The Night-Woods Song.

The cedars sway
And the red leaves dance, and whirl and rustle
Away—away;
For the Master is stealing with footfalls soft,
Through the forest aisles to the organ loft.

The restless bird
And the startled hare look softly out,
From slumber stirred;
For the Master is playing—the evening breeze
Is the fingering light on the forest keys.

The old pines groan,
And the young pines hum and I am silent
Alone—alone;
For the Master is calling out every sound
From the forest shades and the air around.

The loosened bark
And the shuddering vines bring harmonies stealing
Down from the dark
And symphonies breathing from thrilling moss,
Where the oaks' green arm to the measures toss.

A deep, sweet sound
From the Gothic domes, rolls the melody
Around—around;
For the song-god is winging his magic flight
Through the starless groves and the sombre night.

Wilder the song—
And swifter the time—a rhythmic rushing
Along—along
On the quivering branches, on quaking leaves,
Where the frightened soul of the aspen grieves.

A revel mad,
A carnival wild, do the night-woods hold,
So glad—so glad
That the whole world is sleeping, save them and me,
And the unseen soul of their minstrelsy.

Oh men who sleep
When the work is done! Oh women who wake
To weep, to weep!
Know the night has its music, the storm its cheer,
And a soul which speaks to Him who will hear.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc., etc.

"I need not ask anybody; I can see for myself. What do you do all day long but play billiards?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Beatoun. You estimate my capabilities at a very improper level. I do no end of things besides billiards. I shoot, smoke, eat, and—talk to you."

"What a way to spend one's life!" severely. "I wonder where you think you will go to when you die?"

"I hope wherever you go. I say," piteously, "don't scold a fellow on such a splendid day—don't; it's uncommon afflicting of you; and don't put on your gloves for a little longer."

"Why?"

"Because I like looking at your hands, though at the same time they always irritate me. They are the very prettiest I ever saw; and—forgive me for saying it—but I always want to kiss them. Now, don't begin again, please; remember you have lectured me for a good hour."

"Then I have wasted a good hour and done nothing. I give you up; you are past cure."

"I remember coming here once before," breaks in Lottie Hastings' voice, "and wishing for something, and I really got it before the year was out."

"Must one wait a whole year?" asks Sir Mark. "Then I shall have to write mine down. Give you my word that if my own name was suppressed for a year I don't believe I would recollect what it was at the end of it."

"Are we bound by law to name our wishes?" asks Chips, earnestly. "Because, if so, I shall have to sink into the ground with shame. I'm horrid bashful—that is my most glaring fault, you know Miss Beatoun—and I would not disclose my secret desire for anything you could offer."

"For anything I could offer," repeats Miss Beatoun. "Are you sure? Shall I tempt you? Would you not, for instance, take——" The eyes say the rest.

"Don't," exclaims Thornton, putting his hands over his ears. "I won't listen to you. I refuse to understand. Miss Hastings, will you permit me to sit by you? Miss Beatoun is behaving with more than her usual cruelty."

"Come," says Miss Hastings, smiling and putting aside her dress to give him room to seat himself on the grass near her.

As Chips leaves Bebe, Lord Chandos quietly slips into his place, to Miss Beatoun's evident surprise.

"Is it fair to encourage that poor boy so very openly?" begins Chandos, calmly.

"What?" says Miss Beatoun.

"Is it kind to flirt so much with young Thornton?" repeats Lord Chandos, still very calm.

"You must make a mistake," says Bebe, provokingly. "You know I never flirt. In the first place, I don't consider it good form."

"Neither do I consider it 'good form' for a young lady to talk slang," very gravely and quietly. "I wouldn't do it if I were you."

"How do you know what you would do if you were I?"

"At all events, you must acknowledge that it is not becoming."

"Do you profess to understand what is becoming to young ladies? Have you been studying them? Come, then, if you are so good a judge, I will ask you to tell me if this hat is so very becoming as they all say. Look well, now, before you decide; it is a question of the utmost importance."

This saucy little speech is accompanied by such a bewitching glance from under the said hat that Lord Chandos loses his presence of mind. "I cannot bear to see you flirt so much as you do with every one," he mutters, hastily; "it tortures me. Bebe, why is it?"

Miss Beatoun grows decidedly white, even to her lips, yet is still thoroughly composed.

"But do I flirt?" she says. "I don't believe I do. Do you believe it, my darling, my treasure, my Tito?" to the dog. "Not you. No, no, Lord Chandos; it is not that at all."

"What is it, then?" impatiently.

"Why, it is 'every one' who flirts with me, to be sure. And that is not my fault, is it?" with the most bewildering assumption of injured innocence.

And now we all rise and saunter towards the well.

