

(Continued from second page.)
round and think of the happy hours spent in those pretty rooms. She never thought of the young lover who had given up all the world for her. All she remembered was the wrathful husband who wished never to see her more—who, in presence of another, had bitterly regretted having made her his wife. She could not weep—the burning brain and jealous, angry heart would have been better for that, but the dark eyes were bright and full of strange, angry light. The little ones, looking upon her, wept for fear. With eager, passionate love she caught them in her arms, crying the while that they should never remain to be despised as she was.

In the white-faced, angry woman, roused to the highest pitch of passion, there was no trace of pretty, blushing Dora. Rapidly were the boxes packed, corded, and addressed. Once during that brief time Maria asked, "Where are we going, signora?" and the same hard voice answered, "To my father's house—my own home in England."

When everything was ready, the wondering children dressed, and the little maid waiting, Dora sat down at her husband's desk and wrote the following lines. No tears fell upon them; her hand did not tremble; the words were clear and firmly written.

"I have not waited for you to send me away. Your eyes shall not be pained again by resting on the face where you read dishonor. I saw months ago that you were tired of me. I am going to my father's house, and my children I shall take with me. You care no more for them than for me. They are mine—not yours. I leave you with all you love in the world. I take all I love with me. If you prayed for long years, I would never return to you nor speak to you again."

She folded the note, and addressed it to her husband. She left no kiss warm from her lips upon it. As she passed forever from the little villa, she never turned for one last look at its vine-clad walls.

The gaunt, silent Italian servant who had lived with Dora since the first day she reached Florence came to her in wonder and alarm, barely recognizing her pretty, gentle mistress in the pale, determined woman who looked like one brought to bay. To her Dora spoke of the letter; it was to be given to her husband as soon as he returned. Not one word did she utter in reply to the woman's questions. She hurried with the keen desperation of despair, lest Ronald should return and find her still there.

Soon after noon, and while Ronald lingered with some friends upon the steps of the Hotel d'Italie, his wife reached the busy railway station at Florence. She had money enough to take her home, but none to spare. She knew no rest; every moment seemed like an age to her, until the train was in motion, and fair, sunny Florence left far behind.

Without the stimulus of anger Dora would have shrunk in terror from the thought of a long journey alone—she who had never been without an escort of a kind and attentive husband. But no prospect daunted her now—the wide seas, the dangers of rail and road had no terrors for her. She was flying in hot haste and anger from one who had said before her rival that he never wished to see her face again.

The sun shined so brightly on the waters of the Arno lingered almost lovingly on a fair, quiet English landscape. Far down in the fertile and beautiful county of Kent, where the broad Channel washes the shore, stands the pretty, almost unknown village of Knutsford.

The world is full of beauty, every county has its share—Switzerland its snow-clad mountains, Germany its dark woods and broad streams, France its sunny plains, Italy its "thousand charms of nature and art;" but for quiet tranquillity, for calm fair beauty, looking always fresh from the Mighty Hand that created it, there is nothing like English scenery.

The white cliffs of Knutsford, like "grand giants," ran along the shore; there was a broad stretch of yellow sand, hidden when the tide was in, shining and firm when it ebbed. The top of the cliff was like a carpet of thick green grass and springing heather. Far away, in the blue distance, one could see on a bright sunny day, the outline of the French coast. The waves rolled in, and broke upon the yellow sands; the sea-birds flew by with busy wing, white sails gleamed in the sunshine. Occasionally a large steamer passed; but usually there was no sound save the rich, ever-changing music of nature, the rush of wind and waves, the grand, solemn anthem that the sea never tires of singing.

Far down the cliff ran the zig-zag path that led to the village; there was no sign of the sea on the other side of the white rocks. There the green fields and pretty hop-gardens stretched out far and wide, and the Farthinglow woods formed a belt around them. In the midst of a green, fertile valley stood the village of Knutsford. It had no regular street: a pretty church, clad with gray ivy, stood on a small hill; there were a few cottages, a few farm houses, a few little villas, one grand mansion, three or four shops, and quiet homesteads with thatched roofs and eaves of straw.

