HER PRETTY BLUE EYES.

'Such eyes—such pretty blue eyes!'

'So soft and tender—But then—'

'Well!'

'The eyes do not determine the character, notwithstanding her pretty blue eyes this woman may be a perfect tornor. How do you know who she is, what she is, whether she be an angel or a—'

'Hush! Are you crazy?'

'Well, in short, Harry, I believe you are sold.'

I would have said more than this, but even as I spoke, the pretty blue eyes were upon me, and the voice of the lady vocalist sounded in my ears

'Pardon me, gentlemen,' she said. 'I did not know you were here. How bright the sun shines, how joyous the birds sing, how beautiful is everything to-day. Indeed, I did not see fit to disturb you but since I have will Harry, as I speak to you a moment!'

I saw he had blood enough to his cheek, and as they walked saw y to gether arm in arm I mentally whistled.

He loves her madly, madly, madly.

Then I slowly returned to my little cottage home and Mary, my wife, met me at the door.

'Where is Harry?' she asked, somewhat anxiously, I thought.

'Gone strolling off with that Stone girl.' I replied.

'Wilfred Stone?'

'Yes. A queer fellow that brother of yours, Mary, to fall in love with every girl he meets. And this the most desperate case of all. I am confident he loves her madly.'

'She is very attractive,' said my wife, hesitating slightly, 'and such pretty blue eyes!'

'Yes with the devil in them. Appearances are deceitful, let me tell you. She looks like an angel, but still she may be a craven creature, unfit for human association.'

My wife shuddered.

'You talk strangely,' she said. 'What do you know about the girl?'

'Nothing, absolutely nothing, only I do not like her.'

'But she is very pretty.'

'Yes, so is the snake that creeps in the grass. It may be only my own strange thoughts, but there is that within me that arouse me to shudder whenever the pretty blue eyes of this girl rest upon me.'

My wife went on with her work, and said nothing in reply, and I my self was silent a moment, though thinking deeply.

'Harry has told you of his engagement, I suppose?' I presently said.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'And the marriage.'

'Will take place two weeks from to-day.' Harry will speak to you at once. Meanwhile, however of you can, the cause of the strange dislike you hold for poor, pretty, innocent Wilfred, Harry, intended wife.'

I had a talk that night with Harry, and by hands I at my bears.

'She is a little angel,' he said, 'and I love her devotedly. What if I have not known her all my life? I am willing to take her at her own word, let the consequences be what they may. Indeed, let us go back a few weeks. Who is this girl?'

'Will, who is she?'

'An orphan among strangers. It is but about a year since she came here to teach the village school. Has she not given satisfactory service? She has long been the pet of the village, the adoration of all eyes, the queen of our young society. She is pretty, modest, and entertaining, all that can be said against her is that she is an orphan, and is that a crime? No, your fears are groundless, she is all that she seems, a beautiful girl against whom none can say a word. Seize, my dear lad, and join with me in loving the best of girls, pretty, timid, Wilfred.'

I was satisfied but not convinced. I wished to love the girl for Harry's sake, but could not, I spite her pretty blue eyes, remain in her company one minute without a superstitious desire to hurry away to rid myself of the strange influence of her society. I had no satisfactory explanation of this feeling, it was a snake-like sensation, the like of which I had never known before.

The next week I had occasion to visit the city of B——, to remain away from home several days.

'Get back in time for the wedding,' said my wife, as I started off.

I promised, and was gone.

So I got through with my business as soon as possible, and the day appointed for the marriage, started for home.

I need not speak of the journey in particular, it is enough to say that I found a comfortable seat in the car, and away we went.

A strange lot of people in the car,' I said to myself, looking forward and backward and all around me. 'I wonder where they are all going.'

The tall gentleman in the seat back of me gave me a strange, penetrating glance, and the next moment I heard him whispering in cold, dull tones to a fellow traveller.

'Such pretty blue eyes, and a heart so full of evil, strange!'

He could not have echoed my own thoughts more nearly than by these words. Is it strange, therefore, that I should start and stare at the man even as he spoke?

