Spoken After Sorrow.

I know of something sweeter than the chime
Of fairy bells that run
Down mellow winds. Oh! fairer than the time
You sang about in happy broken rhyme
Of butterflies and sun.
But oh! as many fabled leagues away,
As the to-morrow when the east breaks gray—
In this which lies somewhere most still and far
Between the sunset and the dawn's last star,
And known as yesterday.

I know a something better, dearer, too,
Than the first rose you hold,
All sweet with June and dainty with the dew,
The summer's perfect promise breathing through
Its white leaves' tender fold.
Oh! better when the late wind's gathering glow
Behind the night and moaning sad and low
Across the world, shall make its music dumb,
O! dearer than this earliest rose to come
Will be the last to go.

I know of something sadder than the nest
Of broken egg you bring,
With such sweet trouble stirring at your breast
For love undone—the mother bird's unrest
That yesterday could sing.
My little child, too grieved to wait my kiss;
Do I forget the sweetness they will miss
Who built the home? My heart with yours makes moan;
But oh! that nest, from which the birds have flown,
Is sadder far than this.

To Her in the Country.

Round me the rumble and the chund'rous beat
Of all a city swells and dies;
Round thee the holy silent incense sweet
Of perfect flowers and perfect skies,
Round me the agony of daily strife
Is waged for honor, fame and gold;
Round thee the halo of a country life,
That fits thee like a crown is rolled.

Are we apart? Nay, love, I think not so.
Our hearts beat strong across the space;
No lands divide us long, my love, I know;
My soul will find its resting place.
And, pet, the city's chund'rous throbbing maze,
And all the country's perfect skies
Were one to me, could I a moment gaze
Into the summer of thy eyes.

MONICA:

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

"Off this?" pointing to the smoking structure between them. "I don't believe it."

"No, the deed."

Another silence.

"It's a capital cake," says Mr. Kelly pensively, who has been eating steadily since the first bite. "After all, give me a good, sweet, home-made cake like this? Those bought ones aren't to be named in the same day with it. There is something so light and wholesome about a cake like this."

"Wholesome!" doubtfully, "I don't know about that. What I like about it is that it is hot and spongy. But, look here, you haven't yet said what we are to do with it."

"I think we are doing uncommonly well with it," says Kelly breaking off another piece.

"But what are we to do with the remains, provided we leave any, which, at present, seems doubtful?"

"Keep them, of course. You ought to, considering that she gave it to you whole as a present."

"You are right. No one shall touch a crumb of it save you and me," says Mr. Desmond as though inspired. "Let us smuggle it up to my room and keep it there till it is finished."

"I feel as if I was at school again with a plum cake and a chum," says Mr. Kelly.

"Well, come and follow me up with it now, and distract my uncle's attention if we meet him."

"To my room or yours?" insinuatingly.

"To mine," firmly.

"I'll take the greatest care of it, if you like to trust it to me," with what Kit would certainly have termed "an obliging air."

"I don't doubt you," sardonically. "But certainly not. It was given to me, and I feel myself bound to look after it."

"Pity we can't have it petrified," says Mr. Kelly thoughtfully. "Then you might hang it round your neck as a trophy." At this they both laugh and finally the trophy, after much difficulty, is satisfactorily stored away.

* * * * * * * * *

It is a fortnight later and desolation has overtaken Monica. Brian has passed out of her active life, has ceased from that seeing and hearing and satisfaction of touch that belong to a daily intercourse with one beloved. Only in thought can she find him now. He has gone upon that threatened journey to those detested estates of his in Westmeath.

Yesterday he went; and to-day as she wakes it seems to her that a cold and cruel mist has wrapped her world in its embrace. We never know how we prize a thing until we lose it (N.B.—Mark the novelty of this idea); and now, for the first time, Monica finds herself fully awake to the fact of how necessary Desmond is to her every-day happiness.

She had gone down to the river side to bid him farewell and had been calm, almost careless, throughout the interview—so calm that the young man's heart had died within him, and a latent sense of hope deferred had made it sick.

But just at the very last she had given way and had flung herself into his embrace and twined her arms round his neck—dear, clinging arms—and had broken into bitter weeping. And—

"Don't be long, Brian, don't be long!" she had sobbed with deep entreaty and with such a tender passion as had shaken all her slender frame.

So they had "kissed and kissed" and parted. And Desmond, though sad as man may be at the thought that he should look upon her face no more for four long weeks, still left her with a gladder heart than he had ever known. Her tears were sweet to him, and in her grief he found solace for his own.

And, indeed, as the days flew by, they found the pain of absence was checkered by dreams of the reunion that lay before them; and each day, as it was born and grew and died, and so was laid upon the pile of those already gone, was a sad joy to them, and counted not so much a day lost as one gained.

"We take no note of time but from its loss." This loss in the present instance was most sweet to Monica and her lover. To them time was the name of a slow and cruel monster, whose death was to be desired.

