

# A LUCKY MISTAKE.

"Tom," said my father to me, one cold November afternoon, as we stood in the flag-paved hill of our old-fashioned farm-house, "you'd better put the little bay mare in the dog-cart and go into Worthington for that saddle. I clean forgot to call for it yesterday, and as I want you to go out with the hounds on Saturday, you won't have another chance of getting it."

This said my stalwart, weather-redened, gray-haired old sire, as he put on his rough hat and took his thick walking-stick from the stand preparatory to going about the farm. It was about 3 o'clock, and dinner was just over; for the time of which I speak was twenty years ago, and the farmer had not then learnt to live according to the laws of a fashion unsuited to his income and occupation, or to ape the style and expenditure of his landlord. My father was an old-fashioned yeoman, who tilled the land which his great-grandfather had tilled before him, and even had he lived in these days, when men of his type are rare, he would have kept to the old-fashioned ways.

I was nothing loth to act upon the parent's suggestion, although it meant a long drive in the biting cold, and although the return journey would have to be done in the dark, or with very indifferent moonlight. We were utterly isolated at the Mistletoe farm, for we were seven miles from Worthington, our nearest town, and ten miles in the opposite direction from the nearest railway station. My father farmed nearly five hundred acres, some of the land—especially that lying toward Worthington—being very poor stuff, and only fit for sheep. There was not even a village near, the laborers lived in cottages scattered over the estate, and in the depth of winter, when there was snow, or when the floods were out, we were often a week at a time and never saw a soul besides ourselves and our employes.

But we always had a good bit of horseflesh in the stable; as, indeed, was absolutely necessary, when our only means of communication with the outer world was the road, and when the distances were so great and the roads so bad. The little bay mare that I was going to drive—Fly-by-night—was the name we afterwards gave her—was a young one of our own breeding, clever as a cat and docile as a dog. From her infancy she was my play-fellow; would come to me when I whistled to her, eat out of my hand or my pocket; and when the time came for backing her, there was nothing to be done. She had perfect confidence and trust in us all, and especially in me; the cat by the fireside could not be more gentle or more easy to control. If only people would learn that a horse can, by kind treatment and constant association, be made as tame and affectionate as a household pet, there would be fewer broken bones from back jumpers and run-aways.

She was a world too good for harness, I thought to myself, as I led her out of the stable and proceeded to put her to the old-fashioned, square dog cart, which turned up behind, and looked like a mail-cart—barring the color, which was a dingy gray. The little mare was my hunter when the hounds were within reach and my father would let me go; and she carried me as gamely, even after twenty miles of harness the day before as if she was one of the squire's cracks, and went out only once a week.

As we trotted quietly down the drive, my father put his head over the hedge and called to me:

"Maybe the saddle won't be finished," he said, his red face glowing with the cold, his eyes glancing critically at the mare. "If so, you can put up at the Angel and have your tea; but don't be later than you can help. Have you got your watch on you?"

"Yes," I said, wondering at the question. "You'd better give it to me," said my father, stretching his arm over the hedge. "I heard yesterday, at the ordinary, there was a gentleman stopped Monday night on the road. You haven't got too much money on you, I suppose?"

"No danger," said I with a laugh, as I put my watch and chain into my father's big, brown hand. "They won't get much out of me if they try it on."

And off we went, turned into a high road, and sped at a quick trot through the gathering twilight in the direction of Worthington.

It was dark when we reached the outskirts of the little town, and the lights, not very brilliant if tried by modern standards, sparkled cheerfully enough in the windows. Past the blacksmith's forge, with the great bellows roaring and the sparks flying from the glowing chandlers; past the butcher's, with a goodly display of our best beef; past the grocer's, where the half-dozen children, who were flattening their noses against the panes turned to look at us, and so, clattering over the uneven cobbles of the pavement, to the saddler's shop. The proprietor himself, a staid and portly person, conscious of the importance which attaches to his position in a country town, came out and nodded a greeting.

"A cold night, Mr. Tom," says he, with a shiver, as the wind took his apron. "I'm not quite ready for you. Your father didn't come in yesterday, so I thought you would not want the saddle till next week."