"If you would only wish as I do," whispers Sir George to Dora, "I would be the happiest man alive."

"Would you," says innocent Dora. "But how shall I know what you are longing for?"

"Can you not guess?"

"I am afraid I cannot. Unless perhaps—but no, of course it would not be that. Indeed I do not know how to reach your thoughts. One must want so many things."

"I want only one."

"Only one! Oh, how moderate! Only one! Let me see," with a delicious meditative air, and two slender fingers pressed upon her lips.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, no, no," with a pretty show of eager fear. "If you told any one the charm would be broken, and you would not get what you want. Perhaps—who knows?—the boon I am going to demand will be the very thing you would tell me." This with a sufficiently tender glance from the lustrous azure eyes.

"For my part," says Bebe, wilfully, "I shall wish for something I can never get, just to prove how absurd it all is."

"From time to time we every one of us do that," says Chandos. "We hanker after the impossible. I begin to fear I shall never get my heart's desire."

He glances expressively at Bebe.

"Then think of something else," suggests that young lady, smoothly. "Your second venture may be more successful."

"No, I shall keep to my original wish, until I either gain it or else find further hoping folly."

"Phyllis, it is your turn now. Will you not descend and court fortune?" calls Harriet.

I am deeply engaged listening to mamma while she reads to me Billy's last effusion from Eton, to which place he returned the second day after our ball.

"It is a pity to disturb Mrs. Carrington," says Sir Mark. "She told me this morning she had not a wish left ungratified."

Marmaduke raises his head quickly, and, flushing warmly, turns a pleased and rather surprised glance at me.

"Nevertheless, I will come," I cry incautiously, springing to my feet, "and beg for the continuance of my happiness, which includes everything."

"Oh, Phyllis!" cries Bebe.

"Oh, Mrs. Carrington," exclaims Sir Mark; "what a rash proceeding! Why did you say it aloud? You have destroyed every chance of receiving that good gift."

"Yes," say I, "how provoking! Never mind, contentment still remains; and that, I have heard, is quite as much to be desired.'"

Everybody laughs heartily, and Marmaduke says, "You will get nothing, Phyllis, if you declare your wants so openly."

"Neither happiness nor contentment, how dismal!" exclaim I, laughing too. "Well, I shall keep my third and last thought to myself."

And having hoped in my own mind that Lord Chandos would very soon again ask Bebe to be his wife, I go through the form of drinking a little of the pure spring water Master Chips offers me with due solemnity.

The principal business of the day being concluded, our party once more breaks up into detachments, some straying out of sight in pretended search of scenery, some following their example in an opposite direction without any pretence at all.

Sinking down again by mother's side, I content myself with her and Harriet, while Marmaduke and Sir James stay to bear us company, and smoke unlimited cigars, while offering a lazy remark every now and then.

"Do you feel no desire to investigate the neighborhood?" asks Sir Mark of me, carelessly, as he passes by; and as I answer, "No," with a smile and shake of my head, he saunters off towards Lottie Hastings, with whom he commences a flirtation, calm but vigorous.

Somehow it is a peaceful hour we spend, and one that drives me from the vague irritation that before tormented me. In the quiet of the present I forget all life's vexations and remember only such good things as are within my grasp. How paltry now seem the troubles that oppress me! I fear—yet know not what it is I fear. I doubt—yet, if compelled to do so, would find a difficulty in giving my doubt a name.

This sweeter mood continues, and travels home with me, although we do not reach Strangemore until it is nearly nine.

Here, at an early supper, we all find ourselves in the wildest spirits. Glancing curiously at Dora, attracted by some nameless new expression in her eyes, I feel convinced the day has been to her one of unmixed triumph, and that already the Wishing Well has granted her desire.

As I get near her in the drawing-room, I manage to whisper, "What is it, Dora? did he? Are you——"

"Yes he *did*, and I *am*," responded Dora, with a smile of unusual liveliness for her. "To-night you shall know all."

"How was it, Dora? How did it happen?" I ask, two hours later, as I sit opposite to her, my hands embracing my knees, in my favorite position, my head bent forward in eager anticipation of her news.

"I hardly know. It was all that Wishing Well, I fancy. For the future I shall feel it my duty to be superstitious. At all events, it surely helped to bring it about, as he only wanted the opportunity to declare himself," says Dora, complacently.

"What did he say, Dora? Was he nervous—or——"

"Very nervous. He seemed quite afraid to come to the point. You see I am always so distant in my manner," says my modest sister, "he had no way of judging what my answer was likely to be."

"I am sure whatever he has said was just what it should be, he is so thoroughly sincere," I remark, still anxious to get at the root of the matter.