The prettiest and most compact little farm in the village was the one where Stephen Thorne and his wife dwelt. It was called the Elms; a long avenue of elms leading to the little house and skirting the broad green meadows. It was at a short distance from the village, so quiet, so tranquil, that, living there, one seemed out of the world.

Stephen Thorne and his wife were not rich. In spite of Lady Earle's bounty, it was hard for them at times to make both ends meet. Crops, even in that fair and fertile county, would fail, cattle would die, rain would fall when it should not, and the sun refuse to shine. But this year everything had gone on well; the hay stood in great ricks in the farm-yard, the golden corn waved in the fields ripe and ready for the sickle, the cows and sheep fed tranquilly in the meadows, and all things had prospered with Stephen Thorne. One thing only weighed upon his heart—his wife would have it that Dora's letters grew more and more sad; she declared her child was unhappy, and he could not persuade her to the contrary.

It was a fair August evening. Ah, how weak and feeble are words! Who could paint the golden flush of summer beauty that lay over the meadows and corn-fields—the hedge-rows filled with wild flowers,

the long, thick grass studded with gay blossoms; the calm, solemn silence only broken by the singing of the birds, the lowing of cattle, the rustling of green leaves in the sweet soft air?

To be continued.

The Growth of England and London.

The census returns are oozing out in dribbles. It is said, but we will not vouch for the precise accuracy of the figures, that the population of the United Kingdom will be found to be 34,000,000, of which 25,000,000 live in England, 4,000,000 in Scotland and 5,000,000 in Ireland. It is more certain that the population of "Registration London" has increased from 3,254,000 in 1871 to 3,814,000, the increase being 560,000, or 17 per cent. in the decade. In 1801 on the same area the population was 958,000, and in 1821 1,378,000, the increase being nearly threefold in sixty years. The centres of largest increase have been Kensington, which now contains 270,000 and is larger than Leeds; Islington, now 282,000; Hackney, 186,000; Poplar, 156,000; Lambeth, 253,000; Wandsworth, which has nearly doubled, now a parish of 210,000; and Camberwell, 186,000. The City, Westminster and Marylebone have all declined, and the two former are now trumpery little places, only 51,000 people living in "London" and 46,000 in Westminster. Lewisham has now 20,000 more people than the Lord Mayor's dominion. It is astonishing how difficult it is to rid ourselves of the effect of historic names. No one ever thinks of these London parishes as if they were great cities. Woolwich now contains the population of Norwich, and is probably richer; but who thinks of Woolwich and Norwich as equal in national importance?—*London Spectator.*

Emma on Married Life.

A marriage has other uses than those of perpetuating the race. In this great city there are thousands of refined, high-strung, intelligent, appreciative, but lone, desolate souls, for whom it would be an earthly paradise to rest ever so little in the shade of a really peaceful household. But such peace must be genuine. It must not be any patched-up affair—any show of respect or affection between husband and wife before the guest's face and a snarl behind his back. It's just this lack of harmony between husband and wife that makes so many households as dreary as a tomb to visit. It's a bad sign when the wife's friends are hustled out of the husband's presence into another room. It's a bad sign when the husband's visitors are not the wife's visitors, and vice versa. It's a bad sign if matters which interest the wife do not interest the husband, and vice versa. It's a bad sign when the lord of the manor looks down from his lofty elevation and speaks with a sneer, more or less subdued, of the "trivialities of fashion," and deems it beneath him to assist his wife in choosing a dress pattern. Married partnership must mean partnership in everything, or there's a social desert for one party or the other to travel over pretty often. Emma is talking of married life as she has seen it in the houses of judges and generals, of lawyers and politicians, among whom also both great and little men are to be found.—*Emma in New York Graphic.*

An Eyestone's Journey from a Man's Eye to the End of a Little Finger.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 10.—Five or six years ago Rufus Miller, a well-known farmer of Mechanicsville, near this city, just before retiring placed in his eye what is known as an eyestone. The next morning, as the stone did not drop from his eye, he supposed that it had dropped out while he was asleep. He searched everywhere about his bedchamber, but could not find it. Several weeks ago he discovered a hard lump on the end of the little finger of his right hand. His friends told him that it was a wart and advised him to let it alone. About a week ago it became painful and he began picking it. He soon saw that there was a hard substance under the skin and by continuous picking he produced his long-lost eyestone. Mr. Miller examined the stone so carefully that there can be no mistake. He recalls that some months ago he experienced an aching in his right wrist and it is supposed that the stone was then moving toward the end of the finger. It is a mystery how this little bit of carbonate of lime made that journey through Miller's system without being absorbed.

