in the present drama was one. About a quarter to 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning Mr. Conway, who occupies a room in the rear of his store, was awakened by a thundering crash in his store, followed by a dull thub, such as would be caused by the fall of a heavy body, and the irregular jingle of falling fragments of glass. Under the impression that hurglars were the cause he lighted a lamp, and opening the door could see nothin, save the flicker of the street lamp opposite, while the long rows of harness in the glass cases gave forth no sound. Walking into the store he came suddenly upon the boly of a man lying on his back in the middle of the floor and clad only in a red flannel shirt and drawers. The man's eyes were open, but he gave no sign of intelligence as Conway excitedly demanded.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" By the light of the lamp fragments of the broken glass and window frame of a skylight in the ceiling of the shop, immediately over a harness case became visible, and it flashed on Conway that the man had fallen down through and he queried, "Are you hurt?" There was still no answer. For some minutes Conway stood staring at his strange visitor, until the latter changed his expression a trifle and looking about him asked the invariable question, 'Where am I?"

Mr Conway was aided in answering it by a majority of lodgers in the house, including Dr. Manning, all of whom had been awakened by the crash. Their astonialment verged on actual disbelief of their senses when O'Connor. the cause of it all, who rapidly regained his senses, got up on his feet and declared that

HE WAS UNHURT.

He bore out his declaration by walking up stairs with Dr. Manning and getting into bed without assistance. An examination of his room revealed the fact that his escape from death was as about as near a miracle as these latter days have produced. A window of his room, which is on the fourth floor, opens on a small court about six feet by three in dimensions, which runs from the top of the sad constructed both at the bottom and top. The four walls of the court are plastered, and save the sills of the windows of the rooms. which open on it, there is nothing to arrest the fall or break the descent or any person unfortunate enough to tumble down the sixty foot shaft. O'Connor, who is about 30 years old and weighs 130 pounds, stated that all he could recollect was going to his room, taking off his boots and clothes and smoking a portion of a cigar. The next thing he knew was lying on his back THREE FLOORS BELOW,

With a lamp shining in his face and a man staring at him. The doctor examined him carefully, but found no bones broken, and O'Connor's only complaint is of pains in the abdomen and small of the back, indicating possible internal injuries, of which the doctor is somewhat afraid. An examination of the shop showed that the tumbling sleep-walker had struck square on the skylight, smashing wood and glass to little bits, struck on the top of a showcase, twelve feet high, immediately below, and bounded off to the floor, where Conway found him. The fall is a terrible one and that the victim was not crushed to a jelly can only be accounted for by the providential theury advanced above. O'Connor is not a drinking man, and though slightly affected with somnambulistic tendencies, has never got While he may escape into trouble before. with the few scratches that his passage through the skylight gave him, yet as his imjuries are internal, more serious results may possibly ensue. O'Connor is an assayer by profession, and was formerly employed in the Bonanza refinery .- San Francisco Chronicle.

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS.

(From the London Truth.)
Any person who has had the honor of conwith the most munificent lady in the land, must have been pleased and refreshed by her extremely sharp common sense. She does not waste words, and has no sentimental fripperies in her talk. Not even an Irishman, and St. Patrick knows how hard he tried, could ruffle the serene calm of manner which distinguished the great heiress, though she was but just entering public life, when Mr. Dunn desired to make more gallantry and perseverence delicacy or discretion. As for the title Baroness which this great lady has consented to adorn, she is under stood to have had no other reason for desiring it than a sense of the incongruity which attaches to a person being called "Miss" who has gone out of hail to her teens. Many a higher title has been within her reach. At one time the gossips set about an absurd story that she was going to be married to the Iron Duke of Wellington. The late Sir Robert Inglis, wondering much at such a rumor, asked the Duke if he had really offered to marry her. on which there came out a story not unlike the three black crows of the monkish legend. "I said," growled his Grace, and his Grace growled awfully in his last decade, "I said that she deserved to be a Duchess. I did not say I would make her one." "The Duke should have said "could." not "would." " remarked the Baroness, drily, when the queer story was repeated to her, and it is the only epigram attributed to her ladyship in circulation. She is not a sayings, but a somewhat tacitum

HOW TO PEEL ONIONS

woman of business

She came on board as pretty as a daisy and as sweet and fresh as an elegant make up could make her. There was a chattering aft on the yacht, as to what they would have for dinner, and it was agreed for fun, that it was chowder, each one to do something for the same. "You have got to peel and chop the onions," says a dandy kind of a fellow to the pretty girl. "Agreed," said she not wincing a bit, and they all laughed and pitied her. When the time came for fixing up things, pack of the fiercest of onions - real red skin ones -you ever smelled. "There is going to be a lot of crying." thinks I : "If that would the only sorrow in her life!" Says she to me, "Mr. Roberts, do you haul me a bucket of water," and I did. Then she took off her white fingers a lot of rings, and put them in her pocket, and asked for a knife and, the onions being in the water she peeled and sliced them under water, and nary s tear came, nor nothing, "Now," says she, holding out the tips of her pretty "who will be gallant enough to kiss these? Seeing I was cook, I didn't like to be so bold tender but there was a half dozen of the men who shed forward, and of course I had no chance That's the way I learned how ladies can peel onions and not cry.over them.

takes a night cap, but a night-shirt—whew !

fashionable among Boston young ladies. In debility, and on the 15th the news from her for the first time since his illness he asked physician was so alarming that the Queen for some music, and said: 'I should like to and Prince went to Frogmore. "With a hear a fine chorale played in the distance.'

