CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Benson, and I sat discussing this-to | said she would imperil her life if she were me-momentous matter. One thing was so rash. So perforce, whether we liked it or certain—there was no deception, to flaw in the evidence no informality in the mar- | walls of what had for a brief period been riage; everything was perfectly straightforward and strictly l.g.l. Aunt Annette wanted me to dispute the claim-rossess. icn was nine points of the law, she contended. But Mr. Benson declared that it would be absolutely useless—nay, he added gravely that it would be wrong to contest a claim so fully established. There was not the least doubt about any of the facts, and the case as strong as it well could be. Indeed Mr. Benson, who was an upright man as well as a clever lawyer, pointed out that, even if there should be a slight flaw in any of the evidence, that would not alter the fact that Paul's son was entitled to succeed him. Womanlike I was most curious to know why he did not like Lady Jesmend; but to this question he would give me no sat s'actory answer. She was beautiful, grabeful, wellbred.

"She gives me the idea of one who has been brought up in France." he said. "And, Dene." entre nous, Mas Gordon, I do not like French | He said no more, but when he was gone I training."

done with me? What course ought I to pursue with regard to my future? Aunt Annette, who was vexed and angry at this unas it stood, therefore we could not return to it for a time at least. Mr. B.nson counselled us to wait.

until you know what she intends to do. You | tears in his eyes that when he had finished | have many under akings on hand; she may | his narration there was but one cry among desire to go on with some of them, and ask your co-operation. Be patient and

When I retired to rest that night, sleep young widow who was coming to Jeamond Dene to reigin my stead. As a mat.er of loss of this my princely inheritance. It was when I heard the news as afterwards when others reigned there supreme. Crushing and keen was the ever-recurring thought that I was no longer "queen and mother" of my people; they were no longer my loyal and the many expressions of kindness and sym affectionate subjects I thought of the half built almshouses, of the no pitals and schools, of the thousand and one plans I had conceived for the benefit of those living around me, a\_d my heart ached at the thought that my dreams would not be realized. Sall, if the goodness of her heart | tain Jesmond would have hed no reason to were in accord with her personal charms, the probabilities were that Lady Jesmond would be pleased with the work Ishan begun. and carry it on. What a dr. am of wealth and luxury, benevolence and happiness it had been to me! And now I must go back to the or ary seclusion that had been mine Lefore.

my soul, the drearines; of my past life could | I ever knew whet susp :nse meant before." never recur. I knew by instinct that Lady Saxon would love me none the less for my | And just as I uttered the words we heard loss of foctune—that she would be superior | the sound, so long and anxiously awaited. to such sorcid meanness as to allow her feel. of carriage wheels. "They are here!" ings towards me to change because I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene. And I was equally certain that Lord S.xon, th.n whom a mo e generous hearted man never lived, would love me as hitherto. My heart found perfect rest in these pleasant thoughts.

Early on the following morning my aunt Annette fell ill, and Lady Saxon cama over to see me. I looked full and straight into my old friend's kindly face while I told my story. If I had detected the slightest coldness towards me, the slightest shade of dis appointment, I should have shrunk from her. But there was nothing but the most loving sympathy and motherly affection depicted on her countenance. She listened for some time in silent am zement; and then she spoke.

"Felicia," she said, "you shall share my home and my purse; you shall be my dear adopted daughter, and I will make you so happy that you shall not miss Je mond I love you the better now that fee how bravely and how well you can bear such a disastrous stroke of ill fortune I wonder what this Laly Jesmond is like?" "Beautiful as a dream, I am told," I answered.

"A wcrshirper of beauty, a dr. amer of dreams." The words returned to me with vivid force. They were Lady Saxons description of her son.

have been grateful for the misfortune which would have been pleased and proud to carry Done. I knew little of the world, my experionce being limited to the few acquaintances of my sunt and Lady Saxon's; but I knew enough to be sure that it was a marvellous thing to find one perfectly disinterested friend.