"I want it for Saturday," said I, leaning sideways out of the trap. "The hounds are at the copple, and the little mare and I are going. Can't you do it for me if I put up?"

The saddler thought for a moment.

"Ay, I can do that," he said at length. "Will you call in between 8 and 9 and it shall be ready for you."

I agreed, shook up the mare, and a few yards further down, turned in through the narrow gateway of the Angel into the dim, deserted inn-yard. From a single, half-open doorway came a stream of light. A figure issued forth in answer to my summons.

"Good evening, Mr. Tom," said this person, approaching and patting the mare's neck.

"Hallo, Jack! is that you?" said I, as I drew the reins through my fingers and alighted, recognizing, as I did so, Mr. Jack Plover, to whom was intrusted the important duty of conveying the Queen's mail-bags from Worthington to the railway town.

"You'll have to wrap up warm to-night."

"Ay! bitter cold, that it is," answered Jack, undoing the traces. "But lawless nee I'm used to it. If only I'd got as good a thing between my shafts as you have here, I'd think nothing of a seventeen-mile drive, I do assure you, sir."

"Your old pony isn't to be despised,

either," said I, holding up the shaft while Jack drew the mare out. "A new pair of forelegs and sound bellows would improve him, but except for that—"

"Well, he isn't quite Newmarket or Doncaster, I do confess," said Jack, leading the mare in through the open doorway and putting her in a vacant stall. "But he's good enough for his work. I start early and we take it easy. You won't have the collar off, sir?"

"No," I said. "I am off again in an hour or so. Will you have a drink, Jack?"

We crossed the yard, passed through a swing door, and found ourselves in the warm cheerful bar, where the bright light made us wink after the darkness outside, and the huge fire sent a leaping, ruddy glare on the red curtains, and a reflection that danced merrily on the trim rows of bottles and glasses. The barmaid, buxom and fresh-colored, smiled a welcome, and rewarded my compliments on her pink ribbons and the roses in her cheeks by "Go along with you," and a couple of glasses of steaming whisky and water.

There was only one other occupant of the bar, a stranger to me. He was a man apparently verging on forty, buttoned up in a shabby great-coat, and with his hat slouched over his eyes so that his features were hard to be discerned. To the salutation which I gave him on entering, he made no reply, but with arms folded, gazed fixedly on the floor.

"My service, sir," says Jack, raising his tumbler to his lips and taking off the contents at a draught. "That's the stuff to keep the cold out. Although this is a bit too early. I ought to have waited until 8 o'clock, just before I started."

"You can have another then, if you like," said I, with a laugh.

"Nay, sir," remonstrated Jack. "I didn't mean that. Is the clock right miss?" he inquired of the barmaid. "Then I must be going about my work," he added, receiving an answer in the affirmative. "Good night, sir, and thank you kindly."

And Jack Plover, who was a sporting-looking figure with his queen's livery and clean-shaven face, touched his hat politely and passed through the swing door.

The man with the slouched hat looked up as he left, and, addressing nobody in particular, inquired in a harsh, rough voice, with a queer burr in it:

"What time does the post go out here?"

"At 8 o'clock," replied the barmaid, looking at her interrogator with no particular favor.

"That is the driver of the mail cart who has just left."

"So I judged," replied the man, rising, and putting some money on the table. "Is that right? Good-night to you."

And with a heavy, slouching gait, he strode to the door and was gone.

After tea in the half-lit coffee-room and a pipe in the bar, with the barmaid to tell me the gossip, I started at about half-past 8, called at the saddler's, put my saddle under the seat, and set out for home. As we passed the blacksmith's forge at the end of the street there was a pony being shod, and Mr. Jack Plover, in a big great-coat, was looking on at the process.

"Cast a shoe, Mr. Tom, and had to turn back," he called out as I passed by.

