when she spoke, was low and full of effort.

"I am sure, Captain Ainsleigh, you have not forgotten how happy papa and I used to be together? I can hardly bring myself to speak about it at all yet—it has been so newly taken from me; but you know what it was—what he was to me—and I to him——"

Her listener murmured a word of sympathy, but there was something in the girl's look and manner that held him back from any more demonstrative expression of feeling.

She, as she spoke, looked dreamily out into the dreary day, as though she watched some sad phantasmagoria of days that would never come again. He gazed at her, and a new trouble came into his heart as he caught the line of thought that had taken her back to the fond sympathy existing in the past between her father and herself, and he saw whither it would lead.

"There is something very sacred to me, Captain Ainsleigh, in the thought of how happy we were, he and I; it is so sacred to me that I dare not be the means of coming between others equally happy, equally close to each other—even if it seemed to be——"

She stopped short, and a faint colour stole into her cheek.

He knew only too well what she meant; and he read her well enough to know that what in another woman might have been mere caprice, or done for effect, and of no solid power of resistance, was in Georgie Hammond a reality, a something against which reasoning and fondness would be alike powerless. She was terribly in earnest—this slight, pale girl with the sad eyes, and he knew that to lead her to see and feel a thing to be right was the only way to shake any resolve which was the result of conscientious thought.

"But, Georgie," said Douglas obstinately using the informal name, and being for once in his life uncandid, ignoring the latter part of what she had been saying. "I'm sure your father wouldn't have been afraid to give you to me if he had been sure you loved me enough; you said yourself he liked me, Georgie——"

"Yes; but, Captain Ainsleigh, your mother does not like me. She would not like me to be——"

"My wife?" he added, as she hesitated.

"Yes," said Georgie, bravely, strong in the firmness of the ground she felt herself standing upon. "And I will not—I will not come between you two, who have always been so happy together, just as I and my dear, dear father once were! You have no right to blame Mrs. Ainsleigh because she would not like such a thing!" she went on hurriedly, seeing the bitter annoyance in his face, and dreading what he might be about to say; "It is very natural: look at it fairly, and you will see how right she is; think of how I stand in the world just now; think of all these troubles—these debts—and my two poor darlings, with no one else but me to look to—and ask yourself if Mrs. Ainsleigh is wrong in not—liking—me?"

The energy that had helped Georgie through this speech, failed a little at the end, and her voice faltered.

Douglas longed to deny the truth of what she said; but there is no doubt of the fact that there are people in the world to whom it is very hard to lie; people in whose guileless faces you cannot look and say, or even try to say, that black is white; and, with those violet eyes on his, Douglas Ainsleigh was constrained to let the truth stand, and not try to gloss it over.

"But how do you know my mother does not like you, and that if you were to be my wife you would, as you say, come between us?" he asked, desperate at having to recognise the truth of her statement, yet seeing no other way.

"She came to see me not long after I had lost my dear father," returned the girl, shrinking from going over the old ground, yet seeing no way of escape. "She was very kind; but when I told her all about my troubles, and the plans I had made, and asked her to help me, there was a change I felt, though she never said an unkind word; and I knew, though I can hardly tell you how, that she was repulsed by all this. Besides, I cannot tell—she may have thought—she may have fancied—when you were here before——"

He enjoyed her confusion for a few selfish moments, refusing to help her out of a difficulty she had imprudently strayed into; then he shifted the ground in a two-fold sense, drawing a step nearer to her, and looking quite capable of falling into his former demonstrative mode of conduct.

"She may have fancied her son loved you, my darling! when did you begin to 'fancy' he did so?"

But she would not be lured away from the safe shore of hard, dry fact, to launch upon the troubled sea of sentiment.

It would not do to let that loving arm fold about her again; to risk encountering a second time that enemy within the citadel—her own traitor heart.

So, thinking that "silence is golden," and speech often dangerous when we fear to say too much, Georgie held her peace. Then came the hardest trial of all, for her companion turned away, and a look of wounded pride came into the face hitherto so tender.

"You are being very hard upon me, and upon yourself. Yes, Georgie, I will say it—upon yourself too. You will not listen to the voice of your own heart; for it was not from your heart you were speaking before; and it is your lips, not your heart, that are silent now."

"Does she know you are here—and why you are here?" interrupted the girl, her colour coming hotly, and her voice firm with a fever-strength passion gives, and which yields such a bitter aftermath of weakness and pain.

He flushed at her words, for they hit home, reminding him of the chill estrangement that had been maintained between his mother and himself since the previous night—the silence on the one subject that engrossed both their thoughts, a silence she dare not, and he would not, break.

Captain Ainsleigh would have given a great deal to be able to give a different reply to the girl's question; but the true eyes again dragged the truth from him.

"No, Miss Hammond, my mother does not know, though it is possible she may guess that I am here, and why. I am not a boy, to give an account of my comings and goings."

"I know! I know!" she cried, with a sob that cut to his heart like a knife; "but you were always at one, always close together, you two. You were like my dear and I! And, oh! I have come between you!"

"I will not hear this," he said, maddened by the sight of her grief and the sound of her weeping. "I will hear nothing about anybody else in the world save you and me. I want you to answer me a plain honest question. Georgie do you love me well enough to be my wife, and to let me take all—mind, dear—all your troubles and difficulties as my own?"

There was no flaw of affectation in this girl's nature, no prudery that could lead her to try and enhance her own value by giving grudgingly back the candour and truth given to her. She was not one of those women who will let a man read the story he longs for, in eyes and voice, in greetings and partings, and then hesitate and take refuge in spurious modesty, when speech is called upon to ratify the silent promises already given. So the nature that was true as steel asserted itself.

Georgie raised her head, which had been bowed low upon her hands, and looked up into the face so full of yearning tenderness that bent over her......

"I do love you," she said simply, "but I cannot be your wife. He would not have thought it right—and I must do what I know he would have wished, even if it is hard to do."

And from this fiat Douglas found that there was no appeal.

CHAPTER XII.

There can be no doubt that the performance of feat called "breaking down" is at all times a vast mistake, and one to be of all things avoided if possible.

To break down in health, in spirits, in purse, or in undertaking, is generally a calamity not only to ourselves, but to those about us also, since no one ever broke down in any way whatsoever without entailing an immense amount of discomfort upon some other person or persons, who thereupon feel that they have a right to mourn over so-and-so having so little "determination," or so little "self-control," or so little "pluck," as the case may be.