'Yes, the case is very peculiar,' he went on, 'and one not acquainted with the facts will hardly comprehend it. Shall I tell you all about the strange affair?'

'You—go on.'

I pricked up my ears and listened. I was determined to hear all that was said. I was agitated, yet my agitation did not betray me.

'When I first knew the girl she was an actress,' continued the man, 'and her beauty attracted the love and admiration of all who knew her. There was something so delicate about her face, and her eyes were so blue and tender. Everybody loved her, and everybody wanted her to love them.

'Well, there was a young fellow, an actor, engaged to her, so reports had it, and she murdered him!'

'Murdered him!' repeated the companion of the story-teller.

'Yes,' was the cool reply, 'murdered him; stabbed him to the heart with a dagger. It was a case of jealousy, I believe, and a hot one, she pleaded guilty.'

'What was her sentence?'

'For the term of her natural life; strange to say, she escaped the [illegible] she is now at large. How [illegible] of treating her, for [illegible] and [illegible] she [illegible] is not equal to her, from [illegible] paper) any simple

Wilfred Stone?'

'If a bomshell had suddenly burst before me I could not have sprung to my feet any sooner.

'Do you speak the truth?' I shrieked, and then, as the cat was set in motion, I sat down in my seat and groaned aloud.

'You seem in great distress,' said the stranger at length, taking a seat beside me.

I told him in as few words as possible what I knew about Wilfred Stone, and he in return gave me particulars of the murder and all the facts relating to the imprisonment and subsequent escape of the blue eyed girl.

It was late that night when I reached my native village. My companion, the detective, kept close by me all the while and together, we walked towards my cottage home.

'Just in time, Charlie,' said my wife, as I reached the door, and then she started back as she saw that I was not alone, and I felt that the crisis was at hand.

'The girl is little less than a she-devil notwithstanding the pretty blue eyes,' remarked the detective in a whisper, as we entered the room.

There was a goodly number present and standing in the middle of the floor, the object of all eyes, pretty, graceful, gay, was the girl, and by her side, Harry, my wife's brother.

'Great God! who is this?' exclaimed the girl, starting back with a pale, terrified face as she saw the stranger. 'Speak, man, who are you?'

The detective only laughed, and drawing a revolver, simply said:

'You are my prisoner, you know me, and I know you. Come on.'

'Never!' she shrieked, and fell back on the floor in what seemed to be a dead swoon.

'What is the meaning of this?' demanded Harry at once.

I caught him by the arm and told him all in one wild rush of words, and he staggered away from me like a drunken man, and moaned, and sobbed, and cried.

Then I lifted the girl from the floor, but her head dropped, and I saw to my horror that she was dead. She had ruptured a blood vessel in her fall! and died without a struggle.

* * * * Even as I write, her pretty blue eyes are upon me, and though but a picture on the wall I sometimes wonder that it does not start from its frame into life and blood. And there is another, a darker picture, with wild, sad eyes, and face set in shadows. It is Harry. He never recovered from the blow, but became a wanderer, living within himself. The next year following this sad event we heard of him in Mexico, then that he was dead. Tired with life, he had united his fortunes with the rebel standard, and died fighting for the Mexican Republic against the Maximilian Empire.

A BACKWOODS SCHOOL

So, by many paths, I came to be installed as teacher of School Section No. 2, Glonchie. The school house was a little log building with three small windows. A clumsy chimney came out so far into the floor as to leave a deep, dark corner on each side. One awkward double desk, hewn and hacked with knives, with initials cut deep into it, mottled with great splashes of ink, stretched from one end of the room to the other. A shelf in one of the dark corners by the chimney held the copy books and slates, when out of use. There were no maps, no blackboard, nor ever had been. The floor was loose and uneven, the whole place was not any too good for a sheep stable. I had a new register, and the first thing to be done was to put down their names. Here came in a difficulty. They did not speak English fluently, most of them did not speak it at all. The Morrison children, who did, were set to interpret, and being full of sly mischief, translated literally. What could I make of Mary, the daughter of big Norman,' or 'Donald, the son of Norman, the son of Malcolm McInnis,' or 'John, the son of Angus, who was the son of Kenneth,' or 'Katie the black, daughter of Alex under the red?'

I could not make the register a book of genealogies in that way. After some trouble, I obtained from the mischievous little Morrisons the clan name, and filled up the register with Campbells, Camerons, Grants, and many varieties of Mac's, portioned out rightfully among the little Donalds, Duncans, Marys, Katies and Alucks present. There were forty-five names on the register this first day, of these, twelve did not know their letters. They were all small; one Kenneth, the son of Rory, the son of Duncan, was the only one present at all likely to belong to the mischievous squad that smoked out the last master. But they were restless and full of sly tricks. While they sat staring at me over their books there was an undercurrent of pinches, cuffs, and hair pulling.

'Where did you last teacher at?' I asked.

'There was a high steel for him,' said one, 'but the boys burned it.'

'How did your last teacher open school?' A long silence, then the youngest Morrison piped out, 'He said a prayer.'

'That is a good way,' I said. 'Kneel down, all of you, and shut your eyes, and we will pray.'

I took the Lord's prayer. 'Give us this day our daily bread' meant every help I needed that day. I then began to chastify them. All who could read, read in a singsong voice, which was not to be wondered at when they thought in another language. There were two grammers, but not a geography or history in the school. As to arithmetic, I found I need not bank their brains with the hat of plums for some time yet. I do not know how the forenoon passed; I had not got them nearly classified, when a youngster sang out, 'Twelve o'clock!' I looked at my watch and found the noon mark on the floor and my time only a few minutes different. When school was dismissed, the scholars, with sheep and halloo, impersonation cut their linters outside.—From 'Life in Glenchie,' in *New Dominion Monthly* for September.

HOME MADE LAMP SHADES.

Among the pretty things for the parlor which may easily be made at home, says the *Boston Transcript*, are lamp shades and window transparencies cut from bristol board. For lamp shade, take five pieces of bristol board, three inches wide at the top and five inches at the bottom and shaped like a dress gore on both sides. (In each of these sketch lightly in pencil (or, if your skill is not equal to this, trace with impression paper) any simple

picture you please. Flowers, leaves, a spray of any sort, a vine with leaves, grapes, and tendrils are all effective and pleasing patterns. After the pattern is traced, take a sharp penknife and cut through each line, taking care to leave enough of the board intact at the base of each, so as to prevent any part from being wholly detached and so falling out. The design may be coloured on the reverse if desired, and for this no skill is necessary; bold strokes and dashes of color answer perfectly, provided there is no blurring of the lines.

We have seen some such shades where, instead of using a knife, the designs were picked with a pin or with a large needle. When the parts of the shade are all done bind them with narrow or gilt paper, pasted on, and join them together. This may be done by making a hole at each corner of each gore and tying them to sth r by means of narrow ribbon passed through the holes. If a larger shade is desired, six pieces may be made, but five will be sufficient for the ordinary size. The effect of such a shade will, when the lamp is lighted, be equal to the finest bisque or porcelain transparencies. For windows, cut the board in rectangular shape and proceed in the same manner with your picture. Your knife must be sharp and your hand steady. It is well to fasten the work to a drawing-board, as others do their drawing-paper, to hold it in place while doing this, since this insures more regularity to the strokes.

ONE OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

At eight o'clock the other morning a Second street wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for down town, and kindly said to him:

'William, you know how sadly I need a blue bunting dress.'

'Yes, dear,' he remarked, 'but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress, and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great.'

Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fish-pole, bound up the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit, pie, and a bottle of liquid of a rich color, and he was just lighting a twenty cent cigar when his wife came along.

'What! you here?' he exclaimed.

'Yes, I was going to the market. Where are you going? what's in that basket?'

'I was going to carry this fish-pole around to a friend on Jefferson avenue,' he modestly answered.

'And that basket?'

'This basket—well, I was going to take it to the Orphan Asylum as a present to the children. It is a donation from six leading citizens.'

