New Words to Auld Lang Syne.

Come, bring the soul filled breaker now,
We'll drink to other years,
To friendships hallowed by "lang syne,"
And loves embalmed in tears.
To loves embalmed in tears, my friend,
Where only smiles once shone,
We'll drink the loves of other days
And call them "still our own."

We'll think upon the grass hid mounds
The silent, sacred spots
Where o'er the heads of cherished ones
Bloom blue "for-get-me-nots."
We'll drink to the dead and absent ones
To friends we used to know;
To many a hand that clasped our own
Beloved of long ago.

We know not which shall fall asleep
The first, whose call the first shall be,
Whether my tears for you shall fall,
Or you bend over me.
We only know that each can say
Here sleeps a heart truth called its own,
God keep it pure and happy still,
In sight of His white throne.

—*Lizzie Petit Cutler in Home Journal.*

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Somehow Nea went home not quite so happily that day; a dim consciousness that things were different, that it never rested papa to play with her, oppressed her childish brain; and that evening Nea moped in her splendid nursery, and would not be consoled by her toys or even her birds and kitten. Presently it came out with floods of tears that Nea wanted her father—wanted him very badly indeed.

"You must not be naughty, Miss Nea," returned nurse, severly, for she was rather out of patience with the child's pettishness; "Mr. Huntingdon has a lot of grand people to dine with him to-night. The carriages will be driving up by and by, and if you are good you shall go into one of the best bedrooms and look at them." But Nea was not to be pacified by this; the tears ended in a fit of perverse sulking that lasted until bedtime. Nea would neither look at the carriages nor the people; the ice and fruit that had been provided as a treat were pushed angrily away; Nea would not look at the dainties, she turned her flushed face aside and buried it in her pillow. "I want papa," she sobbed, as nurse pulled down the blind and left her.

That night, as Mr. Huntingdon crossed the corridor that led to his bedroom, he was startled by seeing what looked like a mass of blue and white draperies flung across his door, but as he lowered his candlestick he saw it was Nea lying fast asleep, with her head pillowed on her arms, and her dark hair half hiding her face.

"Good heavens! what can nurse be about!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice, s he lifted the child, and carried her back to her bed. Nea stirred drowsily as he moved her, and said, "Dear papa," and one warm arm crept about his neck, but she was soon fast asleep again. Somehow that childish caress haunted Mr. Huntingdon, and he thought once or twice how pretty she had looked. Nurse had assured him that the child must have crept out of bed in her sleep, but Mr. Huntingdon did not feel satisfied, and the next morning, as he was eating his breakfast, he sent for Nea.

She came to him willingly enough, and stood beside him.

"What were you doing, my dear, last night?" he asked kindly as he kissed her. "Did nurse tell you that I found you lying by my bedroom door, and that I carried you back to bed?"

"Yes, papa; but why did you not wake me? I tried not to go to sleep until you came, but I suppose I could not help it."

"But what were you doing?" he asked, in a puzzled tone; "don't you know. Nea, that it was very wrong for a little girl to be out of her bed at that time of night?" But as Mr. Huntingdon spoke he remembered again how sweet the childish face had looked, pillowed on the round dimpled arm.

"I was waiting to see you, papa," replied Nea with perfect frankness; "you are always too busy or too tired to come and see me, you know, and nurse is so cross, and so is Miss Sanderson; they will never let me come and find you; so when nurse came to take away the lamp I pretended to be asleep, and then I crept out of bed, and went to your door and tried to keep awake."

"Why did you want to see me, Nea?" asked her father, more and more puzzled; it never entered his head that his only child wanted him and longed for him.

"Oh," she said, looking up at him with innocent eyes that reminded him of her mother, "I always want you, papa, though not so badly as yesterday; Colonel Hambleton was playing with Nora and Janie, and Nora said her papa was never too busy to play with them, and that made me cry a little, for you never play with me, do you, papa? and you never look up when I am waving from the balcony, and nurse says you don't want to be worried with me, but that is not true, is it, papa?"

"No, no!" but his conscience pricked him as he patted her head and picked out a crimson peach for her. "There, run away, Nea, for I am really in a hurry; if you are a good girl you shall come down and sit with me while I have dinner, for I shall be alone to-night;" and Nea tripped away happily.

