Our Vicar.

Ah, how shall we proclaim his worth,
His virtues how unfeld?
Of tender thoughts there is no dearth,
But written words are cold.

Nor gold, nor gems, nor purple fine
Hath fallen to his share,
Yet doth he own by right divine
Treasures to us more fair.

A meek and holy spirit set
A modest shrine within,
And eloquence whose pleading yet
Ne'er failed our hearts to win.

A mantle of humility
That's never cast aside,
A heart where truth and dignity
And charity abide.

A soul in which a constant flame
Of love for men burned clear,
In whose pure light a selfish aim
Ignoble must appear.

These gifts in perfect union blent
Have cast a wondrous spell
And many hearts to-day are rent
With grief too deep to tell.

But in their voicelessdepths will sleep
One germ as strong as death
A memory that will freshness keep
While love has life and breath.

The Hero of Stoney Creek.

The land of my song boasts no palaces olden—
No castles enchanted, no giants, no elves,
But meadows and orchards and harvest fields golden,
And men with the skill to take care of themselves;
A land of broad lake and of deep rolling river,
Of mountain and valley and vine-covered strand,
Of cities that share in the trade of the nations,
And villages smiling all over the land.
The hill of my song is no mythical mountain
Of loadstone or magic where diamonds distil;
And the rill of my song is no fabulous fountain,
But a real stony creek that is Stoney Creek still.
My theme is the deed of a bold Stoney Creekan,
In the year eighteen-thirteen, the fifth day of June,
When he bought the whole army of Winder and Chandler
With a peck of green peas and a well whistled tune.

Tom Jones was a Yankee and true to the British
At Tyconderago when troubles were nigh;
His neighbors turned traitor and prayed Independence,
A spread-eagle saint born the Fourth of July.
And often when Tom was at work in his garden
He bore with their jeers till his anger would glow,
And he'd dash at a thistle as though 'twere a traitor,
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.
When Britain gave up, and the U. E. L. heroes
Were rudely compelled from their homes to depart,
Tom sought Stoney Creek, then a forest unbroken,
A Yankee by birth, but a Briton at heart.

The years passed away like a dream of the morning,
Farm houses were built and the forests were cleared,
And far through the wide-spreading, beautiful valley,
White harvest fields, meadows and orchard appeared.
The glad Stoney Creek leaping down from the mountain
Sang peace as it babbled o'er ledges and shelves;
The people were healthy and humble and happy,
Loved God and their neighbors as much as themselves.
And often when Tom was at work in his garden,
And quietly musing on years long ago,
He'd smilingly christen a thistle a traitor,
And snap off its head with a stroke of his hoe.

In June eighteen thirteen strange tumult an rattle
Came up on the breeze from the valley below;
Like a war horse that scents from the distance a battle,
Tom started, stopped, listened, then threw down his hoe.
In a half-hour after Tom Jones with a basket,
Half full of green peas, as on business intent,
Was whistling the spread eagle tune, "Yankee Doodle,"
And standing in front of the general's tent.
Tom's whistle was charming—the tune and the whistle
Had found him free passage right into the camp;
The peas were presented to Chandler and Wender;
Tom's object accomplished, he "reckoned he'd tramp."

To hie to his meadow and catch his mare, Betty,
Was the work of a very few minutes at most;
Tom knew that at Hamilton Harvey was stationed—
The minutes were precious, and not to be lost.
He leaped to Bet's back without saddle or bridle
But knew something weighty was moving his mind,
And galloped away through the mud and the mire,
As if the Old Harry was riding behind.
A tavern looked tempting but Tom dare not tarry;
But half turned aside, then all foaming sped on;
And the sun was just slipping behind the far mountain
As Tom galloped into the camp of Sir John.
The tale was soon told, and the drums were soon beating,
The army soon marching with Tom at its head;
And long before morning the Yankees were captured—
A score or two wounded—a score or two dead.

Tom Jones won a name that will not be forgotten—
Be peace to his memory, rest to his bones!
Sir John won a field, losing hardly a soldier;
Stoney Creek won a hero—his name was Tom Jones.

Better Late Than Never.