Thus, on the afternoon subsequent to Captain Ainsleigh's visit to Beach House, there can be no manner of doubt that Georgie broke down most lamentably, and the love-birds held that they had two serious causes of complaint against the state of things in general.

First and foremost, they had in some way or other picked up the information that Shag was to become the property of "the little old gentlepin with windows in his eyes" (by which description the Sheeling banker would certainly have had some difficulty in recognising himself); and, secondly, Sister was ill, so said Nurse Hughes, and couldn't go out with them, or tell them stories, or be at their beck and call as was her gentle wont.

She was in her own room, lying on the sofa by the fire, and nurse had pulled the blind down, and made the room quite dark; and when Tricksy put her head in at the door, nurse said "Hush," and "Go away;" two admonitions Tricksy's very soul detested.

Prostrate with that sort of headache that only comes from overwrought nerves and too-sorely tried powers of endurance, Georgie longed but for two things—darkness and silence. We all long for these when light and life have beaten too strongly on us, and we need rest and solitary quietude to "commune with our own hearts and be still." What a relief it would have been to the girl not to have thought at all! But alas! who ever yet succeeded in putting aside thought because thought is pain?

Rather did it seem as though the very violence of the throbbing in her temples, the pain that almost blinded her, and made her cold as any stone in spite of the piled-up fire and the big shawl, rendered thought more vividly acute, more active and alive. If she dropped into an uneasy dose, some dream-voice murmured in her ear, "Georgie—my darling!" and she started up to the sense of some beautiful thing being offered her that she must not take—some hand holding forth a perfumed flower that duty bade her trample under-foot—some soft, unutterably sweet melody falling on her ear that duty forbade her to listen to, urging her to push forward into a desolate country where such melody was not. And so the day wore on—the short winter day that had been such an eventful one, that, if it were measured by the intensity with which life had been lived in it, would have far outran any midsummer's day that ever dawned.

"I shall soon be all right again," said the young mistress to Nurse Hughes, as that faithful handmaid brought a cup of tea hot and strong, and assured her that it was a panacea for every ill flesh is heir to; but even the effort of lifting the cup to her lips turned her sick and faint with fresh stabs of pain, and shook her head as she carried the empty cup down stairs.

"I reckon," she said in confidence to the housemaid, "the young gentleman as was here this morning has something to do with all this; he was like any cops as I let him out; and Miss Georgie, why, she was like another, for all the world—she stood like an image in a china shop beside the table; and 'Nurse' says she, 'I'm not very well; give the children their dinner without me;' and out she walked, and up stairs like any ghost, and never a morsel of food has crossed her lips this day. I wish master was back again, Mary Anne, so I do, though that can never be."

Outside the daylight faded, and the sea moaned and sobbed upon the shore; the wind rose rough and high. Inside all was light and warmth, and the cheery firelight cast quaint shadows on the walls, and flickered on the pale face lying back upon the pillow, still fair to look upon, though the dark circles round the eyes took much of its youth and brightness away. Georgie had fallen into an uneasy doze, when a light tap at the door startled her into consciousness.

"I hope nurse hasn't been so foolish as to send for Dr. Babbiecomb," she thought to herself, as she said "Come in."

Then the door opened very softly, and someone came in.

But it was not Dr. Babbiecomb. It was Mrs. Ainsleigh.

Perhaps that lady was a shade paler than usual—as if she had passed through some sharp mental conflict in the last twenty-four hours, and it had left its mark.

Now, I almost fear Georgie will lose her right to be considered a heroine, when it is stated that she sat up quickly, clasped her hands tightly together after her usual fashion when troubled, and had not a word to say!

You see, there are shades and gradations of feeling; there is the feeling that finds vent in words or tears, and there is the feeling that is too deep for either. Thus, we can bid "God-speed," and say farewell to a friend we love; we can wave a hand in adieu as he passes from our sight; for though tears arise, they do not blind us. But when the "desire of our eyes" is torn from us, the lips are silent because the heart feels so much, and we cannot watch but only fall upon our knees and pray.

Had Georgie felt less keenly at the sight of her unlooked-for visitor, she might have had more to say; as it was she had nothing. Mrs. Ainsleigh was shocked at the change in the girl since she had last seen her, and tears gathered in her eyes—tears not wholly free from the bitter ingredient of remorse—as she seated herself on the sofa by her side.

"You must forgive me for my coming here; but the servant told me you were ill, and I was afraid you would try to come down. Lay your head back as it was before, and don't try to make a stranger of me, Georgie, or I shall have to leave you."

"I am better now, thank you, a good deal, and shall soon be all right again. It is very good of you to come and see me," said Georgie, finding her voice.

"No, it is not very good of me," returned her visitor, "because I wanted so very much to see you."

"To see me?" repeated the girl, all sorts of ideas thronging into her mind as she sat up in spite of the orders she had received, and grew, if that were possible, paler than before.

Doubtless Mrs. Ainsleigh had come to ask her to give some promise—perhaps a promise never to see Douglas again. Well, she would give it; she would shrink from nothing that could bring peace again between those two. She would do just what her "dear" would have wished, if he could speak and tell her.

"Georgie, I have come to ask you to do something for me." . . . Mrs. Ainsleigh took one cold hand in both hers, and looked intently in the girl's face.

"Whatever you want me to do—I will do," said Georgie, trembling.

"I have no daughter; child—will you be one to me?"

Who could be so loving, so sweet, so winning, as Douglas Ainsleigh's mother, when she willed?

She read first wonder, then joy, like a rosy day-dawn, in the girl's face, and drew the poor little aching head gently down upon her bosom.

Meanwhile, in the long old-fashioned drawing-room Douglas waited, with what amount of patience he could muster, the result of his mother's mission—her "expiation," she called it.

He had arrived some ten minutes after her, and been admitted by the delighted housemaid, who informed him that the young mistress was ill upstairs, and "the lady" with her. This piece of information did not tend to put him in an equable frame of mind, and he passed the time chiefly in walking to and fro, from the door at one end of the room to the door at the other, occasionally varying the proceeding by standing on the hearthrug, and beating the devil's tattoo on the mantelpiece.

