CHAPTER V .- CONTINUED.

But, though thus partially relieved, Sir George had quite enough of sharp dread and growing anxiety to make the short drive through the brilliant franhness of the summer morning a never-to-be-forgotten and almost unendurable age.

"Oh, Heaver spere my child !" the fierce cry of his heart rose unchecked to his lips, as he jumped out at the station door, and put the question on which his very life seemed to hang to the sunburnt stationmaster, who came forward at once to greet him, all eager attention to the great man of the place.

Yes, certainly. Mr. De Walden had walked over from the Court and gene up by the 8:50 express. O1, yes, he was quite sure !-had seen and spoken to Mr. De Walden, and thought he looked very pale and ill-

The station-master paused in his fluent explanation, struck by the though that, in Mr. De Walden had been pale, Sir George had grown absolutely ghastly. His eyes were dim and glazed, his hands hung nervously down, and his handsome upright old figure shook as with sudden palsy.

"You are ill, sir. Sit down; let me get Simmons, fetch some you something. brandy," the man cried anxiously; and for the moment Sir George had to yield to the and suffer himself to be supported like a | they were the revenues of a Rothschild or a child. But when he had gulped down the fiery spirit the porter brought from the refreshment-room, he pushed his supporter roughly aside, and, with only a muttered word of thanks, made his way to the dog-

very abode of picturesque tranquility-until the lodgekeeper's buxom, cherry-checked wife came out, not, as it seemed, to accord | white face and dark dilating eyes. him her usual respectful curtsey, but to stay his progress.

poor dear old gentleman, how shall I tell you | tones :-

She paused, with a little sob; and Sir George noted her pale cheeks and sad brimming eyes with a sort of intelerant anger. The change in the ruddy smiling face did not surprise him, but it filled him with a savage resentment. He did not question the woman, and so make her hard task easier, as she half hoped he would ; he tried to push blindly on, but she detained him

"Oh, not like that, my poor master!' she cried, forgetting all fear in her intense pity for the man on whose head calamity was about to fall in such a crushing fashion. "We all love our children alike, great gentlemen and poor folks like me, and there's news to break your heart up at the house. The little master——

'What of him?" Sir George broke in boarsely. "Woman do not madden me! What of my boy? Is he-found?" The woman looked at him pitifully for a

second, then cried, with a sudden rain of tears-'Found? Yes, the little angel! My lady found him in the shrubbery, quite

dead, sir-murdered they say !"

CHAPTER VI.

smooth," quoted May Verner cheerfully, as | and she kn w that her own aristocratic suit she patted her sister's dusky and dishevelled or would be her sister's best ally. locks, and did her best to make light of an unpleasant situation. "Come. Essie, cry-

Essie raised her pretty head from her sister's lap, and looked into her sister's face smi'e : bnt the effort was a failure. again with a little choking cry.

Frank done?"

"Nothing, coild," said the elder sister serenely-"nothing, at least, but sent a do precisely what he has done."

"But Sir George De Walden could know | smile, as she answers demurely nothing of papa's character."

"And therefore Sir George De Walden should never have been allowed to interfere. No; it Frank had had one grain of haughtily offensive concessions and awkward | me, and--attempts at bribery."

"May !" "Well, he did, my dear: there is ro mis- May suggested audaciously. take about that! And I am quite sure papa made himself equally disagreeable; so they away. parted with a mutually bad impression. You know the temper papa came home in, and I have no doubt Sir George was quite as unpleasant when he arrived at De Walden Court-not that that matters, for I am sure any punishment he gets will serve Mr.

Frenk quite right." "May !" Esse cried indignantly; and her eyes sparkled angrily through the tears, her cheeks flusted with her passionate protest. "You are as bad as—as all the rest. thought you liked poor Frank; but you too speak against him; and just now-when

finished, with a mischievous smile; but, though she smiled, her eyes were full of tenderest sympathy, and the slender jewelled fingers touched the dark ruffled locks as gently as a mother's could have done. "Is that it, Essie? Do you mean to give Frank

the answer with some little anxiety; but | blankly for a second or so. But she was not she was quite satisfied with it when it | easily depressed; and, when she had recalled

back. We cannot defy him : we may have Wait till Crewload talks to him, till to wait a long time, or Frank may grow Essie grows a little pale and thin!" she and smiled; but the smile was soon followed tired and give me up; but I shall never care | cried, with a laugh; and the idea so amused | by a sigh.