In 1873 a man named Wilson, who lives in Oshawa, was robbed of a gold watch and $4 in cash and the thief was never detected. On Tuesday Mr. Wilson received a package by express from the State of Indiana, and upon opening it he found the watch along with a cheque for the money stolen, together with interest from the date of the robbery.

Nautical and Genealogical.

Snipkins—His pedigree is as long as a yard arm.

Snifkins—Yes, I've heard his grandfather was hanged at sea.

The late Dr. Austin Flint, Professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the State medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced kidney disease (or Bright's): "Fatal termination is many times due to pericarditis (heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breathing, dropsy." The foregoing are but symptoms of diseases. That being the case there is nothing absurd in the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that they prevent apoplexy and cure heart disease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Because it removes the cause of disease, and when the cause is removed the symptom called a disease is cured.

Gipsy Smith is the name of an evangelist who is conducting a great revival in Cincinnati. He is said to possess as much power as Sam Jones without any of Sam Jones' slang. A few years ago Smith was a leader of the Romanys.

"Yaas, I know you-ah name. You-ah fathah was one of my gwandfathah's keepers." "Indeed. I never heard that my father looked after the monkeys."

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

It was curious how rational, alive, coherent she had become. Her face was flushed, her large eyes were feverishly bright, her whole being seemed strung and stirred. She was herself and yet not herself. Her mind was no longer clouded and oppressed, and yet it was not sane nor healthy. Not the living log—the organized statue—she was more like an incarnate flame, self-consuming and self-destroying. Yet none of the dear people around her—all loving her as they did, but all inexperienced in the phases of her malady—feared the consequences of this sudden reaction. On the contrary, they rejoiced in her renewed lucidity, and even Lady Elizabeth did not read the signs aright.

"But why am I in bed, Liese?" she asked. "I am quite well. Let me get up. Let me go out. I am well. Why am I kept here?"

"You shall get up, darling," said her friend. "It is better for you."

Lady Elizabeth did not remind her that it was by her own wilful refusal to rise and dress that she was here to-day, as now for some days past. She was too glad to see the signs of improvement, as she read them, to argue about responsibilities. So Estelle's new wish was gratified, and she dressed and came into the sitting-room before Anthony had got rid of the traces of his journey and had refreshed himself as Englishmen do.

All that day Estelle was in the same state—vivid, alert, feverish—insane. But with the preternatural cunning of insanity she concealed her state with the skill of a finished actress, and no one but an expert would have seen her real condition behind her assumed brightness and responsiveness. Her eyes, however, would have betrayed her to those who could read them. Unsteady, quick, suspicious, watchful, they had in them all the well-known distrust and slyness of her state, and belied the more favorable symptoms of her lucid speech. Hers only in shape and color, they had not a trace of their former expression. They were the eyes of a maniac, with just so much conscious intelligence as enabled her to feign for better concealment. She startled Anthony, and more than startled him, by saying suddenly, abruptly, with nothing to lead up to it:

"When I left Thrift I went to Mary Crosby's, and hid there for years, I think. She is Mrs. Latimer's daughter, and gave us money. They were cheating us at home, and bribed me to keep the secret."

Then she laughed, in a mindless, foolish way, with a note of maliciousness in the discord.

Nothing that she could have said would have so disturbed her hearers as this apparent cynicism. How changed she was to be able to make this shameless confession!

"How long were you there?" asked Anthony, turning away his eyes.

She glanced at him furtively, and a look of suspicion came over her face.

"I do not remember," she said, shortly, and for some time after this relapsed into silence and would not speak.

So the day wore on, and nightfall came. Anthony had not been able to speak to Lady Elizabeth apart, and Caleb had wandered away into the hills, like one whose work was done. He was no longer wanted; and he felt himself an obstacle, an encumbrance, where so lately he had been the guardian and preserver. But Estelle evidently missed him, and looked round the room and to the door more than once, not saying what she wanted, but showing that she was uneasy about something. When he returned toward evening she looked pleased, but did not speak, and Lady Elizabeth—Anthony notwithstanding—said kindly, to give him pleasure, the poor omadhaun, "We have missed you, Mr. Stagg, and so has our dear invalid."

"I am glad that I am not only a nuisance, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, blushing to the tips of his ears. "I thought I might be in the way, and so just took myself off that you might be shot of me."

