By M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ETC., ETC.

CHNPTER V .- (CONTINUED.)

Don was browsing contentedly upon some rank grass on the edge of the causeway, and had no more intention of going away than if he had been the original antedeluvian horse in a nuseum.

The two men went out together, and strolled along the causeway side by side. "Of course you can see what it is, can't

you, parson?" began Dawley abruptly. "No mistaking the signs in a gal." "You think she's in love," hazarded the

"O' course she is, parson. That's the way it allus begins-sighin' and sulkin', and sleepless nights a thinking of him. Curse him, whoever he is! He'll lure this one away like the other one was lured away, of a sudden, without a word of warning to the poor old father. I dursen't leave the cottage, lest I should find it empty when I come back. I haint sold a basket for a sarpent."

"Who can it be," asked the Vicar with a puzzled air. "Is there anyone in the village that she cares for ?"

village-it ain't a working man, or a gentleman's servant, or anyone of her own station -else it would be all fair and above-board and she wouldn't be afraid to tell her old grandfather. It's somebody whose love means ruin. Some lying, fine gentleman, who'll speak her fair and tempt her to go away with him, and leave her to rot when his fancy's over. I knows the breed." "Have you any reason to suspect mis

"Too many reasons; but I'll tell you one

or two, and you can judge. It's just about six weeks ago that I noticed when I came home late at night that there was a smell of baccy in the room yonder. Well, I'm a smoker myself, but this wasn't my 'baccy that I smelt, and it wasn't twelve hours old, neither. It was a gentleman's 'baccy; as different from what I smoke as the champagne you gentry drink is from the cider they sell up street. I know'd there'd been a stranger here when I smelt that 'baccy. I asked my gal if there'd been anyone come to the cottage all day. She said 'No,' but I could see she was lying. I noticed the same smell three nights running; and on the morning after the third night I found another trace of my enemy. There'd been rain the day before, but the wind shifted towards evening and there was a sharp frost in the night; and when I went out onto the causeway there were my gentleman's footprints, as if they'd been cut in a rock—the prints of a gentleman's strong-soled shooting boots. There's no mistakin' the cut of a fine gentleman's boot : it's as different from a poor man's clodhopper as a gentleman's baccy is from mine. Somebody had been

"Was that all? Did you never see the

hanging about the cottage and talking with

man himself?"

"Never, he was too artful. I've scarcely been three days away from home since I saw the footprints in the causeway; but my gentleman has never shown up hereabouts, and my gal has moped all time."

"Have you never questioned her since

"Now and again, careless, like-Had there been anyone shooting the wild fowl, anybody going past in a boat? and such like. But I might as well expect to get answers out of a stone. Not a word would she say to me, except she didn't know, she hadn't noticed—what reason was there for her to watch for people in boats?"

be exempt from danger and temptations. don't think she ought to be left to live this solitary life any longer. Solitude encourages brooding. She wants change and ocenpation—the sight of strange faces." "How is she to get them?" asked Daw-

ley despondingly. "She might go into service."

fore she had left me six months. I know which the Vicar had observed yesterday. what servant gals are, and how little care | She took but the slightest notice of his enthere is taken of 'em. She's not old enough trance, scarcely stirred from her place by or wise enough to be left to take care of the window, scarcely ceased from her conherself. Send her out to service anywhere | templation of the marsh, only looked at him hereabouts, and the fine gentleman who left | with a bored expression and muttered a sulhis footmarks on this causeway would soon | len good morning. find out where she was, and be after her. She'd have her evenings out, belike, and plunging into the core of things without cirhe'd be waiting for her somewheres in the cumlocution. dusk. I know the world, parson. She don't. poor child; and knowledge of the world she'd never be warned by them.'

know of houses in which the maids are as well looked after as nuns in a convent. I'll talk to a lady I know about your granddaughter, and if I can interest her—"

"It will be hard to part with her," said the old man, "but I can't keep watch over | ing here is altogether an unnatural life. It her always and sell my baskets; and if I is high time you went out to service, and don't sell them we must starve. And she's | learnt to get your own living." gettin' to hate me for being so watchful of her. I can see that, It's a wicked world, parson."

we must make the best of it for ourselves scorn, with large dark eyes that were capaand each other. Man was born to trouble | ble of looking unfathomable things. as the sparks fly upward. Have you heard anything of Madge's mother lately?"

los, an out and out bad lot, with a heart as hard as the nethermost millstone."