Out into the country, looking doubly black and dismal by contrast with the cheerful light and warmth that we were leaving behind; with the slanting rain driving full in one's face, so that it dazzled the sight; with gray piles of clouds hurrying overhead; with a veil of mist and darkness blending hurdle and hedge-row, field and tree into a vague, indistinct, gray mass. The road is muddy, and, albeit the high-road, in bad condition; but the little mare has got her head homeward, and pulls her hardest toward a warm stable and well-stocked rack and the society of heavy Dobbin and his brethren. Not that my little hunter is to be permitted to pull herself to pieces through ruts and over ill-laid stones, for there is Saturday in prospect, and with the country in this state, we shall want the very last ounce. Now we are climbing a hill, and anon, we are on the top, and the rain and the wind beat savagely upon us and the prospect on either hand is dreary enough. Now steadily down the shuddering ground, with a tight rein and a careful lookout for loose stones; for this is deep descent, and one false step may take £20 off the little mare's value. The banks are high, at all events, so there is some shelter, and down at the bottom there are trees on either hand.

It was pitch dark in this hollow, but I let the mare out at the bottom of the hill and gave her her head. Suddenly, with a loud snort, she swerved violently, ran the wheel of the trap into a heap of wayside stones, put there to mend the road; and in a second we were over.

I went out, of course, and the driving-box, the saddle, and a debris of miscellaneous articles after me. I landed partly on my shoulder, partly on my head, and was up again in a moment, although a bit dazed. The moment I gained my feet I was seized by the collar, and a harsh voice exclaimed: "Not to me, but to someone else."

"Hold his head down—hold his head down!"

A dusky form sprang to the mare's head and kept her from attempting to rise. A third form knelt on the trap.

"By Jove!" exclaimed this last fellow in an angry tone, "we've got the wrong man!"

"What?" said he, who had hold of my collar. "Do you mean to say it isn't the—?"

With a volley of oaths, the other replied in the negative. The man who had hold of me released me and joined the other. They whispered together for a few seconds. Then the first one came back to me and said, with a fine pretense of indifference:

"Nasty accident, sir! But it might have been worse. It's lucky we were at hand to help you."

"I don't know about that," I replied, with no small acrimony, "for my horse shied at one of you. She never did it in her life before. You'll oblige me by helping to get her out."

In a twinkling we had the harness undone, and the mare, with a flounder and stagger, was on her feet, and shook herself in a disgusted fashion. The men said nothing, but obeyed my directions. Luckily nothing was broken; the mare had rubbed a little hair off her neck, as well as I could tell, but her knees were all right. In seven or eight minutes from the time we went over, so quickly did it all happen, I was in my seat again, ready to start.

My assailants, or assistants, whichever they were, made no opposition, and seemed

only anxious to get rid of me; they dispatched me without a word, and I was a mile on my road before I fully realized what had happened. As is always the case in an accident, I could only recall what took place immediately before and immediately after, and for that very reason the words uttered by the men were more vividly impressed on my memory. "What did they mean?" It flashed into my mind like a revelation. They had been misled by the shape of my trap; which, as I said, was square behind, and looked like a mail-cart, while the darkness was too great in their place of ambush for them to see the color. The time of my arrival was about that of the mail, had not Jack Plover been obliged to turn back; and the careful pace at which I had come down the hill accorded very well with the steady movements of Jack's nag.

And the voice? I had heard it somewhere lately—the man in the Angel bar, who asked, too, the time when the mail left. There was no doubt of the men's purpose.

How to prevent it? How to warn Jack in time? There was no road back but the one by which I had come, unless I made a detour of several miles. Neither was there a house near, whence to get assistance. I pulled up and thought it out. A bruise on my right arm suggested something. I had fallen on my left side, and this bruise was caused by the saddle tumbling after me. I made up my mind at once.

Turning in through the first gate I came to, I drove over the turf to a corner of the field where there was a group of trees. Here I took the mare out; put the trap under the elms, and turned the cushions; took off all the harness but the bridle, and saddled her. Luckily the bridle had no blinkers. I wound the long reins round and round my arm, mounted, and, thanking Providence for my knowledge of the country, rode at the nearest fence. There was a faint moonlight to help us, but it was terribly dark. My heart was in my mouth as we went at the fence, which was a big upstanding one, but I knew there was no ditch on the taking-off side, and I gave the little mare the word at the right moment. She jumped clean from under me, and landed me on the crupper. I never shall forget that leap! If there had been anyone to see it I could have sold her almost for her weight in gold.

