AGRICULTURAL.

The Farmers' Institutes.

trend of thought amongst the leading farmers of Ontario as exhibited in the papers, addresses and discussions at the winter's sessions of the Farmers' Institutes augurs well for the prosperity of the country. In truth, one who has followed even superficially the proceedings of the Institutes cannot but be proud of our farmers, and rank them equal in pluck and intellect to the most advanced farming communities anywhere and superior to those of any part of Britain in versatility, in power and inclination to wisely change their plans and methods to meet the changing circumstances in which agriculture is involved from time to time. McKinleyism in the U. S. and the cattle schedule in Britain have piled, as it were, a heavy load of adverse conditions on our farmers. But beyond a passing feeling of discouragement and anxiety there have been no symptoms of lack of heart in our farmers. On the contrary pluck, as exhibited in the cry of "no surrender", and in practical efforts to more than counteract the attempts made to injure Canadian agriculture, is the response which Canada makes to the outside world. In this respect the meetings of the winter surpass those of any previous year. The tone is one of hope, and hope founded upon a determination to take advantage of the superiority of climate and soil which Ontario possesses over almost any other part of the Globe. There has been no excitement about it; no fireworks have been let off; the attitude is that of quiet, common sense men who know the premises upon which they must act and choose deliberately a reasonable course. In the stand taken much credit must be given to a number of practical farmers and professional scientists who with the breadth that comes from a habit of taking a wide outlook, have convincingly indicated the lines on which our agriculture should now move.

Considerable animadversion was indulged in a few years since by some of the party journals on the way in which the institutes took part in politics, and some adverse criticism is still being made. But while individuals here and there have naturally, if improperly, introduced partizan opinions with a partizan object, the common sense of the vast majority has fixed the course of the Institutes in regard to political discussion. Politics are in the institutes, and are in to stay. But the politics are not partizan. The resolutions and discussions show that farmers, in council assembled, view tariff matters and other political questions with a keen sense of the interests of farming, and at the same time with a large measure of consideration for other interests and the relations which Canada may have to maintain in regard to other countries. This is seen in the varied recommendations made as to tariff legislation on different products; and in the "fair trade" resolution carried at the Central Institute. The Institutes are likely to have a decided influence on shaping the course of the government.

In one subject that has received much attention in recent years,—the drift from the country to the towns; a drift of tremendous importance in its effects on the public welfare and on individual happiness—the Institutes show good results. While the causes are numerous for this world-wide drift, and some of them may not disappear until the sad but effective teaching of experience has been given, one important factor in the drift, the bearing of our educational system on the ideas, tastes and ambitions of the rural population, is beginning to be clearly recognised. Summer holiday classes on agriculture at the Guelph College for the benefit, at trifling expense, of such public school teachers as choose to attend, are to be instituted. And as a result of Farmers' Institutes discussions, the announcement is made by Hon. Mr. Dryden, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, that agricultural instruction is to be given in a really practicable, attractive and effective way in our rural schools. The Minister's view, endorsed apparently by the Institutes, is a sound one. The instruction to be given is not of a dry text-book kind, it is to be directed to inspiring a love of farm life and its achievements, and is to take the form chiefly of interesting talks and lectures to pupils. This sound course promises to not only check the flow citywards and to bring about a higher general standard of farming, but may even be the beginning of the breakdown in the various school methods of constant recitation and marking and rigid system so much extolled by prominent devotees of a uniformity that destroys or impairs the valuable quality of individuality in both teachers and pupils.

In practical farm methods rapid changes and marked gains are indicated by the discussions. Ten years ago the advocacy of winter dairying for instance, was considered a vagary; now it is pronounced by level headed men a distinct success, and which [illegible] much for the country. Ensilage likewise, which was once viewed with more than suspicion, now holds a prominent place in the plans of the farming community, and its general use is expected with good reason to work little short of a revolution in stock raising and farming. An important suggestion is made by Prof. Robertson—the securing of a proper balance of food by the abandonment of expensive meals, and the use as a substitute of ensilage made of Indian corn and horse beans, or Indian corn and sunflower seeds. No doubt, more will be heard of this apparently important innovation next winter. Fields of giant sunflowers everywhere; forests of gold and green; what a striking addition to the lowly and commonplace fields of wheat oats and barley! But we are living in revolutionary times in agriculture, and there are dollars as well as novelties in the fact.

Altogether the proceedings of the winter's Institutes indicate that a wider interest than ever is taken in improved farming, and point to many profitable and well considered changes in the relative attention to be given in the future to different productions of the farm. That there are important economies to be made in production is generally realized and what these economies are is now becoming known, and with care to make our agricultural products excel in foreign markets they promise to do much to restore the old prosperity of the farmers of Ontario and of the Dominion.—[Rural Canadian.

The Canada Thistle.

The Canada thistle (Cirsium arvense) is a creeping perennial, which grows to the height of two to four feet, according to the character of the soil. It is so universally known in this country, that nothing more needs to be said in regard to its appearance.

This weed comes up early in May, and continues to grow until the time of severe frosts in autumn. It comes into blossom in July and August, and also matures its seed in these months, but more especially in August.

It is propagated by means of the seeds, and also through the medium of the rootstocks, more especially the latter. The rootstocks, which penetrate the soil horizontally to great distances, are filled with latent buds, which when the roots become broken, as by the disturbing influence of cultivation, at once spring into vigorous life.

The following are some of the modes of dealing with this intruder:

1. Drop out of the rotation so far as practicable all such crops as allow the thistle seeds to ripen before these are cut, until infested fields have been dealt with.