And now the monster is slain and to-day Brian will return to Coole. A few lines of joyful love and glad expectancy had been brought to her yesterday by the sympathetic Bridget, who affected an ignorance about the whole matter that utterly imposed on Monica, who would have found a bitterness in sharing her heart's secret with her maid. Yet Bridget knows quite as much about it as she does. To Kit alone has Monica unburdened her soul, and talked, and talked, and talked, on her one fond topic, without discovering the faintest symptom of fatigue in that indefatigable person.

Yes, to-day he comes! Monica had risen with the lark, unable to lie abed with the completion of a sweet desire lying but a few shors hours away from her, and had gone through the morning and afternoon in a dreamy state of tender anticipation.

Yet surely not short, but of a terrible length, are these hours. Never has the old clock ticked with such maddening deliberation; yet—

"Be the day weary, or never so long,
At length it ringeth to evensong;"

and at last the old clock, tick it never so slowly, must bring round the hour when she may go down to the river to meet her love again.

But the relentless Fates are against her, and who shall interfere with their woven threads? As though some vile imp of their court had whispered in Miss Priscilla's ear the whole story of her forbidden attachment, she keeps Monica in the morning-room with her, copying out certain recipes of a dry nature, that could have been copied just as well to-morrow, or next year, or never.

As the hour in which she ought to meet her lover comes and goes by, the poor child's pulses throb and her heart beats violently. Kit has gone to the village, and so cannot help her. All seems lost. Her eyes grow large and dark with repressed longing, her hand trembles.

"There, that will do, dear child; thank you," says Miss Priscilla, gratefully, folding up the obnoxious papers and slipping them into the davenport.

It is now quite half an hour past the time appointed by Desmond in his letter. Monica, rising impetuously, moves towards the door.

"Is the writing at an end?" Miss Penelope's voice comes to her from the other end of the room, with a plaintive ring in it. It casts despair upon the hope that is kindling afresh within her bosom. "Dear, dear! I'm so glad! Monica, come to me, and help me with this wool. It has got so entangled that only brighteyes like yours," with a loving smile, "can rescue it from its hopeless state."

Poor Monica! after one passionate inclination to rebel, her courage fails her, and she gives in, and taking the tangled skein of wool (that reminds her in a vague, sorrowful fashion of her own hapless love-story) between her slender fingers, bends over it.

Her cheeks are aflame. Her eyes are miserable but tearless. It all seems too cruel. There sits aunt Priscilla at the davenport, with a smile of triumph on her lips, as she finds her accounts right to a halfpenny. Here sits Aunt Penelope fanning herself with a soft complacency, because the day, though of September, is sultry as of hot July. And all this time Brian is walking impatiently to and fro upon the tiny beach, thinking her cold unloving, indifferent, watching with straining, reproachful eyes the path along which she ought to come.

This last thought is just too much. A great fire kindles in her beautiful eyes, the spirit of defiance seizes on her gentle breast her lips quiver, her breath comes from between them with a panting haste. "Yes, she will go to him, she will!" She rises to her feet.

Just at that moment the door is flung wide open and Desmond enters the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

One moment of coma ensues. It is an awful moment in which nobody seems even to breathe. The two Misses Blake turn into a rigidity that might mean stone; the young man pauses irresolutely, yet with a sternness about his lips that bespeaks a settled purpose not to be laid aside for any reason, and that adds some years to his age.

Monica has turned to him. The tangled wool has fallen unconsciously from her hands to her feet. Her lips are parted, her eyes wide, she sways a little. Then a soft, rapturous cry breaks from her, there is a simultaneous movement on his part and on hers and then—she is in his arms.

For a few moments speech is impossible to them; there seems nothing in this wide world but he to her and she to him.

Then he lifts her face and looks at her long and eagerly.

"Yes, I have found you again, my love—at last," he says.

"Ah, how long it has seemed!" whispers she with tears in her eyes.

The old ladies might have been in the next county, so rapt are they in their happy meeting. Their hearts are beating in unison; their souls are in their eyes. She has reached her home—his breast—and has laid her heart on his. The moment is perfect and as near heaven as we poor mortals can attain until kindly death comes to our aid.

It is but a little moment, however. It passes and recollection returns. Monica, raising her head, sees the two Misses Blake standing side by side with folded, nerveless hands and fixed eyes and horror-stricken faces. Shrinking still closer to her lover, Monica regards them with a troubled conscience and with growing fear. She is at last discovered and her sin is beyond redemption.

She trembles in Desmond's arms and pales visibly. But the frantic beating of her heart against his renders him strong and bold. He throws up his head with the air of one determined to fight to the death. No one shall ever take her from him. He is only too anxious to enter the lists and do battle for his love.

And then, as his eyes light upon his foes, his spirit dies. Poor old ladies, so stupefied, so stricken! Are they not already conquered? Looking at the frail front they present, he feels his weapons must be blunted in this fight, his gloves anything but steel.