No Wood, No Dinner.

Occasionally, yes, very often, a woman is more than a match for a man. A farmer living in the outskirts of a New England city was in a hurry to get his farm work along, and went out into the field with his boys and hired man, entirely overlooking the fact that the last stick of wood in the woodpile had been burned to get the breakfast. Raging hungry the force came in at noon. The good wife had the table set with all the taste of which she was mistress, and it really looked inviting, but there was no dinner upon it. "Sarah, where's the dinner?" inquired the farmer, somewhat anxiously. "I don't know whether it is done or not. There was no wood for a fire, so I hung it in the warmest place I could find. It's on the ladder on the south side of the house." The whole force was detailed at chopping wood that afternoon.

—Give the girls a fair chance, an even start, a "fair field and no favor," in the school, in the studio, in the workshop, behind the counter, on the rostrum—anywhere, everywhere. Then if the girl can and does beat me, why, God bless the girl, let her go! And I will throw up my hat and hurrah while she sweeps under the wire and carries away the purse. My dear boys, if it wasn't for the girls and women in this world I wouldn't want to live in it longer than fifteen minutes. Some day you will know that about all that is good and noble and pure in your life you draw from your sister—or some other fellow's sister.

The Mennonites do not live in villages, but build houses at the corners of their quarter sections, so that at least four families have near neighbors. As a rule they are better off than the average western farmers.

By desire of the late King of Prussia his heart was interred in a heart-shaped marble casket at the foot of his parents' grave. A greater mistake could not be made. May

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Topics Discussed by a Practical Agriculturist.

The Root Crop.

There is much to be said in favor of a field being devoted to a crop of roots, either mangels or the larger sorts of the sugar-beet. First, it is good for the field. In the thorough culture which a root crop demands, the soil is much improved, and the good effect is felt on the other crops, all through the rotation. Secondly, it is an advantage in the distribution of labor. A field of roots will furnish employment at times when there will be little other pressing work, and in this way the farm hands can be hired by the season and kept busy all the time. In the third place, the crop itself is a very valuable one, and even with the present enthusiasm over ensilage it is not surpassed as a fodder crop by any other. We are not inclined to think less, but on the other hand more, of the root crop from the knowledge the agriculturists are gaining upon the value of palatable food for live stock in winter. There is no better green winter food than roots.

Where to Plant Trees.

But it is not the object of this article to discourage the planting of forest trees on all kinds of ground or under all circumstances. On nearly every farm of considerable size there are tracts of land on which the owner is compelled to pay taxes, but from which he derives little or no revenue. The soil may be too broken, rocky, or dry for the purpose of producing ordinary cultivated crops. It is hard to plow, harrow or cultivate, and when all the work is performed under extreme difficulties the product is small. If sown to grass it can only be used for pasture. Sometimes there is land on the banks of lakes, streams or gullies that can be plowed or cultivated with advantage. Land constituted or situated like the above can be devoted to forest trees with a fair prospect of deriving a revenue from them in a near or distant future. Trees generally grow better on the banks of lakes, streams or gullies than in most other places, as there is excellent drainage, while there is commonly a supply of water within reach of the roots at all seasons of the year. The roots are of value to the soil in preventing it from washing away.

Best Varieties to Plant.