"We owe you too much ever to find you a nuisance or in the way," she replied, with great kindness. "Why, what should we have done without you?"

"I am main glad," said Caleb; and even Anthony had to recognize the dog-like and unselfish devotion which lifted the miner's son out of the category of men of whom to be jealous, and put him into that of sexless saints. When the night had fully come and the activities of the day were over, Estelle got up and went over to Lady Elizabeth.

"I am tired, Liese," she said abruptly. "I am going to bed."

"Very well, dear, I will go with you," was the answer. "We do not leave her," she said, turning to Anthony. "Either I or the maid is always with her."

"I will watch by her to-night," said Anthony, in his authoritative way.

Estelle clutched at Lady Elizabeth's dress like a child.

"No, Liese," she said.

"Perhaps—" began Lady Elizabeth.

"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more was to be said. It was his will, and he had the right—was he not her master by the law? His heart was heavy as lead, and his hopes had died down almost as soon as they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple had proved its bitterness. The light of his life was quenched; the woman he had loved and still loved—the woman whom he would have taken back in the face of the world—was but a living death, whose heart was in the grave of another. Nevertheless he would watch by her to-night—tenderly as a mother by the cradle of her first-born—carefully as a miser guarding his treasure—mournfully as one who watches the dead. And when to-morrow came he would decide on his plans. In any case, these included an immediate return to England and the advice of experts. He would not believe that her state was irremediable. By judicious treatment her mental health and moral sanity would be restored, and years of happiness were yet before him. If the neighbors looked coldly on her, he would leave Thrift and go where their sad story was not known. She should never be reminded of her fault. It had been grave and damnable, but she had not been to blame. She had been weak, not wicked; that scoundrel who, fortunately for himself, had died before vengeance had overtaken him, was the only one to blame. So he sat and thought, watching her pale impassive face for hours into the night, when, overpowered by the heat of the silent night, by the fatigue of travel, and the exhaustion consequent on his own emotions, his head sunk on the bed beside her own, and he fell heavily asleep.

Then Estelle opened her eyes and looked at him, first with a shudder and then a smile. She slid her hands in among her coils of hair, which she dragged from their fastenings as she took from among them a small phial, which she uncorked.

"They shall not separate us, Charlie!" she said softly to herself, her eyes strained up to the ceiling of the room while she drank the contents of that little bottle to the last drop. She was smiling, and her face had a rapt ecstatic look, for there, visible to her eyes, she saw the face of the one she loved, beautified, glorified, freed from all trace of suffering and disease, looking at her with love, while his hands were held out as if to receive her. Then, still smiling, her eyes still fixed, a change came over her. Her heart ceased to beat, her blood ceased to flow; what visions or what thoughts possessed her no man could know, for the thing we call the life had gone, and she lay on the bed motionless and dead.

When Anthony awoke he found her stiff and cold. Her eyes were still opened wide and lips were parted with a smile. Her curling hair fell over the pillow and her arms like a cloud, and in her white hand, with the long taper fingers still crossed, was hidden a little bottle drained to the last drop and smelling of bitter almonds. By this she had secured the swift passage she desired and had meditated; and by this she had passed from the night of her bondage to the glad day of her release.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNMASKED.

Mary Crosby, for the most part ready for any emergency, was rather at the end of her resources. Mrs. Latimer had been inconsiderate enough to have an attack of congestion of the lungs, which necessitated careful examination by the doctor, threatened fatal consequences, and made it absolutely necessary for one who was only a servant to adopt an above-board and straightforward kind of behavior. A nurse was insisted on by the medical man, and Mary was ordered to communicate her state to Mrs. Latimer's natural belongings. When he was told the old lady's reputed age the doctor gave the chronicler the direct lie, and docked off 20 years at a blow.