A terrible silence fills the room—a silence that grows almost unbearable, until, at length, it is broken by Miss Priscilla. Her voice is low and hushed and broken.

"Monica, why did you deceive us?" she says.

There is reproach, agonized disappointment in her tone, but no anger.

To these poor old women the moment is tragical. The child of their last years—the one they had held most dear and sacred—has proved unworthy, has linked herself with the opposition, has entered the lists of the enemy. They are quite calm, though trembling. Their grief is too great for tears. But they stand together, and there is a lost and heart-broken look about them.

Monica, seeing it, breaks away from her lover's restraining arms, and, running to Miss Priscilla, falls down on her knees before her, and, clasping her waist with her soft, white arms, bursts into bitter tears. She clings to Miss Priscilla, but the old lady, though her distress is very apparent, stands proudly erect and looks not at her but at Desmond. The tears gather slowly in her eyes—tears come ever slowly to those whose youth lies far behind—and fall upon the repentant, sunny head; but the owner shows no sign of forgiveness; yet I think she would have dearly liked to take the sweet sinner in her arms to comfort and forgive her, but for the pride and wounded feeling that overmastered her.

"Your presence here, sir, is an insult," she says to Desmond, meaning to be stern, but her grief has washed away the incivility of her little speech and has left it only reproachful. Desmond lowers his head before her gaze and refrains from answer or explanation. A great sorrow for the defencelessness of their sorrow has arisen in his breast for these old aunts and killed all meaner thoughts. I think he would have felt a degree of relief if they had both fallen upon him and said hard things to him and so revenged themselves in part.

Monica is sobbing bitterly. Not able to endure her grief, Desmond, going even to the feet of Miss Priscilla, tries to raise her from the floor. But she clings even more closely to Miss Priscilla and so mutely refuses to go to him.

A pang, a sudden thought shoots through him and renders him desperate. Will they be bad to his poor little girl when he has gone? Will they scold her?

"Oh, madam," he says to Miss Priscilla with a break in his voice, "try to forgive her; be gentle with her. It was all my fault—mine entirely. I loved her, and when she refused to hear me plead my cause and shrunk from me because of the unhappy division that separates my family from yours and because of her reverence for your wishes, I still urged her and induced her to meet me secretly."

"You did an evil deed, sir," says Miss Priscilla.

"I acknowledge it. I am altogether to blame," says Desmond hastily. "She has had nothing to do with it. Do not, I beseech you, say anything to her when I am gone that may augment her self-reproach." He looks with appealing eyes at Miss Blake, his hand on Monica's shoulder, who has her face hidden in a fold of her aunt's gown.

"Sir," says Miss Priscilla, drawing herself up with a touch of Old World grandeur in her manner, but a sad tremulousness in her tone, "my niece has been with us now for some time, and we have dared to hope she has been treated in accordance with the great love we feel for her."

"The great love," echoes Miss Penelope gently. Though deeply distressed both old ladies are conscious of a subdued admiration for the young man because of the tenderness of his fears for his beloved.

"But if," says Miss Priscilla with a mournful glance at the pretty bowed head, "if she thinks we have failed in our love towards her, as, indeed, it seems it may be, by your finding it necessary to ask us to treat her with kindness in this trouble—we can only say to her that we regret—that we——" Here she breaks down and covers her sad old face with her trembling hands.

Monica springs to her feet.

"Oh, auntie!" she says, a world of love and reproach and penitence in her voice. She throws her arms round her aunt's neck, and, Miss Priscilla clasping her in turn, somehow in one moment the crime is condoned and youth and age are met in a fond embrace.

"Go, sir," says Miss Priscilla presently, without lifting her eyes. There is so much gentleness in her tone that the young man is emboldened to ask a question.

"You will permit me to come to-morrow to—to—plead my cause?" he says anxiously.

Miss Priscilla hesitates and a pang of apprehension rushes through his heart. He is almost in despair when Miss Penelope's voice breaks the oppressive silence.

"Yes. Come to-morrow," she says pressing Miss Priscilla's arm. "To-day we are too tired, too upset. To-morrow let it be."

"I thank you, madam," says Desmond humbly; and then he turns to go, but still lingers with grieved eyes fixed on Monica.

"Monica, you will give me one parting word?" he says at last as though the petition is wrung from him.

Still holding Miss Priscilla's hand, she turns to him, and, raising her other arm, places it softly round his neck. Holding them both thus, she seems the embodiment of the spirit that must in the end unite them. Her position compels her to throw back her head a little and she smiles at him, a sad little smile, but bright with love and trust.

"Not a parting word," she says with a sweetness so grave as to be almost solemn.

"You will be true to me?" says Desmond reckless of listeners. He has his arms round her and is waiting for her answer with a pale, earnest face. Something in the whole scene touches the two kindly old maids with a sense of tender reverence.

"Until my death," says the girl with slow distinctness, laying her head against the gray sleeve of his coat.