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WHOLE NO. 1,127.—NO. 44.

LONDON, March 17.-Mr. Theodore Martin nas finished his "Life of the Prince Consort," and although the journals are full of extracts, t is possible that a summary of the incidents contained in Mr. Martin's interesting pages may not be without value in America. author's estimate of the Prince Corsort must, of course, be understood as that of a foud and bereaved wife. Mr. Martin has written his werk under the eye of the Queen and from materials placed at his disposal by Her Majesty. He opens his fifth volume with a letter addressed to the Queen, expressing his thanks for the generosity and forbearance she has shown to him for his encouragement " in accepting with approval the successive volumes in which I have endeavored to mark a prince known to the world-a prince of whom Your Majesty in the first days of supremegrief wrote to his oldest and dearest riend that he was your husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser and guide." A ook written under this inspiration would naturally be a culogium, and yet, making allowances for the temper of eulogy, there are many features in the character of the Prince Conscrt which justify even Mr. Martin's encomiums, and many incidents in the secret olitical history of England that throw fresh ight upon the workings of a great constituional government.

DOMESTIC LIFE. I will skip through the pages and note var-ious illustrations of the domestic life of the Queen during the last two years of her mar ied life. The volume opens in 1860. The Princess Royal was married and living in Berlin. The Prince Consort, writing on New Year's Day to the Princess-mother far away, makes delicate allusion to an event that was afterward to give great joy to the royal house, the birth of the Queen's first granddaughter. Incaulay has just died, and we find the Prince mourning for him as "a great loss." The second anniversary of the Princess Royal's wedding was made the occasion of a pretty etter, in which the Prince Consort reminds his daughter that "it is two years to-day since the wedding ring was placed upon your finger and Fritz became your lord." and tritz became your lord." "Very soon. in two days, the first birthday will be here of the dear little boy. Accept, both of you, for both dear festivals, the warmest good wishes "Verv soon. of my heart." The twentieth anniversary of nis own wedding came, and the Prince, refer ring to it, writes to his old friend Stockmar "It is twenty (!!!) years to day since our troth plight took place in St. James'." "We have gone through much since then and tried hard after much that is good. The children are giving me a surprise, which is to remain a profound secret until half-past six." To is letter of the Prince's is added a postscript n the handwriting of the Queen:-"One ttle word I must add on this blessed day. Words cannot express my gratitude and happiness. I wish I could think I had made on as happy as he has made me. But it is not for want of love and devotion. Victoria."

THE PRINCE'S HABITS OF LIFE. We have glimpses of the way of life of the Prince, and learn that he was an early riser and had made good progress at his work be-fore people were generally rising. Summer and winter he rose at seven, dressed and went to his sitting room, "where a green German lamp was ready lit." He read letters, never allowing his correspondence to fall into arears, prepared drafts of answers to Ministers for her Majesty's consideration. "Not feeling sure," says Mr. Martin, "of his idiomatic accuracy of his English, he would continually bring his English letters to the Queen to read through, saying, "Read carefully and tell if there be any faults in these." The Queen's custom was to arrange on his table despatches or official papers for his consideration. Then came the reading of the newspapers, "reading aloud," says the Queen, "good or im-nortant articles." A good article gave him "good or imsincere pleasure, and no article coming in the leading journals of real value for its facts or arguments escaped his notice." During the shooting season he was fond of sport, but if not shooting as the morning advanced it was his custom to walk with the Queen. From his shooting parties he would return about two in the afternoon. "I," says the Qzeen, public life, when himself happy with treasured up everything I heard, keps treasured and nervous if I had a folish dispatch or draft to put before him, as I knew t was distressing and irritated him and affected his delicate stomach." walked very fast when out shooting, and got very quickly through with it.' man of great activity, full of interesting conversation, of charming anecdotes, of droll stories, without end, of his childhood, of people of Coburg, and of our good people of Scotland, which he would repeat with a wonderful power of mimicry, and at which he would nimself la gh most heartily. In these winter weeks there were comedies at Windsor Castle, "Masks and Faces," "Richelieu," "The Contested Election," with Phelps and Mathews, Buckstone and Compton as performers. It was intended to purchase Newstead Abbey as a home for the Prince of Wales, but Lord Byron's seat was taken out of the market beore the Prince could carry out his purpose Sydney Herbert was made a Peer because his failing health was no longer equal to the fatigue of the Lower House. "I am afraid fatigue of the Lower House. death has him in his grasp," said the Prince.
"To-morrow," writes the Prince, "our
marriage will be twenty-one years old. How many a storm has swept over it,

and still it continues green and fresh and throws out vigorous rosts, from which I can, with gratitude to God, acknowledge that much good will yet he in store for the world.' This twenty first anniversary of the royal marriage, the last which the Prince was to know on the earth, was kept quietly-"the event being only marked by some sacred music performed before the royal circle by the "Queen's band." On that day Albert wrote to Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, "We have both kept our pledge for better and for worse and have only to thank God that he has vouchsafed so much happiness to us. May He have us in keeping for the days to come. You have, I trust, found good and loving children in us, and we have experienced nothing but love and kindness from you." The Queen writing to her uncle the King of Belgium, on the same anniver sary, says :- "Very few can say with me that their husbands at the end years are not only full of the friendship kindness and affection with a truly happy

marriage."