"You must not judge her, Dawley. She was brought up in darkness and ignorance. No one ever taught her her duty.'

to a savage,' "Your daughter may have died years

"I don't think so, parson. I heard of her six or seven years ago-not a word from | She will take you into her service as a favor her, mark you-but I heard from a man who to me, and she will have you treated kindly had seen her in London-riding in her carriage—or in somebody's carriage—as bold as brass—as fine a lady as any in London, Joe up and flushing to the roots of her hair, Tronnion said. He's a gispy hawker, sells | "Lady Belfield will take me into her serbrooms, and baskets, and such like, and vice. travels all over the country. He saw my gal, he did, not seven year agone, all among your welfare. She has heard of your dismal

and satin, as brazen as you like, she that never came to look after her child since the little one was three year old."

"Well, we had best forget all about her, Dawley, till God puts better thoughts into her mind and brings her back to us. I'll see what can be done about Madge. She wouldn't suit everybody, never having been in service—but I think I know a lady who will help me. "In this or in any other emergency," he

said to himself, by way of postscript. He mounted Don, and rode slowly homeward across the open waste to the lane with its tall tangled hedges, bare now for the most part, save where the foliage lingered on the pollard oaks, and the beechwood showed copper-coloured leaves that were to last till late into the coming year, when the young growth came to drive them away. Very slow was the homeward ride, for Don had exhausted all his freshness in the outfortnight. I'm here to guard her from the ward journey, and only quickened his pace when he saw the old church tower and smelt the clover and hay in the vicarage stable. But to his astonishment the Vicar took him past that familiar gate, and trot-"Lord no, parson. It ain't no one in the | ted him snorting with indignant protest, to the gates of Belfield Park and along the avenue to the Abbey, where there was some consolation, as a groom came out at the sound of hoofs, and conducted the clerical steed to a loose box, while his master went

into the house to see Lady Belfield. She was in her usual place in the innermost drawing-room, a woman always ready to see her friends, and give them cordial welcome : not one of those women who have to be hunted for on the arrival of a visitor, and who are never fit to be seen except when they are en grande tenue.

Constance Belfield was sitting with a bookstand on one side of her, and a capacious work basket on the other. She was a great worker as well as a great reader, and her needlework was the admiration of all her female friends, who went to her for ideas and inspiration in satin stitch, and copied her achievements with the needle at a respectful distance.

She gave her hand to the Vicar with a smile, and he sat down in the luxurious chair at her side, and felt that life was worth living for.

Ho told her the state of things at old Dawley's cottage, the young life wasting, the young, undisciplined heart pining for want of womanly care and sympathy, and he had enlisted her feelings before his story was half finished.

"You want change of scene for her, a brighter, busier life, a home where she will be taught and cared for," she said, when she had heard all. "Let her come here by all My housekeeper is an excellent creature—but you know my good Mrs. Marrable as well as I do."

"I have reason to know her. Yes, she has a heart of gold.

"Well, I will place this protegee of yours under Mrs. Marrable's especial care, and I will do all I can for her myself

"You are always good, Lady Belfield. You have taught me to rely upon your goodness. But I must warn you that this girl may be of very little use in your establishment. She is untaught and inexperienced."

want to be of use to her. Bring her to me as soon as you like, Vicar. "God bless you. I will bring her to you to-morrow, if I can."

"I don't expect her to be of use to me; I

CHAPTER.—EASY TO LOVE HER.

The Vicar rode Don across the marsh early next morning, a liberty which that "Well, Dawley, we must be on our guard | sage animal felt inclined to resent, so rarely for her, poor child. She is too handsome to was he taken far afield two days running. But the Vicar was too intent upon humanity just now to spare horseflesh.