"She was no more past eighty than he was,' he said, scornfully, wondering what was at the back of the fraud, and angry that such a cheat should have been sought to be played off on him, but most of all indignant that he should have been taken for a fool. What did it mean? Why should this woman of 60 odd, and vigorous for her age, seek to make herself 20 years older? and why should the hands of one presumably a lady show signs of hard work and rough usage? A mystery was behind these appearances, and he went to Mr. Trotter for such insight as he ought to give. As the clergyman who had so frequently paid his offical visits and administered godly consolation, he might have some clew. But Mr. Trotter was a student whose books had given him lore, not knowledge, and he was of no use as a detective adjutant. Nevertheless, he was brought to a proper state of doubt and suspicion, and Mary knew that the net was closing round her. Not to send word to the Clanricardes was to confess to the packed cards and loaded dice of her game. To have them here—even that foolish George—was to be discovered as sure as fate. But the doctor insisted, the clergyman exhorted, the nurse refused the responsibility; and, like the general stir which sent the pig over the stile, and the old woman to her supper, when the dog began to worry the cat, and the cat began to eat the rat, the pressure of events was too strong for the obstructing sentinel, and the Clanricardes had to be communicated with. The letter was sent just at the time when Mrs. Clanricarde, her toilette finally completed, was preparing to go over to Mentone, but was hindered by the news of Estelle's sudden death—which she wept over as heart-breaking and characterized as inconvenient. So that, when she found that old Mrs. Latimer was dangerously ill, the sense of hope and relief which it brought went far to mitigate her sorrow by reducing the weight of its inconvenience.

"You must go at once, George," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her husband, speaking in her sharp, peremptory way.

"And you, my Louise?" he asked, amiably, turning his other cheek as was his wont.

At first she answered No, she would not go. There was no necessity for it. She disliked the act of travelling, and there was nothing to be got by this journey. If Mrs. Latimer died—she died, and they would come in for the money; but then she reflected that perhaps the servant might lay pilfering hands on unconsidered trifles, which that foolish George would never see, and which it needed a woman of perspicacity to discover. So she suddenly resolved on going too, and she made her husband understand how great the effort was and how direful she felt the necessity to be, all owing to his ingrained stupidity. To which he answered, rather dryly: "What a pity your mother blundered, my Louise! She spoiled the making of a man in you."

"Yes," said Louise, as dryly. "A better man than I have found in you."

"To my sorrow," said George.

"To something more than sorrow with me," was her reply, in her high-pitched, French voice, with its accent of complaint and irritated inflection.

When they arrived at the house they were met by Mary Crosby, who opened the door to them and ushered them into the front drawing-room. Duels are none the less deadly when conducted with courtesy; and this was Mary Crosby's thought if put into different words. Hence she paid these two enemies—greater enemies than they themselves yet knew—the most flattering court, and at a bound won that foolish George's heart, and established herself therein as a really good and superior person. Mrs. Clanricarde was more cautious. She could read far better than could her husband; and the hidden nature of this resolute, hard-visaged woman, with the square jaw, compressed lips, searching eyes, and general hardness of demeanor, was scarcely in accord with her soft words and boundless attentions; and being in this disaccord, her cares awakened more suspicion than gave pleasure.

Questioned about Mrs. Latimer, she had the melancholy intelligence to give of imminent danger and extreme debility. When she said this she put up her apron to her eyes and shed genuine tears, while Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde looked at each other, and not even that soft-hearted George could find words of condolence on the spur of the moment. They came after consideration. But really even he thought that an old creature, long past 80, who had been standing for the last 10 years in the shoes which he wanted to wear, and which were rightfully his, had had long enough innings, and that the time had come when she ought to retire. He murmured, however, something that sounded like pity and condolence; but Mary caught the pretence in his voice and noted the silence of Mrs. Clanricarde, and wondered, in a rapid kind of way, whether she could escape detection if she were to put arsenic in their tea and throw them off the scent forever—that scent which was now so burning!

"Has Mrs. Latimer left a will?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, ma'am," Mary answered; "she has never talked much to me about her affairs."

"Where are the bronzes and old china my cousin collected?" then inquired Mr. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, sir," was the glib reply. "When we left London Mrs. Latimer had them all packed up and sent away. I know nothing more of them."

"Are they warehoused or at the bank?" asked George.

That I really can't say, sir," answered Mary,

"But you were her confidential servant," said Mrs. Clanricarde, sharply.

"A servant is never really in the confidence of her mistress," answered Mary, demurely. "Ladies like Mrs. Latimer tell us little things, but not great ones, and I know no more of my lady's affairs than you do. And not so much," she added, without a blush.