A fair amount of forest trees on a farm improves its appearance and adds to its value. Some shade is desirable for beasts as well as men. In selecting trees to plant a forest or grove, it is generally best to give preference to such as are indigenous to the section of the country where they are set out. Their adaptability to the soil and climate has been shown, and it is generally easy to procure a supply of them at a small cost. For high, broken and rocky land there is nothing better than oak, walnut and hickory trees. They are stately, hardy and beautiful in all stages of their growth. They are easily propagated from seed by planting them in places where the trees are desired. They require little cultivation and little pruning. They will ordinarily pay for the use of the land they occupy by the nuts they produce. The wild cherry and ash-leaved maple grow well in most parts of the west, and are useful as well as ornamental trees. The numerous varieties of ash, the elm and bass wood, do the best on land that is quite rich and at the same time moderately moist. Care should be taken not to plant trees that are liable to be infested by insects.

Feeding Horses by Clock Work.

A man in New Bedford has invented a machine to feed horses by clock work. It is so arranged that one or 100 horses may be fed at any hour of the day or night without the aid of any person. By placing the horses' morning feed in the manger at night it will be opened at any hour desired, and that, too, while the owner is sound asleep or miles away, with his barn locked and the key in his pocket. The boxes are opened by clock work. The clock is so arranged that when the weight has run down to a certain point it releases a heavy beam, which dropping, its momentum, by means of a cord or bell-wire, pulls a pin which releases the manger, and by its own weight and that of its contents, it turns over with the open side in front, so that the horse can get at its feed. When the manger drops by a cord or wire withdrawing a pin its weight releases the next one, and so an indefinite number of feed boxes may be made to follow each other, like a tumbling row of bricks. The horse's morning feed is put into the revolving manger and pinned up at any convenient time in the day, and his evening meal is at the same time put in a common box by its side, so that after being turned into the stall at night he requires no more attention till it is time to start him out in the morning.

Good Rules to Follow.

Ricardo had two famous rules for acquiring wealth: 1. Cut short your losses; 2. Let your profits run on. These are very general statements, and therefore embrace many special rules of economy. The losses can be cut short in a great many ways, and for the farmer the following are important: Do all the work well. Save the manure and apply it properly. Adopt a good rotation of crops. Raise no weeds, but instead grow the best kinds of grain, fruits and animals. Keep an accurate account of all transactions.

Make Beef while the Grass Grows.

A large number of farmers and stock-raisers appear to attach very little value to growing grass as a material for the production of beef and mutton. They acknowledge, however, that it produces a large amount of milk, and milk that is very rich in cream. They, accordingly, keep their milch cows on the best pastures they have, yet they are quite likely to turn the cattle and sheep they intend to fatten for the winter market into pastures that afford but a small amount of feed. They argue that grass will produce a large amount of milk because that substance is chiefly composed of water. But they hold that it will produce little flesh and fat. In the production of these substances they think that they must have more substantial kinds of food, such as corn, small grain and hay. They accordingly defer paying much attention to feeding animals intended for the butcher till the approach of cold weather. A greater mistake could not be made. May

and June are better months for the production of flesh and fat than October and November. A kind of food that will produce a large amount of milk, rich in the materials that constitute butter and cheese, will also produce a large amount of flesh and fat. As grass is the best food for the production of milk, the quantity and quality both being taken into consideration, so it is also the best food for the production of flesh and fat. "June butter" is held in high esteem and the like is true in respect to June beef. It is tender, juicy and possessed of an extremely delicate flavor. There is no more favorable time for the production of beef and mutton than the present. Grass is abundant, tender and sweet, and cattle and sheep which are allowed all they can consume will gain very rapidly. Grass is the cheapest, as well as the best material to employ for the production of beef and mutton. It grows without cultivation and does not even require harvesting.

Minor Rural Jottings.

An Ohio pioneer writes: "My first introduction to the use of salt as a fertilizer was in quince culture, and second, in applying as a remedy for wire-worms. This spring, as soon as the ground is settled, I intend to apply salt to the clay spots in my wheat field. My soil is black and clay alternate, and it is almost impossible to raise two or three crops of wheat in succession on it without manure of some kind."

Prof. T. J. Burrill, of the Illinois University, says: "The local law of Michigan, which requires the immediate cutting down and burning of peach trees which exhibit any signs of the yellows, should be made general wherever yellows prevail, and a reminder of it should appear prominently at least twice a year in every agricultural paper: 'Stamp out the yellows by cutting every tree affected in the least.'"

