And with a sense of fresh work to be fitted into the day, Cornelia roused herself from her reverie, lighted her reading-lamp, and opening a ponderous volume was goon

lost to the world around her.

Esperance came down-stairs the next morning in good spirits, and ready to look at everything in the best light. Before leaving her room she had fastened one of the wall-flowers in her dress, and had caught herself singing the refrain of a game which she used to play with the convent pupils.

" Que tu as de belles filles Giroflee girofla!"

Her sprightliness, however, soon vanished, for in the hot, oppressive diningroom she found to her dismay that a substantial meal awaited her. To sit down at eight o'clock to a regular dejeuner a la fourchette, was an almost unbearable infliction to her; she resolved to take only her accustomed oup of coffee and roll, but found the coffee so execrable that it was an impossibility; moreover, Mrs. Mortlake was so evidently offended at her numerous refusals, that she forced herself to take what she would much rather have been without.

The garden looked temptingly cool and shady, and after breakfast was over Esperance asked leave to go out. Cornelia received her proposal with some surprise. "Oh, certainly, if you wish to do so, but there is nothing worth seeing in our garden, and besides it is almost time for service.' Service at the cathedral? I am so

longing to see the interior." "You will have plenty of opportunities, then, for we always attend both morning and evening service: be careful to be ready five minutes before the hour, as my father

is very particular as to punctuality."

And Cornelia moved away, leaving
Esperance chilled and repulsed, though she

could not have explained why.

She was still looking out of the window, rather sadly, when Mrs. Mortlake returned, leading by the hand a fair-haired little girl of about six years of age, who would have been exceedingly pretty, had not her mouth been spoiled by constant pouting.
"Run and kiss your new cousin, Bella,"
said Mrs. Mortlake. "Go at once, there is

a good child."
"But Bella drew back with an obstinate

" Sha'n't." Esperance who was very fond of children, began to coax her, and would scon have won her over, but Mrs. Mortlake interferred in an aggrieved tone.

"Excuse me, Esperance, but I must really have the management of my own child. Leave her to me." Then as Esperance moved to the other

side of the room, with heightened color, she turned again to the child. "Now, Bella, do as mamma tells you, and you shall have

a piece of sugar."
Esperance would much rather have been without the bribed kiss, but after Mrs. Mortlake's very pointed remark she could not venture to say so: Bella hesitated for a minute, advanced a step or two, then turned once more.

"A large piece, mamma?"
"Yes, my darling, a large piece." "Bella hesitated no longer, and Esperance, much amused, met her half-way and

kissed her-unluckily on both cheeks.

" Bella ran back to her mother triumph antly.
"Two lumps of sugar, mamma, two big lumps, she kissed me twice!"
Esperance laughed merrily, but Mrs.
Mortlake, vexed at the foolishness of her

own bribe, looked annoyed.

"Nonsonse, child, I said one piece,"
Then, as Bella began to cry loudly, "Ah, I
knew that would come of it; it just shows
you, Esperance, how careful you ought to own bribe, looked annoyed. he with children, and Bella is so very sensi-Besides, how could you expect understand your French ways? I'll not have them introduced here, so please re

member.' Esperance was too surprised and indigrant to attempt any vindication.
"A thousand—" she would have said

"Pardons," but the words stuck in her throat : she hastily substituted " a thousand regrets," and left the room, while Mrs Mortlake began to bargain with her child as to the amount of sugar she should have, if she would only stop orying.

Though Esperance would only laugh in after days at the recollection of her absurd introduction to Bella, at the time she was considerably ruffled by it; it was the first time in her life that she had suffered from injustice-it was hard to be falsely blamed, and Mrs. Mortlake's slighting mention of her "French ways," had wounded her deeply.

It was with a very heavy heart that at the appointed time she joined Cornelia and Bertha, and walked with thom to the cathedral. But comfort came to her as she entered and gazed around with wonder and Whether from the beauty of the sight, or from the vastness and strength of all about her, or from a certain resemblance to Notre Dame de Paris, she did not know, but somehow she was stilled, her heart no longer throbbed indignantly, and for the first time she felt at home at Rilchester.