marriage brings with it, but of the same

love as in the very first days of our

Although the happiness of their domestic life was a subject of constant gratitude to the Queen, "was not to know it as he had un -A correspondent of the Boston Herald Queen and the Prince, there are indications visited Atlanta, Ga., recently and created a that the Prince, although a young man, was good deal of excitement by going to a store to showing signs of weekened constitution. He buy, a night-shirt. The idea that a newspaper had toothache—"his sufferings were frightman should wear such a thing shocked the ful"—inflammation of the nerves, a general store-keeper, and in a short time he had fold lowering of the vital powers, sleepless nights all his acquaintances. Everybody down there and pain. "Excessive pains," he writes, takes a night cap, but a night-shirt—whew! "have pulled me down very much." In March -Three elephants have lately been landed the Prince found a cough giving way before in America for menageries. Each one will the sea air. Early in March the Queen was start out as "the only elephant ever born on the undergo a great sorrow in the death of her this continent." -Mumps are so common as to be quite able lady had been suffering from general

up the staircase and entered the bedroom, and here on the sofa, supported by cushions, the room much darkened, sat leaning back my beloved maming, breathing, rather heavily, in her silk dressing gown, with her cap on, looking quite like herself." "Seeing that our presence did not disturb her I knet before her, kissed her hand and placed it next my chest, but though she opened her eyes she did not, I think, know me. brushed my hand off, and the dreadful reality was before me that for the first time she did not know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles. I went out sobbing." Hours passed, the Queen finally endeavoring to find "oblivion in sleep." lay down on the sofa on the foot of my bed." I heard each hour strike, the cock crow, the logs barking in the distance; every sound seemed to strike into one's inmost soul "At four I went down again, but still there was nothing to be heard but the heavy breathing and the striking at every quarter of the old repeater-the old watch with the tortoise hell case which had belonged to my poor father-the sound of which brought back al the recollections of my childhiod, for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it now for twenty-three years. I remained kneeling and standing by the beloved parent, whom it seemed too awful to see hopelessly leaving me till halfpast four, when, feeling faint and

past four, when, feeling faint and exhausted, I went up stairs again and lay down in silent misery, during which I went through in thought the past times and the fearful coming ones, with the awful blank which would make such an inroad into happy family life." The Duchess lingered for hours. The day came again, the Queen and the Prince hovering at her bedside. I fell on my knees. holding her beloved hand, which was still warm and soft, though heavier, in mine. I felt the end was fast approaching as Clark went out to call Albert and Alice." "I felt as if my heart would break. It was a solemu. sacred, never to be forgottenscene. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing: at last it ceased but there was no change of countenance nothing-the eyes closed as they had been for the last half hour. The clock struck half past nine at the very moment. Convulsed with sobs, I bent over her hand and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up and took me into the next room, himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him deep as his feelings are, and clasped me in his arms. I asked him if all was over, and he said "Yes." Albert said it was best to go at once into her dear sitting room, where we so constantly saw her. We did so, but oh! the agony of it! All unchanged—chairs, cushions, everything about on the tables - her very work basket, with her work; the little canary bird she was so fond of, singing. these two dear rooms, where we had so con stantly seen her, where everything spoke of life. we remained a little while and wept and

prayed, I kneeling down at her chair." SHADOWS OF THE END. All through 1861 the Prince never seems to have been theroughly well. In November the Queen noticed in her diary that he was "ill He had no wish to die, but did not care for living." Not long before his illness he said to the Queen, "I do not cling to life; you do: but I set no store by it." am sure if I have a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life." The immediate cause of the Prince's last illness has never been ascertained. The medical authorities trace it back with some precision to a day-the 22nd of November-when the Prince Consort inspected the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in a terrific rain. He came home from this visit " weak and tired out." Then came rheumatic pains and a " feeling of being thoroughly unwell. "Have scarcely closed my eyes at night for the last fortnight." The next day, "Still greatly out of sorts." "Am very wretched; could not join the Queen as usual in her walk," feeling that he must rest, and " very uncomfortable from pains in the back and legs." "Although able to move about he had frequently to rest himself, as he was not strong enough to go out." Then came news f the Trent affair, the capture of Mason and Slidell by the American man of war, which added greatly to the depression "which had been one of the most distressing symptoms of the Prince's illness," On the 22nd of November we find the Prince still ill. "He could eat no breakfast and looked very wretched.'

