For Love and Fame.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He went forward with the physician, and while the latter knelt and made his examination, the captain muttered a few words of comfort in madame's ear. For all she heard or heeded however, he might have spared his pains. She had been summoned so abruptly, and the call had so entirely snapped the thread of her thoughts, that she had not yet connected her husband's illness with any act of hers. She had absolutely forgotten the enterprise of the evening, its anticipations and hopes. For the time she was spared that horror. But this illness alone sufficed to overwhelm her, to sink her beyond the reach of present comfort. She no longer remembered her husband's coldness, but only the early days when he had come to her in her country home, a black-bearded, bold-eyed Apollo, and wooed her impetuously and with irresistible will. All his faults, all his unkindnesses, were forgotten now; only his beauty, his vigor, his great passion, his courage, were remembered. A dreadful pain seized her heart, when she recognized that his had ceased to beat. She peered white-faced into the physician's eyes, she hung on his lips. If she remembered her journey to the Rue Touchet at all, it was only to think how futile her hopes were now. He, whom she would have won back to her, was gone from her forever!

The doctor shook his head gravely as he rose. He had tried to bleed the patient, without waiting, in this emergency, for a barber to be summoned; but the blood would not flow. "It is useless," he said. "You must have courage, madame. More courage than is commonly required," he continued, in a tone of solemnity, almost of severity. He looked round and met the captain's eyes. He made a slight sign.

"He is dead?" she muttered.

"He is dead," the physician answered, slowly. "More, madame— my task goes further. It is my duty to say that he has been poisoned."

"Dead!" she muttered, with a dry sob. "Dead!"

"Poisoned, I said madame," the physician answered, almost harshly. "In an older man the symptoms might be taken for those of apoplexy. But in this case not so. Monsieur de Vidoche has been poisoned."

"You are clear on that point," the captain of the watch said. He was a gray-haired, elderly man, lately transferred from the field to the slums of Paris, and his kindly nature had not been wholly obliterated by contact with villainy.

"Perfectly," the doctor answered. "More, the poison must have been administered within the hour."

Madame rose shivering from the dead man's side. This new terror, so much worse than that of death, seemed to thrust her from him, to raise a barrier between them. The soft white robe she had thrown round her when she ran from her bed was not whiter than her cheeks; the lights were not brighter than her eyes, distended with horror. "Poisoned," she muttered. "Who would poison him?"

"That is the question, madame," the captain of the watch answered, not without pity—not without admiration. "And if, as we are told, the poison must have been given within the hour, it should not be difficult to answer it. Let no one leave the room," pulling his mustachios. "Where is the valet who waited on Monsieur de Vidoche?"

The man stood forward from the rest, shaking with alarm, and told briefly all he knew; how he had left his master in his usual health, and found him in some kind of seizure; how Vidoche had bid him look in the cup, and how he found a sediment in it which should not have been there.

"You mixed this wine yourself?" the captain of the watch said, sharply.

The man allowed he had, whimpering and excusing himself.

"Very well. Let me see madame's woman," was the answer. "Where is she? She is here, I suppose? Let her stand out."

A dozen hands were ready to point her out, a dozen lights were held up that the Chevalier du Guet might see her the better. She was pushed, nudged, impelled forward, until she stood trembling where the man had stood. But not for long. The captain's first question was still on his lips, when, with a sudden gesture of despair, the woman threw herself on her knees before him, and, groveling in a state of abject terror, cried out that she would tell all—all! All, if they would let her go! All, if they would not torture her!

The captain's face grew stern, the lines about his mouth hardened. "Speak!" he said, curtly; and with a swift side-glance at the mistress who stood as if turned to stone. "Speak, but the truth only, woman!" while a murmur of astonishment and fear ran round the circle.