2. Plow the land immediately after harvest. Plow shallow with any kind of Plow that will cut the thistles off clean without breaking off the creeping root-stocks. Keep the thistles from breathing above ground until the late autumn plowing, which should be deep, for the sake of the crop which is to come after. In the spring keep the thistles under by the use of a suitable cultivator, until the time of planting a crop of corn, roots or rape. Give the crop thus planted the horse-hoeing necessary to keep down all weed growth and also keep the thistles out of the rows by hand-hoeing. Go over the crop, if necessary, once or twice after the horse cultivation ceases, and there should not be one thistle left. The most effective part of the work has been done the preceding winter, providing the weather at that time has been dry.

3. Plow the ground deeply in August. Sow rye early in September at the rate of 2½ to 3 bushels per acre, and cut the following spring for winter fodder. Then plow the ground deeply with any kind of plow that will effectually bury the stubbles. The jointer with skimmer will answer very well. Then roll at once to conserve the moisture. Harrow once a week until it is time to drill the ground for rape. Drill about the last of June or first of July by using the double mould board plow. The drills may be 22 to 25 inches apart. Sow at once with rape by using the ordinary turnip drill and then cultivate and care for as described in section 2 above. In our experience at this farm we have found this mode of destroying the Canada thistle to be very effective.

4. [illegible] land from which a crop [illegible] has been removed early in July. Work the land thus plowed upon the surface, so that all thistles will be kept under until the time of sowing winter wheat. Sow the wheat with clover and repeat the process if necessary, after having cut one, two or three crops of the clover. This method is applicable to stiff soils, where winter wheat can be grown. In sections where winter wheat will not grow substitute for it rye, spring wheat or barley, as may be desired.

5. Where the land has been sown to clover, cut the crop twice for hay, or once for hay and once for seed. Then follow with a hoed crop properly cultivated. The smothering influence of the two crops of clover in one season, and then two cuttings, are very helpful in reducing the thistle.

6. When the thistles are well brought under they should be kept so by the use of the spud. The grain fields should be gone over before harvest to prevent the thistles from blossoming, and after harvest the meadows and fields sown to grass.

7. In removing thistles from permanent pastures, we must be governed by the character of the soil and subsoil as to our mode of procedure.

Sheep and Silage.

I do not believe that any food is better or cheaper for winter sheep feeding than silage. Breeding ewes especially do well on silage, and they come out through the cold weather in better condition than on any other ration. Breeding ewes have a drain upon their systems through winter that taxes their strength severely, and we help them to bear this by giving them food that is easily digested and assimilated. The amount of waste material from good, sweet silage is very small, and the excrement shows how little there is that cannot be used by the system. There is also very little waste outside, for sheep will eat up silage almost as clean as they will feed or grain. This is a sufficient indication that they relish the succulent food and generally what sheep relish continuously is pretty sure to agree with them.

To compare hay and silage for sheep, the two may be fed at the same time, and invariably the corn silage will be attacked first and devoured before the animal will touch the hay. This is repeated morning after morning. About two and one-half to three pounds of corn silage a day makes a good ration for the sheep. It sharpens their appetite, and acts as a sort of relish to the dry food. Valuable breeding ewes cannot be insured against sickness and danger much better than by adding this watery food to their daily ration.

When we expect to raise early lambs for the spring market nothing can be overdone for the ewes. Every care that is given to them will be repaid in their lambs. Lambs that get a fine start from their mothers are pretty sure to grow rapidly, and be ready for the market early. This is just as essential as good care and feeding after they are born. The mother contributes health and strength that no other feeding can make up for. We must, consequently, feed our breeding ewes well during their bearing period. Now, silage takes largely the place of a grain ration in this work, and the animals do not fatten, but that is not required. They keep their strength and impart to their offspring health and bodily vigor.

I do not recommend the dropping off entirely of grain rations, for in cold weather more or less of this is required to generate heat. But it is just as well to lessen the amount of grain and feed more silage. The latter will cost about one cent a head per day, while the grain ration will be a great deal more. Those who have experimented with sheep breeding are inclined to the belief that a good corn silage increases the flow of milk, and this is also a great benefit to the lambs when young.

Silage is also equally valuable as a ration for fattening wethers. It does not equal the fattening qualities of turnips, but it is better and cheaper than many of our present feeding rations. In feeding silage to sheep, however, it should not be given in such quantities as to make the animals sick of it. To depend too exclusively upon it is injurious.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

The Manner in Which Public Affairs Are Administered in Celestial Villages.

A recent writer in the North China Herald of Shanghai describes the manner in which local self-government works in China. Every Chinese village is a kind of little principality by itself—the theory in regard to the head men or village elders being that they are chosen by their fellow townsmen and confirmed in their position by the district magistrate. In some regions that is actually done, and for the good conduct of the head men in their office the leading landowners are required to become security. They are not necessarily the oldest men in the village, neither are they necessarily the wealthiest men, although it is probable that every family of property will in some way be represented among them. They are not necessarily men of literary attainments although this may be the case with a few. In those regions where the method of selection is most loose the number of head men has no necessary relation to the size of the village; the position is not hereditary, neither is there any fixed time of service. A man may act in this capacity at one time and refuse or neglect to do so at another.