"I am afraid I cannot altogether satisfy your curiosity, Phyllis, it has all got so mixed up. Of course he told me principally what I knew before—that he adores me, for instance, and was desirous of marrying me, and so forth. He was slightly incoherent, I thought; but it really signified very little whether his English was good or bad, so long as I managed to understand what he meant."

"Of course not, darling. Oh, Dora, I am so sorry we let mamma go without telling her."

"I did tell her, dear. At least, that is, he—George told her." She brings out the Christian name of her beloved with a charming amount of diffidence. "He said he would like to make sure of me; and indeed I thought myself it might perhaps be as well he should be the one to mention it to her as a settled thing. You understand?"

I do, and begin to entertain rather an admiration for Dora's astuteness.

"You will forgive me now, Dora?" I say, suddenly leaning over to put my hand on hers.

"Forgive you? Forgive what?"

"Well dear, when I married 'Duke, you know, I thought you were rather vexed—you said so many things; and sometimes I have fancied, since, you still think I was in the wrong."

"My dear Phyllis, what a curious girl you are! 'Forgive you!' as if I had not done so ages and ages ago—if indeed there was anything to forgive. Surely you couldn't have thought me so vindictive, so unchristian, as to retain bitter feelings against you all this time?"

She has opened her childish blue eyes to their widest, and is gazing at me plaintively, as though grieved I should imagine her capable of any vile feeling.

"I sometimes feared——" I stammer, utterly abashed in the presence of so much sweetness.

"You must put such ideas out of your head, Phyllis; they are very unworthy. I never harbor unforgiving thoughts, I should hope, towards any one—least of all towards you, my sister. Besides, I ought really to be thankful to you, if anything. Marmaduke and I would have been most unsuited to each other. He is far too *exigeant* and masterful for my taste. George is in every way more desirable."

I don't quite see all this, but reserve my sentiments.

"He is greatly to be liked," I say, with truth—honest, good-natured George Ashurst having won his way into my affections long since. "I don't know that I was ever more delighted about anything in my life."

"Yes, everybody will be pleased, I imagine—papa and mamma especially. I don't see how papa can make the faintest objection in any way. He must feel gratified."

I think of Sir George's rent-roll, and have the words, "I should think so, indeed," upon the tip of my tongue, but desirous of keeping up friendly relations with Dora, refrain from uttering them. She evidently takes her good fortune as a matter of course, having ever rated herself at a high price, and believes she has got her bare deserts—no more.

"I hope you—that is, I hope he will be very good to you," I say, making the correction in time.

"I hope we will be very good to each other. Indeed, I see nothing to prevent our being quite happy and—comfortable. Don't you think he appears very fond of me?"

"More than that; I think he appears to love you very dearly."

"Yes, I really think he does," says my sister, running her fingers lazily through her silken yellow hair.

"And you, Dora—do you love him?"

"Of course, dear. Would I marry him else? Am I the sort of person to sell myself for mere money's sake?" Indignation of the mild and virtuous order is in her tone. "No," says Dora, calmly looking me fair in the eyes. "I would not marry a man unless I loved him—not if he had the mines of Golconda.

This ennobling sentiment is, I feel, aimed at me, and justly judge it will be unwise to press the matter farther; so I say, "I am so glad, darling!" but say it very weakly.

"Nevertheless," goes on Dora, after a moment's pause, "as I do love him, it is very fortunate he should be so well off. Yesterday he told me he had twenty thousand pounds a year. Rather more than you have, dear, is it not?"

No, Dora has not yet forgiven me.

"A great deal more," I say warmly; "we have only fifteen thousand. But then, Dora it was only to be expected you would make a far better match than I could."

"Well, yes—perhaps so," admits Dora, casting an admiring glance at her own pretty shell-pink face as it smiles back at her from an opposite mirror.

The door opens, and Marmaduke comes in.

"Oh, 'Duke," I cry, rising, "just fancy! Dora is—but you shall guess my news—what is she?"

"That is a rather embarrassing question," says he, smiling. "Were I to tell you all that Dora is in my eyes, we would get no sleep to night."

Dora laughs, and I say:

"Nonsense! A list of her perfections would be no news; we all know them. Tell me what you think has occurred to her since this morning."

"I think she has become engaged to George Ashurst," returns 'Duke, coolly. "Why, you foolish child, do you call that news? Ashurst has told every one in the house of his good luck by this time. If I were you, Dora, I would breakfast in my own room to-morrow morning. You will never be able to stand all the congratulations."

"How can he be so absurd!" murmurs Dora, for once in her life genuinely confused, and a rich red coloring her cheeks.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," says 'Duke, kindly kissing her. "You have got as good a husband as you could desire, and as rich a one, too, without doubt. We shall be small people, Phyllis, you and I, next to my Lady Ashurst."