THE SHADOWS DEEPEN. On the 29th of November the Prince dragged himself through a review of the Eton College Volunteers, looking very unwell and walking slow. Though wrapped in a coal lined with fur he "felt as though cold water were being poured down his back." "Un happily I must be present," he wrote in his diary, and these are the last words he ever wrote. Nights of shivering and sleeplessness the Prince lying on the sofa and the Queen reading to him; visits from the Ministers, from foreign Ambassadors. Lord Palmerston especially became uneasy about the symptoms of the Prince's indisposition. Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner assured her Majesty on the 3rd of December that there was no cause for alarm. Still further nights of wakeful restlessness and distaste for food. "He would take nothing," says the Queen; "hardly any broth, no rusk, no bread or anything. anxiety is great and I feel utterly lost." Prince liked to be read to, but hardly any books suited him. They tried him with the "Dodd Family," but he did not like it. One of Sir Walter Scott's, "The Talisman," was substituted. It was read by the Princess Alice, "the Prince listening in a very uncomfortable, panting state, which frightened us. On the night of the 5th of December Dr Jenner sat up with the Prince, who com-plained of his wretched condition—"weak and rritable and unlike himself." In the evening the Queen found Albert most dear and affect tionate and "quite himself when I went in little Beatrice, whom he kissed. He quite laughed at some of her new French verses which I made her repeat. held her little hand in his for some time and she sat looking at him." December passed to the 6th, the Prince still looking weak and exhausted, his wife thinking it overwork and worry. "It is too much," he said. "You must speak to the Ministers." "Then he said," says the Qucen, "when he lay awake there he heard the little birds and thought of those he had heard at the Rosenham in his childhood. I felt quite upset."

Dr. Jenner on December 6 informed the Queen in "the kindest, clearest manner" that the Prince's disease had now assumed its office and was gastric or low fever, and must have its course a month, which dated from the 22nd of November. "Albert," says the fortunately a horror of fever! What an awful trial is this -to be deprived of my guide, my support, my all. My heart was ready to burst But I cheered up, remembering how many people had fever." When the Prince retired for that night his pulse was good. Next morning the symptoms seemed to be improving, and the Prince desired to be removed to a larger room. "When I returned from breakfast," said the Queen, " I found him lying in the new blue room, and much pleased. The sun was shining brightly, the room was fine, large and cheerful, and he said, 'It is so fine

THE END.

TIPE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT." trembling neart," says the Queen, "I went we had a piano brought into the next room, and Alice plants and Alice plants and Alice plants and Alice plants." and Alice played "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and another, and he listened, looking upward with such sweet expression and the tears in He then said, "Das richte bin' is eves. (That is enough). "It was Sunday. The Rev. Charles Kingsley preached, but I heard nothing, says the Queen. There were fits of listlessness and irritability of mind when the Oneon read " Peceril of the Peak." which the rince followed with interest. When the Queen came in from dinner one day, the Prince "was so pleased to see me, stroked my face and smiled, and called me 'Liebes (Dear little wife!) Precious love!' His tenderness this evening when he held my hand and stroked my facme so much and made me so grateful." he 9th two other doctors came, in, Sir Henry Holland and Sir James Watson. The symp toms seemed to be the same, the Prince's mind occasionally wandering, the strong con-stitution struggling with the fever. On the 11th there was no improvement and the Prince was changed into another room. "Go-ing through the door he turned and looked at beautiful picture on china of the Madonna. copy of the Madonna and child by Raphael, mown as the Colonna Madonna, gave me three years ago, and asked to stop and look at it, ever loving what is beautiful." 'It helps me through half the day," he said On the 13th of December the fever developed a tendency to congestion of the lungs, ymptom which gave alarm to the physicians It was noticed that on this day for the first the Prince took no notifavorite Madonna picture wheeled from his room. took no notice of picture his would not be turned as he had previously been with his back to the light,

and remained with his hands clasped looking

eilently out of the window at the sky. The

Prince of Wales was sent for by the physicians

and while the doctors endeavered to reassure

the Queen they all felt it was a struggle for

Every hour, every minute was a gain. and Sir James Clark was very hopeful, only the breathing was alarming and about the face and hands was a dusky hue." Albert folded his arms and began arranging his hair just as he used to do when well and he was These were said to be bad signs. While the dectors continually reassured the Queen it was evident the life of her husband was ebbing away "At half-past five," her Majesty writes, "in the afternoon, I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been wheeled to the middle of the room. He called me 'Guttes Fraulein' and kissed me and then gave a sort of piteous moan."
Later in the day she found the Prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him, she said, 'Esist kleiner fraulein' (it is your little wife), and he bent his head and kissed her." "At this time he seemed quite calm, and only wished to be left quite alone, as he used to be when tired and net well." and not well." As evening advanced her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not been long goue when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir James lark to ask the Queen to return. The import of the summens was too plain. When the Queen entered she took the hand, which was very cold, and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at it is fot knelt the Prince of Wales and Prince canor. the Prince of Wales and Prince eanor Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest of Leiningen and the Prince's valet, Loblein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt beside the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor Sir Charles Phipps and General Gray were also in the room. "In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely held any deathbed. "The castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Caim and peaceful grew the beloved form, the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly breaths were drawn, and that great soul had fled to seek for a nobler scope for its aspira tions in the world within the veil for which he had yearned, where there is rest

Pence, peace! He is not dead, he doth not

worn and weary, and the spirits of the just

He nath awakened from the dream of life!
He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
an touch him not and torture not again. From the contagion of the world's slow stain He is secure, and now can never mourn A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain. Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn, With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

WHAT YOUNG DOCTORS SHOULD K voW.