for any one else. I will be Frank's wife or her that she had been able to play with her

-or an old maid !" If the words were childish, the spirit was womanly and true. May stooped to kies her little sister, laughing that she might not ery, for she detested any display of senti-

"B avol Rosio, I see you in my mind's eye, with two cats, a plethoric poodle, and a couple of parrets. A charming old scandalmonger you will make in a couple of decades, my dear."

dow, impatient of a levity that jarred on her own strained pain. The poor child had been cruelly roused from her dream of blies, driven out from her fool's paradise relentlessly, and the world held for her to-day no possibility of happiness and hope. As she stood blankly staring out into the sunshine, she could still see her father's face, blanched with such anger as he had never bafore shown in her presence -could still hear the harsh strident tones in which he peremptor. ily forbade her to think of Frank De Walden again.

"He has deceived us both, whether wilfully or not, and must abide the consequences of such deceit," he said sternly. "I will smooth no sucking barrister's path with my money, and my daughter shall be no stepping stone to success; and so I told the pompous old ass who seemed to think even an offshoot of the De Waldens a

to which we had hardly the right to aspire, and spoke of the paltry hundreds he pro strong compulsion of his physical weakness, posed to settle on his nephew as though Coutte."

Heartstruck and dazed with pain, shivering under her father's anger, and shocked at the coarseness of his speech, Essie would et il have made some feeble loyal attempt to plead the cause of her love and champion With a dull overhanging sense of calam- | her absent lover; but May checked her with ity, with a hot aching in his heart and a an imploring look. The wiser and cooler dazed agony in his brain, Sir George drove girl saw how much ruffled vanity and on and on until he reached his own lodge. | wounded pride had to do with his unjust gate—the pretty honeysuckle-grown cot- explosion, and knew that further argument tage that had struck him yesterday as the | would only exasperate her father beyond all bounds. So she interposed, directing his attentien with delicate tact to Essie's snow-

"You are frightening her to death," she said, in a reproachful whisper; and Mr. "Don't go on, sir," she cried eagerly, and | Verner, who really idolised his younger earnestly pressing her curly-headed baby, | daughter, followed the direction of her eyes with a sort of passion, to her breast-"at | with quick alarm, though he suid with litleast not yet-not until you know. Oh, the perceptible softening of his gruff

> "Girls always faint over such matters. I don't fancy it does them much harm. But take her away, May, and, when she has cried her eyes out, make the poor little fool understand that I will have my way in

> And May had obeyed him, so far at least as the taking of her sister was was concerned-anything else was an after-consideration; just then she had to soothe the girl's hysterical fears and prevent the speaking of imprudent words on either side.

sleep and regained her lost happiness in dreamland, Miss Verner sat alone in the their imagination, they had boldly sketched great drawing-room, for her father bad angrily betaken himself to his club, and would not return until late, pondering a thousand plans for setting the crooked ty seemed sure -and she clung to that hope things straight.

"They must be patient—that is all," she 8 de.; A little dimpling smile that was not due

red lips as the last thought flashed through | Frank would come. her busy brain. She was an affectionate and dutiful daughter; but she was too clever a girl not to have taken her father's mental "The course of true love never did run | and moral gauge pretty well by this time;

So she dispatched an imperative little note to Lord Croxford, bidding him come to ing one's eyes out don't do a bit of good, to her carly on the following day, and then, dry your and help me to think what is to be | with a pleasant sense of duty fulfi led and every precaution taken, had retired to rest in a telerably hopeful frame of mind.

She awoke in the morning with this hope with a miserable sttempt at a grateful unchecked, and it rose higher still when, at The | the breakfast table, her father not only asksmall under lip quivered piteously, the blue ed with anxious solicitude after E sie, who eyes brimmed over, and the girl hid her face | did not appear, but spoke with something like toleration of the absent Frank, though 'Oh, it is cruel—cruel. And what has | his indignation against Sr George b'azed as fiercely as ever.