"I must not stay to hear any more flattery. Thank you very much for all you have said," replies Dora, gracefully, and, having bidden us both good-night, goes off to her own room.

Every one in the house is immensely delighted. An engagement, even when everything belonging to it goes smoothly, and suitably, cannot fail to awaken interest in the heart of a woman; and, Dora's lover being uncoveted by any of us, no jealousy shows itself to mar the universal good feeling.

We chatter about it all next day, and tell each other we had seen how it would end from the very beginning. We dilate on the charming place he has in Surrey, his palace in the north; and then we whisper of what a detestable creature is his mother; while Bebe hopes Dora will have courage to put a veto at once gainst any lengthened visiting on her part.

"Because," says Miss Beatoun, "we *all* know where *that* will lead. When Ashurst's brother married Lady Octavia Dering, his mother invited herself to pay them a month's visit; and she stayed ten; and it was the doctor and the nurse, eventually, who insisted on putting her out, shortly after the boy was born. They say poor Lady Octavia nearly went out of her mind one morning when, on going into her nursery, she found the old lady deliberately pouring some nauseous allopathic medicine down the child's throat. Octavia told me herself, with tears in her eyes, the poor little fellow was all but in a fit for two hours afterwards. She is really a shocking old person, and should be suppressed. I do hope Dora will gather together all her pluck and try to be a match for her."

Secretly, I feel so assured of dear Dora's being a "match" for any mother-in-law alive that I endure no uneasy pangs on this account. She is indeed as perfect in her new *role* of bride-elect as though she had sustained the part for years.

"Sir George must be a favorite with the gods; let us hope he won't die young," says Sir Mark, bending over Dora some time during the evening. "He has had everything he could possibly desire from his cradle upwards—money, friends, position; and now he must get *you*. I think"—in a playfully injured tone—"the good things of this life are very unequally divided. In common justice, Ashurst should have been forced into matrimony with a woman as ugly, ill-tempered, and altogether disenchanting as his manners, instead of which ——"

He sighs audibly, and makes an eloquent pause.

Dora smiles, her usual soft serene smile, untouched by coquetry that experience has taught me means so little—and raises one white hand in deprecation.

"*Is* Lady Ashurst all that you say?—so *very* terrific? How unhappy you make me!" she murmurs, plaintively, demurely ignoring other parts of his speech.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fresh and keen, and decidedly chilly, blows the October wind. The men have all deserted us, and gone out shooting. The women are scattered through the house.

Crossing the hall and the smaller drawing-room, I meet no one, and entering the larger apartment beyond, seek my favorite seat in the bow-window, where, book in hand, I ensconce myself behind the curtains, and, stretching myself upon a lounge, prepare to be lazily happy.

Steadily I turn page after page. I feel I am growing interested; a very little later I feel I am growing sleepy. My lids drop. Putting my book down upon my lap, with of course the settled intention of taking it up again directly, I yawn mildly.

The door opens; with a start I become aware of Bebe's entrance. To admit I am present means conversation, and conversation with this drowsy fit on me means misery. I therefore keep breathless silence, and Bebe, all unconscious, saunters past me, basket and scissors in hand, and goes into the conservatory.

I watch her dreamily, as with a business-like air she drags the light garden-ladder forward, and, mounting, commences to clip my very choicest blossoms for her own secret purposes.

One by one they fall into her basket. Has she no conscience? Or has she forgotten it is already October, and the flowers grow scarce? I confess to some faint indignation as I regard her, and have almost decided on rousing to remonstrate with her in person, when a firm but hasty footstep upon the gravel outside excites my curiosity.

A moment later Lord Chandos pushes open the door of the conservatory, and, entering, stops short, his gaze fixed upon Miss Beatoun.

As for Bebe, between looking suddenly round and surprise at his unexpected presence there, she loses all idea of balance, and is in the act of coming with undue hurry to the ground, when Lord Chandos, stepping quickly forward, catches her and lightly lifts her down.

"Oh! how could you frighten one so?" exclaims Bebe, coloring, and speaking ungratefully, as it seems to me, considering he has just saved her from a heavy fall. "I thought you were out shooting with the others."

"So I was; but—I forgot something, and had to return for it."

"What did you forget?—your pipe?"

"No, my gun," replies he, in the most barefaced fashion possible.

"Oh!" cries Miss Beatoun lengthily, and then they both laugh.

"Why don't you admit you had no intention of shooting to-day? It would have been much honester."

"Because admissions are dangerous. It is always better to leave people in doubt. Yet, as I never class you in my own mind under the head of 'people,' I will confess to you it is not so much forgetfulness causes my presence here just now as a settled determination not to remember. My conscience was anything but clean when I said I had mislaid something, and should come back to find it."

