My Little Lad and I.

I take a little hand in mine,
And walk the village street,
With chirp and chatter as we go,
In mingled conversation sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From every one we meet;
Dear little lad and I.

I take the little hand in mine,
To climb a neighboring hill,
To pluck wild flowers, or to trace
A laughing mountain rill,
By which, when weary or athirst,
We pause to drink our fill.
Dear little lad and I.

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee;
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee;
I feel a breath against my cheek,
A breath of life to me.
Dear little lad and I.

I take those little hands in mine,
I hear a prattler's tongue
Repeating childish thoughts and songs,
So sweetly said and sung;
Is harmony with spirit harps,
For heavenly music strung;
Dear little lad and I.

With these two little hands in mine,
I think of other days;
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways;
And yet our souls clasp hands across
The chasm in close embrace:
Dear little lad and I.

Those little hands, so very fair,
God keep them ever white;
Those little feet, unfettered yet,
May they o'er walk aright;
That little life, so precious now,
May it be ever bright.
Dear little lad, pray I.

The Wall of the Poet of the Future.

In old Anno Domini
(Vanished hath the ancient style)
Men could look upon the sky,
If the earth were wholly vile.
Now—alas, "the heavy change!"—
All our star-gazing is done;
Terrible machines and strange
Glide between us and the sun.

Land laws—once they left us when
Our democracy was new;
Gayly they came back again,
Came the sea laws, air laws too,
"Fined for trespassing on brine,"
Every day we note it less.
"Killed when touching on the line
Of a submarine express!"

In old Anno Domini,
In the happy days grown dim,
Men could sail upon the seas
At their pleasure—dive or swim.
On the sands the children played;
Now the sand, they tell us, falls;
There's a tax on every spade,
Stringent rules concerning palls.

In old Anno Domini
Men were simple, merry, kind;
Never struggled for the sea,
Never quarrelled for the wind.
Earth hath been a peaceful place!
Free from folly, free from jars
Were the simple, early race
That could look upon the stars!

Music.

O, sister sweet, who loved the spring,
The gracious budding out of green,
The golden willow boughs between,
And all the fairy vines that cling;

Whose artist soul with quick'ning thrill
Saw earth awake, new life, new hope,
Thro' beauty's portals swinging ope,
There drank her spirit's very fill.

Together oft at eventide
We watched the golden glory die,
And heard the whip-poor-will's lone cry
First of the spring at "Lindenside."

Beneath the hill a tender fringe
Of budding boughs shone with the wet
Of soft spring showers, on them yet
Lay like a crown the sunset tinge.

The pearly mists then softly fell,
Where quaked the aspen's op'ning leaf,
And softly too an unknown grief
Enthrall'd our hearts with low farewell.

And now I know that thou art gone,
Sadly I watch the sunset glow,
Waiting a voice to whisper low
"Come and rejoin thy treasured one."

ADALENA WESTNEY.

The Parsonage, Pickering.

Only a Song.

With a thoughtless tone, yet the echo rang
In the heart of the lad. Like a pure white hand
It guided him over sea and land.

Only an old, old fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight, gray and dim,
By mother's side or on father's knee;
Yet time cannot blot it from memory.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is past, whose brief life is done—
A simple song; and yet, after all,
I can never sing it but tears will fall.

Only a song from a feeble pen,
And a faltering hand and heart; but then,
Who knows? Perhaps some life once sad
In sin was made to rejoice and be glad.

Brief as a song is this life of ours,
Fleeting as sunshine and frail as the flowers;
Then sing, my heart! oh, sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "New, New Song."

A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
And she took from her arms a kettle,
And lifted its shining lid;
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this——;"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away;
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel
Catching some wild bird's lay;
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Odd Happenings.

A pine tree near Washington, Ga., is said to bear large numbers of perfectly formed acorns interspersed with ordinary pine cones.

A young man while sound asleep walked off a railway train near Roseville, Kas. His back was slightly sprained in consequence of his somnolent leap, but otherwise he was not injured.

James Hooper, of Lafayette, Ga., hearing that there was hidden treasure in the ground near a tree on his farm, fell to digging about the spot, and at last unearthed an old iron pot containing $5,000 in gold coin and $1,500 in silver.

Shade trees throughout Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have in many instances been completely destroyed by the burden of ice which formed about their branches during a recent storm. Many perfectly sound branches a foot thick were wrenched off. Trees within a few miles of the ocean suffered especially.

Millions of dead catfish cover the banks of the Indian, Halifax and Hillsborough rivers, Florida. In some places their bones lie in drifts a foot deep and three or four feet wide. The stench which arises from these decaying fish has driven craft of every sort off the rivers although the present is the favorite cruising season. Dwellers along the banks have carted many loads of fish into their orange groves. The cold weather of a month ago is held responsible for this plague of dead catfish.

Distance Did Not Lend Enchantment.