The head men are not formally chosen nor formally deposed. They drop into their places by a kind of natural selection. The qualities which fit a villager to act as head man are the same which contribute to success in any line of busines. He must be a practical man who has some native ability, acquainted with the ways of the world, as well as able and willing to devote upon occasion an indefinite amount of time and attention to the affairs which may be put in his charge. The duties and functions are many and various. They may be classified as those which have relation to the government of the district, such as taxation; those which relate to the village, such as repairs of the wall, fairs, and temples, and those which concern private individuals, and are brought to the notice of the head men as being the persons best able to manage them. It is noteworthy that the government of China, while in theory more or less despotic, places no practical restrictions upon the right of free assemblage by the people for the consideration of their own affairs. The people of any village can, if they choose, meet every day in the year. There is no government censor present, and no restrictions upon liberty of debate. The people can say what they like, and the local magistrate neither knows nor cares what is said. There is in every village unceasing supply of matters which do not belong to the public, but which must be adjusted by some man or men who are in the habit of transacting business, and who not only know what is to be done but know how to do it. There are always Chinese who like to engage in these matters, such as the adjustment of domestic quarrels and differences between neighbors and the like. The head men of the village will be frequently called upon for services of this sort. But such labors, onerous as they often are, will be acknowledged only by the thanks of those interested and a participation in the inevitable feast.

One Can Die of a Broken Heart.

The late Sir George Paget, in one of his lectures just published, says that in the vast majority of cases popularly described as broken heart there is nothing like an actual rupture of the heart; yet he admits that mental affections will not unfrequently cause real disease of the body, and he mentions an actual case of broken heart cited by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing to his pupils. In an early period of his life Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed some costly jewels and ornaments which he intended to present as bridal gifts. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on the vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached him the captain was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause. His heart was found literally torn in twain.

Found Out Too Late.

"Sykes, you won that wheelbarrow bet, did you? It must have made the other fellow look foolish to wheel you all over town in the middle of the day."

"Why—er—yes; but I found out after the ride was over that the blamed scoundrel had tacked the label 'garbage' in big letters on the front end of the wheelbarrow."

PERE LEMONNIER'S GUN.

In the midst of fruitful vales and wooded hills a little Norman village lay. Each generation had brought its wars and strife and revolutions, but their hot breath had passed over the face of the land, leaving this green spot in peace, until the "terrible year" of the German invasion, when the enemy had come there, killing, burning, and pillaging all before them, and leaving in their wake a memory of terror and desolation. It was all so very terrible to these quiet, thrifty peasant proprietors, who dwelt in their thatched cottages and farmhouses down yonder in the valley, where the parish church, with its slated roof, green and moss-grown through age, used to peal forth the call to vespers of a summer evening with a sweet, deep tone that seemed the very soul of old-world rest and peace. A poet, it was said, had once hymned those venerable oak trees, which had seen many centuries come and go; but now—alas! they had been cut down in order that men might the better see to slay each other.

Old Pere Lemonnier sat in the kitchen of his farmhouse, which was situated in a sequestered spot, and hitherto been respected by the foe.

He was over eighty now and had fought in the great Napoleon's wars, but ever since that time he had tilled those lands which were his very own—albeit a small holding—and, living a healthy, frugal country life, he had come to this ripe old age a hard, honest man—the very soul of uncompromising honour. His only son, Antoine, was away with his regiment, and no news had been heard of him for a long time past so Pere Lemonnier was quite alone now, save for his niece Melanie, who kept house for him.

He could neither read nor write. What good would it it do him? he would say; he could earn his living from the soil without these accomplishments. He, therefore, could not read the newspapers; but even had he been able to do so he would only have swallowed a mass of official lies in which the French journals of 1870 mainly dealt. But the news that passed from mouth to mouth—the news he heard when he went with his cattle to the market-town—had, alas! more truth in it; and he could hardly believe or understand the fearful disaster to his glorious patrie which came on every hand; they seemed to crush him, and to break down his proud old spirit. Now they were forced to realise all the shame and the horrors that were brought upon them by a corrupt and decaying dynasty. The hated Prussians were even now in their very midst, and Pere Lemonnier knew not at what moment he might be driven from that home which had been his father's before him in the dead and gone days when the seigneur ruled over the land.

"Ah, well," he sighed now, as he looked up at his ancient rifle which he kept loaded, hanging from a black oak beam above the ample chimney-piece; "thou hast seen good service, my stout companion, but I am too old to raise thee now for my country. That is Antoine's duty, and please the good God he may do it bravely! But still, who knows? Perhaps I may yet have to take thee down to defend my life, or my honour!"

He raised his eyes towards the window, and there out in the basse-cour, by the fading evening light, he could just descry Melanie in apparently earnest converse with a man in the uniform of a French linesman. The old man called to his niece, whereupon Melanie hastily ran into the house, and the soldier disappeared.

"Who was that thou wert speaking to?" Lemonnier asked. "I thought all our men had been driven away from these parts?"

"It is a poor fellow who fled from Buchy, where there has been a terrible battle."

"A thousand thunders!" cried the farmer, striking the table with his fist. Why didst thou not make him come in?"

"I—I did not like to do that," the girl answered hesitatingly.

"Why not? I am hard enough, God knows—perhaps a miser, as they say—but my door shall never be closed against those brave lads who have been facing the cursed Prussians in defence of their country. Go! bid him come in and rest himself, and have a glass of cider."

"I cannot, my uncle," Melanie replied, seeming strangely embarrassed. "He—he would not come in, I am sure. He is afraid—I mean he has already gone away."

"Well, go; call him back if thou canst still find him."

Lemonnier's niece left the room, as though glad to be released from further questions; but she did not return, and the old farmer, sitting sad and lonely by the side of the great open hearth, forgot all about the matter again. Old age, having no future, lives in the past, and oftentimes the events of the present come and go, making no more impression on the mind than so many fleeting dreams.