"Was it really your gun?"

"No; I think I put it on cartridges, or a handkerchief, or—I am not clear what."

"And why? What was your motive? I fancied you an indefatigable sportsman—one impossible to turn aside from your prey."

"Shall I tell you my motive?" asks Chandos, in such an utterly changed low tone that Miss Beatoun, standing near the ladder, lays her hand suddenly upon it to steady herself, and retreats a step.

"Better not," she says, in a voice that trembles apprehensively, in spite of all her efforts to be calm. "Remember what you said a moment since: 'Admissions are dangerous.' Better leave me in doubt."

"I cannot. Besides, you are not in doubt. You know what it is I am going to say. I have come back here again to-day to tell you how I have tried, and found it impossible, to crush the love I bear you."

At this juncture I become aware I am in for a scene. The certainty is horrible to me. I am in such an unhappy position as enables me to see them without myself being seen. I can also hear every word they utter. In fact, there are but very few yards between us.

With shame I now recollect that Bebe once said of me that never would I be accused of "pouncing" upon delicate situations; yet, if I go out now, I shall cover them both with everlasting confusion.

What shall I do? I put my fingers in my ears as a last resource and tightly close my eyes, but somehow they will not keep shut. Every now and then I cannot help glancing to see if they are gone or going; I cannot resist removing my fingers to hear if the conversation has taken a cooler turn.

Every moment I linger only makes my declaring myself more difficult. I end by giving in, and staring and listening with all my might.

Ah! why does Bebe look so determined? Why can't she yield gracefully and be happy? I would at once, were I in her place, and feel no degradation in so doing. She is flushed and miserable to look at, her large eyes seeming larger and darker than usual through pained excitement. Yet still there is so much mistaken pride impressed upon her features as makes me fear for the part she will take in the interview. If she would but listen to her heart's dictation!

"Lord Chandos, I implore you to desist," entreats Bebe, hastily, raising one hand, to prevent his further speech. "It is worse than useless."

But he only imprisons the warning hand and continues: "Nay, hear me—that is all I ask—and then, if I am again to be rejected, be it so. But surely I have been wretched long enough, and you——"

"I will not listen," murmurs Bebe, more deeply agitated. "The answer I gave you when you were poor is the only answer I can ever give you now." Her voice dies away, almost to a whisper.

"What do you mean by that?" exclaims Chandos, passionately. "Is the very money that I hailed with delight, principally because I dreamed it might bring me closer to you, to prove a barrier between us? Presumptuous as it may sound, I dare to believe I am not quite indifferent to you. Your manner when we parted, your eyes when we met again down here, have fostered this belief, and yet you shrink from me."

A little inarticulate cry escapes her. One hand goes to her throat; she tries vainly to withdraw the other from his grasp.

"Contradict me if you can," he says, in a low but vehement tone.

"This is ungenerous—unmanly," she falters, her words half choked with emotion.

"Contradict me," he reiterates.

"I can; I do," murmurs she, but so weakly that her voice can scarcely be heard.

"Is that the truth, Bebe?" says Chandos, more quietly. "Is pride to come between us now? Darling listen to me. If you for one moment imagine I think badly of you because you refused to marry a poor man, you wrong me. I think you acted rightly. Even as I asked you that day I felt myself a coward in doing so. Was it honorable of me to seek to drag you down from all the luxuries and enjoyments to which you had been accustomed, to such a life as it was only in my power to offer? Had your answer been different, do you believe we would have been happy? I do not."

"You strike at the very root of all romance," protests Bebe, with a rather sad smile.

(To be continued

Pinkerton and Fugitive Slaves.

There are probably living in Canada at this day some colored men and women who owed their liberty, when slavery prevailed in the South, to Mr. Allan Pinkerton, the noted detective, who has just died. By his efforts and energy many a famished and hunted negro, who, guided only by the glimmering light of the north star, had broken away from the bonds of slavery and made his way to Chicago, on the terrible journey to the welcoming borders of Canada, had been fed and clothed and passed safely on his way, oftentimes under the very eyes of the officers of the law, who were ready and anxious to send them back to servitude and punishment. In those days it was not an uncommon thing to see Mr. Pinkerton's doors besieged by numbers of prayerful negroes, seeking his aid in behalf of some trembling fugitive whom the law was about to consign to a physical condition worse than death, and it is needless to say these appeals were never made in vain.

An Egg to Twenty Men.

Twenty hungry men, says the New York *Sun*, recently sat down to a meal composed of a single egg. It was an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were some misgivings as to its being cooked the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. It had the white and bluish tinge of duck eggs, and the yelk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes 28 hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare.

Striking Oil Instead of Water.