They walked much faster than she would have liked down the choir aisle, and she had only time for a brief glance at the nave, with its glorious vista of arch and pillar, before they passed through the screen gate, and were ushered by a prim-looking verger into the deanery pew. The service seemed to her dull and dreary in the extreme, and though the choir was fairly good, she soon wearied of the complicated Anglican chants and lengthy canticles, in which no one attempted to join. There was something depressing, too, in the smallness of the congregation, which certainly could not have numbered more than a dozzn, and in the half-incomprehensible foreign prayers. Esperance was sadly troubled with wandering thoughts, so that she was relieved when the hour was ended and she was free once more to devote all her eyes to the beauty around.

Cornelia, however, allowed no lingering and they had scarcely left the cathedral before she began in her clear, authoritative way, "As soon as we are at home will you come to me in my room, and I will see what studies you had better take up? We must lose no more time.''

Esperance knew she ought to have been much more grateful, but there was some thing in Cornelia's cold kindness which grated on her, and undoubtedly there was in her tone an implied reference to the time which had already been so foolishly

It was with some difficulty that she said "Indeed, you are very good to think of helping me, my cousin; I know I am very

ignorant."
"If you will take pains, it will be a pleasure to me to help you," replied Cornelia, with much more warmth. "And " And I am going to give you one correction already Do not always address me as 'my cousin, it is quite unpressess in English'

it is quite unnecessary in English."
"Indeed! I had no idea of that; in France it would be thought rude almost not to do it. But a thousand thanks for

The hour spent in Cornelia's room wa not altogether a pleasant one. A brief examination brought to light what seemed to Cornelia almost unparalleled ignorance, and she was really in despair over such an unpromising pupil. Esperance, unaccus-tomed to examination of any kind, and understanding English very imperfectly was, of course, at a great disadvantage, and

though now and then she would give a

quick, intelligent answer, she was generally

either puzzled completely, or frightened by

her cousin's peremptory manner into absurd Cornelia, seeing that this was mere waste of time, began a lesson on physical loved, what else could be expected? Here was quite a little mancouvre to secure geography, but this was not much more was an interest already at the deanery; a vacant chair. Englishmen seem so

successful. Though exceedingly clever, she was not a good teacher; she could neither understand nor sympathize with the difficulties of a less talented mind, and even painstaking slowness made her impatient

and sarcastic.

Esperance was really unhappy—aware that she had answered badly, and vexed that she had not done more justice to her father's teaching. She was certain, too. that had the circumstances been different she could have done much better, and a consciousness that Cornelia did not understand her added to her wretchedness.

But this last thought reminded her of one of Gaspard's pieces of advice—" What-ever happens, don't let yourself become a 'femme incomprise,'" and, taking courage, she began, "You will think me shockingly ignorant, Cornelia; but really, it is partly my ignorance of English that makes me so stupid; you must not think I have never been taught these things."
"The fruits of good teaching are seen in

the impression left on the memory," said

Cornelia, calmly.

Esperance flushed angrily.

"No, no, that cannot be, I am sure it cannot; if the memory is bad, the best teaching may be thrown away to it." "On it," corrected Cornelia, in the same impassive tone; "but do not excite your-self so much; I surely may hold different

views without rousing all this indignation. "It is not your views—I do not care for your views," replied Esperance, her voice rising; "it is your—your slights to my father, to the education he has given me, that make me angry. You do not know, you can never know, how good, how wise,

how noble he was."
"Perhaps not," replied Cornelia. "But if I were to judge of him by what his daughter is at present, what should I—." Esperance burst into tears.

"You are oruel—cruel! to speak so of him—now that—oh, papa! papa! why did I not die too ?-shells falling all day longand not one would come where it would have been welcomed!"

She was leaning down on the table, her face hidden. Would Cornelia never speak, she wondered-would no word of sympathy pass those grave lips?

But still the silence was only broken by her own sobs; and looking up at last, she found herself alone. She was so dismayed, so astonished, that

she could not cry, even though such a desertion seemed to her most cruel; she sat looking at Cornelia's vacant chair, and at the man of mountains and rivers on the table, soaked through and through with her own tears.

When Cornelia returned she was quite salm, however; her tears were spent, and, to her cousin's scorn and surprise, she was busily engaged in tracing the wet tearmarks on the map to the same length as the

various rivers.
"I think you do not require the quiet of

my study for such an intellectual employ-ment," said Cornelia, "and as our lesson is over you may go."