First Girl (who has been at college for some years)—Why, what is the matter? Why are you crying?

Second Girl (new arrival and feels a great deal homesick)—I—I—it—boo—hoo—it makes me so awfully unhappy to be so far away from home.

First Girl (soothingly)—Oh, you must try not to give way so. Why, you cry twice as much as I did when I left home.

Second Girl—But I am twice the distance from home that you are.

A silver dollar, bright and untarnished, was found lodged in the intestines of a large black bass which was recently caught in a mountain stream in Idaho.

MONICA:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

"No, I shouldn't," still more sulkily.

"Oh, but you ought, you know. If you are going to live for any time in a country, you should study its institutions. The best way to see *this* one is to make cutting remarks about Ireland in a loud voice when two or three of the peasants are near you. They don't like cutting remarks, they are so stupid, and jokes such as yours annoy them fearfully. Still, you mustn't mind that; you must smother your natural kindliness of disposition and annoy them, if you want to see the shillelagh."

"I said nothing to annoy Mrs. O'Connor, at any rate," says Mr. Ryde. "She needn't have taken a simple word or two like that."

"You see, we are all so terribly thin-skinned," says Mr. Kelly regretfully, "I quite blush for my country-people. Of course, there are noble exceptions to every rule. *I* am the noble exception here. I don't feel in the least annoyed with you. Now do try some brandy, my dear fellow, it will do you all the good in the world."

"I don't know this moment whether *you* are laughing at me or not," says the marine, eyeing him doubtfully.

"I *never* laugh," says Mr. Kelly reproachfully. "I thought *even you* could see that. Well, will you have that B. and S.?"

But Mars is huffed and declines to accept consolation in any shape. He strolls away with an injured air to where his brother officer, Captain Cobbett, is standing near the hall door, and pours his griefs into his ears. Captain Cobbett being a very spare little man, with half-starved appearance and a dismal expression, it is doubtful whether poor Ryde receives from him the amount of sympathy required.

"Well," says Madam O'Connor, turning around as she sees him disappear, and addressing the three or four people around her generally, "'pon me conscience, that's the silliest young man I ever met in my life!"

"Don't be hard upon him," says Mr. Kelly, kindly. "Though very mad, he is *quite* harmless!"

"He plays tennis very well," says Miss Fitzgerald, the tall girl. "So nice, isn't it? to have these ancient games reproduced!" This with the learned air of one who could say more if she would.

"*Ancient?*" says Madam O'Connor. "Faith, I thought it was a game of yesterday."

"Oh, dear no!" says the erudite Bella, with a lenient smile. "Tennis was first brought from France to England in the reign of Charles the Second."

"There now, Miss Beresford, don't forget that," says Madam O'Connor, turning to Monica with an amused smile: "It is essential you should remember it, as it is part of one's education."

"May I see you to your carriage, Miss Blake," says Desmond, finding she and Miss Penelope are bent on going; and Aunt Priscilla, who has taken quite a fancy to this strange young man, gives her gracious permission that he shall accompany them to the fossilized chariot awaiting them.

"Who is he, my dear Priscilla?" asks Miss Penelope in a stage whisper as they go.

"Don't know, my dear," but a vastly agreeable young man, very superior to those of his own age of the present day. He is marvellously polite, and has, I think, quite a superior air."

"Quite," says Penelope, "and a very sweet expression besides—so open, so ingenuous. I wish *all* were like him." This with a sigh, Terence having proved himself open to suspicion with regard to plain dealing during the past few days.

"Now, it so happens that at this instant they turn a corner leading from the shrubbery walk on to the gravel sweep before the hall door; as they turn this corner, so does gravel sweep to the walk, so does, consequently, he is face to face with the Misses Blake, without hope of retreat.

The walk is narrow at the entrance to it, and as this new-comer essays to pass hurriedly by Miss Priscilla he finds himself fatally entangled with her, she having gone to the right as he went to the left, and afterwards having gone to the left as he went to the right, and so on.

Finally a passage is cleared, and the stranger—who is an amazingly ugly old man, with a rather benign though choleric countenance—speeds past the Misses Blake like a flash of lightning, and with a haste creditable to his years, but suggestive rather of fear than elasticity.

"My uncle!" says Brian Desmond in an awe-struck tone to Monica, who literally goes down before this terrible annunciation and trembles visibly.

It is a rencontre fraught with mortal horror to the Misses Blake. For years they have not so much as looked upon their enemy's face, and now their skirts have actually brushed him as he passed.

"Come, come quickly, Monica," says Miss Penelope, on this occasion being the one to take the initiative. "Do not linger, child. Did you not see? It was *our enemy* that passed by."

If she had said "it was the arch-fiend," her voice could not have been more tragic.

"I am coming, Aunt Penny," says Monica, nervously.