It should be mentioned that at this time the crime of secret poisoning was held in special abhorrence in France, the poisoning of husbands by wives more particularly. It was believed to be common; it was suspected in many cases where it could not be proved. Men felt themselves at the mercy of women, who, sharing their bed and board, had often the motive and always the opportunity; and in proportion as the crime was easy of commission and difficult to detect, was the rigor with which it was rewarded when detected. The rank of the Princess of Conde—a Tremouille by birth and a Bourbon by marriage—did not avail to save her from torture when suspected of this; while the sudden death of a man of position was often sufficient to expose his servants, and particularly his wife's confidante, to the horrors of the question. Madame's woman knew all this. Such things formed the gossip of her class, and in a paroxysm of fear, in terror, in dread lest the moment should pass and another forestall her, she flung both fidelity and prudence to the winds.

"I will! I will! All!" she cried. "And I swear it is true! She went to a house in the Tournelles quarter tonight!"

"She? Who is she, woman?" the captain asked, sharply.

"My lady there! She stayed an hour: I waited outside. As we came back a boy ran after us, and talked with her by the porch of St. Gervais. She sent me away, and I do not know what was his business. But after we got home, and when she thought me asleep, she crept out of the room and came here, and put something in that cup. I heard her go, and stole to the door, and through the curtains saw her do it; but I did not know what it was or what she intended. I have told the truth. But I did not know, I did not. I swear I did not!"

The captain silenced her protestations with a fierce gesture, and turned from her to the woman she accused. "Madame," he said, in a low unsteady voice, "is this true?"

She stood with both her hands on her breast, and looked with a face of stone, not at him, but beyond him. She scarcely seemed to breathe, so perfect was the dreadful stillness which held her. He thought she did not hear; and he was about to repeat his question, when she moved her lips in a strange, mechanical fashion, and, after an effort, spoke. "Is it true?" she whispered—in that stricken silence every syllable was audible, and even at her first word some women fell to shuddering—"is it true that I have killed my husband? Yes, I have killed him. I love him, and I have killed him. I loved him—I had no one else to love—and I have killed him. God has let this be in this world. You are real and I am real. It is no dream. He has let it be."

"Mon Dieu!" the captain muttered, while one woman broke into noisy weeping. "She is mad!"

But madame was not mad, or only mad for the moment. "It is strange," she continued, with writhing lips, but in the same even tone—which to those who had ears to hear was worse than any loud outcry, "that such a thing should be. God should not let it be, because I loved him. I—but perhaps I shall awake presently and find it a dream. Or perhaps he is not dead. Is he? Hal is he, man? Tell me!"

With the last words, which leaped from her lips with sudden, frantic questioning, she awoke as from a trance. She sprung toward the doctor; then, turning swiftly, looked where the corpse lay, and with a dreadful peal of laughter threw herself upon it. Her shrill cries so filled the air, so rang through the empty hall below, so pierced the brain, that the captain raised his hands to his ears, and the men shrunk back, looking at the woman.

"See to her," said the captain, stamping his foot in a rage and addressing the physician. "I must take her away, but I can not take her like this. See to her, man. Give her something; drug her, poison her, if you like—anything to stop her! Her cries will ring in my ears a twelvemonth hence. Well, woman, what is it?" he continued, impatiently. Madame's woman had touched his arm.

"The boy!" she muttered. "The boy!" Her teeth were chattering with terror. She pointed to the place where the servants stood most thickly near the great curtains which shut off the staircase.

He followed the direction of her hand, but saw nothing but scared faces and cringing figures. "What boy, woman?" he retorted. "What do you mean?"

"The boy who came after us to the church," she answered. "I saw him a minute ago—there— He was standing behind that man, looking under his arm." Three strides brought the captain of the watch to the place indicated. But there was no boy there—there was no boy to be seen. Moreover, the frightened servants who stood in that part declared that they had seen no boy—that no boy could have been there. The captain, believing that they had had eyes only for Madame de Vidoche, put small faith in their protestations; but the fact remained that the boy was gone, and the searcher returned baffled and perplexed, more than half inclined to think that this might be a ruse on the woman's part, yet at a loss to see see what good it could do her. He asked her roughly how old the boy was.