An exchange which devotes special attention to sanitary affairs suggests that the several hundred young physicians just graduated should supplement their studies course in hygienc. The advice is eminently grod, but many a man will open his eyes in astonishment when he realizes that physicians need any such counsel; it seems as strange as to advise business men to study arithmetic or preachers to peruse the Bible. The plain truth is, however, that while the medical schools teach young men how to al-le it at pain and heal the sick the greater art of preventing disease is in its infancy. How many physicians are competent to discover whether the atmosphere of a residence is pure or poisonous by reason of imperfect drain-How many can detect impurities in drinking water one of the most prolific auses of death in country homes? death-dealing hot air furnaces been banished from any considerable number of homes by medical advice? Have many families been instructed by their respective physicians upon the necessity and methods of home ventilation? Is the family food supply and the manner of preparing it a frequent subject of rofessional advice? All these are matters of the gravest importance as affecting human life, yet nine famîles in ten are continually violating sanitary rules regarding one or the other without a word of remonstrance from adviser, and there is good ground for belief that physicians' own fami ies suffer as much as any others from neglect of these and kindred hygienic requirements. Until the days of this ignorance are gon medical attentions will not rise above the evel of mere pottering. Let the new gener ation of physicians regard these things if they would secure and retain a good clas patients. To attend a family of children through diphtheria without losing any is mite a success, but a greater one would be to liscover and abolish the cause when the malady first manifests itself, and the same is true of the many other diseases that are due to local conditions .-- New York Herald.

-Said a Frenchman to his friend, as the two sat sipping absinthe on the sidewalk of one of the great boulevards: "You should have been at the concert last night. music was so charming that I was quite carried away by it." "Indeed I replied the other, "quite carried away, did you say?" Yes, indeed," continued the enthusiast, felt for a time as though I were in heaven. Von't you go to night?" is friend. "I hardly think I shall be able to but if, as you say, the music can carry one away, even to heaven, I will go home at once and try to persuade my wife to go."

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Orchard and Nursery. Farmers, especially those in the hilly country, are annually setting out new orchards, some of which contain from one to two thousand trees, and for the benefit of such we ap

pend the following:—
"Whoever sets out an orchard of course does it with the expectation of a return in fruit. No one plants corn or potatoes without first considering if the land will give him a crop; if the soil is not in proper condition ne knows that he must make it so, or lose his seed and his labor. Much less than corn and potatoes can fruit trees make a crop on nothing. The trees will struggle along, do the best they can, but such or hards do not pay, and 'run out' early. Unless the land is sufficiently fertile for an ordinary farm crop, t should be made so, no soil too wet for such crops will answer for fru t trees, which, to succeed, need well drained land. The plowng should be as deep as the character of the oil will allow and the sub-soil plow may generally follow the other with bene-

THE TREES.—It is assumed that trees were ordered some time ago; they should be at hand ready for planting. It is the custom at nurseries to take up and heel-in a large stock of the kind of trees most called for; this retards the growth, and allows them to fill late orders. If there is a nursery near at hand it will pay to make a bargain, if possible, to help to dig the trees yourself, and thus secure a larger share of the roots that belong to them. If trees, in a long journey become dry and shriveled, bury them root and branch n mellow earth for a few days, when they become plump again. In unpacking the trees, ook to the labels, as some may become detached and would otherwise be lost.

had

PREPARING THE TREES.—Everybody wishe to get all he can for the money, and the nurserymen send much larger tops to the trees than the pruned roots in their new po itions can support. It is safe to shorten the branches one-third or one-half, but it should e done with judgment and reference to the condition of the roots. At the same time pare mooth any broken or mangled roots.

PLANTING .-- In setting a tree take time to do it properly; spread the roots evenly and to their full length, and so work in the soil among them that there will be no hollow places. Water may be used to carry the soil among the roots – not dashed in by the pail-ful, but showered from a watering-pot. Do not stamp the soil down around the roots, but firm it carefully with the toot. The tree hould be set no deeper than it stood in the ursery.

Crors.—The soil of a young orchard may be kept in cultivation until the trees begin to pear; grain should never be grown, except In dian corn, but potatoes and root-crops are the

INSECTS.—Destroy the eggs of the Tent Caterpillar, which are to be found in small, closely-fitting rings or bands near the ends of the smaller twigs, and may be cut away. Many insects harbor beneath the loose bark of trees, and by scraping this off and washing the trunk and limbs with a solution of soft soap, much good may be done. To prevent the ascent of the wingless females of the Canker Worm, use heavy brown paper bound closely around the tree's trunk, and then mear with cheap printer's ink or tar. The bands will have to be recoated at frequent inervals through the season.