"I think," said Mr. Benson, "that it | would be as well to send a carriage to Honton station to meet Lady Jamond. I do not know the hour at which she will arrive, but she said she should come to day."

"She will doubtless feel nervous," I remarked, "and slightly uncomfortable. It is not a very pleasant position for her."

opened to their widest extent. "I saw no sign of nervousness in her," he ebserved. "She seemed perfectly self possessed and mistress of the situation."

The words jarred upon me.

"You must feel the position a painful one," he added kindly. "But she is said to be as good as she is beautiful," I cried; "and good women are

sensitive. "Not all," he rejoined. "Many women have the most matter of fact natures; they but I was not aware that you knew him," are sensitive neither for themselves nor for she remarked. Then her voice softened a others; yet they are good women."

"I think sensitiveness a noble virtue," I about him." remarked. rether a quality that directs many others. fore me, and seemed to ask pleadingly for Lady Jesmond is not sensitive, I am sure," kindness to his wife. She should receive it Mr. Benson went on. "She did not seem to from me for the sake of the olden days. think how this change would affect any one I took the bonny little fellow into my in her eyes.

her, bye the-bye?"

I did send it, with orders that it was to remain at the railway station and await all the London trains. I sent also for the doctor from Honton to see my aunt Annette. his arrival he spoke rather gravely of her condition. I told him that she desired to go Until long after milight aunt Annette, away from Jesmond Dene at once; but he not, we must remain as guests within the our own home."

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon," the doctor said before leaving; "but as I came along heard a rumor which I venture most carnest ly to hope is not true?"

I knew at once that the story in some way or other had leaked out.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that we have had news from India, and that my cousin Paul has left both a widow and a

Gordon?" asked Doctor Bland. "It is perfectly true," I replied. We ex pect the young widow, Lady Jesmond, and her son here to day."

"True? I did not believe it. There will bs a revolution among the people, for you Then, turning to me, she asked. "Have kin. are grea ly beloved here, Miss Gordon." Right is right," I answered; "and

my cousin's little scn is the heir to Jesmond

Then came the question, what was to be occurred, and that I thought it would be preferable to call all the servants together ! dress." and tell them what had happened Jather than that they should be left to hear it toward appearance of a claimant for my piecemeal from strengers. He quite agreed you have every comfort," said Lady J.s. throne, declared that I should go ba.k with | with me, and the whole household was her to the li: le house we had left but a few | gathered together in the servants' hall, months before. But that had been let just | where Mr. Benson told them the story of Paul's marriage and death, and announced | me. that the widowed Lady Jesmond, with her little son Sr Gay, was coming that day to "Wait until you see her, Miss Gordon, take possession, Mr. Benson told me, with the servants, and that was for Miss Gordon. They all loved Miss Gordon; they did not want to lose Miss Gordon.

"They are devotedly attached to you," he came not to my weary eyes, for my mind | said; and my heart was comforted by the was full of the romance of this beautiful | knowledge that I retained the affection of those about me.

Noon came, but still there was no sound | decidedly. course, I felt most bitterly and keenly the | of carriage wheels. Then followed a long sultry afternoon, during which Mr. Benson, as much lost to me on that first evening | who was miserably anxious and nervous, dropped off to sleep.

> Toat aft room many callers came, for the news had spread throughout the district. ought to have been, and I was, consoled by pathy. No one seemed to think it strange that Paul had married, or that his widow should come home to claim his heritage. The general impression seemed to be that it was a thousand pities Sir William and hi son had not been on better terms, when Cap conceal his marriage, and the unfortunate mistake would never have been made.

The long afternoon had passed, my visitors had all departed, and Mr. Benson had awaked from his slu nbers; still there was no sound of carriage wheels to herald the approach of Lady J. smond.

"I cannot stand much more of this kind of | der. But no! Now that love had dawnel in | thing," said the lawyer. "I do not think "I have ordered dinner for seven," I said.