Thomas P. Miller, proprietor of St. James' Hotel, St. Louis, owns a farm in Lincoln county, near Siloox, which he has been using as a stock and dairy farm. For some days workmen have been engaged digging a well on the place. When the depth of some fifty feet was reached decided traces of oil were noticed, and soon oil and inflammable gases gushed into the cavity, driving the laborers out. There is every evidence that oil has been struck, and an expert, who is thoroughly conversant with the handling of oil wells, has started to investigate.

The Governor-General will attend the opening proceedings in Montreal in connection with the forthcoming meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Facts Regarding the Crops of Growing Grain.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE WHEAT MIDGE.

(A Practical Agriculturist's Weekly Budget.)

When and How to Harvest Wheat.

It is the experience of the best wheat growers in our own and other countries that a superior quality of grain is obtained by harvesting the crop when the berry is in the soft or "doughy" state; that is when the grain may be readily crushed between the thumb and finger. It is claimed that more bushels per acre, and a greater amount of flour of a better quality per bushel, are thus obtained. Starch and gluten are the most valuable constituents of wheat, and the quality of these is diminished by over ripening, while the per cent. of woody fibre is increased. Every farmer can readily make a practical test of this question by cutting a part of his wheat earlier than the rest, threshing, weighing and grinding the grain separately. The method of harvesting the grain has much to do with its quality. One of the greatest sources of loss arises from the careless and hurried manner of shocking the bundles. If the shock becomes thoroughly wet, as it is sure to be in "catching" weather, if not properly made and protected, the grain begins to grow, and only an inferior bread can be made from it. There are several methods of arranging bundles in the shock; they may be set in pairs, forming a row of ten or twenty, or in round shocks. The long stocks expose a broad surface to the winds, and may be blown down, when the well-set round shock would stand the storm. The latter form also more readily admits of "capping." A secure small shock may be made of three pairs of bundles set closely and firmly, with two more bundles upon each side of the double row. The heads of the bundles are brought up together and a capsheaf placed over all. This cap is an ordinary bundle, with the band placed six or eight inches from the but, and the top bent out into the shape of a funnel. A larger round stock consists of four pairs of bundles, with three sheaves on each side, making fourteen, upon which two capsheaves are placed, each made as above described, with one side of the funnel left open where the two sheaves join on the shocks. A boy may aid in bringing the sheaves into piles, but it is no economy to employ him to shock them. It is a common practice to cut and bind until nightfall, and afterwards set up the sheaves in the quickest way possible. Of all harvest work, the shocking of grain should be done with the greatest care; otherwise a hard storm may convert the poorly made shocks into piles of decaying straw, and growing and nearly useless grain.

Measuring Standing Grain.

An officer in the English navy has constructed a table for estimating, with all needful accuracy, the amount of wheat on an acre of land before it is harvested. The estimate can be made as soon as the grain is ripe. Make a wood or iron frame one yard square, carefully let it down over the standing grain, and then shell and weigh all the grain on the straws belonging inside that frame. If a circular "crop form," as he calls it, is more convenient, make it six feet nine and a quarter inches in diameter, of half inch iron. From his elaborate table, as published in the *Dublin Farmer's Gazette*, we extract the following:

2	ozs. per sq.	yard	equals	10.08	bushels per acre.
2¼	" "	"	"	12.60	" "
2½	" "	"	"	13 86	" "
3	" "	"	"	15.12	" "
3½	" "	"	"	17.65	" "
4	" "	"	"	20 17	" "
5	" "	"	"	25.21	" "
5¾	" "	"	"	29 00	" "
6	" "	"	"	30.25	" "
7	" "	"	"	35.29	" "
8	" "	"	"	40.33	" "

These estimates are on the basis of 60 lbs. per bushel. The 2½ ounces per square yard is about the average yield of wheat per acre in America; the 5¾ ounces per square yard is the average in Great Britain.

How to Treat the Wheat Midge.

The presence of the wheat midge at this time of the year is made known by large numbers flying in at the windows at night, covering the lamps, the papers, etc., on tables. One practical remedy that has been recommended is to burn all the screenings of affected wheat—all the refuse of the fanning mill, the sweepings of the barn-floor, or any place where the grain has been stacked, and where the insects would naturally be shaken out. Another remedy is, that in the fall the infested wheat-fields should be very deeply ploughed, with the object of burying any insects that might remain, as far below the surface as possible. The advantage resulting from this mode is, that in the following year they would not be influenced by the warmth so early, as otherwise their development would be retarded, and in all probability their appearance would be too late to be followed by any great injury. By these several methods they would in fact be starved out. Besides these remedies another has been proposed, viz: that spring wheat should be sown late and fall wheat as early as possible; the object being that the former should be matured too late, and the latter too soon, for the attack of the midge in the month of June.