> Old Dawley had gone to the market town with a load of baskets, his exchequer having sunk to the lowest point, dire necessity forcing him to abandon his post as guardian of out of six. He had a way of talking about a girl's heart and honor.

Madge was alone, in the same moody at-"And be ruined and broken-hearted be- titude—with the same moody countenance

> "Madge, I have got you a place," he said, "What place?"

"A place in a lady's house, where you ain't to be learn't second hand. I might | will be kindly treated, and taugh to be usepreach her sermons as long as my arm, but ful. I am going to take you to a new and cheerful life, to a good home, clean rooms, "There is service and service, Dawley. I good wholesome food, and companions of your own age."

> "You mean that I'm to go into service," she said, with the same sullen air. "Folks have oft-times talked to me about that." "Yes, my dear girl, the life you are lead-

> The girl was silent for some moments.

looking across the marsh with that dreamy air of hers; then she turned slowly and "It's a troublesome world, my friend, and looked at the vicar, half in wonder, half in "Did my grandfather put that in your

head !" she asked. "Not a word, parson. Ah, she was a bad | "No. Your grandfauher told me only | dish of hot-buttered cakes frizzling on the that you were unhappy. It was I thought | hearth, by which sat the Vicar's John of the cure."

"A pretty cure!" she cried contemptuously. "You think it will make me happy to scrub floors and pots and pans, or per-"There's duties that don't need to be haps you would send me out as a nursemaid taught. The duty of loving your father and to mind squalling babies. I would rather mother. That ought to come natural even starve and have my freedom than be a wellfed slave."

"There is no such thing as slavery in the house where I am going to take you. Lady Belfield is one of the kindest women I know. and taught to be useful.

"Lady Belfield," cried Madge, jumping

"Yes, Madge, and will interest herself in

her power to make you happy. You won't refuse such a service as that, will you?"

"No," answered the girl, after a long pause, "I won't refuse. I ought to be very grateful, I suppose. It's a fine thing for dirt like me to be let into such a house as that."

" It will be the making of you, Madge, answered the Vicar gravely, "And I hope you accept the situation in a right spirit and will try to do your duty to that excellent lady.

The girl vouchsafed him no assurance as to her intention upon this point. "When am I to go?" she asked, sul-

"At once-to-day."

"I have hardly any clothes but those on "My housekeeper shall get you some more clothes. You can come to the Vicarage as fast as you can, and Deborah shall buy

The girl took up his hand and kissed it in

a burst of gratitude. "You are a good man," she said. "Yes. I'll come. Poor old grandiather. He'l miss me of an evening, when he comes home -but anything will be better than it has been lately. We've both been miserableand perhaps some day-"

She smiled, her face flushed again as its had flushed, at the first mention of Lady Belfield's name.

"Will they let me come and see my grandfather sometimes?" she asked. "Of course, and if you learn to be a valuable servant, by and bye you will get good wages, and then you can be a substantial I'm ready!" help to him in his old age.

"Yes, I hope I may be able to help him when he is old.

Madge appeared at the Vicarage before three o'clock with all her worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief. She was not overcome by the grandeur of the Vicarage, for that grave, gray old house, with its sombre old rooms, cool in summer, and warm in winter, had been familiar to her in her childhood, when the Vicar catechised her on Sunday evenings, with a class of Sunday-school children, in his library. She remembered the look of the pannelled hall. and the old Oriental jars, the Vicar's fishing tackle, and the perfume of rose leaves and lavender. Deborah, the housekeeper, who was a very homely personage compared with Mrs. Marrable at the Abbey, received her instructions from the Vicar and sallied out with with Madge to the village shop, where all the indispensables of this life were kept in stock, and here the two women sat for nearly an hour, choosing and buying, Deborah keenly interested, Madge curiously indifferent, looking with incurious scorn upon the pure white calico and the

"I suprose you can make your own gowns," said Deborah, rather snappishly provoked at an indifference which implied ingratitude to the good Vicar.

neat prints which were being bought for

"I have never had anybody else to make em for me," answered Madge. "That one you have got on fits pretty

fair, though I don't like the style of it, said Deborah, eyeing the supple form from top to toe. "I wouldn't let one of our maids wear such a gown as that, and you'l have to dress different at the Park. And you will not be allowed to wear beads round your neck."