The hours passed slowly on. Darkness began to fall around, and the fire cast huge shadows on the ancient, carved-oak cupboards, black with age, which give that quaint, old-world air to Norman farmhouses. Then Pere Lemonnier, who had been fighting the battle of Jena over again in imagination, and, wishing those times under the Little Corporal might come back, returning to everyday affairs, bethought him it was nearly time for his evening soupe, and began to wonder where that good-for-nothing Melanie could have got to. He rose up and lit the little lamp of colza oil, which he set upon the table, muttering something about the flightiness of youth. Then he determined to go out and look for her, when he was suddenly arrested by the sound of voices speaking in an unknown tongue, and the regular military tramp of many feet, which halted right outside his door. There was a loud knock, and he called out:

"Who is there?"

The intruders did not trouble themselves to answer, but forced the door open, and the next moment the kitchen was full of German soldiers.

"What do you want?" cried the old man, with wonderful courage for his years. "I am past the age for fighting, as you see. If it were not so it would be the worse for some of you. As it is, go, and leave me in peace!"

"We will do that," replied the sergeant commanding the party in excellent French—their linguistic accomplishment was one of the weapons with which his countrymen fought and won—"we will leave you in peace if you will give up our prisoner whom you are hiding."

"What prisoner?" asked Lemonnier, in utter surprise. "I do not know what you mean. I am hiding no one; but if I were and he wore the uniform of the French army, you may rest assured that you might never take him by my consent."

"That is as good as to confess that you are hiding our prisoner."

"No, it is not. I know nothing about him. I would not sully my honour by lying to such dogs as you!"

"That is idle talk. If we were beaten, you would be the dogs, with us. You had better take care what you do and say. Some of your people have had their homes burnt down for less. But there is no good in beating about the bush. It is your son you are hiding, and we mean to have him."

These last words so greatly astonished the old farmer, that he made no resistance when two of the Prussian soldiers held him forcibly down in his chair, whilst the rest filed out of the room to search the house.

"My son is not here, I tell you. He is far away, fighting with the army of the Loire. I wish he were close at hand. He would never allow this indignity to be put upon us while a single drop of blood remained in his body. My son would retreat and fly, if ordered by his officers; but I tell you he would never hide from his enemy!"

"Nevertheless," the sergeant answered brutally, "you shall presently see him shot down before your very eyes as a fugitive prisoner of war."

"That I shall never see!" Lemonnier exclaimed, possessed by a sullen rage.

Now he could hear the soldiers tramping about upstairs, searching and turning over all his secret and sacred hiding-places; breaking, pillaging everything before them. Ah, of course! He had heard these dogs of Prussians were nothing but thieves. This, then, was only an excuse for robbery. Oh, why had he not the strength of forty years ago, or why was not Antoine here to prevent this insult being put upon him?

The sergeant crossed the room, and shouted upstairs in German: "Make haste! If you cannot find him, we must go on. We have other work to do."

But they answered back: "We have him, sergeant. He was hiding under a bed!" and then there was a noise of scuffling and a strange scream.

"It is Melanie!" cried the old farmer, struggling to be free. "Ah the brigands! They make war on women now!"

But it was a French soldier who was being dragged, pale and trembling, down the gloomy staircase.

"*Donnerwetter*, you fools!" swore the sergeant, as the prisoner was brought forward into the lamplight; "who have you got here? This is a girl!"

"Melanie!" exclaimed Lemonnier, this time wrenching himself free; indeed his captors were too much astonished to detain him. "What is the meaning of this senseless masquerading?"

"Oh, forgive me, my uncle; I did it to save Antoine!"

"To save Antoine!"

The words came like a dagger-thrust.

At this moment the outer door was flung open, and two more Germans entered the kitchen with a man of about five-and-thirty, attired in the cap and blouse of a Norman peasant, who walked sullenly between them.

"We have got our man, sergeant," said one of the new comers. "You have been played a fine trick, it seems. He was trying to escape from us in disguise; but I know his ugly mug directly I set eyes upon it, for I had marked it myself with the butt-end of my gun when he tried to give us the slip before."

The look of shame and agony which was imprinted on the aged farmer's pale features was indeed piteous to behold, as he recognized here before him his own son, Antoine.

"What!" he moaned, bitterly, "You! Is it you who disgrace our honor by casting off your uniform at the bidding of a girl, and sneak and hide away from your enemy, instead of facing them like a man—and worse than all, let a woman meet danger for your sake! But stay, thou shalt escape these cursed Prussians yet, where they can not touch thee!"

And as he spoke these words, before they knew what he was about, or could stir a step to prevent him, old Lemonnier had snatched down his gun and fired it for the first time since the day of Waterloo. There was a tremendous report which echoed through the room, a cloud of smoke rolled up to the black oak beams, and his son Antoine lay dead upon the floor!

Even the hard German sergeant's heart was touched with pity as he looked upon tragic scene—the old man sunk upon his knees, his white head bowed down; the girl in her strange garb sobbing out a breaking heart over her lover's corpse.

"Forward!" he said very softly to his men; "we can do no good here. One prisoner has escaped us after all!"

A ROUND DOZEN.

Twelve Ways of Injuring the Health.

Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather; wearing insufficient clothing, especially when upon the limbs and extremities.

Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to the theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in thin dresses; dancing until in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp night air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small room.

Surfeiting on very hot and very stimulating dinners, eating in a hurry without half masticating the food and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Beginning in childhood on strong tea and coffee and going from one step to another through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors; and mental and physical excesses of other kinds.

Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction; cultivating jealousies and domestic broils and always being in a mental ferment.

Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials; by teaching them to suck candies, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cakes. When they are sick by giving them mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

Allowing the power of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health; following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing; giving away to fits of anger.

Being irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating too much, too many kinds of food and that which is too highly seasoned.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears, but by taking quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Authentic Cases in Which It Has Been Known to Occur.

"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual cases of death," says Dr. Elder, "and have met several well-authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General Francis, tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves and he died.