A great wave of color—born of emotion and love that is stronger than the grave—sweeps over his face. He stoops and lays his lips on hers. When he is gone Monica turns suddenly upon Miss Priscilla.

"Do not say a word to me!" she cries feverishly. "I could not bear it—now. I may have done wrong, but I am not sorry for it. I love him. That should explain everything to you; it means all to me! Nothing can alter that! And I will have nothing said—nothing; and——"

"Nothing shall be said, dear child," says Miss Penelope gently. "Everything shall be as you wish with regard to us. Can you not trust us to spare you where we can?"

"I am ungrateful. I must go and think it all out," says Monica stonily, pressing her hands against her head. She turns away. A little cry breaks from Miss Priscilla.

"Oh, not without kissing us too, Monica!" she says in a broken voice, holding out her arms to her niece. Monica throws herself into them.

* * * * * * * * *

Long and eager is the discussion that follows on the girl's disappearance.

The two Misses Blake, side by side, argue (with what they erroneously term dispassionate calmness) the case just laid before them.

"I don't know what is to be done," says Miss Priscilla at length, "all I do know is, that for her sake, consent will be impossible."

"And what is to be said to him to-morrow? He looks so earnest, so—full of her. What is to be said to him?"

"So his uncle looked at her mother," says Miss Priscilla with terrible bitterness, "and what came of that? Is this young man to steal from us our best and dearest—as he did? Be firm, Penelope. For her sake crush this attachment before the fickleness that is in his blood asserts itself to break her heart."

"I fear it will be broken either way," says Miss Penelope who has ascot hankering after all true lovers.

"At least, her self-respect will be spared, and for that she will thank us later on. She must give him up!"

"Priscilla," says Miss Penelope in a low tone, "suppose she refuses to do it?"

"When I have fully explained the matter to her she will withdraw her refusal," says Miss Priscilla very grandly, but her expression is not up to her tone in any way. It is, indeed, depressed and uncertain.

"He struck me as being a very attractive young man," ventures Miss Penelope absently.

"Humph!" says Miss Priscilla.

"And—but that would be impossible in one of his name—a very lovable young man," says Miss Penelope timidly.

"Hah!" says Miss Priscilla. This ejaculation is not meant for surprise or acquiescence, but is merely a war-like snort.

"And very loving, too," says Miss Penelope dreamily. "I never saw such eyes in my life! And he never took them off her."

"Penelope," says Miss Priscilla with sudden and awful amount of vehemence as literally makes Miss Penelope jump, "I am ashamed of you. Whatever we—that is" (slightly confused) "you may think about that young man, please keep it to yourself, and, at least, never let me hear you speak of a Desmond in admiring terms."

So saying, she stalks from the room, and drives down to the village to execute a commission that has been hanging over her for a fortnight and which she chooses to-day to fulfil, if only to prove to the outer world that she is in no wise upset by the afternoon excitement.

Yet in a very short time she returns from her drive and with a countenance so disturbed that Miss Penelope's heart is filled with fresh dismay.

"What is it?" she says following Miss Priscilla into her own room. "You have heard something further; you have seen—"

"Yes, I have seen him—young Desmond," says Miss Priscilla with an air of much agitation. "It was just outside the village, on my way home; and he was carrying a little hurt child in his arms, and he was hushing it so tenderly; and—the little one was looking up in his face—and he kissed it—and—— Why isn't he a bad, wicked young man?" cries Miss Priscilla in a frenzy of despair, bursting into tears.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the morning, a certain amount of constraint prevails with every one. Kit is, of course, aware of all that has happened and of the day's expected visitor for Monica, who has refused to come down to breakfast and who is as unsettled and miserable as she well can be. Kit has espoused her cause *con amore*, and is (I need hardly say) ready for open war at a moment's notice. She has, indeed, arranged a plan of action that will bring her on the battle-field at a critical moment to deliver a speech culled from some old novels in her room and meant to reduce both her aunts to annihilation.

When breakfast is over she disappears to study her part afresh, and the Misses Blake, too, separate and go to their own rooms with an air of careful unconcern that would not have imposed upon a one-year babe.

When again they re-appear, they seem desirous of avoiding each other's glances, whereupon it occurs suddenly to everybody that they have both put on their very best silk gowns and lace caps and have, in fact, got themselves up with elaborate care to receive—a Desmond! No wonder they are ashamed of themselves!

Still keeping up the outward symptoms of supreme indifference, they seat themselves in the drawing-room, Miss Penelope attacking her knitting with tremulous vigor, whilst Miss Priscilla gets apparently lost in the pages of "Temple Bar." Monica, sliding in presently like a small ghost in her clinging white gown, slips into a seat in the window that overlooks the avenue, and hides herself and her pretty, anxious face behind the lace curtains.

An hour drags away with aggravating slowness, and then the sound of wheels upon the gravel makes Monica's heart beat almost to suffocation. The two Misses Blake, suddenly forgetful of their *role* of unconcern, start from their seats and go to the window where Monica now is standing. A brougham and pair of horses drive up to the door and a young man, opening the door, springs to the ground. It is Desmond.