"About twelve," she answered, looking nervously over her shoulder. In truth, she began to fancy that the boy was a familiar. Or what could bring him here? How had he entered? And whither had he vanished?

"How was he dressed?" the captain asked, angrily, waving back the servants, who would have pressed on him in their curiosity.

"In black velvet," she answered. "But he had no cap. He was bareheaded. And I noticed that he had black hair and blue eyes."

"Are you sure that the boy you saw here was the boy who followed you and spoke to madame in the street?" he urged. "Be careful, woman!"

"I am certain of it," she answered, feverishly. "I knew him in a moment."

"Are you sure that madame did not bring him in with you?"

She vowed positively that she had not, and equally positively that the boy could not have followed them in without being seen. In this we know that she was mistaken; but she believed it, and her belief communicated itself to her questioner.

He rubbed his head with his hand in extreme perplexity. If the boy were a messenger from the villain whom this wretched woman had been to visit, what could have brought him to the house? Why had he risked himself on the scene of the murder? Unless—unless, indeed, his mission were to learn what happened, and to warn his master!

The captain caught that in a moment, and thrusting the servants on one side, dispatched three or four men on the instant to the Rue Touchet. "Pardieu!" he exclaimed, wiping his forehead when they were gone, "I was forgetting him. The villain! I will be sworn he tempted her! But now I think I have netted all—madame, the maid, the man, the devil!" He ticked them off on his fingers. "There is only the lad wanting. The odds are they will get him, too, in the Rue Touchet. So far so good. But it is hateful work," the old soldier continued, with an oath, looking askance at the groupe which surrounded madame and the doctor. "They will—ugh! it is horrible. It would be a mercy to give her a dose now, and end all."

But there was no one to take the responsibility, and so the few who were abroad very early that morning saw a strange and mournful procession pass through the streets of Paris, those streets which have seen so many grisly and so many fantastic things. An hour before day-break a litter, surrounded by a crowd of armed men, some bearing torches and some pikes and halberds, came out of the Hotel de Vidoche and passed slowly down the Rue St. Denis. The night was at its darkest, the wind at its keenest. Vagrants, wretches lying out in the Halles, rose up and walked for their lives, or slowly froze and perished.

But there are whose things than death in the open; worse, at any rate, than that death which comes with kindly numbing power. And some of these knew it; nay, all. The poorest outcast whom the glare of the cresets surprised a he lurked in the porch or pent-house, the leanest beggar who looked out startled by the clang and tramp, knew himself happier than the king's prisoner bound for the Chatelet, and, hugging his rags, thanked Heaven for it.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Jehan, in a fever of indignation, slipped stealthily out of the house in the Rue Touchet and sped up the dark, quiet street after Madame de Vidoche, he had no subtler purpose in his mind than to overtake her and warn her. The lady had spoken kindly on the night of the supper at Les Andelys. She was young, weak oppressed; the plot against her seemed to the child to be fiendish in its artfulness. It needed no more to rouse every chivalrous instinct in his nature—and these in a boy should be many, or woe betide the man—and determined him to save her.

He thought that if he could overtake her and warn her all would be well; and at first his purpose went no further than that. But as he ran, now looking over his shoulder in terror, and now peering into the darkness ahead, sometimes slipping into the gutter in his haste, and sometimes stumbling over a projecting step, a new and whimsical thought flashed into his mind, and in a moment fascinated him. How, it came to one so young, whether the astrologer's duplicity, to which he had been a witness, suggested it, or it sprung from some precocious aptitude in the boy's own nature, it is impossible to say. But on a sudden there it was in his mind, full-grown, full-armed, a perfect scheme. He had only a few minutes in which to consider it before he caught madame up, and the time to put it into execution came; but in that interval he found no flaw in it. Rather he reveled in it. It satisfied the boy's stern sense of retribution and justice, it more than satisfied the boy's love of mischief and trickery.

He felt not the slightest misgiving therefore, when it came to playing his part. He went through it without pity, without a scruple or thought of responsibility—nay, he followed madame home, and hid himself behind the curtain, with no feeling of apprehension as to what was coming, with no qualms of conscience.