"Frederick I., of Prussia, was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and, dabbling her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

"But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter, Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some death heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together.

"In a fit of terror he threw himself out the window and though he sustained no serious injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghostly surroundings, he died in a few days in a nervous tremor. I could cite many other cases where the shock to the nervous system, which we know as fright, has produced death."

Fashion Hints.

Some new skirts have a very wide box-plait at the middle of the back.

Spring garments for outdoor wear have pointed capes and large balloon sleeves.

Bonnets for spring are extremely small capotes, and many crownless little bonnets are also shown, while theatre bonnets are scarcely more than head-dresses.

Round hats are of medium size, and increase to very large shapes. All crowns are low, the undulating brims are retained, while other brims are much longer at the back than any yet used.

Flowers, aigrettes, the Alsacian bow of accordion velvet, jet, lace, guipire, and chip, with much jet and gold, and ornaments of jewels of all colors, are used for trimming the new bonnets and hats.

Capes will be very popular for spring, because they can be worn without crushing the large sleeves. Cloth capes will be most used, and tan and army blue of grayish shades will be the favorite colors.

Jackets will be popular for morning wear and traveling, and are made with a simple turn-over collar and revers, stitched like the garment, around the edge in tailor fashion.

The graceful clinging curves of the bell skirt are being somewhat supplanted by the full skirt which measures from four and a half to five and six yards around the bottom.

Kilt-plaited skirts have reappeared, and, in fact, the tendency is toward floating loose effects, the form being no longer incased in sheath-like coverings.

Dresses that are slightly soiled at the neck can be made like new by cutting the neck V shape in the back and front, to be worn with a large silk handkerchief in the old style of 1790.

How She Cornered Him.

Wife—"Before we were married, didn't you frequently promise never to let your love run cold?"

Husband—"Yes, my dear."

Wife—"Then when we are having such cold weather, how can you refuse me a seal-skin sacque."

The "Death or Glory Boys," the 17th Lancers, was once the crack regiment of English cavalry. It is not so now.

AGRICULTURE AND GARDENING.

Official British Returns for 1892.

It is not so long since farmers, and gardeners, too, for that matter, objected to give any assistance in the compilation of official statistics. They had a wholesome dread of fresh or of increased taxation. They did not realize that the information obtained could be used for any but oppressive purposes, and they were too ill-informed to appreciate the value of carefully obtained and carefully digested statistics. The cultivator always professed his love for facts, but he did not care for any facts beyond those which he could glean for himself within the four corners of his own premises. For other people's facts he had a profound contempt. Improved education, and especially the stress of foreign competition, have altered this state of things. The love of "facts" is as great as ever—nay, greater; it has happily grown so that no one is any longer satisfied with his own limited range, but extends his gathering ground as widely as he can. Moreover, with the progress of time has come a better appreciation of the proportion and of the relative importance of facts. The causes of any particular depression, if not known in their entirety, are at least now known to be complex, and not to be attributable to any one cause, and therefore not remediable by any quack remedy, however plausible it may be in appearance. A glance at the "Agricultural Returns of Great Britain" for 1892, which has just been published, at a cost of one shilling, by Eyre & Spottiswoode, and which may be had from any bookseller, will furnish the reader with abundant opportunities for indulging in this description of comment. Much of the information contained in the report is out of our scope, so that we shall confine ourselves to calling the attention of our readers to one or two matters in which they are likely to be especially interested, leaving them to make fuller perusal of the document for themselves.

Arable land has steadily diminished in amount during the last twenty years to the extent of more than two millions of acres, but this diminution does not apply to Scotland, where there has been an actual increase of 78,000 acres. On the other hand, the area under grass has increased in greater proportion than the arable land has diminished, owing to reclamations and extensions.

Hops are chiefly grown in Kent, which yields more than one-half of the annual crop; nevertheless, there has been a diminution in the acreage during the last twenty years to the extent of nearly 4,000 acres.

Nursery grounds in England covered in 1892 a total area of 11,331 acres practically the same as in the preceding year. The largest county acreage is Surrey, with 1,733—more than double that of any other county, the next in order being the West Riding of Yorkshire, with 702 acres; Chester has 597 acres; Hertford, 509; Kent, 728; Middlesex, 694; Worcester, 290; and so on, till we come to Rutland, with 12, and Westmoreland, with 11 acres only.

In Scotland, the total acreage of nursery grounds in 1892 is given at 1,383, of which 372 are in the county of Edinburgh, 152 in Dumfries, 107 in Aberdeen, [illegible] only in Sutherlandshire, while Caithness, Kinross, Linlithgow, Orkney, and Shetland have none at all.

Market gardens in Great Britain are accredited with a total acreage of 83,081, as compared with 81,368 in 1891. Kent heads the list with over 12,000 acres, Middlesex comes next with 8,989, then Bedford with 6,828; Worcester, 4,856; Essex, 4,105; Surrey, 3,763. After these there is a sudden drop, and, after that, a gradual diminution, till in Westmoreland we find only 24 acres returned as under market cultivation.

In Scotland alone there are 5,322 acres under market gardens the largest acreage being in Lanarkshire 1,378, and Edinburgh 1,020, while Sutherlandshire is at the other end of the list with one acre—one more than in 1891!

Orchards were represented in 1892 as occupying an area of 208,950 acres, a slight diminution as compared with previous years.

But it is to the returns relating to fruit culture that we desire practically to call the attention of our readers. In Great Britain and Ireland it is satisfactory to find an increase of 3,425 acres devoted to small fruit culture.