We were half way across the next field before I had regained my seat properly, and then the mad exhilaration of the thing took possession of the both of us. There was a flight of hurdles next which we took in our strides. Then a bank and a close cropped hedge that stood up, black as Erebus, against the gray of the night; which we jumped as though it were twice its height. Then a flock of frightened sheep went scurrying away into the darkness.

It was all turf, and, for the first time, I blessed the poverty of the land that made it worthless to plough. A dozen fences negotiated in the same mad fashion brought us into a field that skirted the road; and here we were pounded. There was a big bull-finch into the road, with a deep drop. To go on, parallel with the road was impossible, for there was a made-up bank with a cropped hedge, full of stakes, and a deep drain as I knew, ran on either side. I rode up and down by the bull-finch in despair. Was all my trouble to be in vain?

At last I made up my mind, and rode, not too fast, at the great, towering, stragling hedge. I put my arm across my face, shut my eyes, into it we went, and out of it, with a scramble and a flounder, we came—separately. The bull-finch merely brushed me out of the saddle, and the mare and I dropped side by side into the road, both of us on our legs. Before I had time to remount, I heard the sound of approaching wheels, and a man whistling merrily.

"Pull up, Jack!" I called out.

Jack's whistle ceased, and a more astonished countenance I never beheld than the one which looked down from the mail-cart.

In half an hour the constable and I were seated very uncomfortably on the back of the mail-cart, and driving along as fast as Jack's pony could be induced to go. Our only fear was lest the fellows should have got tired of waiting, for it was quite an hour and a half later than the time when the mail should have passed them. Down the hill we went, our hearts thumping away with excitement, and to mention the difficulty of holding on, and Jack performing "My Pretty Jane" with exquisite variations.

Well, to cut my story short, we got one of them. The constable, in his eagerness, jumped down directly the first man had seized the horse's head, and the other two fellows made off. We got the right gentleman, though—the identical fellow who had been in the Angel bar, and whose voice I had recognized. He was tried at the assizes, and, two other convictions being proved against him, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

I went out with the hounds on Saturday, and my little mare was the heroine of the hour. The squire himself came up to me, and after complimenting us both on our achievement, said:

"What do you call her?"

"Well, squire," I replied, "we haven't given her a name yet."

"Call her Little Fly-by-night," said he. And that's how she got her name.

Everybody wonders why the French should be so bent on annexing Tonquin. They are not born merchants, as the English are, and will never transform Tonquin into a trading centre. They will simply import and sell cheap perfumery, and photographs, cosmetics, and hair oil in fancy bottles. There is no reason why the French should go there. It is true that in Maunouder's "Gazetteer" Tonquin is described as a nation of the Sines countries in the East for population, fertility, and trade; but as regards that, though they are dexterous, active, and ingenious, "they have more aptitude for imitation than invention." They live in houses built of mud, or "hurdles daubed over with clay." The country is 450 miles in length and 380 in breadth. The French possess the neighboring colony of Saigon, which cannot be considered an important commercial emporium. Most Orientals are born merchants; they are always bartering and bargaining. It needs, therefore, people akin to the nation of shopkeepers to compete with them. After follow by a long distance and at a still longer one the French.