"To come here in a close carriage!" says Miss Priscilla with much contempt. "Is he afraid of catching cold, I wonder? I never heard of such foppery in my life."

"He is not a fop," says Monica indignantly, and then she catches sight of her lover's face and something in it awakes in her a prescience of coming evil.

Then the drawing-room door is thrown open with rather unceremonious haste, and the young man, entering, goes straight to where Miss Priscilla is standing, merely taking and holding Monica's hand as he reaches her, but addressing to her neither word nor look. He seems greatly agitated and altogether unlike the man who stood here yesterday and almost defied them. His face is very pale and full of honest grief and indignation.

"My uncle is at death's door," he says in a voice that quivers with rage and excitement. "Coming home late last night he was shot at by some ruffians from behind the blackthorn hedge on the Coole road. He wants you, Miss Blake," (to Priscilla) "he asking for you. You will not refuse to come to a man who may be dying, for all we know! I have brought the carriage for you, and I implore you not to delay, but to come to him at once."

Miss Priscilla has sunk into a chair and is quite colorless. Miss Penelope clasps her hands.

"Oh, poor George!" she says involuntarily, almost unconsciously. His present danger has killed remembrance of all the angry years that stand between to-day and the time when last she called him by his Christian name.

"When did it happen? How?" asks Monica tightening her fingers round his and trembling visibly.

"About ten o'clock last evening. Both Kelly and I were with him, and a groom. Two shots were fired. Kelly and I jumped off the dog-cart and gave chase and succeeded in securing one of them. There were four altogether, I think. We did not know my uncle was wounded when we ran after them, but when we came back we found Murray, the groom, holding him in his arms. He was quite insensible. I left Kelly and Murray to guard our prisoner and drove my uncle home myself. He is very badly hurt. Miss Blake," turning again to Miss Priscilla, "you will come with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says Miss Priscilla faintly.

"And I shall go with you, my dear Priscilla," says Miss Penelope heroically. "Yes, you will want me. To find yourself face to face with him after all these years of estrangement and in so sad a state will be distressing. It is well I should be on the spot to lend you some support."

Miss Priscilla lays her hand on her arm.

"I think I shall go alone, Penelope," she says falteringly. For one moment Miss Penelope is a little surprised and then in another moment she is not surprised at all. But I believe in her heart she is a good deal disappointed. There is a flavor of romance and excitement about this expedition she would gladly have tasted.

"Well, perhaps it is better so," she says amiably. "I am glad he has sent for you. He will be easier for your forgiveness, though he cannot obtain hers, now. Come up-stairs. You should not keep Mr. Desmond waiting." There is a kindly light in her eyes as she glances at the young man. And then she takes Miss Priscilla away to her room and helps her carefully with her toilet, and accepts the situation as a matter of course, though in her secret soul she is filled with amazement at The Desmond's sending for Miss Priscilla even though lying at death's door.

(To be continued)

Good Deeds As News.

If any one imagines that good deeds worthy of mention do not get into the newspapers, it is an admission that badness attracts more attention than goodness; for there is scarcely a paper issued which does not publish some story of human virtue as well as of vice. Now it is the rescue of a child from under the heels of a runaway horse; now the salvation of a railroad train by engineer, fireman or vigilant watcher on the track; the rescue of a victim from a burning building; the erection or dedication of an edifice for the poor, the friendless, the afflicted. Day after day in the midst of a public calamity the newspapers publish long columns of names and figures with the amount of money contributed for the relief of suffering. Not a week passes in which a dozen incidents of bravery, of benevolence, of graciousness, of self-sacrifice are not chronicled and applauded in the newspapers. The newspaper delights in eulogizing the Peter Coopers, and Reuben Springers, and George Peabodys. It often gives columns of space to the discussions and proceedings of men who devote their time and money to prison reform, to State charities, to the care of the insane, to the healing of the sick. If any one is impressed, not with the "good column," but with the "good columns," of the newspapers, it is because he is too absorbed in reading an account of the last murder or the latest scandal.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Human Hornet in Kentucky.

Pine Knot, Ky., is described as follows in the gazetteer: "A hamlet of Whitely county, on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad; it has a church." Notwithstanding the prevalence of religious influences in Pine Knot, thus indicated, Mr. John King, a resident of the place, has been running amuck the like of which seldom has happened outside of the Malay Archipelago. A special despatch from Louisville says that Mr. King, upon paying a social visit to Greenwood, a considerable mining village in Pulaski county, on the line of the same railroad, turned himself into a human hornet and proceeded to clean out the whole town with a pistol and bowie knife, after which he took and held possession of a railroad train and obliged it to transport him back to Pine Knot, where he celebrated his return home by killing the conductor. At the last accounts the remaining people of both counties whom he had not disabled were hunting for him with shotguns.