Esperance could not help smiling at Cor-

nelia's sarcasm.
"It was very foolish, was it not? I hope it has not hurt the map," she said, with a little laugh; adieu, then, and many thanks for your lesson."

Cornelia was mute with astonishment. She had left the room, quite out of patience with Esperance's tears, and resolved to read her a lecture on her demonstrativeness when she returned—but her plans had been frustrated, the good-humored reply to her stinging speech, and the little ringing laugh, were even more aggravating than the sud-den burst of passion, and for once in her life she felt thoroughly nonplussed. This little French girl was, indeed, a puzzle to her; but on the whole she was not altogether displeased with her for being out of the common, and as a new study of

character she interested her.
Esperance, meanwhile, went down-stairs amused and a little triumphant at Cor-nelia's evident surprise; the consciousness of having averted a "scene" or a lecture was exhilarating, and she was quite convinced from Cornelia's manner that some thing of the kind had been intended.

But her joy was short lived, for in the

dining room she found Mrs. Mortlake and Bella eagerly looking at the last "Illustrated London News." which was full of the horrors of the Commune.

"Oh, mamma, what are they doing to

that woman?" asked Bella.
"Shooting her, darling; she has been

spreading petroleum, wicked creature. And there, you see, are some houses, all falling down, in the Rue de Rivoli; the silly people there they are shooting the insurgents in the Luxembourg Gardens."

The familiar names, and the cruel want of consideration in speaking thus before her were too much for Esperance's powers of endurance; again her tears broke forth and not attempting a second argument she hurriedly left the room.

But where could she go? To return to Cornelia would be to receive a double scold ing, and she longed too much for sympathy to care to seek her own room—she would, at any rate try to find Bertha before she resorted to it. Bertha was sitting in the great drawing

room writing letters; she looked very unapproachable, but Esperance was too miserable to hesitate. "Oh, Bertha!" she exclaimed, "I am so unhappy, do have pity on me. Cornelia will not have me in her study, and Christa-

bel will talk about the Commune, and I can's bear it, indeed I can't." "But what can I do for you?" said Bertha, gravely, but not unkindly. " 01 course you may sit here, if that is what you

"Yes, I want that too, but Bertha, if you could only love me a little—I can't live without love."

"I thought so once," replied Bertha, with a half smile; "but I find I can manage without it now." Then, as Esperance looked astonished, "I am speaking, of course, of one's ideal of real love, not of the ordinary sort of tolerance that relationship

"I don't know what you mean," said Esperance half frightened "With us, relationship brought all that was true and strong, and beautiful in love. Does it not to every one? do you really love your sisters?"

"If we were not sisters we should pro bably hate each other," replied Bertha; "never were there three less congenial people, I should say; but being related, of course, we have to tolerate, or if you like love' each other. Now you understand what I mean about existing without love." Esparance looked aghast.

"It must be very dreadful," she said, with a shiver. "One grows accustomed to it in time." eplied Bertha. "It will soon cease to rouble you.'

" No, that I can never believe! and until I have come to that state, you will love me a little, will you not?" and Esperance oked up so coaxingly that Bertha was fairly conquered.

"I will try," she said with more energy nan usual. "Only I am so unpracticed than usual. that you must not expect much from mecan't be demonstrative."
"Never mind, I will do all the demon-

stration," said Esperance, laughing, and Bertha what geemed to her an verwhelming embrace. "There! now I am happy. And you will really do a little more than tolerate me?"

strangeness. "Yes, I will try; but you have come to a most unlikely quarter for

Esperance was, however, quite satisfied, and moreover, she had solved the mystery of Bertha's nonchalant manner and dreamy indifference. If she neither loved nor was

she would make it her special object to give

Bertha pleasure. Her letter to Gaspard that day almost cheerful, and though she could not avoid telling him what she thought of Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia, she dwelt so much on Bertha's kindness, and the beauty of the cathedral, and gave such amusing descriptions of the English manners and customs that Gaspard was relieved from his anxiety about her and much cheered in his loneli

CHAPTER XIV.

Earth is sick
And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
Which states and kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and justice. Turn to private life
And social neighborhood: look we to ourselves.
A light of duty shines on every day
For all; and yet how fow are warmed or cheered!

The Excursion.