Now it is at this inauspicious moment that Mr. Kelly (who, as I have said before, is always everywhere) chooses to rush up to Brian Desmond and address him in a loud tone.

"My dear boy, you are not going yet, are you?" he says, reproachfully. "I say, Desmond, you can't, you know, because Miss Fitzgerald says you promised to play in the next match with her."

The fatal name has been uttered clearly and distinctly. As though petrified, the two old ladies stand quite still and stare at Brian; then Miss Priscilla, with a stately movement, gets between him and Monica, and in tones that tremble perceptibly, says to him,

"I thank you for the courtesy already received, sir; but we will no longer trouble you for your escort; we prefer to seek our carriage *alone*."

She sweeps him a terribly stiff little salute and sails off, still trembling and very pale, Miss Penelope, scarcely less pale, following in her wake.

Desmond has barely time to grasp Monica's hand and whisper "Remember," in as mysterious a tone as the hapless Stuart, when she, too, is swept away and carried from his sight.

Not until the gates of Aghyohillbeg are well behind them do the Misses Blake sufficiently recover themselves for speech. Terence, who has been a silent witness of the whole transaction, creating a diversion by making some remark about the day generally, breaks the spell that binds them. His remark is passed over in silence, but still the spell is broken.

"Whoever introduced you to that young man," begins Miss Priscilla solemnly, "did a wrong thing. Let us hope it was done in ignorance."

At this Monica shivers inwardly and turns cold, as she remembers that no introduction has ever been gone through between her and "that young man." What if Aunt Priscilla persists, and asks the name of the offending medium? Fortunately, Miss Blake loses sight of this idea, being so engrossed with a greater.

"For the future you must forget you ever spoke to this Mr. Desmond," she says, her face very stern. "Happily he is an utter stranger to you, so there will be no difficulty about it. You will remember this, Monica?"

"Yes, I will remember," says the girl, slowly, and with a visible effort.

Then Moyne is reached in solemn silence so far as the Misses Blake are concerned; in solemn silence, too, the two old ladies mount the oaken staircase that leads to their rooms. Outside on the corridor, they pause and contemplate each other for a moment earnestly.

"He—he is very good-looking," says Miss Penelope at last, as though compelled to make the admission even against her will.

"He is abominably handsome," says Miss Priscilla, fiercely; after which she darts into her room and closes the door with a subdued bang behind her.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is the evening of the next day and dinner at Coole has just come to an end. Mr. Kelly, who has been Brian's guest for the last fortnight, and who is to remain as long as suits him, or as long after the grouse-shooting in August as he wills, has taken himself into the garden to smoke a cigar. This he does at a hint from Brian.

Now, finding himself alone with his uncle, Brian says, in the casual tone of one making an indifferent remark,—

"By the bye, I can see you are not on good terms with those old ladies at Moyne."

As he speaks he helps himself leisurely to some strawberries, and so refrains from looking at his uncle.

"No," says The Desmond shortly.

"Some old quarrel, I have been given to understand."

"I should prefer not speaking about it," says the Squire.

"Twinges of conscience even at this remote period," thinks Brian, and is rather tickled at the idea, as he lifts his head to regard his uncle in a new light—that is, as a regular Don Juan.

"Well, of course, I dare say I should not have mentioned the subject," he says apologetically, "but I had no idea it was a sore point. It was not so much bad taste on my part as ignorance. I beg your pardon!"

"It was a very unhappy affair, altogether," says Don Juan.

"Very unfortunate, indeed, from what I have heard."

"*More* than unfortunate—right down disgraceful!" says the Squire with such unlooked-for energy as raises astonishment in the breast of his nephew. ("By Jove, one would think the old chap had only now awakened to a sense of his misconduct," he thinks irreverently.)

"Oh, well," he says leniently, "hardly *that*, you know."

"Quite that," emphatically.

"It has been often done before; yours is not a solitary case."

"Solitary or not, there were elements about it inexcusable," says the old Squire, beating his hand upon the table as though to emphasize his words.

"I wouldn't take it so much to heart, if I were you," says Brian, who is really beginning to pity him.

"It has lain on my heart for twenty years. I can't take it off now," says the Squire.

"You have evidently suffered," returns Brian, who is getting more and more smeared at the volcano he has roused. "Of course, I can quite understand that if you were once more to find yourself in similar circumstances you would act very differently."

"I should, indeed—*very* differently! A man seldom makes a fool of himself twice in a lifetime."

("He's regretting her now," thinks Brian.)

But out loud he says:

"You didn't show much wisdom, I dare say."

"No, none; and as for *her*—to fling away such a love as that——" Here he pauses and looks dreamily at the silver tankard before him.

This last speech rather annoys Brian; to gloat over the remembrance of a love that had been callously cast aside to suit the exigencies of the moment, seems to the younger man a caddish sort of thing not to be endured.