From that day people noticed a change in Mr. Huntingdon; he began to take interest in his child, without being demonstrative, for to his cold nature demonstration was impossible; he soon evinced a decided partiality for his daughter's society; and no wonder, as people said, for she was a most engaging little creature.

By and by she grew absolutely necessary to him, and they were never long apart. Strangers would pause to admire the pretty child on her cream-colored pony cantering beside the dark, handsome man. Nea always presided now at the breakfast-table; the dimpled hands would carry the cup of coffee round to her father's chair, and lay flowers beside his plate. When he was alone she sat beside him as he ate his dinner, and heard about the ships that were coming across the ocean laden with goodly freights. Nea grew into a beautiful girl presently, and then a new ambition awoke in Mr. Huntingdon's breast. Nea was his only child—with such beauty, talents and wealth, she would be a match for an earl's son; his heart swelled with pride as he looked at her; he began to cherish dreams of her future that would have amazed Nea. A certain young nobleman had lately made their acquaintance, a handsome simple young fellow, with a very moderate allowance of brains; indeed, in his heart Mr. Huntingdon knew that Lord Bertie Gower was merely a feather-brained boy with a weak, vacillating will that had already brought him into trouble.

Mr. Huntingdon was thinking about Lord Bertie Gower as he rode away that spring morning, while Nea waved to him from the balcony; he had looked up at her and smiled, but as he turned away his thoughts were very busy. Yes, Lord Bertie was a fool, he knew that—perhaps he would not own as much to any one else, certainly not if Lord Bertie became his son-in-law—but he was well-bred and had plenty of good-nature, and——. Well, young men were all alike, they would have their fling, and he was hardly the man to cast a stone at them. Then he was a good-looking fellow, and girls liked him; and if Nea laughed at him, and said that he was stupid, he could soon convince her that there was no need for her husband to be clever—she was clever enough for both; he would like to see the man, with the exception of himself, who could bend Nea's will. The girl took after him in that she had not inherited her mother's soft yielding nature—poor Susan, who had loved him so well.

Lord Bertie needed a strong hand; as his son-in-law, Mr. Huntingdon thought that he could keep him in order. The boy was certainly in love with Nea. He must come to an understanding with him. True, he was only a second son; but his brother, Lord Leveson, was still a bachelor, and rather shaky in his health. The family were not as a rule long-lived; they were constitutionally and morally weak; and the old Earl had already had a touch of paralysis. Yes, Mr. Huntingdon thought it would do; and there was Groombridge Hall for sale, he thought he would buy that; it should be his wedding gift—part of the rich dowry that she would bring to her husband.

Mr. Huntingdon planned it all as he rode down to the city that morning, and it never entered his mind what Nea would say to his choice. His child belonged to him. She was part of himself. Hitherto his will had been hers. True, he had denied her nothing; he had never demanded even a trifling sacrifice from her; there was no fear that she would cross his will if he told her seriously that he had set his heart on this marriage; and he felt no pity for the motherless young creature, who in her beauty and innocence appealed so strongly to his protection. In his strange nature love was only another form of pride; his egotism made him incapable of unselfish tenderness

Nea little knew of the thoughts that filled her father's mind as she watched him fondly until both horse and rider had disappeared.

It was one of those days in the early year when the spring seems to rush upon the world as though suddenly new born, when there is all at once a delicious whisper and rustle of leaves, and the sunshine permeates everything; when the earth wakes up fresh, green, and laden with dews; and soft breezes, fragrant with the promise of summer, come stealing into the open windows. Nea looked like the embodiment of spring as she stood there in her white gown. Below her was the cool green garden of the square where she had played as a child, with the long morning shadows lying on the grass; around her were the twitterings of the house-martins and the cheeping of sparrows under the eaves; from the distance came the perfumy breath of violets.

Such days make the blood course tumultuously through the veins of youth, when with the birds and all the live young things that sport in the sunshine, they feel that mere existence is a joy and a source of endless gratitude.

"Who so happy as I?" thought Nea, as she tripped through the great empty rooms of Belgrave House, with her hands full of golden primroses; "how delicious it is only to be alive on such a morning."

Alas for that happy spring-tide, for the jovousness and glory of her youth. Little did Nea guess as she flitted, like a white butterfly, from one flower vase to another, that her spring-tide was already over, and that the cloud that was to obscure her life was dawning slowly in the east.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAURICE TRAFFORD.