"It is very odd," then said Mrs. Clanricarde, more and more uneasy and suspicious, seeing in this absence of costly art treasures the first act of denudation. "I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps she has left some notice—some instruction," said Mary. "She had a lot of papers, I know."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"In a box upstairs," said Mary.

So there were—old love letters, and business papers relating to the early lives of the dead and gone Latimers, but of aught that should be of use or prove a clew in the present condition of things not a trace. Not even a check-book nor a banker's book shed light on receipts, savings, or expenditure, and when things came to be looked into, of the last quarter's annuity not more than five pounds were left for current expenses. But Mary's house-keeping expenses were plain and correct to the last farthing, and each week tallied with the amount set down with scrupulous fidelity, as, "Received from Mrs. Latimer, £2," or "£2 10s.," sometimes "£3," and for a long time as much as "£5," or even more.

"Why is this so high?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde, when she glanced over the book.

"Mrs. Latimer had two young friends," said Mary, with consummate self-possession. "They came and stayed here for a couple of months or more."

"Who were they?" was the next question.

Mary hesitated for a moment; then she suddenly decided on her line of action. She had never been quite sure what she should do if this question came to be put to her—whether she should boldly confess, and so, as it were, bribe the father and mother to silence, or gloss it over into an insignificant visit of indifferent people. She did not know that Estelle was dead, and Mrs. Clanricarde's mourning might mean any one besides a daughter. Acting, then, on half knowledge, she made a bold move, and said, quietly, "Mr. Charles Osborne, ma'am, and young Mrs. Harford."

"Infamous wretch! and you say that to me, her mother, to my face!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, rising and facing the woman standing there calm, a little sneering malicious and triumphant.

"I could not let them starve," said Mary, tossing up her head. "They had no money, and Mrs. Latimer took them in out of pure compassion. If their own deserted them, and left them on the streets, Mrs. Latimer was too kind to do so too. That was how the money went, Mrs. Clanricarde; and more to the back of the weekly bills, I can tell you! Those two nearly ruined my poor mistress, and took, to my knowledge, every halfpenny she had saved. And she had saved something that would have come in handy now with all these expenses about."

"Wretches!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, strongly agitated. "I shall give you in charge of the police, Mary. You shall be put in prison as sure as you are alive."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mary; "and let the whole story come out in open court. I am willing, I am sure. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and if you, a mother, choose to bring the story forward, I'll not back out of it. But I'd warn you to think twice before you do. It's an ugly story at the best."

"Leave the room, you wretch! you sinful and abominable woman!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde; and Mary, saying, as her parting shot, "And this is the gratitude of the quality!" beat a speedy retreat, glad to be relieved from the heckling she had undergone. As she went out of the room she met the doctor and the nurse coming down the stairs.

"It is all over!" they said. "The poor lady has gone."

Mary gave a sharp cry.

"I should have so liked to see her again!" she said, passionately weeping. "She was always a good mistress to me! I should have liked to see her once more."

"Too late now," said the doctor; and "She is in heaven," added the nurse.

"She deserved it, if any one ever did," said Mary, sobbing; and the doctor, with a half-smile in his eyes, went into the room to inform Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde, the nearest of kin, and the deceased lady's heirs, of the demise of their relation, who passed for over 80, and was certainly 15 years younger, and whose hands bore the traces of hard work and rough usage.

Then said Mrs. Clanricarde, enlightened as by a sudden revelation, "George, we have been robbed! Call the police. This woman was not Mrs. Latimer, and Mary Crosby is the thief!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AT BAY.

The game was up, but Mary stood her ground. "You may do your worst," she said, defiantly, when she was haled before the authorities assembled in the drawing-room; "and your worst will not do you much good."

As yet the police had not been sent for until Mr. Harford had been summoned home.

"Now that mother has gone, I care nothing about any of you," said Mary, slightly snapping her fingers. "I kept her warm and comfortable for her lifetime, and I can do my 7 years, or even 10, if need be, now I am by myself."

"You are a shameless wretch!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, almost tearful from anger.

"Shameless yourself!" retorted Mary, flinging back the words like a bullet. "Me and mother didn't sell a poor young lady for money to a man she cared for no more than a sack of potatoes. We didn't make a fine young gentleman dead when he wasn't, and bring a heap of misery and misfortune to every one all round."