("Though what the mischief any pretty girl of nineteen could have seen in *him*," he muses, gazing with ill-concealed amazement than I can fathom.")

"Perhaps it wasn't so deep a love as *you* imagine," he cannot refrain from saying *apropos* his uncle's last remark, with a view to taking him down a peg.

"It was, sir," says the Squire sternly. "It was the love of a lifetime. People may doubt as they will, but I know *no* love has superseded it."

"Oh, he is in his dotage," thinks Brian disgustedly, and, rising from the table he makes a few more trivial remarks and then walks from the dining-room on to the balcony and so to the garden beneath.

Finding his friend Kelly in an ivied bower, lost in a cigar, and possibly, though improbably, in improving meditation, he is careful not to disturb him, but, making a successful detour, escapes his notice and turns his face towards that part of Coole that is connected with Moyne by means of the river.

* * * * * * * * *

At Moyne, too, the dinner has come to an end, and, tempted by the beauty of the quiet evening, the two old ladies and the children have strolled into the twilit garden.

There is a strange and sweet hush in the air—a stillness full of life—but slumberous life. The music of streams can be heard, and a distant murmur from the ocean; but the birds have got their heads beneath their wings and the rising night wind woos them all in vain.

It is that hour of quiet ecstacy,
When every rustling wind that passes by
The sleeping leaf makes busiest minstrelsy.

"You are silent, Priscilla," says Miss Penelope, glancing at her.

"I am thinking. Such an eve as this always recalls Katherine; and yesterday *that meeting*—all has helped to bring the past most vividly before me."

"Ah, dear, yes," says Miss Penelope regarding her with a furtive but tender glance. "How must *he* have felt, when he thought what grief he brought to her young life."

"You are talking of mother?" asks Kit suddenly, letting her large, dark eyes rest on Miss Penelope's face, as though searching for latent madness there.

"Yes, my dear, of course."

"He would not have dared so to treat her had her father been alive, or had we been blessed with a brother," says Miss Priscilla sternly. "He proved himself a dastard and a coward."

"Perhaps there was some mistake," says Monica timidly, plucking a pale blossom and pretending to admire it.

"No, no! We believe he contracted an affection for some other girl, and for her sake jilted your mother. If so, retribution fit and proper followed on his perfidy, because he brought no wife later on to grace his home. Doubtless he was betrayed in his turn. That was only just."

"There seems to be reason in that conjecture," says Miss Penelope, "because he went abroad almost immediately. I saw him shortly before he left the country, and he was then quite a broken-down man. He must have taken his *own* misfortune greatly to heart."

"Served him right!" says Miss Priscilla uncompromisingly. "He deserved no greater luck. Your mother suffered so much at his hands that she almost lost her health. I don't believe she ever got over it."

"Oh, yes, she did," says Terry suddenly, "she got over it uncommonly well. We didn't know who Mr. Desmond was then, of course; but I know she used to make quite a joke of him."

"A joke!" says Miss Priscilla in an awful tone.

"Yes, regular fun, you know," goes on Terence undaunted. "One day she was telling father some old story about Mr. Desmond, a 'good thing' *she* called it, and she was laughing heartily; but he wasn't, and when she had finished, I remember, he said something to her about want of 'delicacy of feeling,' or something like that."

"I was there," says Kit in her high treble. "He said, too, she ought to be ashamed of herself."

"Oh, that was nothing," says Mr. Beresford airily. "Father and mother never agreed for a moment; they were always squabbling from the time they got up till they went to bed again."

The Misses Blake have turned quite pale.

"Terence, how can you speak so of your sainted mother?" says Miss Penelope.

"I'm sure, from her letters to us, she was a most *devoted* mother and wife, and, indeed, sacrificed her every wish and pleasure to yours."

"I never knew it cost her so much to *keep away* from us," says Terence. "If she was dying for our society she must, indeed, have sacrificed herself, because she made it the business of her life to avoid us from morn to dewy eve."

"Doubtless she had her duties," says Miss Penelope in a voice of suppressed fear. What is she going to hear next? What are these dreadful children going to say?

"Perhaps she had," says Terence. "If so, they didn't agree with her, as she was always in a bad temper. She used to give it to papa right and left, until he didn't dare call his soul his own. When *I* marry, I shall take very good care my wife doesn't lead me the life my mother led my father."

"*Your* wife! Who'd marry *you*?" says Kit scornfully, which interlude gives the discussion a rest for a little time. But soon they return to the charge.

"Your mother, when here, had an angelic temper," says Miss Penelope. Miss Priscilla all this time seems incapable of speech.

"Well, she hadn's when *there*," says Terence, and then he says a dreadful thing, as vulgar as it is dreadful, that fills his aunt's heart with dismay. "She and my father fought like cat and dog," he says, and then the Misses Blake feel that their cup is indeed full.

"And she never would take Monica anywhere," says Kit, "so selfish!"