But when he had seen all, and lying spell-bound in his boding-place had witnessed the tragedy, when covering his ears with his hands, and cowering down as if he would cower through the floor, he had heard Vidoche's death-cry and winced at each syllable of madame's heart-broken utterance—when, with quaking limbs and white cheeks, he had crept at last down the stairs and fled from the accursed house, then the boy knew all; knew what he had done, and was horror-stricken! Even the darkness and freezing cold were welcome, if he might escape from that house—if he might leave those haunting cries behind. But how? By what road? He fled through street after street, alley after alley, over bridges, and along quays, by the doors of churches and the gates of prisons. But everywhere the sights and sounds went with him, forestalled him, followed him. He could not forget. When at last, utterly exhausted, he flung himself down on a pile of refuse in a distant corner of the Halles, his heart seemed bursting. He had killed a man. He had worse than killed a woman. He would be hung. The astrologer had told him truly he was doomed; given up to the evil and the devil!

He lay for a long time panting and shuddering, with his face hidden; while a burst of agony, provoked by some sudden pang of remembrance, now and again racked his frame. The spot he had, almost unconsciously, chosen for his hiding-place was a corner between two stalls at the east end of the market—an angle well sheltered from the wind, and piled breast-high with porters' knots and rubbish. The air was a little less bitter there than outside; and by good fortune he had thrown himself down on an old sack, which he, by and by, drew over him. Otherwise he must have perished. As it was, he presently sobbed himself into an uneasy slumber, but only to wake in a few minutes with a scream of affright and a dismal return of all his apprehensions.

Still, nature was already at work to console him; and misery sleeps proverbially well. After a time he dozed again for a few minutes, and then again. At length, a little before day-break, he went off into a sounder sleep, from which he did not awake until the wintery sun was nearly an hour up and old-fashioned people were thinking of dinner.

After opening his eyes, he lay awhile between sleeping and waking, with the sense of some unknown trouble heavy upon him. On a sudden a voice, a harsh, rasping voice, speaking a strange clipped jargon, roused him effectually. "He is a runaway!" the voice said, with two or three unnecessary oaths. "A crown to a penny on it, my bully boys! Well, it is an ill-wind that blows no one any good. Rouse up the little shaveling, will you? That is not the way! Here, lend it me."

The next moment the boy sat up, with a cry of pain, for a heavy porter's knot fell on his shin-bone and nearly broke it. He found himself confronted by three or four grinning ruffians, whose eyes glistened as they scanned his velvet clothes and the little silver buttons that fastened them. The man who had spoken before seemed to be the leader of the party—a filthy beggar with one arm and a hare-lip. "Ho! ho!" he chuckled; "so you can feel, Monsieur le Marquis, can your flesh and blood like other folk. And doubtless with money in your pockets to pay for your night's lodging."

To be continued.

AROUND A RED CROSS FLAG

AWFUL SCENES WITNESSED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Thrilling Letter From a Young Medical Officer Who Was at Spion Kop—One Man's Mass of Wounds.

For real ghastliness, for a glimpse into the gory realities of war and the horrors of the battlefield, the private letter of a young medical officer at Spion Kop, printed in the London Daily Graphic, can scarcely be beaten. "I selected a pass," he writes, "overhung by steep clay banks on the top of which I got up a Red Cross flag. Cases now began to pour down from Spion Kop on stretchers. The Boers opened fire on us, and three bullets went into the fire, knocking the sticks about. The reason for this was not the Red Cross Flag, but owing to some Tommies who were strolling over to it, either to take cover there or to see what we were doing. I promptly ordered them away.

"A few minutes after, the Beors fired five shells in quick succession in my direction, but they fell short and did no harm. This sort of thing went on around me for the rest of the day, but I always kept well in the shelter of the bank.

"From this time to ten o'clock next morning the wounded came through my dressing station, as the pass was the only exit from the hill. I saw every case, and some of them were mutilated beyond description.

CHEERFUL WOUNDED.