## The Present Condition of Egypt.

Mr. Villiers Stuart, a member of the British House of Commons, was some time ago appointed by the Home Government to make a thorough and exhaustive inquiry into the social and political condition of Egypt. His report has recently been presented, by command of the Queen, to both Houses of Parliament. A careful perusal of the report enables one to judge more fully of the importance of the task which Mr. Stuart undertook and carried out so well. Having been a frequent visitor to Egypt and being an accomplished student of the history and literature of that ancient and interesting country, Mr. Stuart was well qualified to perform the duties which he assumed during his late tour of inspection through the Delta, the Nile and Upper Egypt. Already of the Nile and Upper Egypt. As already stated, he visited all the provinces of the Delta, from December, 1882, until March last, and examined 44 witnesses and groups of witnesses in 26 different villages and communes. He then returned to Upper Egypt, where he held 35 separate inquiries, and examined a great number of persons of all classes. His observations show that he has obtained a clear insight into the social condition of the people. The provincial inhabitants of the Delta, he informs us without hesitation, are favorable to the English, and are prepared to welcome reforms at their hands. That such reforms are urgently needed is manifest from facts which show how corrupt, venal, and oppressive is the system of local administration. The people wished success to Arabi, because he had promised to cancel the village debts, and to banish the usurers. The latter are

### THE MODERN PLAGUES OF EGYPT,

bringing in their train all the desolating effects of the plagues of old. The agricultural condition of the people contrasts favorably with that of the English farmer. If they had not their "gomben men" to fleaze them, they ought to be prosperous and contented. Cotton can be grown anywhere in the Delta, and is worth from £15 to £20 an acre, and the aftercrop of wheat, worth £5, can be grown in the same ground. In the following season the land would be cropped with green crops, eaten off by sheep and other live stock; then by the maize or durra, and then by wheat, the three crops within the year being worth from £12 to £14. Beans, lentils, and other leguminous crops are also grown. On an average the crops of the fellah are worth £16 a year, while the English farmer's best crop of wheat is only worth £12. The fellah's land tax, which is, in fact, his rent, is not more than £1 13s. an acre, while the English farmer's is from £2 to £2 10s., and he has very heavy taxes to pay besides. Irrigation is carried on from the Nile by waterwheels or steam power. A 10 horse power steam engine suffices for 100 acres for the season, and the farmers club together for one when they cannot afford to have one for a single farm. They hire them out also to their neighbors at from 16s. to £1 an acre for each watering. If they were not burdened with local debts they would improve their lands still more. They are paying a ruinous rate of interest, from 42 to 63 per cent. per annum, and even as exorbitant as from 100 to 120 per cent. per annum. It is suggested that the Government should make advances at a low rate of interest to pay off their debts. Every landowner up to 100 acres is liable to forced labor for the Government, for which no remuneration whatever is given, and the hardship of this is aggravated by the practice of sending the laborers to distant parts of the country. Mr. Stuart thinks that the land is well able to pay the land tax, but the fellahs complain of a tax on date palms and on sheep. An erroneous impression has prevailed that the taxation of Egypt was increased in order to support the extravagance of the late Khedive, but this is not correct. The present scale of taxation was established before the beginning of the reign. As to the administration of justice in the native courts, it is, he says,

### A "FIGURE OF SPEECH."

The decisions are sold to the highest bidder. The mixed tribunals of natives and foreigners are worse. They are made instrumental in perpetrating the grossest extortion and fraud. Natives who obtain consular appointments claim the privilege of having cases tried by these tribunals, and are thus enabled to make them the means of defrauding their neighbors. The Greeks are the greatest extortioners amongst foreigners. The punishments too are barbarous. The use of the "courbash"—a whip made of the hide of the hippopotamus—and of the stick has increased since the rebellion, and persons have been bastinadoed in order to make them confess matters of which they knew nothing. Venality and corruption are so universal that nothing but the strong hand of foreign intervention can eradicate the abuses. One of the effects of giving power to the mixed tribunals is that the law which enacted that a fellah could not be dispossessed of his land without his consent has been set aside, and now the Greeks and other money-lenders, who have accumulated a load of debt upon them by extortionate interest, have got hold of their lands and driven them out. This grievance was at the root of the discontent which helped to recruit Arabi's ranks. In Upper Egypt the population is pauperized to such an extent that they are unable to cultivate the land properly, and are living at the point of starvation. The consequence of one single low Nile would be a famine. Their condition contrasts with that of the thriving population of the Delta. Their destitution is owing, amongst other causes, to arbitrary confiscation of their lands during the late reign,