It is growing *too* terrible. Is their idol to be shattered thus before their eyes?

"Monica, was your mother *unkind* to you?" says Miss Penelope in a voice full of anguish. After all these years, is the Katherine of their affections to be dragged in the dust?

Monica hesitates. She can see the grief in her aunt's face and cannot bear to add to it. The truth is that the late Mrs. Beresford had *not* been beloved by her children, for reasons which it will be possible to conceive, but which would be tiresome to enumerate here. Perhaps there seldom has been a more careless or disagreeable mother.

So Monica pauses, flushes, glances nervously from right to left and then back again, and finally rests her loving, regretful eyes full upon Miss Penelope's agitated face.

Something she sees there decides her. Sinking to her knees, she flings her arms around the old lady's neck and lays her cheek to hers.

"I will say nothing, but that I am happy *here*," she says in a low whisper.

Miss Penelope's arms close round her. The worst has come to her; yet there is solace in this clinging embrace, and in the dewy lips that seek hers. If she has lost one idol, who can say she has not gained another, and, perhaps, a worthier one?

Yet, beyond doubt, the two old ladies have sustained a severe shock. They hold down their heads, and for a long time avoid each other's eyes, as though fearing what may there be seen.

"Let us walk round the garden, Aunt Priscilla," says Monica, feeling very sorry for them. "The evening is lovely, and the roses so sweet."

"Come, then," says Miss Priscilla, who is, perhaps, glad to escape from her own thoughts.

Terence has disappeared, but, as he is not great on flowers, his presence is not indispensable, and no one takes any notice of his defection.

Presently they come upon the old gardener, who is also the old coachman, upon his bended knees beside a bed. The whole garden is scrupulously raked and scrupulously weeded till not a fault can be found. But Miss Priscilla is of those who deem it [illegible] his trumps.

Stooping over the bed, therefore, she carefully adjusts her glasses upon her nose and proceeds to examine with much minuteness the earth beneath her. A tiny green leaf attracts her notice.

"Corney, is that a *weed*?" she asks severely. "I certainly remember sowing some seeds in this place; but *that* has a weedy look."

"It's seeds, miss," says Corney. "Ye'd know it by the curl of it."

"I hope so, I *hope* so," says Miss Priscilla, doubtfully; "but there's a common coast about it. It reminds me of groundsel Corney, whatever you do, don't grow careless."

"Faix, I'm too ould a hand for that, miss," says Corney. "But, to tell the truth, I think myself, now, not to deceive ye, that the leaf ye mintioned is uncommon like the groundsel. You ought to be proud of yer eyes, Miss Priscilla; they're as clear as they were twinty years ago."

Greatly mollified by this compliment, Miss Priscilla decides to scold any more, and, the groundsel forgotten, moves onward to a smooth piece of sward on which a cart-load of large white stones from the sea-shore has been ruthlessly thrown.

"What is this?" she says, indignantly, eyeing the stones with much disfavor. "Corney, come here! Who flung those stones down on my green grass?"

"The rector, miss. He sent his man wid a load of em, and 'tis there they left 'em."

"A most unwarrantable proceeding!" says Miss Priscilla, who is in her managing mood. "What did Mr. Warren mean by that?"

"Don't you think it was kind of him to draw them for our rockery, my dear Priscilla?" says Miss Penelope, suggestively.

"No, I don't," says Miss Priscilla. "To bring cart-loads of nasty large stones and fling them down upon my velvet grass on which I pride myself (though *you* may think nothing of it, Penelope) is *not* kind. I must say it was anything but nice,—anything but gentlemanly."

"My dear, he is quite a gentleman, and a very good man."

"That may be. I suppose I am not so uncharitable as to be rebuked for every little word; but to go about the country destroying people's good grass, for which I paid a shilling a pound, is *not* gentlemanly. Katherine, what are you laughing at?"

"At the stones," says Kit.

"There is nothing to laugh at in a stone. Don't be silly, Katherine. I wonder, Monica, you don't make it the business of your life to instil some sense into that child. The idea of standing still to laugh at a *stone!*"

"Better do that than stand still to *cry* at it," says the youngest Miss Beresford, rebellionsly. Providentially, the remark is unheard; and Monica, scenting battle in the breeze, says, hastily,

"Do you remember the roses at Aghyohillbeg, auntie? Well, I don't think any of them were as fine as this," pointing to a magnificent blossom near her. It is the truth, and it pleases Miss Priscilla mightily, she having a passion for her roses. And so peace is once more restored.

"It grows chilly," says Miss Penelope, presently.

"Yes; let us all go in," says Miss Priscilla.

"Oh, not yet, auntie; it is quite lovely yet," says Monica, earnestly. She cannot go in yet, not *yet*; the evening is still young, and—and she would like so much to go down to the river, if only for a moment. All this she says guiltily to herself.