Presently the door opened very cautiously, and a golden curly head appeared—only a head—nothing more. After taking a moment's observation, this head disappeared, and another was substituted. Then the door opened fully, and admitted the love-birds. Jack carried Dandy uncomfortably hitched up under his arm. A profound melancholy was in the poor animal's countenance, and his body now and then gave a wriggle by way of protest, but other signs made he none.

Though Jack did the heavy work, and carried Dandy, Tricksy, as became her sex, was the one to speak. She came close to Captain Ainsleigh, and looked boldly up at him.

"We yearly can't have Dandy selled," said she, getting very red in the face and developing a strong tendency to tears as she cast a rueful glance at the uncomfortable Dandy. "The other man has buyed Sag, but we yearly can't give 'oo Dandy!"

So it dawned upon their listener that the children were under the impression that it was "hard times" with them, and that a pressing necessity existed for them to stick to the few earthly possessions left them, and that they looked upon him as a probable claimant for the only living creature they now owned. He caught Tricksy up in his strong arms, and tossed her aloft, so that her long hair floated out like an aureole round her head.

"I'm going to buy you all!" he said, laughing—"sister, and you, and Jack, and Shag, and Dandy, and everybody—I shan't let the other man have Shag, never fear!"

"O—h!" said Jack, radiant at the idea that they would, at all events, all go together, and pursing up his rose-bud of a mouth into a little round red button. Dandy took advantage of the general excitement to slip from Jack's hold, and retire hastily under the sofa, where he wagged his tail against the floor till it sounded like an aggravated spiritual séance.

"'Oo was playing at being bease, and yunning up and down in a den, when we comed in: play it agen and let us play too," suggested Tricksy, ready to make the most of her opportunities. But Tricksy's day was over, for a soft rustling on the stairs told of Mrs Ainsleigh's approach; and there was another step too—a step that made Douglas Ainsleigh's heart beat thick and fast.

"You must not keep her, Douglas; I have only let her come down for a few moments," said his mother, already speaking of Georgie as something precious that belonged to those two, mother and son.

Now I think Jack's description of what followed is more graphic than any other could possibly be.

"The big man with the brush on his face kissed sissy, so him did!"

"He kissed me too," added Tricksy, evidently thinking this by far the more important fact of the two.

"And we's all to go to his house tomollow to have us tea!"

"And the other man's not to get Sag!"

Thus in friendly competition the love-birds tried who should astonish Nurse Hughes most, and nurse first smiled, and then sat down and laughed outright at all this information, so the children thought they must have been saying very clever things to amuse her so much, till Tricksy saw tears in nursey's eyes and wondering why grown-up people cried when they were laughing, climbed upon her knee, and put two soft little arms about her neck by way of comfort; Dandy, after his usual fashion in any domestic agitation, barking madly all the while, and looking at everybody as if he wished to be instantly taken into the family confidence.

And they did go to Fern Leigh "tomollow," and had a "real good time," and though "sister" was very quiet, I am of opinion she was the happiest of the party.

"You shall play the Blue Danube for me to-night," said Douglas, "and I shall turn over the leaves!"

"But I can't play from notes," answered Georgie, with an air of coquetry that became her marvellously well, and brought a bewitching dimple to view.

"Very well; then I shall sit by and count," said Douglas. And he did. At least he sat by; how the time of the music fared is doubtful. Indeed, I fear the whole performance would be best described as—intermittent!

Mrs. Ainsleigh meanwhile read Water-Babies to Jack and Tricksy, who listened with round eyes, entranced, and forgot to search out what sister was doing in the inner drawing-room.

There is more sweetness than sadness in the flowing melody to-night, for vibrating through the girl's heart is a loving, tender joy, as she feels her lover near.

"But, after all," said Mrs. Ainsleigh, as she kissed her new daughter, "it was I who was Georgie's Wooer!"

"Never mind, mother, who was the wooer," repled her son, laughing, "so long as Georgie is won!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When Captain Ainsleigh's solicitor wrote to Bedingfield Harper for a statement of tthe late Captain Hammond's affairs, those liabilities that had been such a terrible dread and burden to his daughter were found to have disappeared; a fate which necessity also forced upon the genial stock-broker, himself shortly afterward; for having "cut it rather too fine," as a friend of his graphically observed, in one particular case, he had to repeat the first part of this process in his own person with despatch.

Douglas Ainsleigh never forgot the banker's generous kinkness to Georgie in her hour of need; and at last Mrs. Willoughby Robinson realised the grand aim and object of her life—she dined at Fern Leigh Manor, proceeding to that hospitable mansion in the "vehicle." But then, and always, the Banker's wife was comparatively subdued and silent in the presence of Mrs. Ainsleigh the younger; and the power that so compressed her natural assertive impudence, was the sure and certain knowledge that Georgie had dealt generously by her, and never told Captain Ainsleigh of that uncomfortable letter, which a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel had rendered an unpardonable social blunder, even in the eyes of the writer herself.

Mr. Featherdew looked pinker about the eyes, and longer about the face, for some time after Miss Hammond's engagement was announced to astonished Sheeling; but he never reproached Mrs. Ainsleigh for a want of candour on the occasion of their memorial interview—no, not even in his secret heart.

"She could hardly tell me her son loved Miss Georgie when nothing was settled about the matter, though I daresay she knew it, and that was what made her so agitated and unlike herself. I daresay she felt ready to order me out of the house all the time I was speaking; and I suppose it was only her sweet graciousness of heart that prevents her showing any resentment toward me by her manner now."

Thus pondered the Reverend Anthony, and he was strengthened in this view of the case by the fact that Mrs Ainsleigh was especially sweet and gracious; nay, almost winning, in her manner to him ever after that momentous visit.

"How she feels for my disappointment!" he thought to himself.

Since a special blessing is pronounced to that Christian virtue that "thinketh no evil," be sure the simple, honest-minded parish priest of Sheeling will have such a blessing on his life and work!

THE END.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

CANADIAN.

In Huron county the school houses seem to be used as battle ground by both political parties.

The trustees of school section 14, Howick and Wroxeter (County of Huron), are building a school house.

In 1874 the Methodist Church in Canada had 1,512 schools, 13,277 teachers, and 101,218 scholars. In 1878 there are 1,733 schools, 15,751 teachers, 120,972 scholars, showing an increase during the four years of 221 schools, 2,474 teachers, and 19,754 scholars.