"As though the arrogant old ruffian should no the ashamed to show his face after most blundering ambassador on a most deli- | the dirty trick he played his nephew!" he cate embassy. Any one with the slightest | said, chipping as fiercely at his egg as knowledge of papa's character might have | though it represented the head of the offendknown that in such circumstances he wou'd | ing Baronet; and May bent her head over the tall coffee pot to hide a little triumphant

"It was certainly hard on poor Frank." "Hard!" Mr. Verner echoed the word with a derisive sniff. "It was the most outrageous—the most disgraceful! And then common sense, he would have come straight to ask him down to the Court and back, told the whole deplorable story to coolly spring the mine upon him! If the you and me, and left us to break it gradually | lad had an ounce of spirit, he would never to rapa; instead of which he sends the stiff- have broken bread under the old traitor's necked old uncle to make all manner of roof. He would have come straight back to

"And you would have given him a different answer from that you gave his uncle?"

Her facher frowned, and pushed his cup

"I did not say that," he growled; "but at least he should have tried me. But I suppose it's the old story—pride and poverty always go together."

suggested, with nervous cheertulness as she now." came forward to pin the flower in her father's coat, and looked coaxingly into her father's face. Things had gone almost too well with h r as yet; the stern man had been almost too easily managed. She began to be afraid.

And simultaneously with the fear the first repulse came. Her father almost push-"When you mean to give him up," May ed her away, and his frewn grew very terrible as he said between his teeth-

"It is too late, I tell you. Do not nurse, cr let E-sie nurse, any delusion of that kind. No daughter of mine shall marry into Sir George Da Walden's family, as 1 think he understands."

He went out then with a very determined She lifted the pretty face, and awaited look; and May's eyes followed him rather the concessions he had made in even so short "Never!" Essie said, in a low steadfast a time, she could not believe that on this tone; and her look was as her voice. "Papa. one vital point her father would be obdurate

sister's fears.

face, the elder girl's warm heart was touched; she threw one arm around the elim sulders, and said in hearty comforting

"You foolish child! Do you think would laugh at you, or my one word against dear old Frank, if I were not sare that all would soon be well? Of course I Essie turned away and walked to the win would be crying my eyes out for company's sake. But just for one day's misery I cannot spoil my looks. Basides, Croxford is coming this afternoon. Come, Essie; you cannot really think that pape will refuse you anything your heart is set upon !"

Essie looked up wistfully, shaking her dark head, but smiling through her tears. She had an intense admiration for her elder sister's courage and bright wit, an unquestioning reliance on her word; but here she had so much at stake that she hardly dared to hope.

"But Frank," she whispered sadly-'Frank must know all now. May, why does he not write ?"

May Verner laughed, a sweet little silvery peal that was like a cordial draught to the pale and frightened Essie, and shook her sister in the immensity of her amused con-

"Write!" she echoed, lifting her fine hazel eyes in emphatic appeal to the ceiling. "A pretty sort of lover he would be to plead his cause on paper! He will come." "Come!" Essie repeated vaguely;

the shy sweet pink tints stole back into the just entering the avenue." soft cheeks; the blue eyes lost their strained pathetic look. "Of course he will, as fast as an express-

train and a hansom cab can bring him

to have a nurse still-not a lover." Essie answered her sister only with a grateful kiss. A great burden had been lifted from ter heart, but it was still too full for words. She was so young; it was so natural to hope, to believe in her strong clever sister, to trust the father whose pat and plaything she had always been.

"Now, run out and play, child, for there is Croxford in the hall, and I must talk business with him," May said, in her goodnatured peremptory tones.

And Esssie was only too glad to obey her, only too thankful to escape into the grounds, where she might wander at peace through the winding shrubberies, under the shadow of the elms and chestnut-trees, or nown the little path beside the sparkling river, and dream of all the happy hours that she and Frank had spent amid these familiar

An hour ago it would have been torture | now. to look upon places so associated with the lover she had thought forever lost, and it was painful still, though May's words echoed cheeringly in her ears, and her hears throbbed high with hope. All mightnay, all must be well with them again; but the contrast between the solitary stroll and Long after Essie had sobbed herself to the last ramble she had taken with Frank, when, without a doubt or fear to hamper out a future full of bliss, was inevitably present in her mind. Hope would have seemed an impertinent intruder when feliciwith a tremulous passion now.

She seated herself upon the mossy bank, decided hopefully. "Papa can never resist | leaving her dark head against the stem of a

And somehow the minutes and hours flitted by; she did not know how long the lovers had been tete a tete, how long she berself had been dreaming in the sunlight, when she was roused by the sound of a step on the crisp sun-dried moss, and the hurried utterance of her name. A shadow came between her and the sunshine; and, looking up, she saw-Frank De Walden.