Rilchester was a picturesque old town with narrow, irregular streets, gabled houses, curious old courts, and ancient gateways. A peaceful—not to say sleepy— air pervaded the whole place; even in the principal street there was little traffic, and the few pedestrians walked quietly and leisurely along, as if harry and buetle were a thing unknown to them.

The population was not very great, and had of late years decreased, so that although there was little actual poverty in the plac-certain parts of the town had a most de pressing aspect, the old houses having fallen out of repair, and the owners not

caring to lay out money on them.

These deserted quarters, however, were some way from the cathedral, and rarely if ever, obtruded themselves upon the notice of the more wealthy citizens. Proximity to the cathedral being a mark of station, houses in the close were eagerly

sought after, and though they were mostly very old, draughty, and ill-built, some people had been known to leave much more people had been known to leave inter more comfortable dwellings for their sake. There were certainly, however, the advantages of a fine view of the cathedral, and an open, healthy situation, not to mention one of the great attractions to the inhabitants of Rilhester—a first-rate view of your neighbors houses, and the best possible chance of knowing all they did.

For, like all small towns, Rilchester de-

ived its pleasure, its store of anecdotes, its daily conversation from gossip; and as there was but little amusement of a higher kind in the place, and a dearth of work, or, more truly, a sleepiness in the atmosphere which tended to destroy the faculty for work, there was some excuse for this.

The arrival of a visitor at the deanery was sufficient to set all the tongues in the place going, and when it gradually became known that the dean had adopted his niece and that she would thenceforth live at Rilchester, Esperance became quite a "nine days' wonder. Had she only come to the place earlier in

the year, when every one was full of compassion for the whole French nation, she would have met with a much warmer welcome: but the horrors of the Commune had quite altered this feeling, and to be of French birth was the reverse of a recommendation.

Her appearance was criticised severely and strange stories were set affoat as to her history; one old lady—well-known as the greatest gossip in the close—had told her friend that the dean had been seen to flush quite angrily when some one had made inquiries after M. de Mabillon-she feared he had been a most notorious character— the dean had felt his sister's marriage most acutely, she knew this as a fact.

From this beginning arose a wild story

exaggerated still more at each repetition, in which it was stated that Esperance's father had ended a most iniquitous life by at-tempting to betray his country to the Prussians, and had in consequence been shot while her brother had assisted in the mur der of Clement Thomas, and had subse quently been killed as a communistic insur-gent. When it transpired that he was alive and well in London, a marvelous escape was first supposed, and alterwards added to the story as a fact.

Of course the subject was avoided both with the Collinsons and with Esperance herself, so that it was long before the truth was really known. Esperance, in consequence, thought the Rilchester people hardhearted and unsympathizing. It would have been a relief to her to talk some times of her father, and of their troubles in the siege, but no one opened the subject, and if she ever alluded to it, they changed the conversation at once, in reality from kind-heartedness and a wish to snare her. but with what seemed of course, to her, an

utter want of interest. Those first few months tried her severely. She was very lonely, anxious about Gaspard, and out of harmony with her sur-roundings. Cornelia was cold and sarroundings. Cornelia was cold and sar-castio, and her time for study was a real Mrs. Mortlake was unjust and irritating; Bella, cross and spoiled Bertha, disappointing and reserved. This at least, was Esperance's view of the family. She had yet to learn that-

"'Tis we, not they, who are in fault, 'When others seem so wrong." Of course her grievances were not wholly imaginary, but she magnified them greatly and would not see the good points which counterbalanced the failings.

Her letters to Gaspard, which had at first been brave and cheerful, were now either in a strain of forced merriment, or with an undertone of bitterness which was very foreign to her nature. She never herself more and more in little sarcasms at the expense of her cousins or their friends and Gaspard grew seriously uneasy about