Roman Catholic Separate School affairs are not in a prosperous condition in Belleville. At the commencement of the current year the excess of liabilities over assets was $2,000, and the trouble of the Board during the year has tended to aggravate the difficulties of the situation.

We are glad to learn that the Principal of the Normal School at Ottawa has consented to the exhibiting, next week, at the Exhibition Grounds, of the splendid collection of school apparatus, maps, models, and other educational appliances in the Normal School. They will be placed in a conspicuous position in the main building; and while bringing a new feature to the great show, will add to the pleasure of visitors.

Mr. Sidney Hunton, of Ottawa, formerly a pupil of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, has been awarded the Gilchrist scholarship. The scholarship is of the annual value of five hundred dollars, is tenable for three years, and gives to Mr. Hunton the option of pursuing his university course at either Edinburgh or London University. Mr. Hunton has already obtained a first-class position at McGill University, and this fresh distinction must be a source of satisfaction to his teachers and fellow-pupils. We wish him all success in his trans-atlantic career.

The report of the Superintendent of Protestant schools in the Province of Manitoba for 1877, notices the substantial progress made in education during the year, the number of schools in operation being 38, with 2,027 pupils, as against 30 for the year previous, with an attendance of 1,600. This shows an increase in favour of 1877 of eight more schools, and between 400 and 500 scholars. The result is, indeed, satisfactory as showing that even our prairie provincials fully appreciate at advantages of education.

The new school house between the 10th and 11th concessions, Tuckersmith, is now completed. The services of Miss Reid, a lady from Montreal, has been engaged as teacher, and she is to be congratulated on having such a neat and comfortable school in which to begin her labours in the west, reflecting alike credit on trustees and contractors. It was opened by Divine service last Sabbath evening by Rev. Mr. Cameron, who preached. The necessity of a good secular education sanctified by Divine influence, and the connection between science and theology was very eloquently demonstrated by a sermon of marked power and earnestness.

We are glad to welcome the first issue of *Acta Victoriana*, a monthly journal, it informs us, published during the college year in the interests of the college societies and alumni of Victoria College. It is, without exception, one of the best got up, both as regards its appearance and its matter of college journals we have seen. "Our Students," by Mr. Coleman, B.A., is an amusing sketch of possible students at the college; while the weightier leaders are "University Consolidation," and "Our University," and "Education." Locals and Notes make up the rest of the very readable number before us. With a Board of Management of twelve gentlemen, there should be no lack of writing of the sort needed now by our educational interest in Ontario.

A number of the pupils of Cumberland Public School, together with many of the young ladies and gentlemen of the village, recently assembled at the residence of John S. Cameron, Esq., Clerk of the Division Court, to spend a pleasant evening together. The chief object, however, was for the scholars of that school to show their estimation of the labours of their teacher, Mr. J. B. Dunham, by presenting him with a large and very beautiful photograph album. Mr. Dunham has had charge of the school for the past two years, and has now resigned his situation. The address was read by Master Charlie Wilson, after which Miss Martha E. McArthur presented the album. Mr. Dunham made a lengthy and funny reply, and after a couple of hours spent very pleasantly, the company took their leave.

The Court of Chancery has decided in the case of the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools of Belleville v. Grainger *et al.* (25 Grant, 570), that the election of school trustees, as well for the Common Schools as the Roman Catholic Separate Schools, must be held by the same returning officers and at the same time and place as the municipal councillors are chosen. In election matters, Separate Schools have the same right to appeal to a County Judge as Public Schools have. Under the B. N. A. Act, Local Legislatures may legislate in regard to Separate Schools, provided that the legislation is not such as prejudicially affects the rights or privileges theretofore possessed by such schools. A Court of Equity has jurisdiction to order persons wrongfully claiming to be school trustees to deliver up the corporate seal and papers to the legal trustee.

The Carleton Place *Herald* contains a letter addressed to J. M. Buchan, High School Inspector, Toronto, and signed by four High School trustees of Carleton Place. It accuses him of onesidedness in his report on school matters there, and refers vaguely to the Court of Chancery. It seems from the letters that the Inspector had reported to the Educational Department, recommending the withholding of the grant on the ground that the trustees were going to patch up some makeshift accommodation for the High School instead of providing a new and properly-equipped High School building. This is desired by the writers but while they say that they are willing and anxious to provide ample accommodation they are not prepared to erect a new and costly High School at the present time on account of the high rate of the taxes, &c. Whatever the merits of the case are, the letter is evidently a manifesto and the slaps at the Inspector are not likely to invalidate his professional report. If the case is in the Court of Chancery the letter is more than ill-advised. If the Inspector is not right, there is a very plain and easy way of setting him so, but we seriously think the less said about this sort of thing in the papers the better.

The Minister of Education, in reply to a letter from Mr. Johnston, Principal of the County Model School at Hamilton, written when the Wentworth County Council refused to aid in equipping and carrying on the school, thus dealt with the matter:—He said that the Councils are not to have any opinion in the matter of making grants in aid of their Model Schools. The general policy of the Educational Department is to leave, as far as possible, the arrangement of local school matters to the people of the municipality or section concerned. The training of third-class teachers is not merely a local question, however. It is an essential part of our national system. It is true that, so long as the teacher has only the third-class rank, his being trained or not simply affects the county in which he receives his certificate. But as soon as he gets one step higher his domain becomes the Province. The Province recognizes this fact, and gladly pays its grant to secure the efficient working of the County Model Schools, so that the foundation of the training system may be properly laid. It has, therefore, a right to say to every county, "Do your duty." The Kingston *Whig* remarks that the position of Kingston and Frontenac upon this Model School question is precisely the same as that of Hamilton and Wentworth. Wentworth is not alone in its policy.

The "Prairie Province" has commenced its educational career early and has already established a good record. Its Public School system is of recent date. There are two Superintendents of Schools—one Protestant, the other Catholic. The report of the former for the last year has just made its appearance and contains evidence of substantial progress made in education during the year. The number of schools in operation (Protestant schools) was 38, with 2,027 pupils, as against 30 for the year previous, with an attendance of 1,600—an increase of eight schools and 427 scholars. The legislative grant for the year was $8,000, and to this must be added $10,000, the annual appropriation for three years placed at the disposal of the Province by the Dominion Government for educational purposes, together with a tax from wild lands, which raises the sum available for education to $25,000. Every school receives $80, and a supplementary grant is given to each in proportion to the average attendance. In the matter of University education Manitoba has commenced well. There are at present three colleges in the Province:—The College of St. Boniface (R. C.), the College of St. John (C. E.), the Presbyterian College, and one, we believe, soon to be organized by the Canadian Methodists. These are all affiliated to the University of Manitoba—an examining body merely, like the University of London, England, in the Senate the religious bodies we have mentioned are represented. Thus the new province starts on its educational career under the most favourable auspices.