I have no reason than a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Shakspeare.

Before noon there was terror and confusion in Belgrave House. Nea, flitting like a humming-bird from flower to flower, was suddenly startled by the sound of heavy jolting foot-steps on the stairs, and, coming out on the corridor, she saw strange men carrying the insensible figure of her father to his room. She uttered a shrill cry and sprang towards them, but a gentleman who was following them put her gently aside, and telling her that he was a doctor, and that he would come to her presently, quietly closed the door.

Nea, sitting on the stairs and weeping passionately, heard from a sympathising bystander the little there was to tell.

Mr. Huntingdon had met with an accident in one of the crowded city lanes. His horse had shied at some passing object and had thrown him—here Nea uttered a low cry—but that was not all.

His horse had flung him at the feet of a very Juggernaut, a mighty waggon piled with wool bales nearly as high as a house. One of the leaders had backed on his haunches at the unexpected obstacle; but the other, a foolish young horse, reared, and in another moment would certainly have trodden out the brains of the insensible man, had not a youth—a mere boy—suddenly rushed from the crowded footpath and threw himself full against the terrified animal, so for one brief instant retarding the movement of the huge waggon while Mr. Huntingdon was dragged aside.

It had all happened in a moment; the next moment the horses were plunging and rearing, with the driver swearing at them, and the young man had sunk on a truck white as death, and faint from the pain of his sprained arm and shoulder.

"Who is he?" cried Nea, impetuously, "what have they done with him?"

He was in the library, the butler informed her. The doctor had promised to dress his shoulder after he had attended to Mr. Huntingdon. No, his mistress need not go down, Wilson went on; it was only Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks. Only a junior clerk! Nea flashed an indignant look as Wilson spoke. What if he were the city-messenger; her father should make his fortune, and she would go and thank him. But there was no time for this, for the same grave-looking doctor who had closed her father's door against her was now standing on the threshold; and Nea forgot everything in her gratitude and joy as he told her that, though severely injured, Mr. Huntingdon was in no danger, and with quiet and rest, and good nursing, he would soon be himself again. It would all depend on her, he added, looking at the agitated girl in a fatherly manner; and he bade her dry her eyes and look as cheerful as she could, that she might not disturb Mr. Huntingdon. Nea obeyed him; she choked down her sobs resolutely, and with a strange paleness on her young face, stole into the darkened room and stood beside him.

"Well, Nea," observed her father, huskily, as she took his hand and kissed it; "I have had a narrow escape; another instant aud it would have been all over with me. Is Wilson there?"

"Yes, papa," answered Nea, still holding his hand to her cheek, as she knelt beside him; and the gray-haired butler stepped up to the bed.

"Wilson, let Stephenson know that he is to get rid of Gypsy at once. She has been a bad bargain to me, and this trick of hers might have cost me my life."

"You are not going to sell Gypsy, papa," exclaimed the girl, forgetting the doctor's injunctions in her dismay; "not your own beautiful Gypsy?"

"I never allow people or animals to offend me twice, Nea. It is not the first time Gypsy has played this trick on me. Let Stephenson see to it at once. I will not keep her. Tell him to let Uxbridge see her, he admired her last week; he likes spirit and will not mind a high figure, and he knows her pedigree."

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson.

"By the by," continued Mr. Huntingdon, feebly, "some one told me just now about a youth who had done me a good turn in the matter. Did you hear his name, Wilson?"

"Yes, papa," interrupted Nea, eagerly; "it was Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks, and he is downstairs in the library, waiting for the doctor to dress his shoulder."

Nea would have said more, for her heart was full of gratitude to the heroic young stranger; but her father held up his hand deprecatingly, and she noticed that his face was very pale.

"That will do, my dear. You speak too fast, and my poor head is still painful and confused;" and as Nea looked distressed at her thoughtlessness, he continued, kindly, "Never mind, Dr. Ainslie says I shall be all right soon—he is going to send me a nurse. Trafford, you say; that must be Maurice Trafford, a mere junior. Let me see, what did Dobson say about him?" and Mr. Huntingdon lay and pondered with that hard set face of his, until he had mastered the facts that had escaped his memory.