In the year 1892 we learn that the number of acres devoted to small fruits in the grazing western counties of England was 17,064, a percentage 0.1. In the corn-growing eastern counties the figures are 39,438, and the percentage 0.3, the total percentage for all the English counties being still only 0.2. In reference to this subject we take this extract:

"The area under small fruit again shows an increase. The area returned for Great Britain was 62,148 acres, of which 56,502 were in England. Although every English county now returns a certain acreage under this head, there are only five where as much as 2,000 acres is returned. Kent heads the list with 19,821 acres; no other county at all approaches this total. The acreage returned in Middlesex is now 3,718 acres. Worcester returns 2,421 acres, Lancashire has 2,192, acres, and Cambridge 2,064. Full details are given in table XIII., which indicates the extent to which gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, and currants (all grouped under the title of small fruits) are cultivated either along with larger fruit trees in orchards, or in market gardens, or as a farm-crop on other land."

The imports of fruit are alluded to monthly in our columns, and in the return before us we have a statement of the quantities and values of imported fruits, nuts, and vegetables for ten years. We can only say, by way of illustration, that in 1891 the number of bushels of apples imported was 3,147,373, of the value of £1,033,597.

In the same year 3,192,836 cwt. of potatoes, of the value of £1,196,824, were imported, which, as we see by another table, means nine pounds per head of the entire population.

Onions in 1891 were imported to the extent of 4,281,046 bushels, valued at £733,745.

The total value of all kinds of fruits, nuts, and vegetables imported in 1891 amounted to £8,311,209.

No fewer than 1,275,398,005 eggs were imported, valued at £3,506,000. France and Germany supply more than half of this enormous number, Belgium, Russia, and Denmark coming next. The Canadian quota has increased from 2,000,000 to 33,000,000 in a single year, and we have now laid under contribution a variety of minor, sources, among which it is curious to note the Canary Isles, Turkey, and Egypt! These figures are certainly astounding. In another table we find that thirty-four such eggs were eaten by each member of the entire population of the United Kingdom. It is evident we could not raise enough for our own consumption within our small islands, but that it should pay commercially to bring such things as eggs from such very distant countries surely suggests a lesson to our people, and accounts for the difficulty of procuring new-laid eggs in London.

The report goes on to enumerate the corresponding statistical details relating to agricultural products of foreign countries and of our own colonies. These figures should be most carefully studied and taken to heart by free traders and protectionists alike.

"YOUR TURN NEXT"

Dream of a Lady and the Tragedy That Followed It.

It is related that a Waterville lady, Mrs. J. M. Cook once had a very remarkable vision. In her dreams she met a man with a very peculiar phisiognomy, who said to her, "Your turn next," and then disappeared. The next morning she remembered the man's face perfectly, but could not recall under what circumstances she met him.

Again she dreamed the same thing. For weeks and months after she would occasionally have the same dream, without the slightest variation. She began to be seriously troubled over the occurrence and at length decided to leave town. She had been in Philadelphia a few days when she had occasion to go into one of the large buildings. Upon the second floor she noticed that there was an elevator, and decided to wait for it. Just at that moment it came down, and as it went by the second-storey landing a voice from within said: "Your turn next."

This startled Mrs. Cook, but she thought it merely accidental that these were the precise words of her dream and resolved to repress her fears. The elevator came up and stopped. She stepped in. When the door closed she looked at the man in charge. She almost fainted when she saw that he was the perfect image of the man of her dream. Her terror can be better imagined than described. She recovered herself quickly, and ordering the elevator to stop at the next landing got out. The elevator went on, but when a short distance from the third story something gave way and the car crashed down to the basement, killing the man instantly.

Ability and not caste, brings fortune and position.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Stereotyping was known in 1701.

Russia possesses over 300 female doctors.

Women were first employed as telegraph operators in 1854.

Wood engraving was introduced into Europe about the year 1400.

The French entertain considerable antipathy for the Italians.

There are about 1,500 theatres in Europe. Italy possesses most.

William Caxton learnt the printing at Bruges, in Flanders.

Holbein, the famous painter, was born at Augsburg in Germany.

Sea slugs, sharks' fins, and hairless dogs are favorite dishes with the Chinese.

In Ceylon the Roman Catholics outnumber the Protestants by quite four to one.

Fine examples of the ruby are more valuable even than diamonds of the same weight.

The church in the monastery of St. Bernard is the highest place of worship in the world.

The oldest periodical published in Spain is the Madrid Gazette—founded in 1662.

There is no record of paper having been manufactured in England until the end of the sixteenth century.

Dr. Herz, connected with the recent Panama Canal scandal, fought bravely through the Franco-Prussian War.

The most successful men of our time have known how to harbor their strength by judicious relaxations.

The cost of establishing a nutmeg plantation is very high, and for ten years at least there can be no return.

In person the late General Gordon was slight and short, and nothing could be more unassuming than his manner.

The astronomical calculations in regard to the building of the Pyramids exactly coincide with the latest modern discoveries.

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels, three are assigned to the sixteenth century, seven to the seventeenth, and thirteen to the eighteenth century.

In some parts of the world sponges are obtained by divers who weight themselves with a stone and tear the sponges from the rocks.

The greatest travellers in Switzerland are the English; then come the Germans, the Americans, the French, and the Italians in the order given.

About 5,030,000 ounces of quinine are produced annually. There are seventeen quinine factories in the world, and six of these are in Germany.

A death-dealing machine almost identical with the guillotine was in use in the reign of Elizabeth, and twenty-five persons suffered death by it.

Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, in spite of the extreme delicacy of his touch, suffers from a muscular affection of the arm, caused, undoubtedly, by his excessive practice. This is, perhaps, surprising, as he never thumps, and his playing is marked more by a soft brilliancy than by mere noise. Paderewski had recently to undergo a course of massage treatment for this muscular affection.

Brief Chronicles.