"And yet they say service isn't slavery," retorted Madge, with a scornful laugh.

Deborah spent a couple of sovereigns grudgingly, knowing how many claims Mr. Rockstone had upon his benevolence, and having very little sympathy with this ungracious young woman.

and have tea with us," she said curtly, "and then John is to walk to the Abbey with you." John was the Vicar's valet, butler, and

general confidant and factotum. He was known only as John, and seemed to have no occasion for any surname. The Vicar's John was known and respected all over the parish. He was a tall, lean, sharp-nosed man, very chary of speech, and never talking except to the purpose. He was a great reader of newspapers, and a profound politician. Of books he knew none but the Bible, and that he knew better than five curates the patriarchs, and the kings and heroes of Israel, as if they had been Peel and Brougham; or Bright and Gladstone, which was curious, and quite unconsciously irreverent. "I don't want any tea," Madge answer-

ed, ungraciously. "Oh, but you must want your tea; you must be almost sinking. What a queer girl you are. Come along now; let's get home as fast as we can. Martha will have got the gestive : kettle boiling, and John will be wanting his

John was a person whose wants must always be studied. He waited upon the Vicar with exemplary devotion, but he expected that the women folk should wait upon him. In the kitchen and servants' premises he was first in importance, and all gave way hefore him.

The Vicarage kitchen looked very cheery in the winter afternoon, with a bright red fire burning in an old-fashioned open grate, and the hearth spotless, and the fender shining like silver. The Vicar dined at eight so this afternoon hour was a period of leisure and repose. The large oak table at which Deborah did her cooking was pushed on one side, and a snug round table covered with a snow white cleth stood in front of the fire-place. Martha, the house and parlor maid, a rosy cheeked buxom lass, prepared everything except the actual making of the tea, a sacred office in which Deborah al lowed no interference with her privileges The tea tray was spread, and there was a a dignified attitude reading the Standard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Allies of Anarchy.

It is said of a noted Anarchist that, when passing a costly temple of worship, where a few rich people worship, he pointed to it in a menacing manner, and exclaimed :-"Those are our allies; they make the people hate the churches and Christianity. All we fear is the Carpenter's Son, and those who tread in his footsteps, preaching spoonfuls of butter; then beat in gradually to the poor." May there not be some truth one pint of boiling milk. Spread this prein the assertion? If so, might it not be well paration on a warm dish and then place on for Christian people to bridge the gulf that it slices of cold roast beef. Put one tableseparates the masses of the poor from the spoonful of gravy on each slice. Place the churches? Not all churches are wealthy, dish in the oven for five minutes. Garnish and most of them welcome the poor, but the the edge of the dish with any kind of green, fact remains, they don't come to any ex- like paraley, carrot or celery. Other kinds tent. What can be done? Carry the Gos- of cold meat can be served in this manner. the gentle folks in London, dressed in silk | life here, and she has promised to do all in | pel to them. - Hz.

HOUSEHOLD.

AND THE REASONS APPENDED.

We are all prone to very light self judgment, and I suppose it is a hard thing for any one to believe that effect in our own individual cases follows cause, and what we firmly accept as Fate is rather machinery set in motion by finger-touch of our own. For others we see it clearly, and for our selves not at all. Thus Mrs. Brown says to me, and Mrs. Brown is a dear little woman, not very old, not very wise, perhaps, but capable of making herself most charming. "I don't see why, even when a husband does not cease, in all things, to be a lover, he still does grow indifferent to his wife's society. Now John won't take me to any place at all, if he can evade it without, as you what you want, to begin with, in the he supposes, a hurt to my feelings." Most emphatically, I don't blame John.

sat behind them once at some entertainment. It wasn't a very good entertainmert, but, dear me! John thought it was. And that sharer of his griefs and joys? She was in a draught, she wanted her shaw pulled up, and she wanted a window pulled down; she know the baby was crying at home, and her seat was very hard. And, through fall the stage performance, the tiptilting of that dainty, saucy nose, the persistent murmuring of-assuredly-a very sweet toned voice ! "How any one of sense enjoys this sort of thing passes my comprehension! Well, Jack, whenever you can tear yourself away from this brilliant affair.