Other Rural Jottings.

Let the hens run in the orchard. They will do much towards keeping out the canker worm.

Ventilation in the dairy should be done at night or early in the morning, when the air is the coolest.

The rule to mow the lawn once a week should not be followed blindly. In a dry time, when grass grows but little, mowing should be suspended. Be governed by the condition of the grass.

In some parts of England bees are never sold for money. They are exchanged for fruit, grain, vegetables, and animals, but their owners believe that "bad luck" attends persons who sell their bees for money.

In several countries in Asia and Africa, in which cows and goats are kept and in which butter and cheese are made, no milk is drunk and none is used in tea and coffee or for any cooking purposes.

An old farmer has made his granary distasteful to rats by daubing all the angles on the outside of the building with hot pine tar for the width of three or four inches, and also any seam or crack where a rat or mouse can stand to gnaw.

Many fuchsias and cactuses bloom only in summer; the best place for these is on the verandah. Hanging baskets are best watered by plunging them in a pail or tub of water, until the earth is well soaked through. Boxes upon the outside of the windows should not be allowed to get dry.

Josiah Hoopes, of Eastern Pennsylvania, says that experiments with many leading fertilizers have established the fact that nothing can compete with the best animal manure for producing vigorous growth in young trees and shrubs. Applications of wood ashes, ground bone, phosphates, etc., answer an excellent purpose in connection with stable manure, but alone they are less successful.

The use of blood as a food for cattle has, it is stated, been the subject of experiment in Denmark by a chemist, who, as a result, has now invented and patented a new kind of cake, in which blood forms one of the chief ingredients. This new food is stated to be exceedingly nutritious and wholesome, and is eaten with avidity by all sorts of animals, and even by cows and horses, which have naturally a strong dislike to the smell of blood.

What is known as the kerosene emulsion is one of the cheapest and most easily-applied insecticides that can be used. It is made by adding one quart of kerosene to five quarts of skim milk, in a close vessel, and shaking till the two unite, after which it can be diluted with water to five or six times its bulk, and applied to vegetation with a sprinkler or force-pump sprayer. It is effectual against almost the entire class of insects which feed upon vegetation.

A writer in an eastern paper says that a rosebush may be layered with little trouble, and then tells how to do it. Make a narrow trench, three or four inches deep, where a good, well-grown shoot can be bent into it. After blooming, in July, cut a slit in the shoot, selected at the point where it will touch the soil, press some soil into the cut, bend the cane down to the bottom of the trench and fasten it there with some pegs and cover it well with soil. By fall it will be a rooted plant, and can be cut away and transplanted.

MOB LAW IN DAKOTA.

Extraordinary and Brutal Slaughter of an Inoffending German Settler.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* publishes a full account of an instance of lynch law which occurred recently near the town of Mitchell, Dakota, which was exceptionally brutal—and, as it proved, gratuitous. A man named John Smith had disappeared from the town, and in default of other occasion for excitement the neighborhood chose to assume that he had been murdered and that one Michael Bechtel, an inoffensive German, was the assassin. To establish the accuracy of this impression, a number of persons began by accusing him of perjury on a trumped-up charge, and had him put under bonds. Then they attacked him at his house one dark night with a bayoneted gun, but without seriously injuring him. And then he suddenly vanished. Three weeks later a human hand, pointing to heaven, was seen by some boys fishing projecting above the surface of the "Jim River," and examination brought to light the body of Bechtel, who had not only been assassinated, but mutilated awfully and brutally, having evidently been tortured until life was nearly extinct and then dragged to the river, a distance of six miles from his own house, where he had been seized while in bed. Although the brother of the murdered man fully identified his remains, the coroner's jury of Harrison county refused to find as to his identity, and the murderers walk the streets of Mitchell, Dakota, to-day unharmed, though they are generally known. And now it is learned that the man Smith, who had been murdered, as it is alleged, by Bechtel, is alive and well in Minnesota. The strong arm of the law is apparently badly needed in Dakota.

Latest From Ireland.

The total amount received for dog license duty in Ireland in 1883 was £42,507.

By the will of Lord Mountcashell his whole property passed to his daughter, Lady Jane Moore.

An investigation has just been held in Castlebar into the alleged overcrowding of the Protestant burial place there.

Patrick Staunton, of Kiltormer, committed suicide in Galway jail recently by hanging himself from a gas-pipe.

Mr. Joshua Clarke, Q. C., addressing the grand jury at Maryborough on June 10th, said he was happy to state that there were no Crown cases to go before them.

Owing to a great falling-off in the emigration of Irish girls from Queenstown Miss O'Brien, the well-known philanthropist, has closed her "Home" at Queenstown.