"Fully 330 wounded, and the dead who had died on the way, passed through my hand. The cheerfulness of the wounded struck me as remarkable—men with shattered limbs smoking their pipes, and although starving, not a grumble did I hear. Many a poor chap, shot in the morning in the front trenches, who could not be reached, lay in the blazing sun all day. One old colonial in Thorneycroft's Horse, with a grey beard, walked down leaning on his rifle; he was a mass of wounds—one ear cut through by a bullet, his chin neck and chest also shot through by others and his back and legs torn by shell. He came in and said he just dropped in to let me take his finger off, as it was so shattered he could not pull the trigger of his rifle, and got in the way of the next finger, which he could use for he wanted to get back up the hill to pay! the Dutchmen out. Of course I would not let him back.

"The bullet wounds are beautifully clean, just a little round hole, and as a rule do not do much damage, as they often go through the bone without shattering it, and they don't bleed much. The shell wounds are hideous.

BLOCKED THE PASS.

"It was now frightfully dark and I put the lanterns on a stick as a direction to my pass. Shortly after this both lanterns went out and I had a pretty bad time, as the pass often got blocked with wounded. Finally I could send no more wounded across the drift, and had to lay them with the dead in rows on the grass. I collected all the wounded officers on stretchers around me and gave them brandy and a hypodermic of morphia.

"The morning light began to dawn about 4.30 and lit up the ghastly faces of the patients around me. My men now got a fire ready and prepared some beef tea and coffee, and after giving the wounded some I sent them on the ambulances across the drifft.

BIBLE TEXT ON HIS RIFLE.

"Commandants Botha and Burgess, who were the Boer generals, came now on the scene. The former, who was the chief general, was a smallish, thin man with yellowish beard, and hair, and had a magnificent rifle beautifully carved with his name and a text from the Bible. He had a couple of mounted Kaffirs, carrying his ammunition and water bottle, and an interpreter. He seemed, however, to understand English, though he refused to speak it, but now and then said, 'Certainly, certainly.' There were quite a number of German officers. I heard one of them had been killed. They let our men search the dead for their identification cards, letters and money. It was very sad to see the things we found in their pockets,—love letters, Christmas cards, little pocket-books, with accounts, half finished letters. Several of the Boers handed in little things they found—a cheque for 10s., a purse with money, etc. Some of the officers had trinkets round their necks. One poor chap had a locket with a spray of white heather, and we had to cut his name off his shirt and pin it to the locket as a means of identification."

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 300,000 square miles larger than the United States.

A PROLIFIC WRITER.

Askit—Whom do you regard as our greatest writer of fiction?

Tellit—The weather man.

DARK HOURS FOR BRITAIN

SOME HORRORS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR RECALLED.

Awful Suffering Which Followed the Decision to Winter the Army in the Crimea—How the Wounded Perished.

Perhaps one of the most terrible examples of privation and hardship in the history of modern warfare arose indirectly from Lord Radnor's decision, immediately after the memorable battle of Inkerman, that the entire army then on the scene of battle should winter in the Crimea. At that time, however, the troops had not been compelled to undergo any special inconveniences, as the tents were able to be pitched on comparatively dry ground, rations at the same time being regular for both men and horses. The cheerfulness and field ability of the men were also good, notwithstanding the fact of the work being terribly heavy in proportion to the numerical strength of the army, and taking into consideration the still lingering cholera pest. In the midst of these favorable conditions there suddenly arose a terrific hurricane, accompanied with blinding rain, which, lodging in the billows of the tents, together with the pressure of the wind, prostrated the tents of the whole camp, or else hurled them bodily in the distance. The effect of this was terrible as all the hospital tents were also carried away, leaving the sick and wounded completely at the mercy of the storm, dripping with wet and perishing with cold, and causing at the same time the loss of enormous quantities of food and forage.

STORM PLAYED HAVOC.