An Asparagus Bed.

He who lives in the country and has no asparagus bed has at least one sin of omission on his conscience, for which he can never give an adequate excuse. Some are unde the delusion that an asparagus bed is an abstruse garden problem and an expensive luxury. Far from it. The plants can be obtained from any seedsman at slight cost. I have one large bed that almost yields a daily supply from the middle of April till late in une, and I shall make another bed next spring in this simple way: As early as the ground is dry enough - the sooner the better -I shall choose some warm, early, but deep soil, enrich it well, and then on one side of the plot open a furrow or trench eightinches Down this jurrow I shall scatter a neavy coat of rotted compost and then run a plough or pointed hoe through it again. By this process the earth and compost are mingled and the earth rendered about six nches deep. Along its side, one foot apart, I will place one-year-old plants, spreading out the roots and taking care to keep the crown or top of the plant five inches below the sur face when level; then half fill the furrows over the plants, and when the young shoots are well up, fill the furrow even. I shall nake the furrows two feet apart, and after planting as much space as I wish, the bed is made for the next fifty years. In my father's garden there was a good bed over fifty years old. The young shoots should not be or the first two years, and only sparingly the third year, on the same principle that we do not put young colts at work. The asparagus s a marine plant, and dustings of salt suffi tient to kill the weeds will promote its growth. -Harper's Magazine. Boot in the Garden.

Those who have soot, either of wood or pituminous coal, should carefully save it for use in the garden. It is valuable for the ammonia it contains, and also for its power of reabsorbing ammonia. It is simply coal (carbon) in an extremely divided state but from the creosote it contains, is useful in destroying insects, and is at the same time valuable as a fertilizer for all garden crops. It must not be mixed with lime, else its am nonia, would be dissipated, but if the soil is lry and hungry a little salt may be used with t. Soot steeped in water and allowed to stand and settle for a day or two is also a most excellent fertilizer for house plants possessing precisely the same qualities that the paring of horses' hoofs do. For flowers out of doors it is especially valuable, since it may be easily applied, and tends to increase the vividness of the bloom, and mixed with salt it is a most excellent fertilizer for aspar agus, onions cabbage, etc., in connection with compost, in the proportion of one quart of of compost this quantity makes a heav dressing for each square rod, to be worked in

next the surface of the soil. A Jersey Cow's Record.

It is not rare to find a heavy milker among Jersey cows, yet the average weight is by no means extraordinary. Possibly a true record of a whole herd of Jerseys as to weight of milk would fall below that of a herd of native herd. A notable record of an English Jersey cow, however, is worth recording. The co is "Luna," owned by Mr. Simpson. In 1870 she gave 8.985 lbs.; in 1877, 8.202 lbs.; in 1878, 8,368 lbs.; an average of 8,518 lbs. pe year, or equal to a daily average of more than 23 lbs., or 11 quarts. One of the most con spicuous characteristics of a Jersey cow i her persistence in milking, and although she may not give so great a yield, yet by hanging on during 300 or 330 days, she makes up b perseverance what others do by more copious but less continuous milking. If there wer only more Jerseys like this one.

Bave You a Strawberry Bed?

This question is put to every reader who has the land, and especially to every farmer, who, having the land, is very apt to not have

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strawberries. Without taking space to in-quire why the farmer, who of all others should have an abundance, so generally has no strawberries, we put in our plea for his family, and insist that he shall provide them with this excellent fruit—not only a few as a luxury, but an abundance. There is just on time to make a strawberry bed, and that time is now! Under any circumstances a straw berry plant must grow a season before it wil give a crop; there is no way in which plant may be set this spring and give fruit the same season. If any "nursery agent" offer such don't buy them. Much that has been said about strawberry culture has conveys the impression that it is a great deal of trouble; that runners have to be cut off and much care given otherwise, while in fact it is no more trouble to raise strawberries, that it is to grow carrots. But the cost? Is very little-nothing compared with the result is fruit. One can begin as small as he pleases; if he cannot afford the outlay for a large bed, let him buy enough for a start and raise

his own plants. "How MANY SHALL I PLANT?" will be one of the first questions to decide. An ordinary family should have at least 200 plants, and generally 400 will not be found too many i the fruit is used freely. It is better to pro

vide for an abundance.

What Kinds?—If restricted to one kind we have no hesitation in saying Charles Downing. If there are successful strawberry growers in the vicinity, find what does best with them and plant the same kind. If 400 plants are set there may safely be four kinds. Charles Downing, Monarch of the West, Champion and Sharpless would be a good selection, but it may be varied and not go

How to Plant.-Select a good bit of soil all the better it it was in potatoes last year and if practicable within sight of the house, and prepare it just as you would for a good crop of cabbages; this means an abundance of the best manure well worked in. Mark out the rows two feet apart, three if a cultivator is to be used, and set the plants one the salesgri said.

The salesgri said.

The young woman doffed her skirts of novel shapes, and stood revealed in this crowd the soil down firmly over the roots with both hands. hereafter run the culti- and nothing very interesting about the garvator, hoe or rake often enough to make the soil mellow and keep down the weeds. The plants will by and by throw out runners; turn them into the row and let them take root. For the after treatment of the bed, consult "Notes about Work" at the prope season.