"Well, we old women will go in, at least," says Miss Penelope. "You two children can coquet with the dew for a little while; but don't stay too long, or sore throats will be the result."

"Yes, yes," says Miss Priscilla, following her sister. As she passes Monica, she looks anxiously at the girl's little slight fragile figure and her slender throat and half-bared arms.

"That dress is thin. Do not stay out too long. Take care of yourself, my darling." She kisses her pretty niece, and then hurries on, as though ashamed of this show of affection.

A little troubled by the caress, Monica moves mechanically down the path that leads towards the meadows and the river, followed by Kit. By this time the latter is in full possession of all that happened yesterday— at least so much of as relates to Monica's acquaintance with Mr. Desmond (minus the tender passages), his uncle's encounter with her aunts, and Brian's subsequent dismissal. Indeed, so much has transpired in the telling of all this that Kit, who is a shrewd child, has come to the just conclusion that the young Mr. Desmond is in love with her Monica.

Strange to say, she is not annoyed at his presumption, but rather pleased at it, he being the first live lover she has ever come in contact with, and therefore interesting in no small degree.

Now, as she follows her sister down the flowery pathway, her mind is full of romance, pure and sweet and great with chivalry, as a child's would be. But Monica is sad and taciturn. Her mind misgives her, her conscience pricks her, her soul is disquieted within her.

What was it she had promised Aunt Priscilla yesterday? Aunt Priscilla had said, "For the future you must forget you ever spoke to Mr. Desmond. You will remember this?" and she had answered, "Yes."

But how can she forget? It was a foolish promise, for who has got a memory under control?

Of course, Aunt Priscilla had meant her to understand that she was never to speak to Mr. Desmond again, and she had given her promise in the spirit. And of course she would be obedient; she would at least so far obey that she would not be the first to speak to him, nor would she seek him—nor—— But why, then, is she going to the river? Is it because the evening is so fine, or is there no lurking hope of——

And, after all, what certainty is there that—that—any one will be at the river at this hour? And even if there should be, why need she speak to him? she can be silent; but if he speaks to her, what then? Can she refuse to answer?

(To be continued.)

How They Keep Warm in Dakota.

Of the many hardships with which the pioneer has had to contend, none have perhaps been greater than that of providing his family with the necessary fuel for winter. Twisted hay has been the settler's main fuel, for with soft coal at $8 and hard coal at $12 per ton but few could afford the luxury of a coal fire. While twisted hay is not to be sneezed at as a heat-producer, still it has its drawbacks, not the least of which has been the time consumed in preparing it. How often has a settler been called from his work to "twist just a few twists" to finish a baking. None but those who have been there can have an idea of the annoyance and loss of time caused by fulfilling just such little requests. In winter, if one depends on hay, it is nothing but twist, twist, twist, and when the hay is twisted it keeps one warm feeding it to the stove. If you sit down to write, you must rise at every period and put a twist in the stove, and if you forget it for even a short time you will find yourself sneezing and catching cold. But now all that is done away with. Some enterprising Yankee in the vicinity of Mitchell has invented an attachment for cooking stoves which is the wonder and admiration of the country. The apparatus is nothing more or less than a sheet iron boiler about the shape of an ordinary wash boiler, only deeper. To operate it you stuff the boiler full of flax straw or loose hay—the flax straw is preferable—and, taking off the griddles over the firebox of the stove, you place the boiler upside down over the [illegible], and it is truly surprising what an intense heat it will emit. One filling will last from one to three hours, according the draught you give it, and you have a fire equal to a coal fire for baking and all other purposes. As there is an abundance of flax straw in the country, fuel is now costing the people next to nothing. One of the leading coal merchants here complained the other day that they were losing their best coal customers on account of the "blasted boiler invention." As it is not patented and can be made by any tinner its cost is but $1 50, which places it within the reach of all. A great many are using their old wash-boilers, which do very well, but they are not nearly as good as the regular ones.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Prospects of African Civilization.

The prospects of African civilization are aptly summed up in the elder Gortschakoff's terse definition of the equally undeveloped vastness of Siberia as "a good bill payable at a long date." Vast as are the results achieved during the last few years, they are as nothing to the work which still remains to be done; but the outer world is at all events beginning to learn for the first time what Africa really is, and what she really needs. As lately as 1830, civilization hailed as a great discovery the announcement that "John and Richard Lander, having voyaged down the Niger from Yauri to the sea, have satisfactorily ascertained that it is not the Congo!" Even after this amazing revelation, and, indeed, almost up to the date of Stanley's famous "finding of Livingstone," the few Europeans who thought of Africa at all, thought of it as a vast sandy desert, with a floating population consisting chiefly of hungry lions and robbers more ferocious still, the latter being in the habit of "careering over the waste" on swift horses without any obvious cause for their hurry, living comfortably where there was nothing to eat, and amassing stores of ill-gotten wealth where there was no one to rob. But the great tidal wave of civilization which is now bursting into the Dark Continent has swept away these delusions at once and forever. The supposed "desert" proves to contain wide tracts of alluvial soil as fertile as the Cashmere Valley, forests vast enough to swallow up all the woods of Northern Russia, lakes to which Ladoga and Onega would be mere pools, mountains as high as the stateliest peaks of the Alps or the Caucasus, and rivers forming a series of watery high-roads as magnificent as those of Siberia itself, with the additional advantage of having no winter to impede them. Indeed, the future history of Africa will be written along the lines traced by the Nile, the Niger and the Congo, as certainly as that of Central Asia has followed the course of the Syr-Darya and the Oxus; and with these three great natural highways any survey of Africa's development must necessarily begin.—*David Ker, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Absolutely Soulless.