"E sie!" It was all he said; but the one word was eloquent enough; the shining eager eyes said all the rest.

Essie did not even attempt to answer him -only rose to her feet with a little glad and grateful cry, ran straight into her lover's outstretched arms, and hid her happy face upon her lover's breast. And for a little space, while the birds twittered gayly in the thick-leaved trees above them, and the river rippled musically at their feet, the young people clung together and were utterly content.

Then Essie drew shyly back; but Frank still held her fast. "So you did not give me up?" he asked, eyeing the sweet flushed face with jealous she and I-

fondness. Essie looked up with a sweet reproachful glance; but the reproach changed to anxiety. for Frank looked pale and haggard, and almost old, she thought; and her heart smote

her as she gazed at him. "You are not well, dear," she said, slipping her little hand within his arm and pressing it gently in her alarm; but he an-

swered at oncehave cured me, for May sent me to you."

"You were ill then?" she persisted. "Ill of suspense and m sery," he answered gaily. "Nay, I will confess to such prosaic ills as fatigue and hunger, for I did not fast this morning."

"Then come in to luncheon now." cried May's bright voice behin them, "for Lord Croxford and I are tired of each other's "'It is never too late to mend,'" May company and are most decidedly hungry by

CHHPTER VII.

D spite the uncertainty o their position and the ornel disappointment one of them had sustained, the four young people enjoyed a merry meal in a thoroughly unconventional fashion. Lord Croxford did not perhaps contribute very largely to the success of the entertainment, being a young man of few words; but he was thoroughly kindhearted, and by no means a fool, and suited May much better than a more masterful nature would have done. Moreover, he admired his bright betrothed in such a wholehearted fashion that he almost seemed to shine with a reflected lustre when scated by

"Does he not look absurdly happy?" Essie whispered, glancing at the tall young fellow whose fair Saxon face was radiant with delight, and whose short-sighted blue eyes beamed through their gold-rimmed glasses with such proprietorial pride.

Frank followed the direction of her eyes

"He is so sure of May," he said, not bitterly, but with a painful thrill in the low Der when Bosie turned away, with that tone—so low that it reached only B sank look of misery on her white pathesic sympathetic sat. As the best survey on her white pathesic sympathetic sat. As the moment, the the son, the elder girl's warm heart was tough.

> youth and happiness, even though Croxford, who for a young politician was considered particularly sound on all questions of political economy, and May, who prided hereolf on being practical above things, presided on the occasion.

Presently, however, Frank vigorously shook off the enervating sense of contented well being that had replaced his late harass. ed pain, and roused himself for the work that lay before him.

"With Essie and May both on my side, ought to win the battle," he said, his gray eyes brightening with the old hopeful look; "but the first thing now is to see Mr. Ver

E sie grew a little pale, remembering her father's over-night declarations of what he would do and say. should young De Wal. den venture to intrude into his presence She bit her lip nervously and shot one piteous glance at May; but her sister returned it with a confident smile.

"The sooner the better, Frank, and fortunately it can be very soon, for I see papa

Frank was anything but a coward ; never theless his heart beat a little faster, and he twisted his moustache nervously, while Essie looking like a guilty little ghost, Oh, Essie, what a baby you are! You ought | pressed closely to his side.

"Courage, my children," May cried gaily, her spirits seeming to rise with the occasion, though in truth she was as nervous as any one there. "Papa's bark is terrible, that I admit; but I do not think he ever really bites. Besides, we are four to one, all recolute and strong-ours should be an easy victory. Hark, he is at the door !"

"Tell him Frank is here, May-tell him, please; meet him in the hall, dear, and prepare him!" poor little E sie cried, with whitening lips, as her eager self-torturing fancy conjured up cruelly vivid scenes of dissension, in which her lover and her father played the principal parts.

May hesitated—not from any selfish fear -she would have undertaken the most de ficult and unpleasant task possible to save her timid little sister an added pang; but she was by no means sure sure that it would be wise or politic for her to interfere just

"Shall I," she cried, with a rapid appeal to the waiting trio- or shall Lord Crex-

"Or shall I myself?" Frank interrupted, with a rapidly rising color and proudly brightening eyes. "May, you are the kindest of girls; but I think, if I am ashamed to face Mr. Verner, I have no right in his house."