> But no warning came to me of what was to follow in the wake of the home coming of Lady Jesmond.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Shall you go to meet Lady Jesmoad?" asked Mr. Benson "Yes," I replied; "she shall have a kindly

welcome home. I went out into the entrance hall, and there I saw three figures. One was that of a

tiny child crying with fatigue; the second was a tall elderly woman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be a nurse; and the third a tall graceful lady dressed in deep black crape. This was the young widow, Lady Jesmond. I went to her with outstretched hands-for was she not Paul's widow?-but she did not or would not see them; for she merely gave mo a cool little nod, and said-

"Are you Felicia Gordon?" "Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Benson told me about you," she said. "Is he here? I am Lady Jesmond." "Mr. Benson is here," I replied, "and ha been anx ously expecting you.'

"I hope," she said, "that we will be in time for dinner; I am very hungry. It has been a tiresome journey.

I had had some faint idea of falling on her How kind and good she was to me at this neck and bidding her welcome to the home trying p rod of my life! I ought even to | that I was alout to relinquish to her-some faint idea of telling her how I bade her welbrought to me such disinterested love. She come for Paul's sake; but the manner in which she met my advances checked my arme off there and then, but I was destined to | dor. It was evident the lady felt no emotion remain for many a long day at Jesmond on reaching the home of her husband's boyhood. She was hungry!

"Dinner is at seven," I answered; and she must have noticed the change in my voice, for she looked at me. "Seven!" she repeated. "Why, it is only

just six now!" Then I turned from her, and Heaven knows, although he had deprived me of my inheritance, tears of honest affection filled my eyes when I saw Paul's little son. should have known the child was Paul's, no matter where I had seen him, his face was so like his father's. He had the same dark

laughing eyes. with a golden light in their image of dear Paut!"

and there was a strange inflection in her "Did you know Paul?" she asked. "I knew him well when he was a boy," I

answered. "I knew him here at Jeemond Dene. I was his cousin."

little as she said, "I shall like to talk to you When she utteren these words, the bright "It is hardly that," he replied. "It is handsome face of my dead cousin rose be-

but herself. You will send the carriage for srms and coresed him fondly. He coased raying, and looked with piteous eyes into my

"Mamma," he cried, "mamma!" "I am here, Gay," redlied Lady Jesmond quickly. "Be a good boy, dear." "H: is tired," I said. Shall I take him to the nursery we have prepared for him? It is the same his father had.

I saw her make a quick gesture to the woman who stood near. She came forward instantly.

"I am the child's nurse," she said, and prepared to take him fron me; but the little tellow resisted all her efforts and clasped his baby arms tightly round my neck.

"Never mind, nurse," interposed Lady Jeamond. "If Miss Gordon likes to trouble nerself with a tiresome child; let her; I am sure it is very kind of her. Guy must be good," she added, turning to the little fellow who still clung eagerly to me.

The sound of her voice sweet a .d musical as it was, did not seem to appease the child. "That is what I heard. Is it true, Miss Again in a piteous voice he cried-

"Mamma!" "I am here," Laly Jesmond repeated. "You had better take him, nurse; he seems inclined to be cross. I have but little patience with crying children," she continued.

"Unfortunately for me, I have been but little with children," I said; "but I do not think my patience would fail."

sought Mr. Benson and told him what had his bath, my lady?" asked the nurse. "Then I can come and help your la yship to

"S.e that you have all you want yourself: nurse. Ring for wine or tea, and see that mond, much to my astonishment.

I thought lhat speech showed decided consideration for others, and it pleased

The child continued to cry as he wes carried off to the nursery, and the sound was strange in that old house, where children had not lived for so many years.

"He is very cross to night," said Lady Jesmond. "I wish I could break him of that abourd habit he has of always crying for me."

"It is natural enougo," I answered. "Crildren generally cry for their mothers." 'Things that are most natural are not always most pleasant," said Lady Jes mond

any heart, whether she felt any emotion on coming to this her husband's home —the place where his boyish days had been

"It must have been a trial," I said to her. "for you to come home without Paul." "Yes-a great trial," the replied; but

there was no note of regret or pain in the calm sweet voice. "I think, Miss Gordon, I will go to my room now. I have brought no maid with me; perhaps I can have a little assistance from yours?" "With pleasuro," I replied.

