

A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

ers Take a Back Seat. Ste. Cunzonde and How... Passes a Feather... and Presto Change... seventh Daughter.

"I have heard many ghost stories," said my grand-uncle Mary. "and I don't believe in any of them. They are mostly silly and purposeless, and evidently made up; but one story that you may call a ghost story if you like, I will tell you, for I lived through it myself." Then she told us this story: "Well, dears, when I was a girl, it wasn't the fashion for bride and bridegroom to rush away, the minute they were married, from all their kind friends and well-wishers, and go wandering together all over the world, relying on the tender mercies of hotel-keepers and chamber-maids for their comfort, seeing nothing but strange faces, with no one to speak to but themselves, taking, as it seems to me, the surest possible way to grow tired of each other. No, if they went away at all, they took some of the wedding guests away with them, and went to a friend's house—somewhere within a drive very likely—that had been made warm and comfortable for them beforehand.

she grasped my hand, at ten she half closed her eyes and whispered "Something is coming!" "Nonsense!" I began; but the non came on the last stroke, and I never got to sense, for a series of astonishing and perfectly dreadful shrieks ran through the house. We innocent country girls had never heard anything worse than a pig's squeal or a lamb's bleat but this was the real thing and no mistake. It was the yell of a man in agony; it was every possible kind of human noise that could be evoked by terror. Groans—moans—cries—then along the passage a strange, lumbering noise, as if some heavy thing were being rolled or dragged slowly along. On it came, nearer and nearer, and there seemed to be with it a sound of footsteps and a strange, intermittent jingling noise. We felt the floor jar under our feet with the weight that moved over the boards outside. Our door was close to the head of a little staircase—we knew what must happen; we heard the bump, bump of the thing, whatever it was, being rolled carefully down the steps; we counted thirty bumps, that seemed to beat on our very hearts. Then there was a silence; we remembered there was a door at the bottom of the staircase—not that we had ever opened it; it seemed to lead into some cellar—and Norah sprang forward and bolted the door of our room—instead of opening it to see what was there, like a little coward that she was!

whose nerves were not shattered by the repetition of two such nights as ours, were gay enough at first, while Ursula too, who had contrived to be in such a faint the night before as to hear nothing, was quite herself again. But at half-past eleven we had finished eating—Walter had ended all his stories—Norah couldn't sit still—there were dreadful pauses, broken only by laborious remarks from one or the other of us about anything but the subject in hand—the only one in which anybody was really interested. But I remember Dick saying to Walter, "I think you are quite over-doing this lighting up business, it will frighten those rascals, and they will lie by to-night, and we shall be no wiser."

Practical Pointers. Hogs fed on clean food should gain at least one pound for every four and a half pounds of grain used. It requires no effort to emphatically show that already many, many millions of dollars have been gained to agriculture through the disinterested efforts of scientists. The only effective way to fight weeds is to keep everlastingly at it. The husbandman must keep his eye on the gun, to use a homely expression, at all times of the year. Most farmers are very particular to catch on to the saving question. Save clothes, save tools, save wagons, harness, time, money, this is all right. But how is it about saving wife? For ordinary wounds on horses a clean bandage of soft cloth, to keep out dirt and flies, and free applications of extract of witch hazel, made through the bandage, is the best treatment. No lawn is complete without well kept ornamental trees, and variety and novelty in this respect will also lead to interest. As to the wood pile, there should be none. Any farmer can construct a woodshed. Exhibitions are well enough in their way, as a means to an end. But whether there are exhibitions or none at all, horticulture, which dates from the birth of mankind, will continue, and perish only with the last of the race. Toil, either mental or bodily, requires daily rest and how can the toiler be better refreshed than by the rest to be acquired amid tasteful surroundings, in a home made attractive with trees, shrubs, vines, and the landscape views and effects which are formed thereby. The farmer necessarily lives so much in the future that plans for work must be laid out months in advance and during the year note is to be taken for necessary work as soon as the crops are gathered in. The soil cannot do its share in producing crops if it wet. If your hens are not profitable, it is because of neglect. It is hard to manufacture something out of nothing, and when a hen receives no more than enough to support her physically she will not trouble herself about producing eggs that would rob her of needed nourishment. One running a dairy farm can have other sources of profit besides butter and pigs, for his manure will enable him to enrich his best land so as to grow heavy crops of such things as his market calls for and as will give the best profit. Winter protection is an absolute necessity for growing small fruit successfully in a northern climate. It should be practiced in every locality where the temperature reaches zero, or below. With the high cultivation now practiced, a large and tender growth is stimulated; hence the greater necessity for maintaining a uniform temperature as possible throughout the winter. It is not hard work that wears our horses out before they have passed what should be half their period of usefulness, but poor care. You may have observed that race horses, barring accidents, are considered good when much past the time of life at which our farm horses are practically worn out. The race horse is worked hard, but he has the best care intelligence and self-interest can give. The farmer seems to lose sight of self-interest too often in his treatment of his horses. Hogs are more often sufferers from lack of good water than any other stock. The milk they eat curdles in their stomach, and then their caseine does not look so much like drink as it does like food. The dishwasher mixed with bran or middlings is more or less salty, and this makes more intense thirst than before it was drunk. It can do no harm at least to offer the hogs, especially those in pens, all the water once a day they can drink. More will drink than the owner is apt to think.