An emphatic and apparently involuntary "Hear, hear!', from Lord Croxford gave point and emphasis to the speech; and, with a frankly-spoken 'I think you are quite right," May Verner drew back to let the young man pass, and crossed quickly over to Emie's side. "Come, Essie." She threw her arm

Essie long, and he is very fond of Frank. | tall tree, and giving herself up to memory | round the little trembling figure and smiled Moreover, I must enlist Croxford on their | and thought. She shed a few gentle tears | into the white frightened face. "It is just from time to time; but, on the whole, she one wrench, like having a tooth out, you was not unhappy. She trusted her sister so | know, and then everything will be right. It to maiden consciousness played round May's | implicitly, and May had been so sure that | is not Frank papa quarrels with-only Sir George; and you do not want to marry

> But E-sie did not smile; she was staring with an agon sed intensity of gaze across the room at the door which epened just as her lover reached it, and showed he father on the other side.

> For one second the two men stood face to face, so close that they could have touched one another; then Mr. Verner drew back a step or two, with a harsh and dreadful cry-

> "You-and here? Heaven help us all!" All eyes had naturally been turned upon the newcomer's face, all ears had been strained to catch the first words he should utter, and none doubted that these would be angry, even insulting perhaps; but there was no anger in the cry that rang out with such painful incongruity-rather a great horror and dread, that were emphasised by the haggard snarpened face and dazed-looking eyes. "Mr. Verner," Frank cried. drawing up his tall figure, and speaking rapidly in an impulse of bewildered ndignation, "I have no right here perhaps; but once you made me welcome; you gave me Essie . and-and

The poor young fellow broke down with flushed face and eyes that sparkled uneasily for even he could no longer mistake the strained terror of that unwavering gaze for

mere anger at his intrusion. "Papa, what is it?" May cried quickly; and the tones of his daughter's clear vibrating voice seemed to rouse Mr. Verner. He came quickly into the room, closing the door carefully behind him; and, as he stood in the "Quite well, my darling. You and May fuller light, they saw more clearly the deadly pallor of his ordinarily ruldy face. He had grown, May thought, older by ten years since the morning. It was to her and not

to Frank, that his first words were spoken. "Take Esther away," he said peremptorsleep all night and came without my break- ily; and, though his words were stern, it seemed to the girl that his voice thrilled with an intense pity.

Perhaps Essie thought so too, or perhaps love gave the timid girl courage, for she took her place by her lover's side, and, though her face grew red and white with painful rapidity, her pretty voice hardly faltered as she said-

"Please do not send me away, papa, because I could not go. Whatever you say to Frank you must say to me. I am just as bad as he, for I love him and I cannot give

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Following the Dector's Advices

"Doctor, I want you to do something for ms. My nerves are shattered completely. I am not able to eat snything and I sleep very little at night What would you advise me to do ?"

"What has brought about this dendi-Drinking too much, I'm afraid." "Well, I would advise you to give up What's cour charge for the advice ?"

Nothing of the abrower. During the flight the recording I am much obliged to you,

Let's go and take somethi

Salt Lake Dwellings.

The houses built by the first settler sainly log cabine Same few of the yes to be found hidden away in orch The Spenies adoba house of dried and present, though instead of almost than chunks of mud, plastered in Mexicas to machinery. These adobes are twice the inthey are fermed is made twice as thick a one of burned bricks would be. Of com this material lends itself readily to any style of erchitecture, and many of the elaborate buildings as well as cheap cottages are made of it, the soit gray tint of the adobe ramind. ing one of the cream-colored walls of Mil. wankee. Generally, however, the adobe in overlaid by a stuce, which is tinted. Low houses with abundant piazzas are the most common type in the older part of the town and over these so many vin s will be trained and so much foliage cluster that one can hardly say of what material the structure itself is formed. The residences more rec n'ly built have a more Eastern and conventional aspect, and some are very imposing; but big or little, old or new, it is me to find a home not enconced-almost buried -in trees and shrubs and climing plants while smooth, rich lawns greet the m everywhere in town, in brilliant contrast to the bleak, bare hills towering overhead just without the city. As for flowers, no town East or West cultivates them more universally and assiduously.