Rubinstein is said to have made 63,000 francs clear gain with his seven historical concerts in Paris. His rooms were besieged from morning until night. Poor Russian students begging for help, and never in vain; others for permission to be heard, and he in his unselfish generosity was sacrificed. A young composer asked his opinion on a last composition, "Funeral March on the Death of Mendelssohn." "It is not bad, but it were better for the composer had he died, and Mendelssohn composed the march," is Rubinstein's criticism.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Failure of Peach Growing.

An intelligent peach-grower gives the following as the chief causes of failure: A wet soil and subsoil, excessive richness of the land, allowing the trees to overbear, and neglected cultivation. To which should be added, a climate where the fruit buds are often, or generally killed by the cold of winter, and which is only remedied by selection of proper locality. This is often accomplished by choosing sites near unfreezing water, or by selecting hills instead of frosty valleys; but a wet or water-soaked soil even on an elevated site may be more unfavorable. A good natural drainage is important.

Summer Care of Work Horses.

The grooming—as it is called—of horses, is quite as important as the feeding, and in summer time when the teams are worked hard it is indispensable to their welfare. When a horse is working, the excretion from the skin is profuse, and pours from it in the form of perspiration. When this dries on the skin it leaves a quantity of impure matter adhering to it, which is apt to close the pores and prevent the escape of the perspiration. This produces disorder, in the form of congestion of the myriads of capillary vessels which form a close network near the surface of the body, and the excretion and secretions being stopped, the skin becomes harsh, dry, contracted and diseased. The impure matter—being unable to escape—gather in places and forms pimples, blotches or tumors, and, if it is not removed, there is danger of poisoning the blood, and, with the appearance of farcy and glanders, finally death. All this may be prevented by careful attention to the skin, by occasional washing, regular currying and brushing, and proper care to avoid galling by the rubbing of ill-fitting harness. As prevention is the best cure, it is well that owners of horses should exercise all possible precautions to avoid the frequent disorders which result from neglect in the direction pointed out, and thus save much annoyance and loss.

Sheep at Twelve Cents a Head.

The current quotations for sheep in New South Wales, according to the Sydney *Journal*, is 12c. In a most despondent mood it describes the deplorable condition of the sheep business in that colony. The trouble is not all due to neglect and want of skill, for all classes of farmers are suffering alike. The lack of rainfall appears to be the chief difficulty, coupled with the low price of wool. "It is not the first time," says the *Journal*, "that sheep have sold for twelve cents a head; but never before, in all the varied history of the colony, were sacrifices of the kind made under such depressing circumstances as exist at this time." The animals are poor, and their only value lies in their tallow, which goes to pay the cost of trying it out. If misery likes company, our sheep-owners ought to be able to derive a great deal of comfort and consolation from the sufferings of their fellow sheep-raisers in New South Wales. It surely looks as if competition from that quarter would not long exist in the markets of the world. Our sheep men have experienced no such discouragement as the *Journal* complains of. On the contrary, their business cannot justly be said to be much more depressed than other lines of farming, while the indications are that, if they do not lose their grip, but hold on patiently until the turn of the tide, more economical management, the coupling of mutton-growing with wool production, improvements in breeds, and reduced competition—not only from other quarters of the globe, but from many dropping the business at home—will bring them renewed prosperity in the future. We have not yet got down to the level of selling sheep at twelve cents a head, and are not likely to.

Thinning Fruit.

When planted in rich soil good thrifty fruits will nearly always overload themselves, and in order to secure the best, smoothest and largest fruit considerable thinning must be done, says the Michigan *Horticulturist*. This is especially the case with grapes and tree fruits. Choice apples, peaches, pears, quinces—in fact, the best of all kinds of fruits command the best prices and always sell. Oftimes the market becomes glutted with poor fruits, and the prices realized are really below what it costs to produce them, and some times they cannot be sold at any price, while at the same time the choicest and best are selling at a profitable price. Too many fall into the error of thinking that by thinning they lessen the quantity so much that they prefer to let the fruit remain. This is a mistake as well as to think that by thinning they lessen the profit on the fruit. When a tree is heavily loaded the fruit must necessarily be small, and this will lessen the quantity; then the fruit being small will sell for a less price, and you really lose rather than make by not thinning. Then in addition, when a tree or vine is allowed to overload and mature, the fruit is a strain upon the vitality of the tree, so much so that rest must be had, and the next year the tree will fail to bear. Whenever tried judiciously thinning fruit always pays, but it requires considerable courage when the trees are laden with young fruit to go over and pull off and throw away a considerable portion of the fruit. To one who has never tried it at first it would seem like a waste, yet it has been tested sufficiently to prove its value. The work, of course, should be done early, as soon after the fruit has set as possible. The longer the fruit grows after setting the more waste of vitality of the tree that should go to the other fruit that is left upon the tree to mature. Close crowding is what often makes ill-shaped fruit. If you have never been in the habit of thinning, try a few trees first to see the effect, and in a majority of cases you will conclude that it is beneficial.