### MERCILESS RACK-RENTING,

forced labor, which withdraws the hands from their own lands, and the borrowing of money at extravagant interest. Mr. Stuart offers a series of practical suggestions to increase the productivity of the land, establish district banks, and reform the obvious abuses. In Upper Egypt, Arabi appealed to the fanaticism of the Mahometan population, but they are now undeceived as to his character, and proclaim him an impostor. The London Standard, in commenting upon this report, doubts whether Lord Dufferin's projects will ever be realized in Egypt, and still more whether they can possibly be successful. Indeed, it can hardly be seriously affirmed that Lord Dufferin leaves the reputation of the Ministry that sent him to Egypt any higher than it was before he went there, or that he has added to his own celebrity, save as a writer of despatches couched in the vein of the finest irony. We

are in Egypt as the representative of the factor of the enemies of the faith, and they have many material benefits to offer to reconcile them to our presence. We must use to assume sufficient responsibility to enable us to do the people any good, and we shall not be rendering ourselves odious. Yet, we must depart, what would happen? The British and his Egyptian Ottomans would follow us, and a second Arabi would follow in the steps of the first. It would be too explicitly stated, or too often repeated, that from the day when we drove the army out of Tel-el-Kehir and established Tewfik back to Cairo we have done nothing for the genuine settlement of the practical reorganization of Egypt. Troops are there, and ought to be there, no real use is being made of their presence. We are adding to the taxes of the people without preparing for them any real advantage in exchange.

### How a Panther Jumps over a Lion's Head.

While the African lion or tiger competes in strength, in agility, in power, there has no rival living. A gentleman of truth and candor said to me: "I was in Canada some years ago beyond the St. Lawrence, in November, against a pile of boards or lumber to be cut or freeze, as is customary. A cat (the Indian name in New England) was in the light to get a piece. In pulling the quarter of beef he upset the whole of lumber, which came down with a noise, and he made three tremendous leaps from the spot. I saw the tracks of a man did, and I believe, correctly, the first jump was up hill, thirty feet, horizontal, to a large rock, fifty-four feet the third, down hill, seventy-two feet. A leap of thirty feet perpendicular from the branch of a tree, or a forty-foot plunge from a fatal shot, and falling dead almost on the hunter's feet, have been repeated with veracity is not questioned, and after all possible allowance we must acknowledge there is not a creature living whose leaps compares with it."

The question then comes up, how is this superiority over other animals attained? The key to the above question was explained in the coiled wire spring. This spring pressed down on a base and liberated ahead further than any other form of spring is very simple. Every movement of substance must start from a base and be moved by an outside force. The coiled spring, when pressed down, becomes a coil of its entire length. When let loose, the coil turns jumps from its base, which is the second; the second adds its force to the first jumping from the third, and so on, until to the last, which adds its force to the whole coil is lying from the outside base. And this is precisely the case with a panther's leap. The forelegs and back muscles of the back straighten the spine of the spinal column from the hips, and the great posterior muscles through the Achilles tendon and over the longest spine in the animal economy, add the last motion to a body already shooting ahead in the fully illustrated in the menagerie was a keeper thrusts his stick across the eyes and orders Felis to jump over it. The head and shoulders rise and gracefully curve over the stick, beginning to descend on the opposite side when the last impulse is given to the hind feet, and the body, its gently as rose, seeming without weight, consecrates the disturbance of a leaf.

### TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

#### A WOMAN'S SENSITIVE POINT.

What a blessing to a household is a cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose talk of human infirmities does not sour in the sunshine of popularity. Such a woman in the darkest hour brightens the house like a little piece of sunlight. The magnetism of her smile and the clerical brightness of her looks and her pleasant, albeit every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved, and her husband greets the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people weary him, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself: "My home I shall find rest."

#### YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

No young lady should be willing to take widely responsibilities or obligations. She is fully capable of taking charge of a household. Some sensible person has said that household occupations are in themselves intellectual and moral exercise of no mean importance, after which any lady has surplus time for books and the arts.

We fully endorse the sentiment, and the improvement in our female occupations many of which boast a wholesome degree of domestic economy.