"Ah, yes, the youngest clerk but one in the office; a curate's son from Birmingham, an orphan—no mother—and drawing a salary of seventy pounds a year. Dobson told me about him; a nice, gentlemanly lad; works well—he seems to have taken a fancy to him. He is an old fool is Dobson, and full of vagaries, but a thoroughly good man of business. He said Trafford was a fellow to be trusted, and would make a good clerk by and by. Humph, a rise will not hurt him. One cannot give a diamond ring to a boy like that. I will tell Dobson to-morrow to raise Trafford's salary to a hundred a year."

"Papa," burst from Nea's lips as she overheard this muttered soliloquy, but, as she remembered the doctor's advice, she prudently remained quiet; but if any one could have read her thoughts at that moment, could have known the oppression of gratitude in the heart of the agitated girl toward the stranger who had just saved her father from a horrible death, and whose presence of mind and self-forgetfulness were to be repaid by the paltry sum of thirty pounds a year! "Papa," she exclaimed, and then in her forbearance kept quiet.

"Ah, Nea, are you there still?" observed her father in some surprise; "I do not want to keep you a prisoner, my child. Wilson can sit by me while I sleep, for I must not be disturbed after I have taken the composing draught Dr. Ainslie ordered. Go out for a drive and amuse yourself; and, wait a moment, Nea, perhaps you had better say a civil word or two to young Trafford, and see if Mrs. Thorpe has attended to him. He shall hear from me officially to-morrow; yes," muttered Mr. Huntingdon as his daughter left the room, "a hundred a year is an ample allowance for a junior, more than that would be ill-advised and lead to presumption."

Maurice Trafford was in the library trying to forget the pain of his injured arm, which was beginning to revenge itself for that moment's terrible strain.

The afternoon's shadows lay on the garden of the square, the children were playing under the acacia trees, the house-martins still circled and wavered in the sunlight.

Through the open window came the soft spring breezes and the distant hum of young voices; within was warmth, silence, and the perfume of violets.

Maurice closed his drowsy eyes with a delicious sense of luxurious forgetfulness, and then opened them with a start; for some one had gently called him by his name, and for a moment he thought it was still his dream, for standing at the foot of the couch was a girl as beautiful as any vision, who held out her hand to him, and said in the sweetest voice he had ever heard:

"Mr. Trafford, you have saved my father's life. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

Maurice was almost dizzy as he stood up and looked at the girl's earnest face and eyes brimming over with tears, and the sunlight and the violets and the children's voices seemed all confused; and as he took her offered hand a strange shyness kept him silent.

"I have heard all about it," she went on. "I know, while others stood by too terrified to move, you risked your own life to protect my father—that you stood between him and death while they dragged him out from the horses' feet. It was noble—heroic;" and here Nea clasped her hands, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Poor impetuous child; these were hardly the cold words of civility that her pompous father had dictated, and were to supplement the thirty pounds per annum, "officially delivered." Surely, as she looked at the young man in his shabby coat, she must have remembered that it was only Maurice Trafford, the junior clerk—the drudge of a mercantile house.

Nea owned afterwards that she had forgotten everything; in after years she confessed that Maurice's grave young face came upon her like a revelation.

She had admirers by the score—the handsome weak-minded Lord Bertie among them—but never had she seen such a face as Maurice Trafford's, the poor curate's son.

Maurice's pale face flushed up under the girl's enthusiastic praise, but he answered very quietly:

"I did very little, Miss Huntingdon; any one could have done as much. How could I stand by and see your father's danger, and not go to his help?" and then, as the intolerable pain in his arm brought back the faintness, he asked her permission to reseat himself. "He would go home," he said, wearily, "and then he need trouble no one."

Nea's heart was full of pity for him. She could not bear the thought of his going back to his lonely lodgings, with no one to take care of him, but there was no help for it. So Mrs. Thorpe was summoned with her remedies, and the carriage was ordered. When it came round Maurice looked up in his young hostess's face with his honest grey eyes and frank smile and said good-bye. And the smile and the grey eyes, and the touch of the thin boyish hand, were never to pass out of Nea's memory from that day.

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The shadows grew longer and longer in the gardens of the square, the house-martins twitted merrily about their nests, the flower girls sat on the area steps with their baskets of roses and jonquils, when Mr. Huntingdon laid aside his invalid habits and took up his old life again, far too soon, as the doctors said who attended him. His system had received a severer shock than they had first imagined, and they recommended Baden-Baden and perfect rest for some months.