Other Rural Jottings.

Where sheep are kept in filthy places they will become infested with maggots.

Rye land should be ploughed early, so as to allow the sod or stubble to decompose. If ploughed again before the rye is seeded the crop will be largely benefited thereby.

Keep carbolic acid always convenient for use. It is one of the best disinfectants, insect destroyers and vermin eradicators that can be used. A small quantity need only be applied at a time.

Keep the strawberry runners pinched off and manure well if you wish large berries next year. No grass or weeds must be allowed among them, and frequent cultivation should be bestowed.

G. W. Pressey, of Hammonton, N.S., has 300 ducks hatched in incubators and raised in brooders, some of which weigh four pounds each at eight weeks old.

The best mode of treating grapevines that do not grow is to cut them off near the ground and allow new shoots to spring up, which may be trained the same as new vines and which will be productive.

Unless butter be kept in a moist atmosphere the water of the brine will evaporate, leaving the salt on the outside. Any good butter, says Mr. Alvord, will show this dry salt if exposed long enough in very dry air.

The oftener the grass is cut the greater the injury done the weeds, which are thus prevented from seeding. If the grass is frequently cut, however, fertilizers should be applied or the grass will exhaust the soil.

An authority states that the last fourth of the milk from the cow should be saved in a separate vessel, as this portion of the milk is so rich in cream that it pays to churn it all, and thereby save the labor of skimming.

A well-known horticulturist in relation to trapping certain moths, advises as follows: "Take shallow pans or saucers and place some strong apple vinegar in them and fasten among the branches of the trees. The odor of the vinegar attracts the moth and they are caught and drowned at the same time."

The best ground for a peach orchard is a light sandy soil that has been planted for several years with general crops. Do not plant on ground rich enough to produce onions, peas, spinach or lettuce, for trees will be liable to make a late autumnal growth and produce unripe wood that will be winter-killed.

After calves get so they will eat hay, give them what they will eat clean of this and about one quart of oats daily. Without the grain the hay will only keep them in store condition and worth little more at a year old than now. All the profit will come from the grain, and the farmer who sees this point will increase the grain feed all the animals will bear.

To water garden plants first stir up the soil well for an inch or so in depth, and then, after drawing the earth away from the plants so as to form a small basin about the roots, pour the water therein and replace the removed earth. This will prevent the formation of a crust while retaining the moisture about the roots, thus leaving the earth loose as ever.

The circulation of sap, says the New Hampshire *Mirror*, is like the circulation of the blood in the human body when the blood is first started from the stomach, where it is made. If this blood is stopped before it reaches the lungs the blood becomes poisoned and produce disease. So with the potato vine, which, if the sap be stopped, produces a disease called rust.

The black knot on plums is caused by a vegetable parasite. It develops from spores that are wafted about by the wind. The disease is therefore contagious, and if it attacks one tree the others may also be affected. The best remedy is to cut off the diseased branches and burn them, as nothing short of fire will answer. The ground should also be sprinkled with a solution of copperas.

The unreliability of chemical tests alone to determine the value of manure is strikingly illustrated by leather scraps, which by chemical analysis show a large percentage of ammonia, but all soil tests are found practically worthless. The ammonia which exists in the skin of the animal from which the leather is made is not discovered by tanning, but is offset by the astringent substances used with it.

Crocks of butter to be kept for several months, says the *United States Dairyman*, should never be placed upon the cellar bottom. This causes two degrees of temperature in the crock, which will be at the expense of the quality of the butter at the top. The crocks will keep their contents far better if placed at least a foot from the cellar bottom, upon a bench, and a thick woollen cloth thrown over it.

Happy is the apple-grower, says the *Farm Journal*, who has a few acres of naturally drained side soil, mellow and porous, and deep enough to permit the roots of his trees to go down out of reach of plough, or drought, or frost, and anchor themselves in the very depths of the earth. Such is not very easy to find, and particularly in large bodies, but whenever it is found, by all means give the apple a chance at it.

A Buckingham Palace Ball.