Salt Lake City, then, is beautiful-a para dise in comparison with the buffalo plains or the stony gulches in which the great majori. ty of Rocky Mountain towns must needs be

The suburbs, except toward the rocky up. lands northward, grade off into farms quite imperceptibly, the streets continuing straight out into country roads between dense jungles of sanflowers-glorious walls of gold edged with green and touched with inn. merable dots of maroon. And in these suburbs you may find some of the quaintest. most idyllic homes. One such, for example stan is down in the third ward. The house is hardly bigger than a good sized room, and is entered through a queer narrow cowled doorway. The second story is hardly half as large as the lower one. leaving a slanting roof between, and a picturesque hedge and fence inclose the whole. This would be striking enough alone for its shape; but every two weeks the whole adobe and stuces affair is whitewashed from roof-tree to foun. dation, until it gleams like a fresh snow. bank against the grape-vines that creep around its angles, and the poplate and maples that photograph their boughs in shadow upon its spotless sides. But to set it off the better, the owner paints his small window-sastes bright yellow, his carings the reddest of red, and his sills and shutters and door panels vivid green. If the whole affair had just been handed out of a Datch toy shop, it could not be more fantastic and childishly pretty.-ERNEST INGERSOLL, in Harper's Magazine for August.

The Disappearance of "The Scold."

Nothing was more common in the sixteenth century that a "scolding woman," and the scolding women had not disappeared in this country till after Declaration of Indep ndence - some even survived that. The evidence of this does not rest upon tradition. The literature and the laws are full of it. Laws had to be framed with severe penalties to protect men from the "common scold"; and these penalties were often inflicted, one of the most effective of them being the "ducking chair," which in many cases was the only one that could check the wagging of the virulent tongue. Nothing is commoner in the ballad literature of the sixteenth century than the complaints of the railing of the soold and the shrew, and the devices for taming them was as ingenious as they were brutal. Either the literature of the time is an awful libel, or scolding women were so num rous as to be great feature of the age; scolling was as prominent as begging, and the scolding wife as c mmon as the tipey husband. The philosopher wants to know whether it is the temper of women which has changed, since it is a fact that the "common scold" has practically disappeared from modern life (there used to be women whom even the sheriff was afraid of), is no more a piece de resist. ance of lite ature, and has not to be legisla. ted against, or whether the apparent difference is only a change in man's attitude toward the sex. Some students of sociology think that the man's submission has wrought the transformation, and that women appear to be more sweet and amiable now they have their way un ruffled. It is a very delicate question, and one that would not be raised here except in the interest of science. For the disapp sarance of traits in human nature is as useful a study as the eliminatio 2 of use ful members or the devolopment of new organs in our evolution. Nobody except the 2031; ologist can say what the disappearance of the "common scold," has to do with min! position in the modern recreations of society; the business of this department is to collect facts, not to co-or linate them. - CHABLES DUDLEY WARNER, in Harper's Magazine for August,

Throwing the Boomerang.

The boomerang used by the natives of Australia is a piece of thin wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; it shape varies, sometimes being like the seg ment of a circle, at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow, but the way of using both thes forms is exactly the same.

The wearon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the concave side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, such as the ordinary cricketer does when he throwing a ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boom rang, not straight, at one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like e circular piece of board; this motion give It the wonderful power of flight, which must really be seen to be believed. At the course is in a direct line from the throw er, and at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its dis tance it swerves slightly to the right, and coming back on an exactly opposite coming to that which it took on the outward volving of the boomering causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of

tos when he depth into ted, bring the this time they quivering had yelled for ad become fu up enough stre The other n sheerved while horses' heads \ they were feeling himself: "Tnen to-day, and I day's work out all to be used to fore he would possible, would to get his team any rumpus or with a few irreg of the furrow ar a few times. that when they

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Budding is usus soon after the bu are fully developed present season's which the buds ar a similar condition branch at the poin than one year old bark be so thick a readily separated because the bud is bark of the stock done, the operatio We have to dep or true sap, to forr and the stock, the and cattings to p operations are an

of roots. The proper time of ceurse, vary w and kind of trees tome forward es rule, it may be season as good plu the axils of the les mi season's growt nature ones, can it is necessary to all are in fit condi

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The New Engla ners could be only omy of a thorough should soon find ment in the app felds in the count find a greet deal come farm work make as hard wor! corn, potatoes, Ber work as ter would who si bouse, or make a of undressed lum

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suited to hard lu a there half arm work