But as well might they have spoken to the summer leaves that were swirling down the garden paths, as move Mr. Huntingdon from his usual routine. He only smiled incredulously, said that he felt perfectly well, and rode off every morning eastward on the new grey mare that had replaced Gypsy.

And Nea flitted about the room among her birds and flowers, and wondered sometimes if she should ever see Maurice Trafford again. While Maurice, on his side, drudged patiently on, very happy and satisfied with his sudden rise, and dreaming foolish youthful dreams, and both of them were ignorant, poor children, that the wheel of destiny was revolving a second time to bring them nearer together.

(To be continued.)

Heavy Damages for Slander.

A peculiar slander case has just been tried at Pictou, N.S. The plaintiff, Mrs. Jas. Brown, of New Glasgow, claimed $10,000 damages from R. S. McCurdy, of the same town, for words imputing to her looseness of character, spoken by the defendant under the following circumstances: One Leindberg, an artist, some months ago requested permission of the defendant to place a picture of Mrs. Brown on exhibition in his store window. Shortly after a fellow-citizen, Fraser, informed the defendant that the picture was that of a woman of sullied reputation. McCurdy at once removed the picture and when the artist called for an explanation expressed his opinion of the plaintiff's character in vigorous terms. For using this language the action was brought. The plaintiff is a decidedly pretty blonde, and her manner and appearance as she detailed the history of her happy married life were calculated to make a favorable impression on the jury. She related the insults to which she had been subjected after the reports got abroad through the newspapers. Pointed at and laughed at on the streets of New Glasgow, made the victim of unsought and offensive attentions on the train and the recipient of tickets to the theatres from unknown admirers, it was evident she had suffered in consequence. The defence was denial, and that the communication was made in good faith and privileged. After being out a short time the jury brought in a verdict giving the plaintiff $4,000 damages.

The Reporters' Revenge.

The public do not know how much public speeches are "touched up" by the reporters. Even the most accomplished speaker, through excitement or want of words, or because of interruptions, occasionally loses the sequence of his argument, and repeats himself or breaks off before his sentence is completed. When the reporter writes out his report he is expected to "make sense" of it. One of our local aldermen got out of favor with the reporters by complaining that he had never said the things placed to his credit or discredit. We had no right, he maintained, to comment on his speeches when we only gave garbled instead of *verbatim* reports of them. So the reporters, who had put themselves to some trouble to translate his disjointed remarks into intelligible English, agreed to report him *verbatim* next time. He never wanted another *verbatim* report, and it cannot be pleasant to him to know that many of his friends preserve that one.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Man Shoots His Wife.

David Robb, of No. 63 Pearl street, Toronto, was drinking hard on Saturday, and being jealously inclined began to abuse his wife. He picked up a 32-calibre revolver and threatened to shoot, and his wife fled through the back door to the woodshed. He kept his word and took a flying shot at her, sending a bullet crashing through her right forearm. He then sought the refining influences of a saloon close by to drown his murderous passions in the flowing bowl. Dr. Cook was called and extracted the bullet from Mrs. Robb's arm. The would-be murderer was arrested.

Some of Tiffin's sweetest girls were taking a tour through the new Court House, with Celia Forbing, a Kenton belle, in tow. Just like one of those daring Kenton girls, Celia stepped up to the marriage record and bluffed any young man present to take out the papers and make her his'n. Ed. Homan walked up and accepted the challenge. Notice of it was published in the papers, and it is said the young couple drove over to Fostoria to get spliced in the evening.—*Marion (O.) Mirror.*

Shad have nearly forsaken the Connecticut River.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Hints for Readers in the Country.

It is now conceded that ensilage is the cheapest cattle food that can be produced on the farm.

Fruit growers say that raspberries grown for evaporating can be much more easily gathered by knocking the fruit off.

A great many weeds can be used, when just coming up, as greens, such as poke, lamb's quarter and dandelion; but it is better to grow mustard and kale instead, and plough under all weeds.

Experiments in the west show that one of the best crosses of horses is the Percheron stallion and thoroughbred mare, the produce combining the large size of the sire with the activity and endurance of the dam.

If the fruit coming to market were first assorted in some manner the prices obtained would be larger. It is better not to pick the small fruit than to mix the berries. Quantity does not pay as well as quality and attractive appearance.