And then she says why doesn't John care to have me with him, as in those blessed courtship days? Ah, but in those days she cared to be with him so truly that every sight was gilded in her eyes straightway, and every pleasure glorified. John was not made uncomfortable by sarcasm, nor harrassed by complaints, never, in that

And Mrs. White wonders why her husband never cares to stay at home one evening in the week; why so quiet and amiable a man, seemingly made for a domestic life, always has some excuse ready to take him

out o'nights. Now, Mr. White smokes. I don't doubt he smokes too much, still—. His wife cannot bear the smell of tobacco, and that must be altogether given up at home. wife's reading in restricted to a fashion magazine, and she never glances at a newspaper. Her evening work is generally some crocheting where one has to count and pay strict attention. Perhaps Mr. White thinks sometimes of their youth, and the evenings spent together then. A man can't live forever on syllabub, nor always be a-wooing, but few women whose Lusbands once were true lovers need ever lose that love.

And Mrs. Gray laments, with bitter tears, that Willie is not straightforwardly true that he "shuffles" and equivocates. And I don't blame Willie. Sometimes his punishment is heavy for a tiny fault; for carelessness, not open sin; sometimes, when the parents are unusually good natured, or indulgent, or otherwise occupied, no stress is laid on a serious misdemeanor. Willie never knows whether a tornado will whir about his ears, or a smile reward him, when he makes an apt and saucy speech.

And Mrs. Green, (so verdant!) thinks it as remarkable as sad that Henry, senior does not interfere with Henry, junior, now he has grown beyond her own control. One must condemn him, because he is that most useless thing, a man who dares not assert his manhood. And yet the trouble is of Mrs. Green's own brewing. When Harry was a little fellow, just beginning to be "You're to come back to the Vicarage | naughty, one word and correction from his | Which Conclusively Proves Why Man Getfather was enough to bring forth his mother in defense. And not that alone, but she argued-before the child-the parental injustice and unreason, that, who could wonder so much when the disgusted man finally threw aside all control, and left his offspring to a very weak pair of woman's hands. And Mrs. Green needs must wonder too, why Harry is so dissipated. Why when he hears one parent's wisdom doubted and opinion set at nought, can he not supply himself, a little scorn for the other?

There are so many whys, so many reasons why, perhaps each one's conscience can tell him others, and where he need not go farther afield in asking the monosyllabic question for the answer.

Vegetables.

The farmer's wife usually has a variety of vegetables to use, but sometimes lacks a variety in ways of cooking them. A few recipes have been collected which may be sug-

CABBAGE SALAD.—Two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful mustard, one teaspoonful pepper, two teaspoonfuls salt, four tablespoonfuls melted butter, six tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one teacupful vinegar. Stir all on the stove until it thickens like custard. When cold, mix with finely chopped cabbage. Extract of celery or a little celery salt is an improvement to those who like celery.

BROILED POTATOES .- Parboil pared potatoes; cut in slices half an inch thick; place, in a wire girdiron, over a moderate fire; turn frequently, until well browned on both sides; season with salt and pepper. and serve hot. Boiled potatoes when cold may be used for broiling, and can be done in the same manner.