During all this time she had stood with ner travelling cloak, which was slightly edged with fur, even though it was summerdrawn tightly around her and her face close, ly veiled.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you fee "Cold !" she repeated in a voice of won-

after my arrival in England. I did not spirits. Yet, notwithstanding that he attempt to leave the house for a fortnight. but postponed my visit to Mr. Benson until I felt a little seasoned. Now I will go to

my room." I did not ask her where she had been staying, or with whom. She was not the kind of person with whom I felt I could take such a liberty, however kind the intention might be.

My maid was summoned, and showed ner ladyship to her room. I was left with conflicting sensations, and I seemed quite unable to form any idea of the character of my answered the question.

anxicusly awaiting me, an account of the in- | and went home. Some time after he re' terview. I could not tell her what I thought | tarned to the same coffee house on purpose of Lady Jesmond, for I had no definitely- to acquain; the woman who kept it that she formed opinion upon the point. I told her | had giv. n him a bad half panny, and deall about the protty child with his father's manded another in exchange for it. Sir tace, and the elderly nurse, and of Ludy Jes- James is stated to have then had about mond's solicitude for her.

"That speaks well for her," said aunt An nette. 'Good women are always thoughtful for their servants," Why did those words haunt ma-"good

as she is beautiful"? I did not go down stairs until the dinner bell rang; when I did so, I found Mr. Benson alone in the dining roam. Her ladysnip tad not yet come down.

"Well?" he cried eagerly, and wa ted for me to speak.

held her ladyship's marvellous loveliness. I were his next of kin." Marvelous good have never seen anything like it; it was per- luck for his poor relations! fect, surpassing loveliness; and with it was At Northfield, England, there die l

fascination. A: I gazed at her, Lady Sax. on's words came back to me-'a worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams." Tail and slender, her figure was the very perfection of grace. She had such shapely shoulders as are rarely seen; and, lightly veiled by thin b'ack crape, they shone white as alabastor through their gauzy covering. Her hands were delicate and white, and were adorned with many valuable rings; her arms were as though they had been sculptured.

She was a blonde of the purest type; even Mr. Benson looked at me with his eyes depths, the same brows, the same dark the hot sun of India had not marred the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her "Why," I cried, "this child is the living eyes were blue, large, bright, and clear, full of fire, with a gleam of passion—eyes that Lady Jesmond turned to me quickly, could smile and flash, that could woo with all sweetness "and scorn with all fire"—eyes that startled by their unusual brightness and James and Frank Kimble, Amos Van Gortheir depth of expression. The brows were | den, and Abe Warner went on the moundark and straight. Her mouth was perfect, | tain hunting raccoons. Their dogs, late in golden hair to her dainty little feet, she was

Lady Jesmond," he said,

"You do not say 'Welcome to Jesmond!" she remarked playfully. Mies Gordon to here, and you hardly be in good taste. You are right, but Miss Gordon and I are already very good

Mr. Benson was quite at a loss how t reply to these candid utterances. It seemed to me that her beauty had robbed him of all power of speech. She then turned to me with an amused smile, and I could see that she was gratified by my look of ad miration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISERS AND THEIR HOARDS.

Wealth they Hid.

There is every reason to believe that the hoards of money and valuables one often reads of as having been discovered by workmen while engaged in pulling down old houses have been secreted by misers; the result is that, in many cases, property thus found is taken possession of by persons whom the misers never intended to benefit ramely—their heirs-at-law and next of

It is pretty certain that misers of both sexes existed years ago, as they do in our own day, and the following notes concerning some notable examples of this class of "Chall I take Sir Gay now, and give him | monomaniacs may not be un nteresting. Of those who made it a rule of their lives "gather gear by every wile," the case of M. Osterwald, who died at Paris in 1791, is re markable, as shewing that the richest min in a city may also be the most miserable one. He was the son of a poor minister, and began life as a clerk in a b\_nking-house at Hamburg, where he acquired a small sum, which he augmensed oy his speculations in business an I his econmical mode of living; he afterwards came to Paris, where he accumulated his enormous fortune. He was a bachelor -the expenses of a w fe and children being incompatible with his frugal mode of living. He had for a servent a poor wretch, whom he never permitted to enter his apartment; he had always promised that at his death he should be bardsomely recompensed, and accordingly he left him a pittauce of six months' wages and a suit of clothes, but, as he expressly stated, "not the mest new." A few days before his death some of his acquaintances, who And then I wondered whether she had saw that he was reduced to the last extremity by want of nourishment, proposed to him to have some soup. "Yes, yes," he replied, "it is easy to talk of soup-but what is to become of the meat?" Tous died one who was reported to be the richest m n in Paris, more from want of care and proper nourishment than disease. He is stated to have left to his relations, whom he had probably never seen, the sum of £3 000,000 Under his bolster was found 800 000 in pare: m ney.

Tae neighborhood where Mary Luchorne died seems to be still famous for its misers. In 1877 there died at Woolwich, Englan I, a Mr. John Clarke, aged 86. He is described as being a man of education, but a very singular character; although reputed as immensely wealthy, he was very miserly in his habi s, and lived to the last in a equalid hovel in the poorest part of Woolwich; the greater portion of his life was spent in the accumulation of books, of which he left a your hand. A good crop guarranted adherance be a "Most people suffer much from cold large stors. It was reported that the front when they first come from India," I remark. | shutters of his house had not been open for over thirty years; he never took a regular "Yes; I suffered greatly the first few days | meal, nor did he know the tastes of wines or lived in such a den and suffered such privations, he reached an octogenarian age, and died worsh \$200 000 or thereabouts.

An instance of miserly habits in the great and noble is to be found in the case of that renowned cap am, the Dake of Marlborough of whom it is chronicled that, when in the last stage of lite and very infirm, he would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth \$7,500,-

It is recorded of Sir James Lowther that, newly found cousin. If any one had asked after changing a piece of silver in George's me whether I liked her, I could not have | coffee house, and paying twopence for his dish of coffes, he was helpel into his I hastened to give aunt Annette, who was | chariot (he was then very lame and infirm). \$200,000 per annum coming in, and was at loss whom to apooin; his neir.

Sr Thomas Colby, an official high in office, shortened his existence by his passion for this world's goods, as appears by the tollowing anecdote: "He rose in the middle of the night, when he was n a very profuse perspiration and walked down stairs to lack for the key of the cellar, which he bad inadvertently left on a table in the parlor; he was apprehensive that his servan is might seize the key and rob him of a bottle The next moment the rustling of silk | port wine, instead of which he nimself was and crape told us that Lady Jeam and was | serzed with a chill and died intestate, leaving over \$1,000,000 in the fun is, which was I cannot describe what I felt when I be- shared by five or s.x day laborers, who

that subtle irresistible charm which men call 1772 a Mr Page, dealer in limestones and knot, gunflints, by which occupation, and by a most penurious way of living, he had accumulated a fortune of some \$60 000. He lived alone in a large house for several years, no one coming near him but an old woman in the viliage who once a day went to make his bed. His death was occasioned by his runa ng a knife into the palm of his

hand while opening an oyster. Some years since a chiffonnier (or rag and refuse gatherer) died intestate in France, having literally "scraped" together 400,000 france, the whole of which went to the hear-

A New Jersey Percuine. A most remarkable conquest was made by

four hunters at Millbrook, N. J., recently.

with the most alluring of dimples; yet there | the evening, barked up a tree. Hastening was in the short upper lip something that to the tree they saw on a limb about 40 feet "Yes, I know that—Mr. Benson told me; told of pride and soorn. From her crown of from the ground, what they supposed to be "coon." Mr. Warner climbed the tree simply a masterpiece of nature's handiwork. | and shook the animal out. When it fell to the ground the dogs attacked it, but it suc-Even Mr. Benson's calm face flushed as he | ceeded in running into the rocks and was hastened to greet her with a low bow and ex- followed by the dogs. Here they managed, after a sharpe and severe struggle, to kill it. "I am glad to see you looking so well, The men then took sticks and succeeded in She looked at him with a world of mischief it proved to be a large porcupine, which would have weighed at least 25 pounds.

How People Enter a ar. Have you ever noticed how people enter wear? It is a wady. persenced traveler drops into the first h cant seat; if there are more than one h takes the one on the stady side. Hat an two la lies; they pass two or three suh; they are all slike, but neither seems just thing. They pass down the siste, more seats, walk back again to where came in, then carry their lagged beet the re its they first looked at, and drop d exhausted. Now comes a party just in the farm. They don't ride much; the man leads the party, and carries the bal the madam drags two smill boys, and four take the side seat just by the de look around with a satisfied air, seem in think they are in luck to get inside. it was a will western passenger whose trance was peculiar. He had been account tomed to riding in stage coaches; the of a stage is on the side, and is about size of a car window. The passenger h of no reason why a car should have ad in the end, so when his first train rolled to the platfor n he sa v the window, it open, and it was big enough, so he got i

"I do not like thes, Dr. Fel, The reason why, I cannot tell." It has often been wondered at, the

odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. Th probably because he, being one of the nail a fowl to school doctors, made up pills as large bullets, which nothing but an oth could bolt without nausea. Hence to mbed, yellow dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Plean Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated, no larger than bird-shot, and are on to do their work. For all derangement of the liver, bowels and stomach there specific.

"Lucifer" is the name of a Kansas page Who dares make light of it?

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Tae song of the mill is always how

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drink of apple jack twisted his legs in

Catarrh-A New Treatment Perhaps the most extrarordinary successions has been achieved in modern science has attained by the Dixon Treatment of comment Out of 2,000 patients treated during the six months, fully ninety per cent have the less start is the less start is it the less startling when it is remembered not five per cent of the patients prothemselves to the regular practitions benefitted, while the patent medicine other advertised cures never record s Starting with the claim now generally lieved by the most scientific men the disease is due to living parasites in the on at once adapted his cure extermination; this accomplished the of is practically cured, and the permanency

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The introd colury from eir own you are early and re are my re le Asiatic feat pense of layin ey partake m ristic in beir g Another naw

hich premise tandaro of exc nch on size, i this new forn aturing, stron tching, and ar ahould keep may as well e the fine lay amburgs, which wls of that bre hall. The Wy t they are of a Hamburgs' a is breed is a ha e Hamburg, ber qualities en Another cross ntion at the Ne n last winter, and Langsha mense birds. H eeds; but the e Dorking, and tures very muc than birds of enry Hales, in

When cut into. says the Irish yellowish white will not cook we erable amount ough to collect i th moderate pres ther, and if the il appear arcund two surfaces a is signifies the p of starch—th rch, and consec ato; while the d the other up, d article. The ally made by ex and are the be short of boiling ; ans infallable.

Whe the practice of so for the Northern in Southern ht in some instan thern sections to september, when urity,. three or f ut aixty feet, are n to wheat with corn is all cut as seeded strips, d is ready for har is hard or baked ghed down with small leg, for th oth and meliow s or ages wheat and n breadcast, thu y of cultivation, sils. For many at has been pro raged farms of Ar mplement made grain in drills, a udered as an er a planter to own xperience has sho is advantageous with great regul be preferred; th more uniform

goes to the roots

as generally mor

is the case with

me instances the

ring; in others, i

gether it is found ton the old custo There is every Ensilage Wi stiling without a staff in the open by M. Cormou open air silo was of by building a st trefoil, lucerne, at rance was visible, and in wet or dry which consumed fed indifferent and from the Houles insists u passes and the o while freshly his absence, pla lack four or five previously, a section of m been placed.

ait to the sam