Every time a man gets abused by other men it strengthens his memory for names and faces.

The home where each member has learned to rule his or her own spirit is an ideal home.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, yet constantly coming on.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

The world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find people who won't run from a hornet.

Ideals which only float in the mind and are not realized in the life will evaporate and disappear.

A great deal of steel is wasted on lodge swords which would have been useful in picks and shovels.

A curse is like a stone flung up to the heavens, most likely to return on the head of him who sent it.

The recording angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his gravestone.

While seeking after perpetual motion Richard Arkwright revolutionized the cotton-spinning industry.

When people become thoroughly civilized they will have no bones to conceal from their hungry neighbors.

Since you can't guard your neighbor's tongue put a check on it by guarding what you pour into his ears.

Extravagance does not depend upon the amount of the expenditure, but upon its relation to what we have to expend.

When a man makes a proposition and you accept it promptly, he is uncomfortable because of the fear that he has not asked enough.

The next time you have a trouble and feel that you must tell it, write it down. Then when your trouble has blown over you can burn it. You can't if you tell it to a friend.

PAID FOR HIS OWN DEATH NOTICE.

Cincinnati Man Wanted Visitors and Succeeded in Getting Them.

When Bernard Bettman, a member of the Cincinnati school board, saw the announcement of the death of his brother Morris in the newspapers the other day he hastened at once to the residence of the brother. When he reached the door he was was informed that Morris Bettman was not dead, but was upstairs in his room. Mr. Bettman flew upstairs and opened the door, and found his brother in as good heath as he has been for the last twenty years. Morris was complacently reading the accounts of his own death. He gave no satisfactory reply to his brother's question as to how the death notice came to be published. Bernard Bettman pursued an investigation on his own account, however, which resulted in the discovery that Morris had paid for the insertion of the notice of his own death in the newspaper. When asked about it he gave as a reason that he was lonely and wanted visitors. He got them. Morris Bettman is 73 years old and is a retired merchant of Cincinnati.

The colored congregation of a Florida church has withdrawn its support because the pastor, it is claimed, beats his wife regularly before services.

Mrs. H. D. West
of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

$200 Worth
Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than $200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." MRS. H. D. WEST, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. 25c.

HE DIES ONCE A WEEK

An Italian Impostor Who is Known all Over Russia.

An Italian, who cannot be other than a most remarkable impostor, has been playing wonderful tricks upon the good people of Tiflis, in the Caucasus, Russia. His name is Tagarelli, and while he can not be termed an Italian in the strict sense of the word, having been born in Russia of parents born in the same country, it is known that he is of that extraction. He is known all over the land of the Czar as "The Dying Prophet," his ability to delude the public depending on a queer faculty he has of dying and returning to life once every week. A person who has viewed the situation on the ground said: The audacity of his pretensions, the skill with which they are maintained, and, above all, the profound affect produced upon all who come in contact with him, have no parallel in history. He is a most extraordinary being, and if he be an impostor then he is the most marvelous impostor of the age. He dies, to all appearances, and the ordinary death tests declare that life is extinct. While in this condition he declares that his spirit visits "the unknown world" but which of the two he will not tell. All that he will divulge in regard to his doings while on these "trips" is that he examines the book of life, and that he can tell the spiritual standing of every person who cares enough about it to make inquiries.

What It Costs to Run a Steamship.

The cost varies very considerably according to the tonnage of the vessel, its destination, length of voyage, and whether it is a cargo or passenger steamer. There are also steamships which work ferry traffic across rivers or harbors, or are limited to service on rivers or lakes, and therefore it is necessarily impossible to lay down a rate of expenditure which would be applicable generally. Taking the case of one of the larger Atlantic liners, it has been estimated that the cost of running a steamship, such as the new Cunarder Campania or its sister steamship, the Lucania (with the exception of the Great Eastern, the largest vessel ever built), will be about $90,000 a month. Amongst the heavier items, the salaries and wages will total up to something like $12,500; coal about $17,500 and victuals for crew and a couple of thousand passengers about $35,000. Repairs, insurance, stores and depreciation add largely to the debit side of the account, to say nothing of occasional accidents to machinery, loss through meeting with heavy storms, icebergs, and other perils of the seas. The cost as respects other steamships ranges downwards more or less quickly; that of running an ordinary trading steamer of 1,000 tons being about $2,000 a month, while in the case of river boats the cost becomes rapidly smaller as the boats decrease in size. The fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company consists of 51 vessels, and the working expenses amount to nearly $12,500,000 annually, or over $245,000 on the average of each steamer.

We're not waiting for the bats and mole but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason. There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skillful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only guaranteed Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Impure thoughts, habitually indulged, may be revealed by a permanent change in the expression of the countenance.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

Unless thou thinkest that what has happened is an evil, thou art not injured; and it is in thy power not to think so.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

There is no man's mind so discordant and jarring a temper to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony.

A. P. 653.

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Have you Catarrh? This remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

Chronic Coughs

Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

Scott's Emulsion

of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures.

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Avoid sudden changes from dark to brilliant light.

Avoid the use of stimulants and drugs which affect the nervous system.

Avoid reading when lying down or when mentally and physically exhausted.

When the eyes feel tired, rest them by looking at objects at a long distance.

Pay special attention to the hygiene of the body, for that which tends to promote the general health acts beneficially upon the eyes.

Up to forty years of age bathe the eyes twice daily with cold water.

Do not depend upon your own judgment in selecting spectacles.

Old persons should avoid reading by artificial light, be guarded as to diet, and avoid sitting up late at night.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

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C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General. Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

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THE £1,000,000 [illegible]

By Mark T[illegible]

The moment the usual civilities were over, Hastings caught sight of me, and came straight with cordially outstretched hand; then stopped short when about to shake, and said with an embarrassed look:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I knew you."

"Why, you do know me, old fellow."

"No! Are you the—the—"

"Vest-pocket monster? I am, indeed. Don't be afraid to call me by my nickname; I'm used to it."

"Well, well, well, this is a surprise. Once or twice I've seen your name coupled with the nickname, but it never occurred to me that you could be the Henry Adams referred. Why, it isn't six months since you were clerking away for Blake Hopkins in Frisco on a salary, and sitting up nights on an extra allowance, helping me arrange and verify the Gould and Curry Extension papers and statistics. The idea of you being in London, and a vast millionaire, and a colossal celebrity! Why, it's the Arabian Nights come again. Man, I can't take it in at all; can't realize it; give me time to settle the whirl in my head."

"The fact is, Lloyd, you are no worse off than I am. I can't realize it myself."

"Dear me, it is stunning, now isn't it? Why, it's just three months to-day since we went to the Miners' restaurant—"

"No; the What Cheer."

"Right, it was the What Cheer; went there at two in the morning, and had a chop and coffee after a hard six hours' grind on those Extension papers, and I tried to persuade you to come to London with me, and offered to get leave of absence for you and pay all your expenses, and give you something over if I succeeded in making the sale; and you would not listen to me, said I wouldn't succeed, and you couldn't afford to lose the run of business and be no end of time getting the hang of things again when you got back home. And yet here you are. How odd it all is! How did you happen to come, and whatever did give you this incredible start?"

"Oh, just an accident. It's a long story—a romance, a body may say. I'll tell you all about it, but not now."

"When?"

"The end of this month."

"That's more than a fortnight yet. It's too much of a strain on a person's curiosity. Make it a week."

"I can't. You'll know why, by and by. But how's the trade getting along?"

His cheerfulness vanished like a breath, and he said with a sigh:

"You were a true prophet, Hal, a true prophet. I wish I hadn't come. I don't want to talk about it."

"But you must. You must come and stop with me to-night, when we leave here, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, may I? Are you in earnest?" and the water showed in his eyes.

"Yes; I want to hear the whole story, every word."

"I'm so grateful! Just to find a human interest once more, in some voice and eye, in affairs of mine, after what I've been through here—lord! I could go down on my knees for it!"

He gripped my hand hard, and braced up, and was all right and lively after that for the dinner—which didn't come off. No; the usual thing happened, the thing that is always happening under that vicious and aggravating English system—the matter of precedence couldn't be settled, and so there was no dinner. Englishmen always eat a dinner before they go out to dine, because they know the risks they run; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course, nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices except Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processed down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his Conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while he was of a collateral branch, as shown by his, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processed back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch—plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something—they don't care which—they won't play.

We had a lovely time; certainly two of us had, Miss Langham and I. I was so bewitched with her that I couldn't count my hands if they went above a double sequence; and when I struck home I never discovered it, and started up the outside row again, and would have lost the game every time, only the girl did the same, she being in just my condition, you see; and consequently neither of us ever got out, or cared to wonder why we didn't; we only just knew we were happy, and didn't wish to know anything else, and didn't want to be interrupted. And I told her—I did, indeed—told her I loved her; and she—well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she said she did. Oh, there was never such an evening! Every time I pegged I put on a postscript; every time she pegged she acknowledged receipt of it, counting the hands the same. Why, I couldn't even say "Two for his heels" without adding, "My, how sweet you do look!" and she would say, "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair are eight, and eight are sixteen—do you think so?"—peeping out aslant from under her lashes, you know, so sweet and cunning. Oh, it was just too-too!

Well, I was perfectly honest and square with her; told her I hadn't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note she'd heard so much talk about, and it didn't belong to me; and that started her curiosity; and then I talked low, and told her the whole history right from the start, and it nearly killed her, laughing. What in the nation she could find to laugh about I couldn't see, but there it was; every half minute some new detail would fetch her, and I would have to stop as much as a minute and a half to give her a chance to settle down again. Why, she laughed herself lame—she did, indeed; I never saw the like of it. I mean I never saw a painful story—a story of a person's troubles and worries and fears—produce just that kind of effect before. So I loved her all the more, seeing she could be so cheerful when there wasn't anything to be cheerful about; for I might soon need that kind of wife, you know, the way things looked. Of course, I told her we should have to wait a couple of years, till I could catch up on my salary; but she said she didn't mind that, only she hoped I would be as careful as possible in the matter of expenses and not let them run the least risk of trenching on our third year's pay. Then she began to get a little worried, and wondered if we were going on a right basis, and starting the salary higher than I would figure for the first year. It was good sense, and it made me feel a little less confident than I had been feeling before; but it gave me a good business idea, and I brought it frankly out.

"Portia, dear, would you mind going with me that day, when I confront those old gentlemen?"

She shrank a little, but said:

"N-o; if my being with you would help hearten you. But—would it be quite proper, do you think?"

"No, I don't know that it would—in fact, I'm afraid it wouldn't; but, you see, there's so much dependent upon it that—"

"Then I'll go anyway, proper or improper," she said, with a beautiful and generous enthusiasm. "Oh, I shall be so happy to think I'm helping!"

"Helping, dear? Why, you'll be doing it all. You're so beautiful and so lovely and so winning, that with you there I can pile our salary up till I break those good old fellows, and they'll never have the heart to struggle."

Sho! you should have seen the rich blood mount, and her happy eyes shine!

"You wicked flatterer! There isn't a word of truth in what you say, but still I'll go with you. Maybe it will teach you not to expect other people to look with your eyes."

Were my doubts dissipated? Was my confidence restored? You may judge by