The command of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which has just fallen vacant by the retirement of Colonel Duncan, will be conferred on Colonel W. Cleland, who was mentioned in despatches for his services as Chief of Police at Alexandria during the Egyptian war of 1882.

Diamonds Giving Light in the Dark.

A curious point in diamond lore has just been established, to the delight of savants, in Paris, where the exhibition of the crown jewels at the Louvre has made the subject very popular for the moment. It has long been laid down, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the diamond has the power of retaining light and of afterward emitting it in the dark. The theory has been well buttressed by reasons, but the proof has not been easy of test. All, or nearly all, the great diamonds—such as the Kohinoor, the Regent, the Grand Mogul—cannot for public reasons be made the subject of experiment, and stones of a lesser size do not always give satisfactory results. Happily, a private individual, the owner of a gem of ninety-two carats, and estimated at a value of 300,000 francs, has lent his diamond for scientific investigations. These have been most satisfactory, and the "phosphorescence" of the stone may be regarded as proved. The diamond was exposed for an hour to the direct action of the sun's rays and afterward removed into a dark room. For more than twenty minutes afterward it emitted a light, feeble indeed, but still sufficiently strong to make a sheet of white paper held near it quite visible in the dark. A similar result was arrived at by a very different experiment, and light was generated by rubbing the stone with a piece of hard flannel.

The Heat Due to a Sunburst.

The New York *Tribune*, in its local weather review of Friday, said: "The sudden coming of the excessive heat is attributed to a 'sunburst' following suddenly upon the series of sun spots which have existed for many days." The *Tribune* is entirely correct, says the Rochester *Democrat*. The fact that this "sunburst" has not yet been productive of severe and general electric storms is a reason for hoping that it will not be followed by a severe cold reaction and frost. The last preceding "sunburst" was followed by heavy thunder showers and several tornadoes. The reaction caused frost in New England and New Jersey, although the reaction was arrested by another sun storm, the heat from which was first felt in the west. We are glad to note that the sun is receiving proper attention in the weather observations of the day.

Rev. Mr. Beecher Shoes a Horse.

A few days ago the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address at the annual commencement of the Storrs Agricultural School, in Mansfield, Conn. Mr. Beecher was candid in conceding his entire inadequacy in an agricultural sense, but he related the following anecdote of his early Western life: My horse lost a shoe. I found an unoccupied blacksmith's shop. I started up the fire with the bellows, heated the iron, forged it out on the anvil, shaped it, and put it on; and then drove off and didn't leave a cent behind. But I stopped at the next blacksmith shop to have it fixed just right, and the blacksmith, after looking at the job, said, "Mister, you may as well go on; I couldn't do that work better myself." You see, I've remembered that; I felt rather proud of it.

"The Teeth of the Future."

The London *Lancet* has a long article on the above subject, expressed in technical language, which the *Scientific American* sums up in a few simple words as follows: The inference is, the teeth are being gradually evolved into brain matter, and as man increases in intellect his masticators become unnecessary. The future man will have a large brain, but no natural teeth. He will have to depend on the mechanical dentist.

John Partelo, of Stonington, Conn., 85 years of age and deaf for the past forty years, was astonished one morning recently on awakening to find his hearing completely restored.

From England's

Distant shores comes additional testimony as to the wonderful merit of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. "Office of the Chemist and Druggist 42 Cannon St., London, Eng. A friend travelling in the States and Canada used Putnam's Corn Extractor, and within a few days the corns vanished and I now ask you to send me a few bottles. S. Brett." After refering the letter to our English Agent, we received intimation that Mr. Brett had ordered three dozen for distribution among his friends. See that you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

President Arthur has vetoed the Elder John Porter Bill, and the House has passed it over the veto.

Have You Thought About It?

Pain is one of the sure things of life, and it becomes then a most important question to have at hand the quickest and most efficient remedy. Polson's NERVILINE can not fail to cure cramps, toothache, neuralgia, headache and all pain, internal or external. Nerviline is the most perfect combination ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. It will not cost you much to try it, for you can buy at any drug store for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will convince you of its mighty pain-relieving power.

In Japan every newspaper employs a man whose sole occupation is to go to prison whenever a court orders that punishment for the editor.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claimed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sun, but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

A New York photographer is quoted as saying: "After twenty-five years' experience under the skylight, and after photographing over a hundred and forty-seven thousand people, I have become convinced that in nineteen cases out of twenty the left side of the face gives the most characteristic likeness, while to the same degree the right side is the most symmetrical."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
* VEGETABLE COMPOUND *
* * * * IS A POSITIVE CURE * * * *

For all of those Painful Complaints and * * Weaknesses so common to our best * * * * * FEMALE POPULATION. * * * *

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION. FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE. * * * * * *

* IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY