## THE FARM.

### Notes and Suggestions.

Nine million acres of land in Germany are devoted to the cultivation of the potato. The product last year amounted to 23 000,-000 tons.

Three hundred barrels of apples are converted into jelly every day at Albany, N Y., for exportation to Germany.

A British Consular report states that Ancona, Italy, exports to England 5,200 tons of eggs every year though the trade only began ten years ago.

France has several agricultural schools for girls. At one of these, situated near Rouen, there are said to be 300 girls from six to eighteen years of age. The farm consists 400 acres.

The papers of Canton, Dak., speak of a girl thirteen years old, in that vicinity, who ploughed eighty-two acres of land with a pair of horses and a common stubble plough.

Manure is one of the things of which a farmer can never have to much. The more he uses the better his crops will be, and the broader becomes the foundation which he lays for permanent prosperity.

A farmer in Indiana is said to have cultivated a pumpkin vine this season which produced 18 pumpkins, ranging in weight from 53 pounds to 115 pounds. The entire lot weighed 1,467 pounds, three specimens aggregating 319 pounds.

If the major portion of a given farm be dat, meist pasture land, no discreet farmer or breeder would think of stocking up mainly with horses or sheep. On the other nand, if the grazing surface be largely hilly er broken, it would be the height of indiscretion to select cattle, especially heavy cattle, for such land.

Soldiers are given the brightest, sharpest and most effective weapons—so every farm er should have the very best machines and implements for the war which he has to wage against vegetable aggressors and insect depredators in the field, the orchard and the garden, and every farmer's wife should have every appliance for economizing mus-

Bread is a luxury among the peasantry in parts of southern Austria, Italy, and in Roumania. In a village not far from Vienma, the staple food of the people is sterz, a kind of porridge made of ground beech-nuts. A porridge made of boiled maize, called pelenta, forms the chief article of food in northern Italy. Thesame thing, somewhat differently prepared, under the name of mamaliga, is the common article of food in Trumania,

Every one who has fowls should provide a mst-box Fine road dust is best, but coal senes, sand, pulverised loam, or clay, even, are all very good, and with a sprinkling of figur of sulphur or Stoddard's carbelic powder, constitute as good a bath as can be desired. This should be placed in a sunny exposure of the room, and kept dry and clean, so that the fowls may enjoy its benefite when they choose.

The long evenings can nowhere be so pro-Etably spent as on the farm, giving a taster reading and study. Many a young farmer or son of a farmer has a chance to improve his mind during the next six months. if only he will apply himself diligently and systematically. One or two good books on grain-growing, or live-stock, or fouit cultare, well studied during the winter evenings, cannot tail to tell on the results of work in all future years.

We have met with the following cheap mede for painting out-door structures Make four gallons of paste of rye flour, like the paste used for papering rooms, and then mix in one gallon of common oil paint. This will cover as much surface as five gallons of paint alone. For the second coat add two gallons of cil; and three for the third. These three coats will last about as long as tiree coats of oil paint. A good paint for brick is made of fresh lime wash and sul rate of zinc.

## Marketing Poultry.

Our Canadian markets are full of half fattened, half dressed, poorly packed poultry, which are sold at half price, at little profit to dealers, and at a serious loss to producers. Why is this? It is because our peultry is in too many cases a sort of byproduct; not a regular farm crop, seldom calculated upon as one of the regular sources ef a farmer's income. It is quite worth while for poultry raisers to take pains. Buyers do not want the poor stuff sent to market. A lean chicken is not as tender as a well fattened year old fowl; and a thin young gobbler, cannot compare in flavor with one two or three years old, and well fattened. The very choicest birds may be ruined by the way they are killed and sent te market. Tons come with their crops full of corn and other grain, and their entrails full of half digested food. This ferments and the odor from it taints the whole fowl, even though the weather remains cold, and there is no danger of "sweating," or "souring." When good, healthy young fowls or turkeys, are shut up in cages with slatted bottoms, regularly fed all they can digest, and given fresh water daily, or better, milk, they will gain very fast. When they are fat it is time to market them, either dead or alive, If the distance is not great, poultry will often sell better alive than dead, but transporting live fowls very far in baskets and crates, adds to expenses. The fowls get sickly and dirty after a few days, and there is danger of serious loss in case the market should fall, and then the sale for such stock is very slow. Some die and all lose in weight. When killed on the farm, poultry should always be starved thirty-six hours before they are killed. During this time they should remain perfectly quiet and if possible in the dark. At the end of this time. the food will all have digested, and the bowels will be empty or nearly so. Then, if they are hung up by the feet, bled by the mouth, dry-picked while warm, singed over an alcohol flame, and laid on a table to cool, being formed up nicely into shape, and wrapped or wound with strips of muslin to keep them so while they cool; in twelve hours they may be packed. It is well to have clean oat-straw to line the boxes in which they are packed for shipment, and the boxes themselves should be light, strong and tight. Clean barrels are very good. The manner of packing depends upon the size of the box or barrel, and the character of the birds. It should be uniform and sys-

tematic, and always in distinct layers and very close. They must, of course, be thorough- vote. ly cold before they are packed.

## Evenings on the Farm.

There is no more pleasurable way of spending an evening on the farm, than in the study of some subject of natural history connected with the farm work. There is an extensive variety of subjects to choose from, and all are of such interest that no difficulty can be experienced in making a choice. Moreover, as a method of cultivating social intercourse, these subjects may be studied and discussed among a few friends, invited for the purpose, who should come prepared to take part in the conversation.

### THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Just before the hour for opening the meeting Brother Gardner sent a note to Sir Isaac Walpole that he was unavoidably detained f r a time, and Sir Isaac was asked to go ahead and open the meeting He took the President's desk and said :

"Judge John Abrahams, de cull'd poet an' reader of Tennessee, arrove heah dis arternoon. He wants to read one of his pieces of poetry to us. If dar am no objeckshuns he will be brurg in." "I objeck, sah!" promptly responded

Shindig Watkins. "Will de gem'lan state his objeck-

to h'ar anyone read poerry."

"As de objeckshuns am not sustained," said the Chairman as he looked over the audience. "Budder Watkins has leave to inhabit de ante-room fur de nex' ten minits, an' de readin' will go on." HE READS.

The Jadge was brought in. At first he seemed to be thoroughly self-possessed, and had a very pompous manner, but before he reached the platform he showed unmistakable signs of stage fright. Sir Isaac observed it and helped him to recover somewhat by asking after his wife's health, and if his paper collar was a fit, and several other questions calculated to soothe and encourage. By and by the Judge braced up and went to the front with :

THE FALL OF ROME.

BY JUDGE J. ABRAHAMS. A cull'd man in Tennessee-In Tennessee—in Tennessee. He bought a dog fur fifty cente An' used to nuss him on his knee. De dog he growed an ioch a day, In Tennessee—in Tennessee— An' you jist orter-

The Judge came to a sudden stop. He drank a glass of water. He scratched his head and looked helpless.

"What has dat poem got to do wid de fall of R me?" kindly asked Sir Isaac. "Dat's-dat's what I can't tell !" replied the Judge, his agitation increasing every in-

"Hadn't you better put off readin' the rest of it until next fall "I reckon I had, sah. My head swims,

an' I feel sort o' overwhelmed. He retired amidst great applause, and Sir Isaac quietly observed :

"In de fust place, doan' sot out to chop wood wid a hee; in de next place, doan specks 'dat poo' whisky am gwine to take de place of brains, eben in sich a matter as writin' a poem." A BROTHER GONE.

The Secretary announced a communication from Mobile giving the news of the death of the Hon Separator Cumback, an honorary member of the club at that point It seems that Brother Cumback was called upon to sit up with a sick man who died during the night. In order that none of the medicine might be wasted Brother Cumback imbibed the centents of several phials. In less than ten hours he was a corpse. "What ackshun will de club take?"

asked Sir Isaac. "I move you, sah," replied Giveadam

Jones, "dat, while we put de usual emblem of mournin' on de usual doah knob, we furder resolve dat he hadn't orter done it."

The motion was se onded and adopted. NEW RULES. The Librarian and the Keeper of the Mu-

seum jointly submitted the following new rules to govern for the winter ! 1. All members shall wipe their feet be-

fore entering the rooms. 2. All cenvorsation must be in suppressed tones. Anyone refusing to suppress his

tone is libable to a fine of \$10. 3. Any person carrying away books from the library or relics from the museum will

be liable to expulsion from the club. 4. No one must handle the skull of Alex-

ander the Great or the accordion supposed to have belonged to Cato. 5 Where two members happen to want

the same almanac at the same time, preference shall be given to the Baptist Church. 6 No religious or political discussions

will be permitted. On motion of Pickles Smith the question of adopting the new rules was tabled for one week.

At this juncture Brother Gardner appeared and took his accustomed place. He seemed somewhat flurried and had to wait for his second wind before saying :

"When I started fur dis hall to-night I was follered by an assassin. While I was on de pint of passin' a lonely alley I was jumped on by wretches lyin' in wait to take my life. Now, I doan' say as de good man am gwine frew dis life wid out recivin' a scratch, but I do declar' dat de Lawd seems to be on his side when it comes to de pinch. Arter I got settled down to bizness, an' got a feothold in de mud, I jist planted dem assassins right an' left, an' when I went back home to change my clothes de three of .em war' lyin' dar yit."

ADOPTED. The Rev. Backoff Johnson then offered

the following resolution: "Resolved, Dat dis club has heard of de attempted assassinashum of its President wid a feelin' of horror. Whither am we drittin'? Whar' am de police? While we congratulate ourselves dat de plans of de wicked came to naught, we feel it our soleum duty to declar our convickshum dat sumthin' must be done in dis kentry, an' dat right speedily, to make human life more

Waydown Bobee said he would feverishly support the resolution. Three brick-bats had been hurled through his windows within the last fortnight, and he was anxiously inquiring where this thing would end. The club adopted the resolution by a unanimous

SUSTAINED. At a meeting held in July last Prof. Swingback was fined \$16 for leaving the hall without permission during a session. he explained that he dropped his jack-knife out of the window and ran down to secure it, but the fine was not remitted. He then appealed from the decision, and the committee of six now reported :

"Dis committee has come to de seclusion dat de President was right an' dat Prof. Swingback was wrong. We sustain de President in sustainin' de fine "

The professor himself rose up with a melting smile and apologized for having appealed. His conscience had troubled him ever since that occasion, and he now desired to borrow \$16 of sixteen different members, and pay the fine and have the affair off his

The remainder of the business was then locked up in room marked "G," and the meeting adjurned for one week.

#### A FATEFUL DREAM.

A Vision of the Night and Its Sad Fulfil-

Writing of dreams and their fulfilment, a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates this actual incident:

We were eating breakfast one morning, when our nearest neighbor, the miller's wife, came in. She was pale and excited, and to "Yes, sah. It allus gibs me de headache | our great astonishment she at once told us that her husband would be drowned that afternoon. She said :

"Only last night I dreamed that my busband was drowned in the mill-race, and that a man, riding a white horse, had come about dusk, and told me the news. So impressed was I with the dream, that I warned my husband not to go near the mil to-day, and I told him my dream, but he only laughed at my fears, and said that we no longer lived in dark ages."

We thought at first that she must be crazy, but at last she so far convinced the folks that she was not, that they consented to have me stay with her during the day, and I accompanied her to her home, she

muttering all the way : "I warned him, but he only laughed at me. I know he will never return home."

As evening came on, her anxiety increased. The approaching darkness seemed to her the shadow of death, and her face grew paler as the last sun-tinted cloud in the West gave way to the all-ruling twilight. Although I put no faith in the woman's prediction, yet her strange murmuring had had an effect upon me, and it was with some thing almost like disappointment that I saw the night close in, and no messenger appear. For I was young, then, and fond of the exciting and marvellous, without stopping to inquire the cause. And so it was with a sudden shock that I again looked out of the window, more carefully this time, and saw a white horse come galloping over the hill at its utmost speed. The woman saw my emotion and quickly flew to the window.

Down the short hill, over the stone bridge in the hollow, and up the long slope to the house, we watched it come, together, and it would have been hard to tell which was the most excited; for although no personal feelings moved me, yet I was in a state of the utmost uncertainty as to the outcome, while the woman, although agitated by the terrible grief, yet had not a doubt as to what the message would be. And it was no surprise to either of us, to see the man stop at the gate and walk slowly up the avenue

The lady met him at the door. As I watched her standing there in the twilight. swaying back and forth in her agony, with her hand on the door knob for support, I felt a great throb of pity at my heart, and at the same time a certain awe for the two who were playing so great a part in the drama of

The fact 'hat the news had been expected all day, and had been foretold in a dream. which I knew of only as belonging to the mysterious past of King Arthur and Froissart's Chronicles, placed the characters before me on an equality with the magicians of old Granada. I shrank back, feeling that the cold wind which came in through the open door, had carried me back hundreds of years, and placed me in a different age.

Even the calm, prosaic farmer, with his snow-white hair, and flowing beard, seemed like some old seer, as he passed his hand over his forehead, and tried to collect his scattered thoughts. The silence became

The pale-faced sufferer was growing impa-

"Speak !" she said, "I can bear it now as well as any other time."

And then the farmer looked up. "Ah, yes; I remember, I remember, now,

madam," and his voice was low and measured; "Madam, your husband wants the calves turned into the little pasture back of the bain:"

Then he turned and rode away as swiftly as he came.

And still there are some people who do not believe in dreams!

The Day You Said Yes.

BY JOHN S. HENDERSON.

Arrah! Kathleen, me darlin', it's you that's the The pet of the village, the pride of the place Shure there's many a young, handsome, well-to-do

Would tramp it from Dublin to look at your face. Them eyes black as shoes, them dark shining treeses, And them swate droopin' eyelids that near drove me mad-

hure, Kathleen, you've kilt me with them soft And conquered complately your poor Irish lad.

Now, wasn't it quare how I met you, me darlin', When poor Kitty Coyle, you remember, was wakin', An' how that swate blaguard they call "Johnny

Said he knew more 'id come from our talkin' than Shure it's courtin' we were when we should have been prayin'. And laughin' and glancin' when tears should be

But you know, Kathleen, darlin', there runs an ould eayin',
"Begin at the wake an' you'll end in the weddin'." Here, Kathleen, me darlin's meself; will you take

A poor honest lad of the Gem of the Sea; For, Kathleen, it's only yourself that can make me The happiest man in ould Ireland so free.
What word's that, me darlin', you're murmurin' so

Is it " Yis?" Yis it is! Oh, I'm muthered wid Ah, Kathleen! wid pleasure we'll always remember The day you said " Yis " to your poor Irish boy.

## YOUNG FO LKS

One Little Rhyme. One little grain in the sandy bars; One little flower in a field of flowers One little star in a heaven of stars; One little hour in a year of hours -What if it makes or what if it mars? But the bar is built of the little grains:

And the little flowers make the meadows gay; And the little stars light the beavenly plains And the little hours of each little day Give to us all that life contains.

Bo-Peep.

That's what a lady, sojourning for a while in the Bavarian Tyrol, called the pretty herd girl that she learned to love upon slight acquaintance. Bo peep's herd was not composed of sheep, however-only cows. I have no doubt you would consider her life a dreary one-sleeping, eating, dreaming, all through the summer, with only cows for company. But upon the mountain-side, where the herd was gathered, she had one compensation for her isolationall was so pure and lovely that the "trail of the serpent" was entirely forgotten.

While she watched her herd she was away from all tumult and surrounded by scenes of inexpressible loveliness. The sunshine bathed the lovely hills. The Alpine flowers starred the mountain side. The blue sky smiled above her and the faint echo of the church bells in the valley be-

low seemed like voices from another world. One summer day the lady above alluded to undertook, without informing her friends, to climb the mountain alone, in search of rare flower that she desired for her collection. She had the misfortune to drop her a pensto k, to slip and fall, badly spraining her ankle, so that she could not rise. Even in her pain she enjoyed the place of her rest. Noble trees guarded her, and a gentle wind fanned her with its low sweet breath. Bat after awhile the pain grew worse, and grow equal qualities. The production as twilight approached, she fairly sobbed of adjoining counties is often quite differ aloud. What should she do? Must she lie the one producing leaf which at once de there suffering all night? Why did not her | iorates if grown in the other. The laid friends come in search of her? "But I de- | the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of serve it all," she said ; "I'd no business to choice sections of the State, which, the wander off alone." She called aloud with some combination of local influence, prince all her strength. Far above her the herd a better quality than any other. This girl was listening.

"What is that sound?" she questioned herself; but only the murmur of the mountain stream answered her. "Hark! I hear it again Is it the wind stirring the tree tops? Or can it be a bird's call?" Very soon she became positive it was

neither—it sounded more like a human voice in distress. "Come, Dolly," she called to her faith ful bell-cow, "we look up the lost cows-

we must treat the lost human traveller as With Dolly she walked down the moun-

tain and plunged into a belt of woods, calling: "We're coming, coming, coming. Her call received a quick glad response Back and forth rang the words like chimes : "Here, hear," and "Coming, coming," until at last before the fallen lady knelt the herd girl-a vision of beauty, with her fresh glowing cheeks, her bright eves and her Tyrolean hair, garlanded with A'pine blos-

"You're hurt, dear heart," she said, pity. ingly, taking the lady's hand within her pretty brown one.

"Yes; I've sprained my ankle, and don't know what to do," came the answer, wearily. "But I do," the herd-girl said decidedly.

"Put your arms around my neck, and dear old Dolly will carry you up the mountain." "But I am too heavy for your young arms," expostulated the lady.

"Try me and see. You are a hothouse flower, fair and frail, and I am a mountain blossom, strong and sure," she said, cheer-

Very soon the "hothouse flower" was on the back of the bell-cow, riding slowly up the mountain, while the "mountain blossom," strong and sure, walked by her side, supporting the bruised limb as best she could.

Arriving at the herd-girl's tent, the girl lifted the lady from Dolly's back as gently as if she had been a child, and laid her down upon a sort of hammock bed. No one could have tended the spraned ankle more gently or efficaciously than did the herd-girl. She bathed it with a liniment composed of mountain herbs, and bandaged it with strips torn from the whitest

All night long the lovely girl-nurse bent over her patient in tireless watching, al though the lady protested against it, as it was entirely unnecessary. Toward morning hostess and guest both fell asleep, with their faces both together and their hands interlocked

At early dawn the lady was almost sorry to see several of her party coming up the mountain after her. They began to utter profuse expressions of sympathy when they were told that she had sprained her ankle, but she only laughed as she answered:

"I would suffer the same pain again willingly for another bit of such sweet experience as I have had. I did not find the flowers for which I was looking, but I found the sweetest mountain blossom in all the Tyrols-my strong, sweet, tender-hearted Bo-peep, who in her quiet way is following in her Master's steps,"

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the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure

He-" Well, here s good news at last. Tom's letter says that after years of quarreling he and Martha have stopped all discord and come to a perfect understanding." She -"I'm so glad." He-"Yes, I guess Tom is : they've separated. He (solemnly)-"You had a very narrow

escape last night, Miss Julia." She-" Why what do you mean?" He-" Well, you see, I had a dream about you. I thought I was just about to kiss you when the housemaid rapped at the door and I woke up." She (after a short pause)—" That girl must go." At a dinner table a gentleman remarked that A-, who used to be given to sharp practice was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by

seeking to get on, then he sought to get

honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

# Longfellow's Birthday but But there is a little book published in

phlet form, with no pretensions to h merit, that would be as appropriate might be the means of saving a little of the means of the me called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise of es of women, for whose peculiar by the "Favorite Prescription" is designed. It is profately like the wood cuts and colored platas, and vit sent to any address for ten centain by the World's Dispensary Medial

Rev. Mr. Tennant has just died has kansas at the age of 115 year. But preached for ninety years.

If you are bilions, take Dr. Re " Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the "Little Liver Pills." Of all droggies Frank Siddalls, the great soup to started his immense business of conobtaining all materials on four mon

## time. An Inventor's Advice.

George Steverson when advising to men how to get on would finish by an "Do as I have done-persevere" fifteen year, he plodded and worked by giving the finishing touches to his lone tive. In as many days those persevents the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Men Discovery," have experienced great is and found themselves on the high muit health. Liver Complaints, impare big chronic lung diseases and many other is to its healing influences never to her All druggists.

Dio Lewis says that wearing large, the heavy boots and blue hand-knit stock will improve a woman's complexion

Though the soil of Virginia growthe tobacco leaf in the world, it does not a shown by its always commanding a his price than any other amoking leaf.

Editor Stead is allowed to have a Ris in his cell and Fred. Ward's keepri named Scripture.

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d hom stationed on the main line Central Railway for semethin then a year, attending to all the di night duties at that point with such a flieg regularity, that no thought of po soddent had ever occurred to me. e duties were not especially arduou the responsibility was far greate was an express day and night, bot for which the main line had to be a clear; a local express each wa h ran on the turnout, and waited for through train to pass; a mail tra t and morning which had right of way ordinary passenger, and half-a-doze asps, accommodation and freight. see that the main line was alway

was always ready when it should b the branch where the local made n open, and, in short, that ev rythin in condition for prompt and satisfactor king, kept me almost constantly at m though, as I have alrea y said, the were not especially arduous. order to be handy to my business, lin a cottage c'ose by, from the ope of which, looking eastward, I could se coming train for a mile away, and n whether the signals of "danger" sety" were in their proper positions. ne morning, just after the local had man and gone, my wife came running to m

ed at the proper moment, that the turn

h an alarmed face. Our little girl wa sing. She had seen her only a few min before the departure of the train, an made a hasty search for her as soon discovered her absence. She feared sh w not what. calmed her with a few brief words, and rying around to the station building, b a careful examination of every possib ce where I deemed it likely the chi

tht be. (She was enly five years old search resulted in my finding her fa an on the sunny side of a pile of railros with her doll, half as large as hersel ig beside her. That night I had a singular dream. thought I was in the middle of a va

in through which stre'ched, broad an before me, the double truck of a mai Like ours, yet unlike, for every fe la I could see open switches and bioo signals, that gave me an agony of appr nsion. As I looked again at the line, m es fell upon an object—a small form lyin on one of the rails. My child! With ghty effort I awoke, turned over, an ent to sleep, and dreamed the same thin ain, with the addition that I seeme

bunted ta winged horse, and riding for to clos theswitches. in I aw ke, bathed in perspiration a roused myself sufficiently to get up ar it my little darling's crib, of course d her safe. I walked the floor in m ocking feet for awhile, looked at the ock, and again turned in, to dream for the ird time the same thing; to start sudden ad broadly awake, as if the voice which used the Thane of Cawdor had hissed ear, as in his, "Sleep no more ."

To awake, and find the first gleam of the coming day glowing gray on the easter However, a visit to all the switches-min ot those of the dream-a dash, headfor ort, into a cool, deep, running strea sar, and awarm breakfast, seemed to cles

way whatever remained of the lingering fects of my nocturnal visions, and I fe ke myself once more. Between the passage of the down ma hich stopped, and the through expre hich did not, there was an interval of our and a half, that was essentially n wn. But that morning a despatch be ome for one of the directors, who live aree miles to the south of us, and as it appened, the agent, who was busy, reques

d me to take it, offering the use of his fa pare, which stood in harness under the sh -an animal remarkable for its speed as ndurance, as I ascertained thereafter. I had been to the director's house on o two similar occasions, and neither t gent nor myself deemed the time necessa o go and come any consideration when our and a half was at my disposal. Beside ad such a course been necessary, he cou ave taken the keys and acted for me.

here was no thought of that. I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ri nuch, for the mare, "Fanny," was in e ellent spirits, and the air was clear a I had delivered the despatch, received

Frief word of thanks, and was already tu ng homeward, when the direct reame hi elf toward the paling, calling out to me I reined up. "There is some mistake here, Jenning

he said, with some excitement, waving despatch. "This should not have bent to me, but to our agent " On refl tion: "He knows the contents, I support On reflection, I couldn't say, and so st "Then go back to your post at once, give it to him. A special train of exc

monists for Hampstead Beach will pass 9.30. Look out for it." He turned leisurely and sauntered up walk toward the house, while, withou word, I started the mare it to a trot. A special train at half past nine !

I drew a taut rein with my right has and took my watch from my pocket w my trembling left. Nine twenty-two! Three miles o straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter mile of detour to the station, when I sho

reach the track-and the main line oper me westward for the passage out of mail! Three miles, and eight minutes which to accomplish it !

In my youth I had known someth bont horses, and that knowledge did all me now. I drew out the long whi seldem used, as I have noticed—and touc the mare quietly on the flank. How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met char in the swirl and dust of battle, and men have gone down together, but in the was fellowship—association. In bet no words can fitly describe the fi of that solitary ride against ti hundreds of innocent lives, all un of the peril toward which they v hung trembling in the balance. I recall now the tempest which swa y arinking soul, as, outwardly calm greet, with every muscle strong