The devastation of the storm was not alone confined to the forces on shore, for in the harbor of Balaklava 21 vessels laden with stores most urgently needed by the army were totally lost, and eight others disabled. The morning after the whole harbor was strewn with wreckage and dead bodies. The storm was immediately followed by snow; the sick and weary wounded were compelled to lie down, without floor or covering in the half frozen slush and mud. The trenches still held by the troops were deep in water, and when the firing ceased at night they could only huddle together on the cold, wet earth until dawn, when began once more the ceaseless firing. The men seldom pulled off their boots, fearing lest they should be unable to get them on again; consequently their feet swelled in them, the circulation was impeded, and resulted on cold nights in innumerable cases of frost bite, ending at best in amputation. Add to this want of fuel wherewith to cook their salted meat, and the absence of vegetable food or lime juice to mitigate the ravages of scurvy and other diseases, and the extent of the sufferings will readily be seen. As men became incapacitated so much the more work fell to those that remained well.

ANIMALS' GREAT SUFFERING.

The suffering of the animals was indeed frightful, the horses falling in scores from cold, neglect and fatigue. The carcases, for there was no time or facility to bury them, formed a revolting and terrible auditional feature to the desolate scenery. At the sound of the feeding trumpet the poor creatures, maddened with hunger, stampeded in the direction of the forage stores, undeterred by whips or stones, snatching the hay in their desperation even from each other's mouths. The pathos of the sight of their frenzy in the first pangs of hunger was only exceeded by the patient misery of the subsequent exhaustion which followed. Many died whilst fetching their own forage from Balaklava. Daily their ranks became thinner and thinner, and daily the roadways presented a more terrible spectacle.

Another very saddening feature was the removal of the wounded from the camp to the great hospital at Scutari—in all nearly eight thousand. To many, suffering as they already were, the journey proved fatal. Wrapt in wet blankets and covered with mud from the floor of the tents, they were placed on horses, all the time moaning dismally with half-closed eyes and tired faces, and clinging desperately to their saddles, lest they should fall off in the mire on the road.

Their embarkation in the vessels which were to carry them to Scutari presented fresh horrors as bad or worse than previous hardships. Through the fact of the ships laden with clothing never arriving their covering in the crowded deck was of the scantiest and most meagre description, and huddled as they were on the bare planks, every lunge of the vessel meant agony and inexpressible torture to the wounded and fever-stricken. Closely packed, without rest, cleanliness, proper food, victuals, medicine, or adequate attendance, the sounds that rent the air, the shrieks, groans, entreaties, prayers, and curses, together with the straining of the timbers and the tramping of the crew, the scene must have presented a veritable hell on earth!

Scutari at last reached was found to be already crammed. The huge rooms and passages presented a mass of human beings closely packed feet to feet, cold miserable, yet bravely suffering, their only comfort and consolation being in the sympathy and companionship to be derived from another at their side in a similar condition.

HEROES END THEIR LIVES.

Every day saw one hundred or more of these noble and brave heroes end their lives in such a way and in such surroundings, yet ready and willing so to do. Silently and patiently suffering, each surviving victim of the horrors of war saw ever fresh relays of wounded flocking in even faster than the dead were carried out—

crowding [illegible] this place [illegible] this staff [illegible] the nation [illegible] which expressed [illegible] one to furnish [illegible] shape of [illegible] medicine [illegible] the other [illegible] whom the [illegible] thousands [illegible] who could [illegible] ing warm [illegible] tion. [illegible] little comforts [illegible] chase pending [illegible] least. Florence [illegible] staff of [illegible] Scutari [illegible] bringing [illegible] where he [illegible] combining [illegible] tender [illegible] ive kindness [illegible] with which [illegible]

crowding until even [illegible] lowed. The news of [illegible] fairs naturally struck [illegible] one mighty tremor, [illegible] itself in two forces, [illegible] mediate relief in the [illegible] priate nourishment, [illegible] and clothing, and [illegible] d out, if possible, on [illegible] sibility rested. Soon [illegible] ughout the country, [illegible] me, set to work making [illegible] ng of every description [illegible] even as to-day, of [illegible] s well as necessaries [illegible], and last, but not [illegible] Nightingale with her [illegible] ed nurses arrived at [illegible] ir errand of mercy, [illegible] nd comfort and peace [illegible] reigned only mercy, [illegible] ary precision with [illegible] of heart and [illegible] d winning all hearts [illegible] came in contact.