Discussing a young man: Eugenia—Yes, mamma, I am sure Mr. DeGarmo has no soul. Mamma—Why, my child, you astonish me. I always thought that Mr. DeGarmo was full of humanity and kindness. Eugenia—He's not, mamma: for when Towser playfully bit him to-night he actually kicked the poor dog way across the room.—*New York Star.*

Society Item.

He was a new man in Washington, and was the guest of a Congressman who hadn't been a Congressman for more than a hundred years. They were dressing for a reception. "I say, colonel," inquired the guest "are gloves *de rigeur?*" "Danged if I know," replied the Congressman. "Mine are kid. I reckon any other kind will do as well, though."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A boom in real estate has struck Vancouver Island.

THE FARMERS' INGLENOOK.

Magnified.

It has been said that a single foot square of turf has enough in it, animal, vegetable and mineral, to furnish a naturalist and his microscope with subjects for a year's study. The New York *Sun* thus describes what the magnifying-glass can make of a single spider. It may "make us crawl," but it is no less true and curious for that:

A friend of an amateur naturalist was poking fun at him about his collection, and said, pointing at a common jumping spider:

"Why do you bother with such rubbish?"

"Take a look at him through the microscope; he is a beauty," said the amateur.

The friend looked. Eight murderous eyes glared up at him. They were arranged in two semicircles on the front of the head teeming with malignant cunning and ferocity. The strong jaws were open, and two hollow, serrated tusks protruded from them.

No neck could be seen. Body and head were one—a model of cruel power, covered with strips of silky tan and black hair. Eight long triple-jointed, forceful legs, half hidden by hair and feathers, armed with sharp-pointed spikes like locust horns, ending in formidable claws hooked at their points and teethed like coarse combs, were bent in the attitude of springing. The specimen seemed as large as a chipmunk, and in general form resembled one.

Orchard Grass.

Prof. G. E. Morris says: "I am coming more and more to believe in orchard grass, not to supplant clover, timothy or blue grass, but to help out the feed when they are grown. Orchard grass is vigorous in its growth upon a rich soil, but is hardly liable to make a through catch; for that reason it is much more profitable to grow in connection with other grasses. What is sometimes urged as an objection to its general use is its tendency to grow in tussocks instead of being evenly and smoothly distributed, but this ought hardly to condemn so valuable a grass out of use.

Making the Hens Lay.

If the farmer would make his hens lay in winter he must give some other feed than clear corn. Where corn is exclusively fed the hens will fatten and refuse to lay. It is much better to give a feed of bran and meal wet up with warm water and containing a little cayenne pepper or ground ginger for the morning feed, and for night a feeding of mixed grain. Something is required for drink, and nothing better can be provided than to take skim milk and warm it for that purpose. Hens will give returns for good treatment and care as quickly as any animals upon the farm.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Salt for Field Crops.

On this subject, Prof. Wm. McMurtrie, of the University of Illinois, writes in this wise: The cause of the beneficial action of salt upon the soil and vegetation is doubtful, yet there is no question of the result. We have seen a field of wheat thoroughly yellow in spring, change almost at once to a beautiful green by the application of one or two bushels of salt per acre. It is probable that it acts upon the iron compounds of the soil and brings them into condition for absorption by vegetation. It is almost impossible to state how much of it is safe to apply, but we should consider that since the quantity above-named proved sufficient to give beneficial results, it would be useless to apply a larger quantity. On the other hand, since definite experiments have shown that there is no absolute necessity for it in the nutrition of plants, we should advise, as a measure of economy, its application in limited quantity, and only when the land appears to be infested with noxious insects, or the vegetation shows evidence of some special debility, such as that above described.

Teaching Calves How to Drink.