POTATOES BAKED WITH MEAT -- Pare and parboil, then place in the pan containing the fowlfor roast. Turn over when partly cooked, so they may brown evenly. They can be baked in this manner without parboiling, but require a longer time. They can also be

Cious relish to keep conveniently on hand. was not well pleased with Mr. Walter's im-Boil tender half a peck of beets. They pulsive generosity. Whatever the column should cook at least the column should cook at least two hours slowly. In question was worth at that time, its com. When thoroughly done allow a slice of raw | mercial value must have vastly increased as onion to every beet. Slice them into a jar, the years rolled on, and little Master Robert put in a teaspoon of horse radish, six cloves, and a tablespoon of whole peppers to every half dozen beets. Pour boiling vinegar over them and set them away. When cold cover.

COLD BEEF WITH PUREE OF POTATOES .-Pare, boil, and mash twelve large potatoes, Add to them salt, pepper, and two table-

FRIED APPLES.—Make a batter of

eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk, and a tablespoonfuls of floor. Slice, per and core tart apples as Saratoga potatoga them in the batter and fry. Est with po

Man in the Moon.

This individual is familiar in the train tions and the literature of every people from the earliest times to the prosent There are stories which are supposed to date back a period earlier than the time of Moses, telling of a man who was put to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbas and was sent to the moon to stay there en after. A German story also tells about man who cut sticks on the Sabbath, and who was caught up in the moon, fagoust all. It is believed that he is still to be seen, bearing his burden of sticks. A similar story is told in Swabia, only in

this case the punishment was for having stolen the wood, rather than for breaking A Dutch myth relates that the fellow was guilty of stealing cabbages on Christma

evening. His neighbours caught him jun as he was making off with the plunder, and they "wished" him up in the moon. There he is to-night with his stolen cabbages. In some of the provinces along the North Sea the man in the moon was a sheep-stealer, and in fact of his being loaded down as he is with cabbages is accounted for by saying

that he used to entice the sheep with the vegetables. Still farther north the people talk about a giant who lives in the moon, and who is centres. supposed to cause the ebb and flow of tide. When the giant stoops, the water flows and when he stands erect, the water

ebbs again. In Greenland the sun is a female divinity. and the moon is her brother. During their mortal lives upon the earth, the brother teased his sister. She flew up in the air. and became the sun; he could not so high, and became the moon; but he still pursues his sister, hoping some day to surprise her.

When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he leaves his house, on a sledge harnessed to four dogs, and hunts for several days. On his return, he eats so much that he again grows into a full moon."

The Russians have several accounts to give of the phenomena of the moon. Om is that a man was looking for a land where there was no death. He cook up his abode in the moon, but after he had lived a hundred years, more or less, death found him out, and came there after him. A furious struggle between the moon and death took place. While it was going on, the man was caught up in the sky, and now shines "" a star near the moon.

The variety of these stories is by no means exhausted, but enough have been given that the reader may judge of their character. In them all the man in the moon is a very bad fellow or a coward.

In a few instances he is identified with some historical scoundrel. The French have a theory that he is Judas Iscariot, who was transported there for his treason. Other have been inclined to think that he is Cain, carrying a bundle of thorns on his shoulden in punishment of offering to God the cheapest gi't from his field. Dante refers to this notion in the second canto of his "Paradise," when he speaks of "the gloomy spots upon this body" (the moon's), 'wnich below on earth give rise to talk of Cain."

REGARDING HEARTS.

erally Proposes to Women. A German doctor has lately been making some investigations as to the size of men's and women's hearts. He found that there is a difference in favor of the man, the masculine heart weighing more and being larger than that possessed by the fairer half of

creation. A heart, it would appear, grows most during the first and second years of life, and between the second and seventh year it has again almost doubled. In the fiftieth year, and until a half century of birthdays have been kept, the heart grows a little, Summer after Summer. At 50, however, the growth has stopped, the only change from now to the close of life being a slight diminution. In childhood the male and female hearts are the same size, but after manhood, the masculine heart develops much more than the female, and the former ends with being two square inches larger than the latter. If, as the poet says, the centre of the affections lies in the heart, the reason for man always proposing to woman and becoming the affectionate bread-winner, the thoughtful husband, and the loving houseband, as the meaning of the word really is, might be found in the region of his heart.

A Unique Dowry.

The late Sir Robert Carden's interest in the London Times began, says the World (London), before he was born. His father, a barrister, married Jemima Walter, daughter of the first and sister of the second John Walter, proprietor of the Times. The paper had but lately changed its style and title, having been aforetime known as the Daily Universal Register. At the wedding breakfast of Mr. Carden and Miss Walter, the father of the bride rose and proudly endowed her, as a marriage gift, with a column of advertisements in the young and rising journal. The particular column was the third, or, as it is sometimes called now, the "agony column," and it is said that the baked in drippings, without fowl or meat. family lawyer, who was present, but had Pickled Brets.—Pickled beats are a deli- not been consulted in the important matter, came into the world proprietor of an undeveloped gold-mine.

> Napoleon III 's Mausoleum. The Empress Eugenie has expended £100-

000 on the mausolenm at Farneborough The building is constructed of Bath and Portland stone, in the French Rensissance style, and it is surmounted by a bronse cap. ola, which is a conspicuous object for miles around. The altar, a highly ornate piece of work, is of Caen marble, and the flooring is of red and white Corsican marble. There is a white marble altar in the crypt where the two coffins are deposited, above which is two | large silver crucifix.

Estish Love of the T recent incident shows ho sole take in national spo

ily in horse racing. Earl of Durham made a s orting society called the "in which he made char some one whom he did dishonestly in the racing

harge, practically, was while running one of his o bet on other horses in th took means to prevent his winning. A well-known Sir George Chetwynd, afterwards appeared, person aimed at, and very ontroversy with Lord h he has not shown himsel

be general interest taken in the by the fact that Lo ges were excitedly discussed d to it a number of long sthey would to a great p or to a serious crisis e of the weighty matters t whether the investigati h of Lord Durham's accus made by a court of law rards of the famous "J

Jockey Club is composed gentlemen of rank and we all the great national race at various seasons, at er, Chester, Newmarket, a the jockeys w es, lays down the rules un s are won, investigates a onesty and corruption of ers and jockeys, and sees are run under proper con as a result of the cont to, the licenses of two jock en away, and these two me

in any race in Englan ness are restored. he chief officers of the Jou its "stewards." Th an executive committee, t to try offences against tionable acts on the tur.

here stewards are three in

always men of high social

experience in racing, and

racter and judgment. O rards, Lord Hastings is sdale and a member of l 's ministry, and Mr. Fit: of Earl Fitzwilliam. national, indeed, is this Houses of Parliament a Derby Day. In recent sence of the turf has induc to try to stop this adjour ent for such a purpose. ays been out-voted by a l such statesmen as Gladst

ding to the custom. and strictest regulation of harm, especially to y s rise to numerous tempts ch are too readily yielded tless gambling, which is r by reputable people; it ng men into coarse and conships, and causes the might otherwise be usef

The Country Ho

the old country hom ly named "the new hea calculate its influence or Distinct it is from the istory is there written in li from every hillside ario. In every city hor are lovingly drawn of hay have been a wood- co with the well near the well-sweep stan n which the bucket desce id nectar so grateful to t or it may have been th te house with the green b by the old and graceful el le builds her nest and fr t branches he swings and e notes; or it may have b age, poor and bare in ts, but in children, who nber to supply all deficie hishings of its rooms—br rich as kings-its be of its happiness to the te has gone out from the nce the power of which ulation, and it is nev inished, by the on-rolli quiet of old age, the h relief and delight to t e days with their bles we fully realize all the and sacred in home lov

Utilizing Sew he New York World se ior its object the rage of Paris for fer successful carrying ald bring the sewera non capital into a ste Perfection. Of all world Berlin now tter of utilizing seway acres of the unfertil are being enriched mits reservoir sinks a at the pecuniary outo 4 will be remains t ree llows through the mountain stres wlow as in the case o pay and Troy.

racter, the loving the

rations, all that man !

es for in heaven, rise wi

he old home, for they w

tell the day of the derka Early