RAISING PLANTS. -If it is preferred to buy few plants to start with and raise a stock to put out next year, set these two feet apart each way, and let runners form. Ashes are very useful to promote a large growth of run ners. Finally, plant strawberries - and do i this spring - American Agriculturist.

Home-Made Stump Puller. A farmer writes to the Ohio Farmer :-

give a brief description of a cheap stump pul ler that I have used and found to work to my entire satisfaction :-Procure three car coupling links of the same size : cut one side of one of the links

and insert the other two links, and weld together again, and you have three links. Now bore a hole six inches deep in the side of the stump with an inch and a half auger; insert in this hole a very large crowbar; put your link on the crowbar, and put a long seasoned elm lever in the other end link. Now hitch on two steady horses or mules and let them go around the stump until it is twisted out, having previously cut all the top bracing

coots with an axe.

There should be a claw on one side of the three links, which is driven into the stump to dered. prevent breaking or bending the crowbar, With the help one hand I had twisted out from fifteen to twenty stumps a day, that would have taken us three or four days to would have taken us three or four days to grub out. The whole outfit, blacksmith's bill and all, did not cost over three dollars.

"Never mind fainting, Mrs. X," said the lawyer. "Tell the jury what you know about those bags." To those who have a few acres of stumps to pull, and do not feel like buying a ninetydollar machine, I would recommend this plan. Of course it is not intended to be claimed that this would be an economical had to be gone over.

ENGLAND'S GREAT BELLE AND HEIRESS.

(From the London World.)
The rumor chronicled last week of the ap proaching contract of marriage between Princ Leopold and Miss Maynard is said to be un founded. Such an alliance would have been popular, and a beauty who has £30,000 a year is not a had match, even for a prince of the blood royal. The Maynards have always been a ropular family in Essex, and the bright presence and winning smile of the heiress of that ancient house are ever welcome at Dun mow. Easton Lodge, near to Dunmow which is Miss Maynard's property in her own right, is one of the finest mansions in the county, and is no mean rival of Audley End -but without its wealth of artistic treasures or Down Hall The late Viscountess May nard, the grandmother of the new beauty, for many years distributed £2,000 per annum among the poor in the neighborhood Miss Maynard attained her the hired man?" of Easton. eighteenth birthday last December, and it will he remembered that the occasion was celebrated by a magnificent entertainment, which cost an enormous sum, and was one of the most brilliant affairs which has been known in Essex for a generation. Flowers were brought from Nice and a suite of temporary reception rooms was erected for the occasion

A LIVELY SCENE.

How a 1, awyer showed His Contempt for a Court of Revision.

(St. Catharines Journal.)
The abnormal quiet of the proceedings of interrupted on Wednesday night, by a stirring episode, in which Mr. Richard Miller appeared as the central flours. It was a somewhat rudely were all so mad we sot up all night in our cheers and have had chill blains and catarrh ever since! Do you sunness we'd because the central flours. peared as the central figure. It seems Mr. Peter McCallum appealed against the income of Messrs. Miller & Cox, barristers, etc., as being assessed too low. Mr. McCallum, through his legal adviser, Mr. J. G. Currie, caused a subpœna to be issued for the attend ance before the Court of Mr. Richard Miller the senior member of the firm, the sub pæna being accompanied by the legal fee of fifty cents. Mr. Miller presented him self, but refused to enter the witness box or the ground that he was not subpænaed on the firm account, but on his ovn personal one Mr. Currie then, on behalf of Mr. McCallum saned another subpæna and served it upo Mr. Miller, together with the fee, but he still persisted in his refusal to enter the witness box and give evidence. The court, through Mr. McCarthy, expressed its surprise and re gret at Mr. Miller's disrespect to the court, treating it with contempt. Mr. Miller replied in rather strong language both towards the court and Mr. Currie. The court decided to increase the assessment to the amount asked for by the appellant, viz., \$10,000.

-Baron Minckwitz, a hungarian, was last year caught poaching by the head gamekeeper of the King of the Belgians on the royal preserves at the Chateau of Ardenne, and was tried and punished. Recently the head gamekeeper was found dead, and the Baron has been charged with the murder.

-A Down East circus has a cannibal among its attractions, but the foolish reluctance of women to give up their babies deprives him of many opportunities to show off.

GARMENTS OF MYSTERY.