The following pertinent remarks are made by a correspondent of the *Farm, Field and Stockman*: "Every calf must have its neck broke before it can get its nose down in a pail," said an old farmer as he stood astride a young calf, having just been doing his best to accomplish the feat above alluded to. I felt as if I would not have been so much excited as he was for the calf. I am a comparatively young farmer, but have never had any trouble teaching calves to drink. First I take them away from the cow before they get their first meal. After a few hours, milk the cow and take the milk to the calf, wetting the hand in it and putting it to the calf's mouth. The calf will get a taste of the milk, and while sucking your fingers bring your hand down into the milk. Then gently withdraw your fingers, when up will come the calf's head. Repeat the operation. Keep cool and good natured. As soon as the calf's nose gets into the milk withdraw your fingers from its mouth, but hold your hand against its nose. Keep good natured. Don't bother too long the first time. A few hours after try it again. As soon as the calf's nose gets into the milk, slip your fingers out of the mouth, but let them rest against the nose. Keep good natured. Any extravagant expressions are completely lost on our young friend at this early stage in its history. Never force its head down into the pail. By following the above plan, the fourth feed at the farthest has always found my calves able to get the milk out of the pail without anything more than a "start" on my part. But I have always kept good natured when teaching young calves to drink."

Farm and Garden Notes.

The outlook of the wheat crop is reported to be nearly as favorable as that of 1885.

Bran sprinkled with pepper and mixed with milk is excellent food occasionally in winter for laying hens.

Phosphoric acid and potash will not leach through the soil and waste like nitrogen, but will be slower in dissolving.

Skim milk is well suited to the calves to be raised. A handful of linseed meal will cause the calve to thrive better. Oatmeal is excellent.

A full third of the territory of the United States is sheep pasture of the most favorable character. Texas represents the highest money value in sheep, and the most extensive ranches are there.

Rice meal is rich in starchy material and tends to the production of fat. Bran combines a certain proportion of fatty food with a good deal of flesh-forming material. Barley meal will probably be about equal as a feeding material to rice meal.

It will conduce much to the comfort and thrift of stock if the watering troughs are kept free from ice. Only as much as will be needed should be pumped at one time, or if some remains in the trough it should be let out by a plug in the bottom which can be easily removed.

There is no way to make good cheese except by using the whole milk. Skimming the milk at night and adding the skim milk to the morning's milk will not answer. It makes a fair quality of cheese, but the difference in price of the better article will be more than the value of the cream taken off.

Providing for the Footpad.

The celebrated Lawyer Butt was one night going home very late, when he was accosted by a desperate villain in one of the suburbs of Dublin and asked what he was going "to stand." "Well," replied Butt, meekly, "I'm very sorry that I can't give you much, my friend, but what I have we will share. Here," he continued, drawing a revolver from a pocket, is a weapon which has six chambers. I will give you three and——" But the lawyer immediately found himself alone.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Mr. Eckhart, of Toronto, had his arm broken in two places by the upsetting of a sleigh at Flesherton station.

DAN JONES' SAYINGS.

A Few Characteristic Sentences Culled From His Sermons.

A man said to me the other night: "Jones, I wouldn't have missed your sermon for $10," and yet when the plate was passed around that man put in a copper cent!

You must place yourself so that God can get an underhold of you. When I was a boy I could throw another boy very quickly if he could give me an underhold.

Creed! What is a creed? It is the skin of truth set up and stuffed with sawdust and sand. If I had a creed I would sell it to a museum.

There are wishy-washy fellows in the Church that have a cotton string with a few ribs tied to it, and they call it backbone.

Love sets a man free. The best way in the world to kill a man is to love him to death; then you don't have to bury him.

It takes less sense to criticize than to do anything else. There are a great many critics in the lunatic asylum.

I have known women too poor to own a pair of shoes, but I never knew one too poor to own a looking-glass.

The devil is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not welcome. Why does he stay in your heart?

Perhaps if you don't talk about your religion it is because you haven't any religion to talk about.

When some of you members of the Church get to heaven, the angels will have to introduce you.

Dignity is the starch of the shroud. The more dignity a fellow has the nearer dead he is.

The grandest epitaph I ever saw on a wife's tombstone was: "She made life pleasant."

The road to hell is the road to heaven. The only difference is in the way you are going.

I can't bribe God's grand jury, nor defy the court that tries me on the last day.

I would rather be in heaven learning my A B C's than in hell reading Greek.

I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and I believe its place is in hell.

The sweetest rest a man ever had is the rest he finds in activity.

Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub bottom side-up.

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same bible.

Custom is the law of fools, and it is running this country.

The matter of Church doctrine is an incident.

How to Get Strong.

Dumb bells and horizontal bars, Indian clubs and the trapeze are valuable under certain conditions, but they are detrimental rather than beneficial if the blood is poor and thin and poisoned with bile. Use of the muscles necessitates waste as well as induces growth. If the blood does not carry sufficient nutritive material to repair the waste, loss of strength necessarily follows, and growth is out of the question. Purify and enrich your blood with Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and then exercise will develop and not consume your physique.

It is said that in the stomach of a vigorous forty-pound codfish recently caught off the lower coast of Massachusetts was found a young duck, which was ap