FIREPROOF CLOTHING.

German [illegible] Claims to Have a Process [illegible] Making It.

The [illegible] ings can [illegible] shall the [illegible] When [illegible] is [illegible] destructive [illegible] sulted, [illegible] been lost [illegible] of fire [illegible] ing and [illegible] are extremely [illegible] of some [illegible] such as [illegible] colors, [illegible] incalculable [illegible]

Many [illegible] destroyed [illegible] caught [illegible] still [illegible] fireproof. [illegible] the [illegible] ago could [illegible] curtains, [illegible] generally [illegible] goods; [illegible] many of [illegible] have escaped [illegible] ing [illegible]

A [illegible] usually [illegible] ture of [illegible] theater [illegible] mineral [illegible] blende, [illegible] wise [illegible] ordinary [illegible] artificial [illegible] be thrown [illegible] Asbestos [illegible] discovered [illegible] its great [illegible] being [illegible] three times [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] States [illegible] reports [illegible] Washington [illegible] possesses [illegible] cotton [illegible] without [illegible] or, texture [illegible] the substance [illegible] water, or [illegible] moved by [illegible] processes [illegible]

The [illegible] permanent [illegible] entirely [illegible] ed where [illegible] able heat [illegible] and [illegible] fire, were [illegible] where they were in immediate contact with the fire; but there was no spread of the fire [illegible] flame. [illegible] through [illegible] fabrics. Some of the cloth [illegible] kerosene oil was [illegible] on fire, but when the oil was burnt out it was seen that but little damage was done.

It appears that the process of [illegible] dering [illegible] material inconsiderable [illegible] costs about [illegible] cents a yard [illegible] adds a [illegible] not greater than one [illegible] pound to [illegible] fifty square yards.

Should [illegible] announced discovery prove to be [illegible] that is represented [illegible] of [illegible] something exceedingly valuable [illegible] been attained, and [illegible] important [illegible] scarcely be exaggerated.

COWARDY AND TRAGEDY.

The Experience of a Native in the Zulu War.

Into the [illegible] inserted [illegible] and kindly [illegible] peare's [illegible] mischief [illegible]

During [illegible] Africa a [illegible] tives was [illegible] English [illegible] stepped [illegible] ent fires [illegible] upon a [illegible] sailors [illegible] but wonded [illegible] ed to de [illegible] gested [illegible] about [illegible] consent [illegible]

Having [illegible] deliberately [illegible] ed it and [illegible] he fired [illegible] over his [illegible] roar was [illegible] sailors [illegible] and then [illegible] with his [illegible] were [illegible] steadily [illegible] of Europe [illegible]

[illegible] was crowding [illegible] the [illegible] ing [illegible] up, looking dazed [illegible] amusement over [illegible] rymen, charged [illegible] by a volley from the [illegible] pieces of the little band [illegible]

SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY.

The [illegible] was recently broached [illegible] that the [illegible] rity of a country may [illegible] be estimated [illegible] the amount of sugar [illegible] which it [illegible] bitants consume in a [illegible] year, and [illegible] in political economy [illegible] do not [illegible] to maintain that [illegible] statistics [illegible] testimony to the truth [illegible] of the [illegible] These statistics show [illegible] that each [illegible] bitant of the countries [illegible] named [illegible] uses on an average the following [illegible] ount of sugar in a year: —England, [illegible] pounds; United States, 59.30; France, 31.02; Germany, 30.25; Austria, [illegible] 17.34; Russia, 12.01; Turkey, [illegible] and Italy, 6.28 pounds.

Agricultural

SOME GOOD VEGETABLES.

Some of the most desirable garden vegetables are neglected by most farmers and many village gardeners. Spinach should be planted either in the fall or the first thing in the spring, then it will come in when other greens are scarce. If this is once tried you will never be without it. Prepare a small bed in some sunny part of the garden as soon as the frost is out. Sow the seed, and nature will do the rest.

Cauliflower is another neglected vegetable. It is almost as easily grown as cabbage. It requires about the same treatment and in many respects is even more desirable. The only difficulty I find in growing good cauliflower is to get good seed; but if ordered from some reliable house there will be no trouble. Gedge's Henderson's Snowball or Burpee's Early [illegible] other vegetable not common which requires no great skill is [illegible] rabi. This should be sown early for spring and summer use and [illegible] er in the summer sow for winter. [illegible] given the same treatment as the turnip and possesses some of the characteristics of both the turnip and cabbage.

No garden is complete without a good supply of celery. Sow a few seeds in a hot-bed or in boxes in the house then in July transplant to rows in the garden. These should be about 6 ft apart in the row, and the rows 4 or 5 ft apart. This can be set between rows of early peas or beans in the ground thus made to produce two crops in one season. After the first crop is removed give it cultivation. For blanching, boards may be thrown up along the plants or if you have a few to spare they may be slipped over the large ones and they will blanch nicely. Dwarf varieties, such as Boston Market and White Plume, are the earliest and best for [illegible]

A few plants of thyme will be found quite an [illegible] as these are a kind of perennial treatment is the same as celery or cauliflower. They grow from 21-2 to 4 ft. high and [illegible] which are tender and [illegible] should be cooked or served the same as cabbage. If you are fond of soups, sow a few okra. The seed may be sown [illegible] inches apart, then later thin so that the plants will be [illegible] This crop grows very early [illegible] long, tender seed pods. [illegible] an excellent addition to any soup. The pods can also be gathered and dried and kept for winter use.

One of the very best and most [illegible] garden plants is salsify or vegetable oyster. This is very hardy and easily grown as parsnips. Sow [illegible] in the spring in rows 12 [illegible] When the crop is wanted for winter take up late in the fall and [illegible] boxes and cover with soil. The roots will keep nicely until spring [illegible] will probably shrivel somewhat when placed in water with [illegible] their natural appearance. Prepared and cooked, some people prefer them to genuine oysters. Broadway [illegible] varieties are Mammoth Sandwich Island and Bond's Mammoth.

CARE OF MILK AND CHURNING.

As soon as drawn from the cow put the milk where no bad odors can reach it, or better, so soon as it is filled strain it into the can and place in a tank of cold water or run through the separator if one is used. If ice is plentiful, reduce the temperature of the water to 15 degrees and practically all the cream will be retained. Do not mix the night's and morning's milk, if the best quality of butter is expected.

Change the water in the tank often enough to prevent its becoming warm. If the water is kept at about 50 degrees, practically all the cream will rise in 24 hours. Skim and when enough is obtained for a churning, raise to a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees to ripen. Hasten the ripening of sour skimmilk, as in starting a winter churn at 65 degrees; in summer 55 to 60 is preferable. As soon as the granules are the size of grains, draw off and wash until the buttermilk is removed. Work and market as soon as possible. If you are so unfortunate as to have a poor grade of butter it must be consumed at once or it will soon become unfit for use.

FATTENING STOCK ECONOMICALLY.

Not every farmer can fatten an animal economically, writes G. W. Flacher. The ability to do this must be acquired by study and practice. There are many branches to the subject and their numerous conditions must be thoroughly understood. The farmer would realize the most from his feeds. He must consider the quality of food, warmth and quietness of stables and many other important items. As in many other departments of farm labor, there is a great lacking here of systematic work. Some are ignorant as to the best methods, while others are careless of their interests and have no regularity in their work. Every farmer seems to have his own way and it is too often chosen with regard to the convenience of the feeding rather than the economy.

Ten chances to one he never knows whether he has gained or lost on the animal he has sold to the butcher. We cannot lay down any definite rules to be followed in fattening stock, and it would be still more difficult to follow them up to the letter if they were given. But we can learn the general principles of economical feeding and