A Ludy's Description of the Chemileen-An Interesting New York Window. (From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

There is a show window on one of the

avenues full of reform undergarments of mysterious shapes. Various ideas in corsets are realized, and suspenders for skirts and stockings are numerously displayed, but the general tendency of the reforms there illus-trated is towards combining two articles in one. An undershirt and a corset cover become a single garment, and so do a night-gown and a nightcap. The most striking thing in the window is of white muslin and has both arms and legs. It is, to speak without equivocation, a chemise as far down as the waist, and drawers below that dividing line. The utility of it is not very apparent, though the dealer declared that it saves time and trouble, and is more comfortable. It certainly is rather a startling object, as it hangs at ful length and breadth in the vindow; yet I imagine that it is mysterious to most of the men who throw sly glances at it as they pass by. Why women's underwear should be a delicate subject is to me, a woman, most wonderful; but so it is. Even the two girls who were looking at some reform goods as I entered the store seemed desirous of escaping. But there was a strongmannered woman there who did not shrink; and I observed that she bought several of the curious combinations, while the comely girls went out without making any purchase. I talked with the old one for the sake of finding out her motive for decreasing the number and ncreasing the comprehensiveness of her

" 'Tisn't so much that they're handier to get on and off," she said, though that's comething; but the fact is my washerwoman charges by the dozen. A shirt in one piece and a pair of drawers is another, which makes wo; but shirt and drawers in one count but one. These washerwomen, bless you, are so

undergarments, and was astonished when I

The garment to which she referred is called a chemiloon. I looked carelessly at the va-cious styles, for I had no intention of buying my, and the salesgirl grew persuasive.

You can hardly appreciate how becoming they are, "she said, in reply to my remark as to their appearance, unless you see them orn. Please step this way and see a model." She conducted me into a rear apartment

—a sort of dressing room for the trying on of garments—and called out, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" In response a handseme young woman came in. Removing a loose wrapper. she unconcernedly displayed several of the establishment's devices. " The lady wishes to see the chemiloon,"

the salesgirl said.

and nothing very interesting about the gar-ment. Bathing dresses for children are sometimes cut in about the same fashion Any ordinary ingenious laly could make it without a pattern. The model was well nigh aultless of figure, and so, of course, looked well in it. The cloth was fine bleached musn; the neck was moderately low, and edged with dainty lace : the sleeves were short. nowing the wearer's shapely arms nearly to he shoulder : the waist was half fitting, and nere was an inset bosom of embroidery; the egs reached to just below the knees. In puting on the chemiloon the legs are drawn on first, trousers like : then the arms are thrust through, and finally the garment fastened by its row of buttons behind.

WHY SHE KNEW.

The other day there was a suit in Justice alley between two Wayne County farmers regarding the ownership of fourteen unmarked grain bags. Each side was prepared to stoutly swear that the bags were his, and each had witnesses to back his testimony. The complainant swore to buying the bags at a certain store on a certain time, and his hired man swore to handling them as they were taken from the wagon. The defendant swore that he purchased them at a certain place on a certain time, and his wife was called to the stand to tell what she knew about it. She was a large, fleshy woman, and very much bewil-

L'Land save me! but I was never in such a crowd before, and I feel as I should faint !" she gasned as she took the witness stand.

Oh! land! but I know all about 'em! We ought 'em on the 10th of November.'

"How are you sure it was the 10th ?" "Sakes alive! but I know it was, for I boxed Melissa's ears that morning for leaving a spoon stump puller where a great quantity of land in the dish-water, and she was married on the

15th." "Who asked for the bags at the store?" "Ohl stars and garters! but I did; I remem ber it as plain as day."

"What did the clerk sav?" "Ohl stars! but he said, 'certainly,' and he went and got 'em." "What else do you remember?"

"Oh, lands! but I wanted a calico dress! "And you didn't get it?" "Bless granny! I didn't, and we jawed all the way home."

"And now why are you positive that these are the bags?"
"Oh! dear, oh! but while we were jawing I threw 'em out into the road. Some ene lend me a fan, for I'm most dead!"

Never mind heing most dead, Mrs. X. What else shout the hage?" "My husband boxed my ears for throwing 'em out. Oh! stars! I didn't mean to tell

that ! "He did. eh? Well. what else?" "Oh! dear! but when we got home I kicked

'Kicked the hired man, eh? Well, how can you be positive that these are the bage!"
"Great *nakas! aren't you done yet! Yes I

"I don't want to tell." "But you must.'

am positive."
"How can you be?"

"Well, if I must I must, though I'm sure I shall faint away. That night I boxed Melisse again."
"Yes." "And husband boxed me.

"And we both boxed the hired man, and we longing to a man living three miles away! That settled the case with the jury, and the

verdict was in favor of the defendant .- Detroit Free Prese. LADY NO-AND SO'S NOVEL.

(From the London Society.)

There are, I am told, some ladies and gentle.

men who, not content with cutting a figure in fashionable society, aspire to the literary reputation as well, and to that end employ ome clever back to vamp up a novel or book of travels, to which they append their names as the authors. It is but seldom that these jackdaws are stripped of their borrowed neacock's plumes and held up in their own oor draggled feathers to the ridicule which they derseve. Yet I note that when a noval or book of travel is announced as forthcoming from the pen of some considerable personage in the beau monde, there is a more genera disposition than ever before to remark, with an air of confident ill-nature, "I wonder who Lady So-and-So has got to write that new novel of hers?" or, "I sui pose young Thingumbob is doing that new book of travel for Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her." The latest question of this sort I have heard asked is, "Who writes the Shah's diaries for him?"

-Down East the other day they fined a man \$10 for attempting to commit suicide. The crime of the matter is in the ilure. I he man had been successful he would no have been fined.