RANCHING IS NOT A FAILURE. This Year's Cattle Trade With England Larger Than Ever. Where the buffalo roamed in millions in the far Canadian west there is room for a mighty empire. That is the unfaltering opinion of Mr. D. R. Browning, of Fort MacLeod, N.W.T. Mr. Browning believes after years of experience that where the buffalo thrived countless herds of domestic cattle, Herefords, Shorthorns and Polled Angus, crossed, if need be, with the native Texan breeds, can also thrive and make millionsaires of their owners, or in the future make every cowboy rich. Mr. Browning has just arrived at Montreal with two hundred and forty head of cattle, bought by Gordon & Ironside, of Manitow, Man. This firm, Mr. Browning says, has shipped to England this autumn upwards of seven thousand heaves, the largest trade ever done in a single season by any Canadian firm. As to the allegations of the large ranch owners that the Government's notice of cancellation of all leases in 1896, would ruin Canadian ranching, Mr. Browning asserts the very contrary. Small ranching will, he contends, be the industry of the North West and will do much to DEVELOP THE PRAIRIE GRAZING LANDS OF CANADA. The best of stocks is being introduced: first, Shorthorns, then Herefords and Polled Angus. These eastern breeds soon become acclimatized and come through the winter without serious loss. It was true there was some loss of calves, but nature usually enacted the proper mating season, and the calves dropped late in April or May were perfectly safe. Not so, however, with horses, for the colts, no matter when dropped, were liable to destruction by the prairie wolves. He understood that the Waldron Ranch Company suffered large losses by the depredations of the wolves. But though he saw no immediate prospect of profit in horse raising on the Canadian prairies, he reaffirmed that our North West was an almost infinite pasture-land with which there was no other territory to compare in the world. As to social life on the prairie, Mr. Browning avers that the great drawback was the scarcity of feminine associations. "Get the girls of the East to come out to Fort MacLeod," said Mr. Browning, "and they will be married quicker than you can say knife. Servant girls are in great demand. We have had them come from England, but we could not keep them a month till some good-looking, steady cowboy came and carried them off, not by a lasso, of course, nor a halter, but by the altar. All we want now is more men and women, particularly women, to found a great empire in the North-West."

AN OBLIGING MIDSHIPMAN.