'William, I don't believe it!'

'Sh! don't talk so loud!'

'William, I shall talk louder yet!' she exclaimed. 'I'll bet you are going fishing!'

'Mary, have I ever deceived you?' he plaintively asked. 'I never have. As proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the asylum yourself.'

'And I'll do it!' she promptly replied as she relieved him of it.

'Mary, haden't you—?'

'No, sir, I haden't. You'd better hurry up with that fish-pole, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand around in the hot sun!'

She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fish pole and crossed the street and said to an acquaintance:

'Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth.'

There were chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket and he saw it labled, 'Good for Little Children,' that he said:

'Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar!'

'It must be,' she replied, 'as she took the other chicken leg.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WEALTH AND SCIENCE.

There lived in England, in the last century a man of science, named Henry Cavendish, who was born in 1731, and died in 1810. He was a gentleman of fine cultivation, an excellent mathematician, a profound electrician, and a most acute and ingenious chemist. He published many papers, containing results of recondite investigations and the most important discoveries. He was not only a great original thinker, but a most indefatigable and accurate experimenter, and one of his main lines of research was the chemical constitution of the atmosphere. He made no less than 500 analyses of the air, and it is to him that we owe our chief knowledge of the composition of the breathing medium. Now, there is not an American that will not commend all this as most proper and admirable. But there is another side to the case. Henry Cavendish was a man of enormous wealth, for which he cared absolutely nothing. He was one of the greatest proprietors of stock in the Bank of England, and when on one occasion his balance had accumulated to $850,000, and the directors thinking it too much capital to lie unproductive, asked him if they should not invest it, he simply replied: "Lay it out, if you please." That small portion of his wealth which he could make use of in his investigations was so used, but he did not allow the remainder of it to divert his thoughts in the slightest degree from the unremitting prosecution of his scientific labours. He died worth $7,000,000, which was an immense sum of money at the begining of this century, but he had not the slightest interest in those objects for which wealth is generally prized. Now, the whole case being given, to the eye of the typical American, Henry Cavendish will be regarded as a fool. "With all that money," and representative American would say, "I could keep a yacht, and stud of fast horses, and build a church, and endow a college, and send a dozen missionaries to the heathen, and run a whole political campaign at my own expense; and you say this old crackpot actually spent his life in the smelly dens and stenches of a chemical laboratory, pottering with gases and worried about the consumption of the air!"—"Popular Science Monthly."

It is said that Edison has sold all his investments to the Western Union Telegraph Company, in consideration of getting $6,000 per annum for thirty-four years.

No time is lost in construction in New Zealand. When a man is ready to marry, he hands the girl a dollar subsidy, and she enters any year or six in the alphabet.

Tape having been found to cause fire and death by its use in the manufacture of lucifer matches, it is proposed to substitute for it a piece of elastic, for which purpose it is said it will serve.

FARMERS COLUMN.

SALT NECESSARY TO ANIMALS.

The true value of salt for feeding to animals is neither as well understood nor appreciated as it should be by a large class of farmers, and the best mode of feeding is too frequently ignored, even when its importance is fully admitted. That it is actually required by animals, is shown by the amount of salt contained in the blood of the human species, it being fully one-half of one per cent., and 58½ per per cent. of the ashes of blood. Investigation has proved that where salt is supplied with the food, this proportion is invariable, and when not supplied, other parts of the system must supply the deficiency, to their injury. What is true of the human species is equally true of our farm stock and animals, which suffer the same troubles when deprived of salt. When the equilibrium of any part is disturbed, the whole system is weakened, and the animal becomes liable to disease, and the system succumbs when attacked.

Salt is a great aid to digestion, and the natural instinct of animals prompts them to its use, as evinced by their resorting to salt licks and other natural sources, previous to and during the early settlement of our country, and by what may be still witnessed at the present day on the pampas of South America and other wilds, where herds of horses and other cattle travel miles to obtain from natural sources a much needed supply. It is an undoubted fact that where animals have unrestrained access to salt at all times many of the diseases to which they are liable are warded off and prevented by keeping the system regular. We find that when salt is regularly given them only good results followed, as is evinced in their exemption from disease. Where free access is had to salt, stock will take only what is needed, but where the supply is inconstant, a surfeit is often taken which frequently operates injuriously.

The invariable presence of salt in quantities in tissues of the body shows conclusively the important influence which it exerts in the production of flesh and fat in animals. Salt assists digestion by increasing the flow of saliva, aiding also further by promoting thirst, and a constant flow of fluids, to assist in dissolving much of the food which otherwise might be only imperfectly digested. Actual experiments, carefully conducted, have demonstrated that where two hogs were fattened, one fed salt in its food, and the other with salt excluded, the one fed salt food fattened very much faster, and in several weeks less time. It exceeded in weight by a considerable proportion the one fed without salt in its food. It is an unquestioned fact that all our products contain a greater or less proportion of salt in their structure, but that the animal economy requires an additional quantity, is equally true. Farm animals, when kept at grass, or on green succulent feed, naturally take more salt than when kept on dry fodder, at least such has been my observation.

W. H. WHITE.

Country Gentleman.

MAKING BUTTER.

There must be good milk and cool nights and the maker will never get more pounds of butter from 100 pounds of milk than by setting in the old-fashioned small pan. The cream must be well conditioned, soured up in good shape, but not old or musty. Churn early in the morning with a good strong stroke, and with a power that will carry it, but do not churn it to death after it has come. For the first working wash it and work it gently; second working watch closely and not break the grain, and turn out the butter as it will break brittle. For salt, use the best that is to be had—if it is the Ashton, go for the Ashton; if it is the Syracuse, get that; but anyhow have the best, and that for butter making, means a salt that will assimilate, dissolve, lose its identity and individuality, and that will be completely held in solution by the butter. A raw, gritty, gravelly or impure, ill flavoured, lime-depositing salt is good to put on bird's-tails, and for asparagus beds, but it is about three to five cents per pound bad for butter. If you are going to carry butter till fall or winter, put in 1 oz. to the pound, if for immediate use, one half to three fourths of an ounce. Have your packages air tight, and packed solid; do not throw it in as we do food. There is more value in butter lost in bad packing and holding and carrying, than by all the slouchy making, with the poor salt thrown in. Therefore deodorize packages thoroughly, either by scalding, steaming or thoroughly seasoning. The woody smell must be out of the wood before it is used, or the butter will take it out, and the consumers will get a taste of the woods of this country instead of its grasses. This is especially the case with tub covers. Put on a green ash tub cover, and in a few weeks the butter half-way down the tub will smell and taste like a carriage shop. Do not be afraid to keep the butter under a strong brine; not enough to drench it and leach the flavor of it, but enough to keep the flavor in where it belongs, and the butter sweet and sound.—D. W. Lewis, *New York.*

LIQUID MANURE.

It is generally believed that no system of enriching land for small gardens, with a view to perfection of crops, is so truly economical and so easily available as that of liquid manure. We occasionally hear of a gardener or an amateur fruit grower who has practiced enriching the crop by use of liquid manure, but it is not a common practice so to enrich our gardens and lawns, however often the advocacy of the practice has been written. The writer practiced the sprinkling of a lawn, in a dry season, with weak liquid manure water, and in the greatest heat and drought has kept it fresh and green. In the management of pot-plants no course of supplying food equals that of a judicious use of liquid manure. There are in almost every family waste liquids which usually go into a sewer or drain, or possibly upon the road, where they are of no avail; but if saved by being conducted to a tank along with the wash waters of the house, would enrich an entire garden for vegetables and fruits, flower-borders, etc., and the whole, if the wash be applied regularly, and at night, after sunset in moderate quantities, would prevent the dense shadow of manure from shadowing vegetation. If any unpleasant odor emanates from the tank, a little plaster (gypsum) applied in and around the tank would keep it sweet and clean. Apply the use of liquid manure only after the day's work, and after the dew has fallen, and and the application of manure be made at leisure.—*American Rural Home.*

SITTING BULL REPORTED ON AMERICAN TERRITORY.