While the Queen was peacefully sleeping away the summer night among her loved Highlands, she was acting by a pleasant fiction as hostess at Buckingham Palace, where the lamps shone bright over fair women and brave men invited to the first State ball of the season. The scene was as brilliant and about as gay as such affairs usually are, which seem to bore rather than brighten those who attend them. The dancing at these State balls is especially inanimate; quadrilles and lancers are walked through with spiritless tread, and the strains of the most seductive waltz answered by aristocratic partners who express no more delight in their dull eyes than do dancing dolls on the stage of a puppet show. The expression of the joyousness and gayety natural to the dance, in these people is wonderful. Joyless and vacuous, they are merely lay figures for the display of glittering gauds. In one sense many of the women are overdressed; in another underdressed; the show of busts, backs, shoulders and arms being large, and in some cases edifying. In this category come the juggling charms of stout, elderly women, whom decency should have prompted to cover the painted, powdered and polished shoulder-blades from which all natural freshness and coloring have long faded. These point the moral of Shakspeare's lines. But there are also happily to be seen the better rounded flesh of more beautiful women, about whose necks and on whose bosoms priceless gems rise and fall in flashes of many colored light. The men for the most part are a sorry lot, all clothes and decorations and of an age out of place in a ball-room. Still, on the whole, they go to make up a sufficiently brilliant throng, and the spectacle presented by the assembled guests when the Prince and Princess enter the lighted saloon just before midnight surpasses even the polychromatic glories of the "Black Crook." The Princess wears usually mauve and silver, which especially becomes her beneath the glare of artificial light. She wears a very becoming curly false front surmounted by a tiara of diamonds: pearls and diamonds gleam and glitter about her neck, which is always carefully concealed, and on her bosom and arms. She looks as pretty as a picture, prettier than many pictures, and so young as to make it seem incredible she can be the mother of the uncomfortable girl at her elbow in white silk and tulle. There were very few Americans at the last ball; no new revelation of loveliness like Miss Chamberlain to secure the adoration of a season. The Prince of Wales is credited with having remarked, "Beauty is at a premium this season." He is in such matters the accepted authority.—*From a London Letter.*

An Astonished Chicago Policeman.

Two well-dressed ladies were rounding the cape of the Ashland block, when a banana peel that lay in ambush there brought one of them prone. The officer who came to her aid was startled nearly out of his boots when she said: "Pull my leg, will you, please? Pull my leg."

Affecting to misunderstand, he took the lady by the arm, with the remark, "Will you let me help you, madam?"

"No, don't! Pull my leg, I say! Pull my leg, can't you?"

The officer let the arm drop instantly. He was thunderstruck. He backed off and wiped great beads of perspiration from his reeking brow. At this moment the second lady came to her assistance. She seized one of the pedal extremities of her prostrated companion and gave it a vigorous pull. It was a cork leg. The fall had disarranged the knee adjustment, and a pull was needed to set it right.—*Chicago Mail.*

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

It is said that there are at present at the various German universities no fewer than 157 professors between the ages of 70 and 90. Of these 122 deliver their lectures as usual. The oldest is the veteran Elvenice, who is now in his 90th year.

A Pennsylvania geologist estimates the amount of coal in the Pittsburg region at 30,000,000,000 tons.

GREAT FOREST FIRES.

Immense Damage in Michigan and Wisconsin—A Hamlet Entirely Destroyed.

From Cadillac, Mich.: Fires in the woods are burning fiercely, and every one is fighting the flames. The greatest danger seems to be in and from the north, and the wind is blowing strong from that way. Herring, a small town north of here, is reported in great danger. The veneer and panel mill, a short distance from the town, is in immediate danger.

From East Tawas, Mich.: Forest fires are raging here. It is reported that large quantities of railroad ties are burning along the line of the Detroit, Bay City & Alpena Railroad. The crops are drying up.

From St. Ignace, Mich.: The forest fires have nearly burned themselves out after doing an immense amount of damage. The loss is placed at $75,000, besides damage to standing timber which cannot be estimated. No more damage is apprehended. All the crops in this region are parched for want of rain, and a great many fields look as though fire had run through them. It has been excessively hot and dry for two weeks, and the farmers are praying for rain.

From Spencer, Wis.: The entire hamlet of Romeo was burned this afternoon, including the saw mill, planing mill, five million feet of lumber, and the store, boarding house and dwelling of William Van Hosear; loss, $150,000. The woods are on fire, and further particulars cannot be obtained.

What the Hindu Lives On.

Human life is supported in India upon the barest minimum of necessaries; the village population feed upon the commonest grains, never eating animal food (which is contrary to their religion), and rarely tasting the finer grains, such as wheat and barley. The clothing worn is of the scantiest, and I was distressed to see many of the people in the Northwest Provinces shivering and half naked in weather so cold that I was glad to wear two topcoats. The houses are built of clay, and almost destitute of furniture, and I understand that a large portion of the population only eat one meal a day. Of course this in an eastern country does not signify what it does in Europe—life can be sustained on less food and less nutritious diet than in northern climes; the labor power of the Hindus is small; there is far less taken out of the human machine than in our laborious Western life; it consumes less and produces less; besides, the Asiatic has the power of digesting a greater quantity of food at one meal than is possible to Europeans; but, when due allowance is made for all this, it is not to be denied that the poverty of a great part of the people of India is extreme and more acute than what we witness in Europe. It may be said with truth of a great part of the rural population that it is never far removed from famine. A scanty harvest any year brings that calamity within measureable distance; a failure of crops means death to a large part of the population unless fed by Government.—*The Contemporary Review.*

The Richest Man in the World

Would be poor without health. The dying millionaire consumptive would exchange all he is worth for a new lease of life. He could have had it for a song had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" before the