FOREIGN.

Yale College feels the pressure. During the past seven years it has run behind $80,000 in its finances.

A popular lecturer up West delivered a lecture on "Fools." The ticket to it read, "Lecture on Fools. Admit one." There was a large attendance.

A new Educational law has been adopted by the Chambers and sanctioned by the King of Holland, which excludes the Bible and religious teachings from the primary schools.

It is a curious fact that in the United States Worcester's Dictionary is preferred to Webster's. Among educationalists Hon. Horace Mann and Prof. Noah Parker, D.D., President of Yale College, recognize the superiority of the former over the latter. Among scientists Prof. Joseph Henry, LL.D., of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and the late Prof. Agassiz, LL.D., both consider Worcester the best. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Sumner, Holmes, Irving, Bayard Taylor, all attest the same fact. The Hon. A. R. Spafford, Librarian of Congress says that whenever proofs from the Congressional printing office of catalogues, reports, etc., "embody the innovation upon English orthography, which Webster introduced, they are invariably returned with corrections restoring the established spelling or represented by Worcester and the usage of all great English writers."

Out of the recent Library Congress at Paris has grown a permanent organization which will devote its energies to the establishment of the following positions taken relating to the rights of authors and the way to protect them. (1.) The right of authors over their works is not a concession, but "one of the modes of property" which one is bound to guarantee. (2.) Such literary property is perpetual in the authors, his heirs and assigns; that at the expiration of the author's rights as determined by the laws actually obtaining, any person should be free to reproduce his works on condition of paying a suitable sum to his heirs or assigns. (3.) Literary, scientific, and artistic works should be treated in each country as if they had been first produced in that country; that to obtain the foregoing protection it should be enough for the author to effect the necessary formalities in the one country where his works are first brought out; that international treaties should secure to authors themselves the exclusive right of authorizing adaptations or translations of their works.

APPEAL FROM NEW ORLEANS.

A Letter From a New Orleans Clergyman Formerly of Toronto.

The *London Advertiser* published in its issue of Wednesday last, the following letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of the Memorial church, London:—

"I have thought that many kind-hearted Canadians might wish in a quiet way to contribute something towards the alleviation of the suffering at present existing in New Orleans; and as a Canadian, and formerly a minister in a Canadian parish, (though now rector of a church in this city) I have felt it not improper to offer myself as a medium through which any such contributions may be made. The yellow fever has already made great ravages here, bringing in its train untold destitution and distress. The number of deaths reported yesterday, as published in this morning's papers, exceeds that of any single day during the last epidemic in 1867, and from present indications it is feared that September will prove a most disastrous month. This appeal is made upon my responsibility, and I will undertake, as far as possible, to distribute any funds sent to me under my own personal supervision or that of the minister assisting at St. Paul's Church, without regard to religious persuasion. Any persons who desire as individuals to make use of this means of contributing, in however small a way, or any minister who feel able and willing to have a collection in their churches, may send donations to me at 204 St. Charles street, New Orleans, or through Rev. Canon Innes, or Rev. J. B. Richardson, who will kindly forward any sums sent them.

H. H. WATERS,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, and formerly Assistant Minister of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.
New Orleans, September 2nd, 1878.

I heartily endorse the above appeal from my personal knowledge of the numerous cases of destitution and suffering among British subjects which are daily presented to me, and which I am utterly unable adequately to relieve.

HENRY E. STRINGER,
President of St. George's Society, and H. B. M. Acting Consul.

Died—Of Cholera Infantum.

How often this little obituary is published in the papers! How many are robbed, by this dread summer complaint, of a sweet child! Yet there is within the reach of all a remedy that is warranted to check and cure cholera infantum, cholera morbus, dysentery, diarrhœa, and all summer complaints. It is particularly beneficial for children, yet is used with equal success for adults. It positively never fails to effect a speedy cure. This remedy is a simple one, and is called Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. The father or mother, or guardian, who neglects to secure a supply of this infallible remedy, after reading this, is culpably ignorant. For sale by all dealers.

THE LADIES' CORNER

How to Cover a Comfortable.—When the outsides of a comfortable or bed quilt have become tattered, if it is not so heavy that an extra covering will make it burdensome, it is a good plan to renew it in this fashion:

First, wash it as clean as possible. If it dries somewhat streaky no matter; that it shall be thoroughly sweetened is the main object; and no amount of exposure to the air or beating with a stick will accomplish this in the case of an old, long-used comfortable. Trim off the tatters of the old covering, have the new in readiness—good dark calico is the best thing—and tack it on in the way log-cabin patch work is done. That is, holding the quilt upon your lap or on a table front of you, commencing at the edge, folding the cloth back toward you. Then baste or tack with strong thread the wrong side of the covering to the quilt, making the stitches short on the right side, and as long upon the wrong side as you think consistent. When you have gone the length of the quilt, go over another portion, say six or eight inches wide, and tack again. Just as you would make a block of log-cabin patch-work, only that the cloth is all in one piece instead of in strips, and no corners to be turned. When one side is finished, do the other in the same way. When this covering becomes soiled, it can be in five minutes ripped from the quilt for the wash, while if elaborately knotted or quilted the tack becomes quite formidable.—*Western Farmer.*

To Prepare Skeleton Leaves.—A solution of caustic soda is made by dissolving three ounces of washing soda in two pints of boiling water, and adding one and one-half ounce of quicklime, decant the clear solution and bring it to boil again. During ebullition add the leaves; boil briskly for some time—say an hour—occasionally adding hot water, to supply the place of that lost by evaporation. Take out a leaf, and put it into a vessel of water, and while there rub it with the fingers. If the epidermis and parenchyma separate easily, the rest of the leaves may be removed from the lye and treated in the same way; but if not, then the boiling must be continued for a time longer. To bleach the skeletons, mix about a drachm of hypochlorite of lime (bleaching powder), with a pint of water, adding sufficient acetic acid to liberate the chlorine. Steep the leaves in this till they are whitened (about ten minutes), taking care not to let them stay in too long, otherwise they are apt to become brittle. Put them into clean water and float them out on pieces of paper. Lastly, remove them from the paper before they are quite dry, and place them in a book or botanical press.

Look to your Wall Paper.—The filthy custom of pasting one wall paper over another till a thickness of an eighth of an inch or more is accumulated, is too common, and is attended with the worst consequences. This, as ascertained by the *Lancet*, was the cause of the puzzling offensive smell at Knightsbridge Barracks, England, that recently threatened the whole establishment with fever. The examination of the drains and taking up of the floors revealed nothing, while the introduction of increased means of ventilation left the evil as it was. At last an examination was made of the wall papering, when it was found that one paper was pasted upon another till a thickness was accumulated amounting in one case to fourteen layers. Between these layers there was rotten paste, in which fungi and even maggots germinated; while the wall being hollow, the stench spread into the passages and over the establishment.

Picture Frames and Glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a solution of carbolic acid.

To Whiten Porcelain Saucepans, fill them half full with hot water, throw in a tablespoonful of powdered borax, and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, soap the cloth and sprinkle on plenty of powdered borax. Scour it well.

Silver Polish.—One ounce ammonia, four ounces Paris white; dissolve the Paris white in one pint of water; boil it; when cool, add the ammonia.

Dishwashing.—Use plenty of borax in the first water, also in the rinse water; use soap only on very greasy pots and pans; borax will cleanse the dishes, purify the skin, and at the same time make the hands soft and white.

A Cheap and Wholesome Article of vinegar may be made of water, molasses and yeast, say twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses and one of yeast.

A Good, Clean Paste is made with two parts of gum tragacanth and one part of powdered gum arabic, covered with cold water until dissolved, and then reduced to the desired consistency. A few drops of carbolic acid will prevent souring.

A Writer in the *New England Farmer* gives this advice to bottle cider that will keep sweet and fine for years, and its excellence is endorsed by the Editor:—Leach and filter the cider through pure sand, after it has worked and fermented and before it has soured. Put no alcohol or other substances with it. Be sure that the vessels you put it in are perfectly clan and sweet. After it is leached or filtered, put it in barrels or casks filled, leaving no room for air; bung them tight and keep it where it won't freeze till February or March, then put it into campagne bottles filled, drive the corks and wire them. It should be done in a cellar or room that is comfortable for work. The best cider is late made, or made when it is as cold as can be and not freeze."

Camphor a Remedy for Mice.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it. He will need food elsewhere.

A Handy Kitchen.—The other day we went into a model kitchen. Between it and the dining-room a small passage served as a closet, and also to keep all odors of the kitchen from reaching the dining-table. On one side of the kitchen was a large range, beyond that a sink with hot and cold water leading into it, and a waste-pipe from it. At the end of the room, between two windows, screened to prevent the ingress of flies, stood a long work-table, with a series of drawers. On the other side of the room were two stationary tubs, each with faucets for hot and cold water and a discharge pipe. Hinged covers made an ironing table firm and ample. Just beyond the sink a door opened into the pantry, a room four by ten, with a window, a shelf running round three sides of it, wide and high enough to cover barrels of flour, sugar and meal. At one end of the space beneath this shelf was filled with deep drawers for towels, tablecloths, the iron-blanket, starch and blueing, each in appropriate place. The housewife needed but a step in there and find everything at hand necessary to prepare food for the table. No running upstairs for meal and flour, no getting ready to make bread, or pies, or cake; pans are close by; spices in neat boxes at her elbow; coffee-mill, with a little shelf under it to hold the cup, was screwed over the window casing. What hardships are there in doing work in such a kitchen?—*Ex.*

To Drive Away Bed-Bugs.—An exchange gives the following as a sure way to drive bed-bugs from old bedsteads: "Take green tomato vines, put them into a basin or tray, pound them to pieces as fine as possible, then stain the bedstead where they inhabit, with pieces of vines, lay leaves under the ends of the slats." If this is practiced twice a year, not a bug will remain in the bedstead.

To Clean Oil-Painted Surfaces.—Take a piece of soft flannel, put it in warm water, and squeeze it till it feels dry; next dip it on gently on to some very fine pulverized French chalk, and rub the painted surface with the flannel; the effect will be the removal of all dust, greasy matter and dirt; the surface is next washed with a piece of wash-leather. This method does not injure the paint like soap, and produces a very good result.

Bruises on Furniture.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak in warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot, flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. After two or three applications the dent or bruise will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a redhot iron near the surface, keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

To Render Inflammable Materials Fireproof.—A coating of a mixture of borax and sulphate of magnesia, (Epsom salts,) or of a mixture of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of lime, is recommended by W. Braun Miller, of Vienna, in a recent published report concerning some practical experiments with preparations for preventing the spread of fire. The author's reputation as a metallurgist and chemist is a guarantee for the correctness of his opinion and the reliability of his experiments.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

To Make Bar Soap.—Six pounds soda ash, three pounds unslaked lime, eight gallons water; put into a kettle and when boiling hot strain and return the kettle; add twelve pounds clean grease, boil slowly three hours, add one-half pound of finely pulverized borax, dissolved in a little hot water, stir well and let cool in the kettle or turn into wooden moulds well soaked in water. Cracklings or meat trimmings will do for this soap if you allow for waste, but be careful not to allow too much, thereby getting too much grease in.

Save This for Next Winter.—To mend rubber shoes, get a piece of pure rubber—an old shoe—vulcanized rubber will not do; cut it into small bits; put it into a bottle, and cover to twice its depth with spirits of turpentine or refined coal tar naphtha—not petroleum naphtha. Stop the bottle and set to one side, shaking it frequently. The rubber will soon dissolve—Then take the shoe and press the rip or cut close together, and put on the solution with a camel's hair brush. Continue to apply as fast as it dries, until a thorough coating is formed.

Keeping Tin Ware Bright.—It is a very good plan every washing day, before the hot suds are thrown out, to gather up the tin ware that is in daily use and wash it well with a woollen cloth in the tub or boiler. The brightness thus given to it is nicer than from scouring; besides, the ware is not worn out, and the seams, about the handles and spouts, can be made very clean. With careful usage, tin and brittannia ware need not wear out or fall into disuse, hardly in one's life time. All such ware should be made dry about the kitchen stove before it is put away. Iron, or sheet iron ware, should be kept in good, presentable condition by stove blacking. There is no need of gray or dingy pots and tea kettles when they are so easily kept neat and in good order. The tin wash boiler should always be washed and wiped and dried before putting away.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Scrambled Eggs.—Put in a spider enough sweet butter to oil the bottom of the pan; put in the eggs without breaking the yolks, add a bit of butter as large as a walnut to twelve eggs, season with very little salt and pepper; when the whites harden a little, stir the eggs from the bottom of the spider, and continue to do this until cooked to suit the family. The yolks and whites, when done, should be separate though stirred together, not mixed like beaten eggs.

VARIOUS WAYS OF MAKING OMELETTES.

Omelette.—Six eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately until very light, then stir together; add no salt as it will make it very heavy. Put on a hot griddle slightly greased with butter, when nicely browned turn—serve hot.

A Nice Omelette for Breakfast.—Beat two eggs, yolks and white together, in a bowl until very light. In a cup put one teaspoonful of corn starch; add slowly a half teaspoonful of milk (new milk is best); when well stirred and smooth, pour this over the eggs, and beat them all well together for a few minutes; a little chopped parsley can be added if wished. Cook as other omelettes. In making any kind of omelette, salt and pepper should not be added until sent to table; and to have them perfectly light and not tough, the ingredients must be well and quickly beaten with the fork. The quantity for this omelette is enough for three persons.

Omelette, Soft.—Put in a teaspoonful water a little salt and pepper, the yolks of and whites of four eggs, and beat the mixtures until very light. Have ready in an omelette or small frying pan butter very hot; pour in the mixture, move the pan constantly over the fire until the sides commence to harden, then roll it, and turn it out without soiling the dish; serve hot.

Omelette, Hard.—Proceed as above, using all the egg, and cook the omelette until the whole of the eggs are hard; serve hot. Omelettes fail if they stand after being dished.

A letter recently produced in a breach of promise suit as evidence contained the following sentence:—"Dearest love—I swallowed the postage stamp on your letter, because I knew your lips had touched it."

Three Glorious Little Girls.—There was a very pretty little scene enacted at the Southern Police Station to-day. On Friday last three little girls—Louise Niedhardt, Mamie Grefe, and Amelia Oblender living on South Paca street, conceived the idea of contributing something for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers. Their net capital at the outset was two cents. This, of course, could do very little good, but they soon found a way to increase the amount, and by great perseverance, not, however, unmixed with pleasure, they at last succeeded in raising $10.50. The two cents with which they began was invested in candies, and then a table was procured, covered neatly with a cloth, and the wares exposed for sale. The neighbours, seeing the persistence with which they laboured, went to work and helped them with a will. All sorts of things were contributed and quickly sold. The stock was exhausted yesterday, and to-day, with the results in hand, they went to the station and presented the proceeds to Captain Delanty, who made them a very pretty little speech in return. The money will be handed over to the Mayor by Captain Delanty in the name of the children.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

Modern Women.—"An old fogy" writing to the London *Standard* his impressions of society and manners as they are, says, among other things:—"Then came dinner. I sat beside a very pretty girl, and old as I am I thought myself lucky—until she began to talk. What strange jargon is this, sir, that your modern ladies utter? What do they mean by all this chatter about 'exquisite harmonies of expression,' 'and almost rapturous sensuousness,' 'the divine ideality of man,' and so on? I listened in utter bewilderment while my pretty little friend used these and other phrases still more mysterious, and talked familiarly of the works of a number of our modern poets, of whom Mr. Swinburne was by far the most proper. I turned for relief to my neighbour on the other side. She, too, was young, but not pretty. Before I knew where I was she had mentioned the names of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and Professor Clifford, and had said incidentally that she supposed, of course, that I considered God 'quite an exploded hypothesis.' After this I was hardly shocked when my pretty neighbour invited me to dine at 'her club,' to-morrow night, to meet a lady whose last volume of verse I happened to have burnt in disgust after reading half a dozen pages. Her club, indeed! And yet, learn that now-a-days it is quite 'good form' for a miss in her teens to invite half-a-dozen gentlemen to dine at the Albermarle.'

OUR FARMERS' CLUB

COMMON AILMENTS OF LIVE STOCK.

THRUSH IN HORSES.

By this term is commonly indicated [illegible] dark-coloured or black and offensive [illegible] charge of fluid of variable consistency fr[illegible] the frog. In some localities it is call[illegible] trush, running thrush, &c., and ma[illegible] carters and draymen use the express[illegible] though inelegant term, "rotten frog[illegible]" The condition in which the several pa[illegible] are observed, when suffering from t[illegible] disease in question, is somewhat as f[illegible]ows:—The cleft of the frog, *i.e.*, the [illegible] angular fissure extending from about [illegible] centre, backwards to the heel, is dee[illegible] open, ragged, soft, spongy, and tender. [illegible] the finger is inserted with moderate pre[illegible]sure, it may be caused to penetrate b[illegible]neath the horny frog, portions of whi[illegible] may be raised from the sensitive surfac[illegible] beneath; and when withdrawn, the odo[illegible] imparted to the finger is most offensive a[illegible] characteristic of decomposing bony matte[illegible] Usually simple thrush consists of a me[illegible] crack, through which the discharge flo[illegible] irregularly, but as described already, it [illegible] of an advanced stage; and beyond thi[illegible] third variety consists of disintegration [illegible] the whole of the horny frog, with burro[illegible]ing of matter beneath the horny sole, a[illegible] considerable lameness. The disease orig[illegible]ates in the secretory organs of the sensib[illegible] or fibrous and fatty frog, and this preven[illegible] the formation of sound horn for a coverin[illegible] the whole process becoming eventually o[illegible] analogous to that of sloughing of soft part[illegible] in which more or less solution or deco[illegible] position of horn takes place, and gives t[illegible] characteristic odour of the disease.

The causes of the disease are variou[illegible] viz., presence of moisture, together wi[illegible] such matters in solution which have a sof[illegible]ening and solvent action upon the hoo[illegible] irritating substances acting upon the e[illegible]posed sensitive structures, and malpra[illegible]tices in shoeing which tend to remove t[illegible] frog from exercise of its natural function[illegible] We will consider these in the order give[illegible] The prevalence of thrush among colts a[illegible] horses turned upon wet pastures and in[illegible] straw yards standing in much moisture, [illegible] well known. The softening effect of wat[illegible] is acknowledged by all who deal with the[illegible] feet, as is proved by the ignorant gro[illegible] and farrier who make use of stopping, &c[illegible] that the process of paring may be mo[illegible] easily accomplished. Practical test, ho[illegible]ever, fully supports scientific conclusio[illegible] in reference to this point; hence we a[illegible]cept without doubt, that, in order to p[illegible]serve hoofs in a state of soundness, and [illegible] their best capacity as a protection a[illegible] weight bearers, they are best preserved [illegible] a state of dryness and hardness as much [illegible] possible. Water softens the hoofs and de[illegible]troys their physical properties, and th[illegible] they fail in their offices. But the co[illegible]ditions are still worse when water [illegible] moisture, to which they are exposed, co[illegible]tains such ingredients as possess a solve[illegible] power on the hoof; therefore, we alwa[illegible] observe that horses turned to grass for a[illegible] time, or into wet straw yards, come [illegible] with diseased frogs or thrushes. The re[illegible]son is obvious. The moisture and wet [illegible] these places contain a large amount [illegible] saline matter in solution, as ammoni[illegible] potash, and soda, and these act powerfull[illegible] upon horny substances. In order to te[illegible] this fact, let our readers make a solutio[illegible] of soda or potash in water, and put in [illegible] broken horn comb, or portions of an a[illegible]mal's hoof or horn, when they will fi[illegible] after a few days, in accordance with th[illegible] strength of the solution, that the substan[illegible] becomes soft and gelatinous. The sa[illegible] effect is produced when horse or cow du[illegible] is used as a stopping, and also when th[illegible] animal is allowed to stand in his ow[illegible] manure.

The secondary effects of these substance[illegible] are those of irritation, for as the frog [illegible] softened, it become more porous, and a[illegible]sorption more complete; and when deco[illegible]posing matters surround the foot, they a[illegible] powerfully upon the sensitive parts whic[illegible] eventually are exposed; besides, sand, gr[illegible] and other solid substances also find the[illegible] way through the various openings, and b[illegible]come mechanical agents of disturbance.

The third cause of thrush is the use o[illegible] high-heeled shoes, allowing the horny heel[illegible] to become too high, and paring away th[illegible] frog, all of which faithfully remove the or[illegible]gan from the great pressure which, as [illegible] natural cushion, it is intended by Natur[illegible] to bear continually. Loss of function, o[illegible] idleness and inactivity on the part of an[illegible] organ brings on disorder, and that stat[illegible] only precedes disease. In this conditio[illegible] moisture and alkaline solutions, as th[illegible] water of straw yards and ponds into whic[illegible] drain the manure of the farm, only ar[illegible] needed to make the frogs as bad as the[illegible] possibly can be; and when such are co[illegible]tinually applied, togther with bad manag[illegible]ment, generally in feeding, &c., we ma[illegible] expect to see the disease extend upwar[illegible] to the legs, giving rise to complicate[illegible] states. The whole foot becomes involve[illegible] first the soft, and secondly the hard part[illegible] and the disease becomes *canker*; and i[illegible] goes up the leg, the skin exhibits the pri[illegible]cipal signs in the shape of swellings an[illegible] pustules, and confirmed *grease* is the re[illegible]sult.

Thrushes do not produce lameness i[illegible] their simplest states, but the frog is ten[illegible]der, and the animal will wince under pres[illegible]sure from the pincers, or when the par[illegible] comes upon a loose stone on the road[illegible] When they become aggravated, decide[illegible] lameness follows; and although it may ap[illegible]pear insufficient to call for absolute rest[illegible] there is nevertheless great pain and inco[illegible]venience, and the process of cure is muc[illegible] facilitated by its being carried on in co[illegible]junction with cessation from work, at leas[illegible] until considerable improvement is mad[illegible] and tenderness removed, when pressur[illegible] and contact with the ground is productiv[illegible] of great good.

When the disease is limited in simpl[illegible] thrush a single crack or opening in th[illegible] cleft of the frog, the course is very plai[illegible] First, clear out the dirt carefully with th[illegible] back of the knife, and pack moderatel[illegible] tight into the fissure some tow saturate[illegible] with the following mixture:—Sulphate [illegible] zinc, one part; acetate (or the sugar) [illegible] lead, one part. These are to be reduced t[illegible] powder and put into a small dish or cu[illegible] and covered with either sulphuric, nitri[illegible] or hydrochloric acid. A mixture of th[illegible] first and second appear to be most usef[illegible] and powerful. Usually one or two dre[illegible]ings are sufficient, but if needed, the[illegible] may be repeated once in three days, th[illegible] old tow being removed each time. I[illegible] severe cases the ragged portions of hor[illegible] may be detached before the dressing is a[illegible]plied, and it may be advisable to dilute [illegible] with one-fourth of water, especially whe[illegible] the sensitive frog is exposed. If matte[illegible] has burrowed, horn must be taken away t[illegible] the full extent, and poultices applied f[illegible] a day or two. In addition, a dose of pu[illegible]gative medicine will be of great service.

KEEPING WINTER APPLES.

Mr. Editor,—From a somewhat length[illegible]ened experience, I have come to the co[illegible]clusion that two things are essential [illegible] preserving apples for the winter, or marke[illegible]ing them late in the fall. The first is, th[illegible] after they are picked from the trees, the[illegible] should remain in open bins, boxes or ba[illegible]rels until they have sweated and dried o[illegible] when they are ready for the packages, a[illegible] should be put up for permanency only [illegible] cool, dry weather. For long keeping the[illegible] should be put in clean, tight boxes or ba[illegible]rels, and placed in as cool a room or cell[illegible] as may be, without freezing.

I have a large number of boxes in whic[illegible] I market grapes, and holding two-thirds [illegible] a bushel each; into these I put winte[illegible] apples for my own use, and very fine one[illegible] are wiped off with a cloth before being p[illegible]up. In this way they keep better than i[illegible] any other way which I have tried, and