BOZEMAN, Montana, Sept. 12.—It is learned that on Sunday Gen. Mills had a battle with the Bannocks on Sada Bute Creek, near Clark's Forks. Thirteen Indians were killed, and the rest of the party, 37 in all, captured. Miles' loss was Captain Bennett, killed, and a soldier mortally wounded. Miles' force numbered 21 men and a few scouts.

BISMARCK, Dak., Sept. 12.—The rumour of Miles' fight with the Bannocks at the Yellowstone forks is generally credited. After leaving Fort Keog with his party they struck a fresh trail and apprehending danger the ladies of the party were sent to fort Ellis while the command pursued the Indians.

The brother of Senator Dorsey, who left Fort Keogh on the 5th inst. says a report that Miles had a fight in which 27 of his escort were killed and the remainder surrounded reached there and two companies of mounted infantry from Fort Custer, and a band of Cheyenne Indians from Keogh went to their assistance. The mail was held at Keogh a day and a half for particulars, but left without any. A steamer which left Keogh twenty-four hours later has nothing additional.

A report has just reached here that over 1,000 hostile Sioux are on Sandy Creek, near Fort Custer. An officer of the Mounted Police arriving here to-day from Fort Benton says Sitting Bull and his entire force are on this side of the line splendidly armed and equipped.

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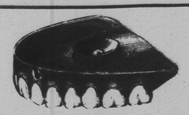

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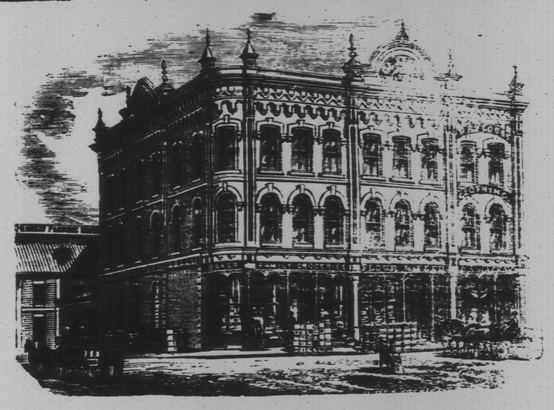

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IF Men pay their debts, 25 cents per dollar,
IF They go back into business how many recover?
IF You require a good suit of clothes,
IF You want Hat, Cap, Shirt, Tie or Hose,
IF You wish your Boys all Cheaply Clothed,
IF You reverse the rule try how the query goes.
IF It's true what the Poet says, honesty is best;
IF Possible bring all men to test.
IF You want Tea, Sugar, Raisins or Rice,
IF You call upon me I will suit you in price.
IF Anything else in the Grocery Line,
IF I cannot suit you the fault won't be mine.
IF Price is an object in Dry Goods I am there,
IF Ten per cent. off is anything fair.
IF More is required, I'll freely give you my share.

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MADDER, FOR BRIGHT RED;
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NO BREAKAGES—No vexatious delays in gathering the crops—No DAMAGED while waiting for repairs—No telegraphing for parts—NO REPAIRS TO BUY—No express charges to pay—Easy adjusted to all kinds and conditions of grass or grain—A CHILD CAN MANAGE IT—LIGHT IN DRAUGHT—A PERFECT MOWER—THE BEST REAPER—The most simple and durable of all Harvesters—The best & cheapest machine in the market

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Forty Thousand Machines are being built.
Steel frames being substituted for Wrought Iron Frames
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Only Five Pieces of Cast Iron in Combined Machines.
Weight thereby reduced over Three Hundred Pounds.
Single Reapers, or Light Mowers.

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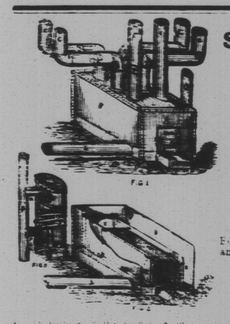

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For dwellings and public buildings—the best and cheapest in use.

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