In the marriage outfit of the eldest daughter, how many a mother has been forced to the sacrifice of her own personal ease and comfort in giving up her old dress and her cook to relieve the young mistress of a burden of embarrassment and trouble that would otherwise fall upon her untrained shoulders! But even with this administrative auxiliary (now almost obsolete since the extinction of slavery), there will be opposed minor cares, duties and anxieties requiring a sacrifice of time and ease that the young may not be willing at all times to yield to murmuring.

Be she ever so happily endowed with an enviable faculty of taking things lightly and patiently, ever estimating little mishaps as their fall cost and no more, she will find her position one of trial and embarrassment. There must be a regular and general method in everything if thrift, order and neatness prevail. It is in vain to expect early rising, and economy in pastry and cuisine, if the mistress be unpractical and extravagant, and servants are never seen learning that she does not practice what she teaches.

Let no young housekeeper despise the trial utility and a personal execution of all the rules instituted for the general welfare of her establishment. Then, and not until then, will we see comfort, happiness and prosperity.

## DIET FOR INVALIDS.

BY JULIET CORSON.

### Game and Poultry.

The general rule holds that the most wholesome food is the most whole. Decay in animal flesh usually produces symptoms of indigestion, is often eaten in decomposition without injury to the epicure. Mildness of medium summer temperature, 70° to 80° F., for three or four days, the development at that time, termed by the organism, this parasitic vibrio. This parasite, in other meats that are salted and smoking in brine. There is no reason that the flesh of game is not the flesh of this natural process. When meats are perfectly cooked, their contents, gastric disturbance, so-called, the action of intestinal septic influence of the digestion suggested the impurity to do with the impunity as could consume highly nutritious fish and flesh; but that the use of game to please a gourmand is a pleasurable disturbance with some is sufficient to cause a physical derangement, a physical touch of delicacy is not to be rejected, and is also favored. Several authorities consider the effect of decay to be a considerable extent, its properties are further counteracted it. In the decayed fish, so-called, those savages "advancing" says, "in the cultivation of gastronomy." We considered this rather at length with the hope of ordered for an invalid to be induced to supply the reason is very simple. Every movement of substance must start from a base and be moved by an outside force. The coiled spring, when pressed down, becomes a coil of its entire length. When let loose, the coil turns jumps from its base, which is the second; the second adds its force to the first jumping from the third, and so on, until to the last, which adds its force to the whole coil is lying from the outside base. And this is precisely the case with a panther's leap. The forelegs and back muscles of the back straighten the spine of the spinal column from the hips, and the great posterior muscles through the Achilles tendon and over the longest spine in the animal economy, add the last motion to a body already shooting ahead in the fully illustrated in the menagerie was a keeper thrusts his stick across the eyes and orders Felis to jump over it. The head and shoulders rise and gracefully curve over the stick, beginning to descend on the opposite side when the last impulse is given to the hind feet, and the body, its gently as rose, seeming without weight, consecrates the disturbance of a leaf.

large game birds are more than domestic fowl, forming elements, but the texture of their flesh makes them longer before they, which may be cooked. While the flesh of poultry is more delicate than that of animals, phosphates, and therefore for nervous invalids, birds are more digestible, because less dense. Of the comparative value of more available food. The flesh of the quail, and that of the highly flavored. In the land birds are more digestible than water-fowl, unless the latter are the breast of wild waterfowl is best when fresh. The flavor of snipe, plovers, quail, and wild ducks is richer than that of quail, but both the latter are account of their abundance in white meat. Prairie birds are darker in flesh. A few birds should be avoided, as they are not preferred. This is not only with canvas-back ducks, but also with quail, which are cooked by roasting for five minutes. Game birds in season are as follows: May—redstarts, and wild quail; June affords the same English pheasants. Snipe and pigeons are to be had on sale as refrigerated, and Virginia redstarts, woodcock in season; wild squabs, pigeons, and larger game birds are also available, the feathers being removed and wiped with a wet cloth, but never washed without any stuffing. Fat oranges sliced, game is the usual garnish for smaller birds are either roasted without being browned on the back or broiled on a spit. The kind of game birds and their uses are given in all respects of the system.