Pick out your breeders, says the *Farm Journal*, the pigs with long bodies, broad backs and deep, round hams, Select a breed which has hair on it. A good coat of hair counts on a hog as well as any animal. It is a protection in summer and in winter.

In twenty days the eggs of one hen would exceed the weight of her body. So of any bird. Yet the whole of that mass of albumen is drawn directly from her blood. If stinted in food, of course, it would limit the number as well as the size of the eggs.

Good butter cows will make a pound of butter to every 14 to 18 pounds of milk. "General purpose cows" want from 22 to 31 pounds, and some cows would require 50 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter. Average dairies require somewhere about 25 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter.

After shearing ticks will emigrate from the shorn sheep to the lamb; then is the time to drive the ticks out of the flocks. Watch the lambs, says *Farm and Home*, and when the ticks have colonized them dip in tobacco water. Twelve to fifteen pounds refuse tobacco boiled in a gallon or two of water, then diluted to make one barrel, will do for 100 lambs.

Josiah Hooper thinks that if farmers were aware of the value of the cutting back process on their newly set trees we should hear of fewer failures and see better-shaped specimens. Peach trees a year from the bud should have the side branches headed back to short spurs and the leader severely shortened; there would then be a fine growth of young wood, and also a good root development.

If we wish to form in our cow the habit of quantity and continuity in milking we must between the first and second calvings exercise the utmost care to see that she is not only provided with the food to give the largest flow of best milk but that the milking tendency is at this period fostered and encouraged by every reasonably available means. At this time in the life of the cow is this tendency fixed.—*Rural Canadian.*

To cure diarrhœa in fowls, take new milk, say half a cup for each fowl, heat an iron poker, or any suitable piece of iron, red hot and scorch the milk with it; give as warm as the fowl can stand it. It is a sure cure for looseness in calves, colts or humans, and will check looseness in fowls. Give it to fowls with a spoon; let it run down the roof of the mouth, so that it will not get in the windpipe.

It is stated by the *North British Agriculturist* that in a gallon of skim milk there is nearly a pound of solid food, almost chemically similar to the lean of meat. This is the flesh of the milk, and there is no reason why it should not be eaten as a food, just as meat is eaten, with the addition of any kind of pure foreign fat; but, being mingled with a liquid, the people are unable to appreciate it, and rarely perceive the fact that it is a food at all.

Give the breed sows the run of a clover field all through the summer if possible. It is less stimulating than any dry winter food, and will keep them in health with far less fever than any other food we have ever tried. The pigs, moreover, will soon learn to pick at it and eventually make it their staple food, giving them growth, health, frame and size, and fit them for the purposes of life, be that breeding or fattening, better than anything else.—*Rural World*

If the field be heavily covered with tall weeds, and there be no other crop growing thereon, broadcast ten bushels of lime over the weeds and plow them under, before they seed, as a green manurial crop. Allow them to remain a month, then harrow in two bushels of rye per acre, and plow the rye under when it is three feet high, turning it down with a chain, and next spring the land will be excellent for corn.

In their native hills it is said that the Cheviot sheep are excelled by none. They are as large as the Cotswolds, while the mutton is considered better and the fleece finer and closer. On good pasture the fleece grows finer and sells for a higher price than when the animals are fed on coarse grass. Of course the mutton is affected to a considerable extent by the quality of the food, but if they can get the same sort of feed as in their native home their meat will be equally excellent.

A writer in the *American Rural Home* thus describes how he avoided potato bugs: "In planting potatoes I dropped a handful of unleached ashes upon each hill after spatting the ground with the hoe, believing it would be disagreeable to the bugs when they made their first appearance, which is the best time to fight them, as the first ones that come do not feed upon the vines, the slugs from the eggs being the real depredators. As a result I have found and killed five beetles, when before I numbered thousands upon the same ground."

M. Mouly has submitted to official investigation his system of heating buildings, by which he is enabled to transport heat, with hardly any loss, to distances up to 300 or 400 yards. The inventor completely isolates his pipes by means of air jackets. The pipes can be laid underground or overhead. At the entrance of the central pipe a jet of steam is placed, which, acting as an injector, forces in air, and heats the latter at the same time. The air drawn in is obtained from the first jacket, and thus is elevated in temperature before it comes in contact with the steam. By this means great economy in fuel is obtained.