"Silence, woman!" thundered Anthony, his face as dark as a demon's.

"No, Mr. Harford, sir," said Mary; "it is no time now for silence. You and yours have got to hear the truth. If I have to fight for my life I'll fight all I know, as anybody would who'd got it to do. I am sorry to hurt you; but you'll have to be hurt."

"What excuse can you make, you wretched creature, you thief, for cheating us out of the money that belonged to us all these years!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, still almost beside herself from the morified rage of one who has been balked and dispossessed.

"What excuse? A sight better than you can give for your selling of your daughter," said Mary. "We kept Master Charlie for years, did we; and we kept Mr. Harford's wife for nigh a year. It was we as paid for everything—their food here, Mrs. Harford's very boots and under-linen, and for their expenses out there. We kept them, I say, and did better with the money than any one of you would, I reckon."

"That does not make it less a theft, Mary," said George Clanricarde, mildy.

Some one had to speak, and it seemed his turn.

"That may be, sir," said Mary, a little less insolently; "but it makes a difference how you use the money. We lived poorly, did mother and me, and all we saved we gave to Master Charlie to let him marry Miss Estelle; or to Mrs. Harford when she ran away."

This was not true, but it served its purpose as well as if it had been. That good fat sum at last taken out of the mattress and invested in Consols, the bonds whereof deposited in the county bank, under the name of Molly Dance, could have told a different story had any one known it.

"How dare you speak of Mrs. Harford!" said Anthony, in white heat. "Mrs. Harford dependent on you!"

"Truth is truth, sir," Mary answered, sullenly. "Your good lady had no one else to see her through her trouble, and we did, mother and me. I don't think we deserve ballyragging from any of you for that same," she added, with a false air of whimpering. "She came to us, poor young lady, in her trouble. What were we to do? Turn her out into the streets, or take care of her? Mother and me talked it over, but we thought it would be a treacherous sort of thing to do to turn her back, when she trusted us. So we kept her secret, and no one was the wiser. It's not every one would have done so much, though I says it as shouldn't."

"No," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a virtuous scoff. "It is not every honest woman that would have harbored a runaway wife and her paramour."

"They did kindly," said that foolish George, his restless eyes full of tears.

"They did damnably," said Anthony, warmly.

"And you would have had us betray Master Charlie Osborne, who was like my own?" fired up Mary. "You would have us send for you, and let you do with that poor young gentleman what you would, and treat that poor young lady like a Tory? No, Mr. Harford, sir, I know my duty to God and my neighbors better than that; and I hope I shall always be done by as I have done to others."

"Your duty to God!" flamed out Anthony. "Your duty to the devil, you mean."

There was silence. If Mary's eloquence had not reached the hearts of her hearers, the father's emotion had at least shamed the mother to quiescence, and Anthony's large words had removed from his bosom some of his own perilous stuff. For all his momentary excitement against the woman who had harbored his wife in her sin, he was substantially softened to the deed. Remembering what he had felt in the early days, he knew that Mary and her mother had kept him from committing a crime and had saved two lives—if but for more prolonged suffering. He felt, morever, that all this dirty linen had best be washed at home. To give Mary into custody and to have her committed for trial would be to flood the world with scandalous details, at once ridiculous and nauseous. It would be better to compound the felony and let her go free.

For all that he was a magistrate, and so far bound to obey the law he administered, Anthony's American experience had made him more individual than social; and he was so *mafioso* to the extent of liking to settle his own affairs with his own right hand, rather than have them settled for him by judge and jury and afterward analyzed by the press.

His difficulty at the present moment was not to let Mary see that he was inclined to her deliverance for fear of the world's talk and for the instinct of self-preservation, but to wrap up the truth in an opaque envelope of part gratitude for the care taken of his erring wife, part consideration for the woman herself, *qua* woman, and so recently afflicted. It was not possible for him to show the truth. How often, indeed, can any of us?

Mary was the first to break the silence. As astute as she was insolent, she saw the situation clearly enough, and she would let them know that she saw it.

(To be Continued).

According to Peter Henderson, ordinary stable manure is yet almost exclusively used by the market gardeners of Hudson County, N.J., and that at the rate of seventy-five tons to the acre. Very little phosphate or other concentrated manures are used on lands continually under tillage.