There are few animals kept on the farm which, in their prime, pay as well as do sheep, and there are very few, if any others, upon whom old age has such a damaging effect. As the sheep is much shorter lived than any other of our domestic animals, it is not strange that many farmers attempt to keep them too long. We do not think it pays, except perhaps in special instances, to keep sheep after they are 6 or 7 years old.

Savage Attack on a Missionary.

Advices from China state that in Peking on the 23rd and 24th of April a disturbance took place at the house of an American missionary who was on the eve of departure from the capital and selling his effects by auction. A large number of rowdies entered the house and grounds and were disposed to injure the property. On being requested to leave the crowd went outside, but soon returned. The American Minister was informed of the affair, and communicated with the Chinese Foreign Office, and a message was received from the Minister that steps would be taken to prevent further trouble. On the 24th the Governor of the city appeared with a company of soldiers and arrested the ringleaders and the mob dispersed. Forty soldiers were left to protect the place.

One of the chaplains of the Illinois Legislature refused the pay of \$3 a day which was voted him. He said he hadn't earned the money. He had prayed that the members of the House might have wisdom, honesty of purpose, patience and grace, but he did not think his prayers had availed anything.

It is understood that an English peerage will shortly be conferred on Lord Tweeddale, of Scotland, who is at present excluded from political life, as he cannot sit in the House of Commons, and, being a Liberal, he has no chance of entering the other House as a representative Peer.

The *Diritto* says that the Pope has summoned a special congregation of cardinals to pronounce upon Father Curci's new book, "New Italy and Old Zealots," and it is probable that it will be placed on the Index Expurgatorius.

Mr. E. H. Cook proposes in the "Philosophical Magazine" the term "sonnerence" as suitable for the phenomena connected with the telephone and the conversion of intermittent radiations into sound.

The death of a woman at Portsmouth, R. I., revealed the unsuspected fact that for sixteen years she had kept a maniac son concealed in an attic room, attending to his wants herself, and never letting another human being see him.

A peculiar kind of worm, grub-like in form, about an inch long and partly encased in a silicious shell, has been found burrowing his way through stiff clay in the Lord of Lorne Mine, near Gold Hill, Nev., 300 feet below the surface.

The German Reichstag has passed a bill insuring against accident workmen and clerks whose wages amount to less than 2,000 marks a year, two-thirds of the insurance premiums to be paid by the employers.

The Earl of Kintore has been installed as Deputy Grand Master Mason of England and Wales.

A Telescope Story.

The San Francisco *Call* tells an extraordinary story respecting a monster telescope made by Professors Lefevre and Longtour, French scientists, and erected at San Francisco. The lenses are twenty feet in diameter, and this is what happened when the astronomers and their friends turned the instrument to the heavens; "M. Dufrene was the first to apply his eye to the eye-piece of the telescope. For fully five minutes he looked on in speechless amazement, then, without a word, turned away to hide his emotion. One by one the gentlemen present tested the telescope, exhibiting their astonishment in various ways. The planet which happened to cast its beams upon the great speculum was Mars, and the revelation is too wonderful for credit. The eye-piece of the lowest magnifying power was first placed on, when the planet presented a most astounding sight. The powerful lens brought the surface of the planet nearer than that of the moon has ever been brought by the most powerful telescope. The green of the sea was brought out in unmistakable color, and one could almost imagine that he could see the waves upon the surface. There before the eye was spread out a splendid panorama of hill and dale, dark patches that must be covered by forests, great yellowish patches that looked like autumn fields, silvery threads that must be rivers, and several unmistakable volcanoes in action."

A sentimental postess asks: "Is there nothing for me to do?" Oh! you bet there is. Return the flour you borrowed from the woman next door, patch your husband's clothes, let poetry alone, and turn that old last year's bonnet. There's plenty of work to do in this world. When you want advice enclose a stamp.

The French journals state that Mlle. Bernhardt is in excellent health, and one of them says that she has "almost grown fatter" during her American tour.

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