Jumped Into the Sea to Give a Shipmate Chance for Promotion. An anecdote is related by a Paris correspondent of Admiral Avelan, who is in command of the Russian squadron now at Toulon. When, many years ago, he was cruising in the Baltic, as a midshipman, among the men on board his ship was a former captain of a man-of-war, "broken" for insubordination, and reduced to a common seaman. The young officer considered it a sacred duty to treat this unfortunate man with all the kindness consistent with the regulations, and to try everything to start him afresh on his career. A pardon could be granted only for an act of bravery. "Next time a storm comes on," Avelan said to the ex-captain, "I will drop into the sea as if by accident. You will jump in after me, and thus win your epaulettes." This was agreed upon. Some days later, in a squall, the cry was heard, "A man overboard." Avelan had disappeared. The ex-captain jumped over the ship's side, but he was a bad swimmer, and instead of rescuing Avelan, he owed his life to the latter. In due course the commander's report reached the Czar, and the ex-captain was restored to his rank. The captain is now an admiral. The other day he celebrated his fiftieth anniversary by giving a dinner, to which Admiral Avelan was invited and in the course of an after-dinner speech he publicly thanked his junior colleague for having opened to him the path of honor.

A Ship on Fire.

The Pacific mail, which arrived at Plymouth, brings news of the loss by burning of the German barque Hilmut Mentz off the South American coast. She sailed from Newcastle in April with a cargo of coals for Valparaiso. When off Cape Horn she got into rough weather, the crew suffering a good deal, but the horror of the situation was intensified when in the last week of July it was found that the cargo had caught fire, the cause probably being spontaneous combustion. Strenuous efforts were made to extinguish the conflagration, and after a time the men were lulled into a false sense of security. On August 1, however, when off the Chilean coast, there was a renewal of the fire, and the captain had no alternative but to abandon the vessel. This was not done, however, without an attempt being made to save her by running her ashore. Boats were provisioned in case of absolute necessity, and two days later the crew discovered that they could hold out no longer against the raging fire. The ship was alight almost from stem to stern, and the captain and nine men entered one of the boats, the mate and eight of the crew taking to another. The mate and his companions fought manfully for eleven days against a terrific gale, and in a state of great exhaustion, having endured terrible sufferings and great privations, they landed at Ancud on August 14. The captain's boat was lost sight of the day following that of the ship being abandoned, and up to the time that advices were despatched there was no news of her unfortunate company. A boat's gear had been picked up, but there was nothing about it to assist identification. It is supposed that the boat got out of her course, and was lost in the storm. The city council of Pierre has passed a resolution exempting from taxation for five years any lots on which an artesian well is sunk. Cardinals were formerly entitled most reverend and most illustrious. In 1630 Urban VIII. directed that the titles and names should be given them.

THE PICKPOCKET'S HAT.

In Hungary It Appears to Be a Badge of the Profession. On his way to one of the stations at Budapest a French gentleman recently went into a hatter's shop and bought and put on a hat which had attracted him by its somewhat unusual color and shape. When he had been walking up and down the station some few minutes he was astonished to find in one of his overcoat pockets a purse full of money and in the other a gold watch. He went at once to the station master and found him listening to the complaints of a countryman who had just lost his purse. The purse was the one the Frenchman was returning, but when it had been lost it had contained only ten shillings; now it held nearly as many pounds. The mystery was soon explained. A policeman came to the station-master to report the arrest of a pickpocket. He was immediately brought in and confessed the theft of the purse, into which he had put the proceeds of previous robberies, and of the watch. He had "passed" them into the Frenchman's pockets because of his hat. He explained the hats of that peculiar pattern, which are made only by one firm, are the badge of a large international gang of pickpockets, and so he had taken the Frenchman for a confederate. The hatter bore out the statement, saying that he had recently sent a large consignment of hats of that kind abroad, to a place which the pickpocket named. But he was able to prove that he had no complicity in the base uses for which his wares were intended.

Surprising News.

Mr. Citimann: "Any news up your way?" Mr. Countryman: "News! Don't you city folks read the papers? Why, they're just full o' long articles about my nearest neighbour, the Wilder Grasslands. Got her picture in, too—'nat'ral as life." "My goodness! What has happened to her?" "She's just been cured of a long standing disease that not a soul of us knew she had." Among the Saxons a person accused of crime would clear himself by oaths of conjurers—that is to say, he induce twelve persons to come in and swear to his good reputation and that they did not believe him guilty.

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