He wrote to her at last with a very gentle remonstrance, and entreating her to tell him if she were really unhappy; but the reply was far from satisfactory, and only made him still more anxious. It ran as

follows: The Deanery, Rilchester, 12th Septom

" My Dear Gaspard .- A thousand thanks for your welcome letter and for the scolding you gave me, only I can hardly call it by such a name, since I am accustomed here to a much more severe fault finding. So you really think I am growing sarcastic! Well, I am hardly surprised, for I am a great deal with Cornelia, and she is just one great piece of sarcasm—I suppose it is infections. Nothing in particular has bappened since I wrote. Bertha is still away and the house is very dull, the most enlivening thing being one of Bella's scream-ing fits, which are like a kind of intermittent ever, and come every other day. In beween she is what Christabel calls really petted and spoiled! She is indeed an enfant terrible. I forgot to say that I have had my first experience of an English dinner-party. I wish you could have seen it, it was most amusing; that is to say, the evening was, for I did not dine, thus escaping an infliction of two hours. The ladies come to the drawing-room about nine, or perhaps later, looking very sleepy and bored, and then they sit trying to talk for about half an hour, a footman bringing in first coffee, and then to a to prevent them from quite going to sleep! I must tell you that they are all dressed to match, the married ladies chiefly in grays, mauves, and violets, and the young ladies in limp white muslin. I suppose it is the way English people put on their clothes, but they always ook as if they had been out in one of their fogs. Later in the evening the gentlemen straggle into the room, as if they didn't much want to come; they all look very black and sombre, the old gentlemen, wear "You are the strangest child I ever saw," ing great white ties and the younger ones said Bertha, but as if she did not mind the stiff-looking collars, and no dress olothes at ing great white ties and the younger ones all, for they are all clergymen, there seems scarcely a layman in the place. They stand all together in a group, like so many rooks, though it is not thought imporper in England for them to speak to the ladies, and perhaps two or three venture into the circle by and by. I noticed the other night that there was quite a little manœuvre to secure

much happier when they are sitting down, they never seem to know what to do with their hands and feet, otherwise. Altogether, it was very dull and stiff, but perhaps I ave seen a bad specimen; people never could endure many such parties, surely, they would die of ennui. Why do you ask point-blank if I am happy? It was inconcathedral," he said. " I hope you will forsiderate of you. Of course I am not, and cannot be, away from you. As to the cathedral, it is marvelously beautiful, but the long daily services do not agree with me; perhaps it is being quite unaccustomed to such things, or perhaps the foreign prayers, or it may be what Mrs. Mortlake

vould call my 'frivolous French mind.' but pertainly they are at present a penance. No one here has a good word to say for a Frenchman—they seem to think we are all Communists, and forgot that the martyrs, Monseigneur Darboy, the Abbe Deguerry Pere du Coudray, and many others, were also French. It is very hard to bear. I suppose, however, the troubles are nearly over? Have you heard lately from Monsieur Lemercier? I hope he has not been arrested, poor man. How wonderfully n earnest he was that morning we lef

With my compliments to Bismarck.

Je t' ewbrasse de tout cœur,

ESPEBANCE BIEN-AIMEE DE MABILLON."

In reply to this letter Gaspard sent

little French edition of the English Church Services, and she was so much touched by his anxiety for her, and so really anxious t lo right, that she tried very hard to attend etter.

One bright sunny morning, about the end of September, Esperance, after a greater effort than usual to listen to the fortable oaken stall, which was her usual seat, and had opened her French Bible, in order to follow the reading of the first les son, when a sound of voices in the choice soil, when a sound of vertex is the could aisle roused her our origin. The speakers were evidently close behind her, for she could distinctly hear even the low-toned conversation.

" No painting allowed in service time "What, not out here? How can I possibly disturb the services?" replied the second voice.

"Can't tell, sir," answered the first but 'tis against rules; you must move at "But I tell you, my good fellow, this i

my service, just as much as it's yours to wear a black gown and carry that poker; besides, the light is perfect now."

The reply was inaudible, but was followed by a crash, as of something falling heavily on the stone floor.

An unguarded exclamation of wrath

made itself heard so distinctly in the choir, that the reading of the lesson was for a moment suspended, and the two vergers, seizing their silver headed staves, hastened to quiet the disturbance. Esperance listened with hushed breath, really quite trembling for the victim. She

heard a great many repetitions of " hush," then the eager voice rising again, "I was doing no harm here." Another admonitory "hush" followed

by a whispered altercation, then that voice once more.
"Well, since I mayn't paint, I will come

The footsteps drew nearer; Esperance and indeed everybody looked curiously toward the door—with a stately, measured step, the two vergers returned, their staves triumphantly raised in the air, and behind them walked the culprit, a young man of two cr three and twenty, tall and some, his fair complexion a little flushed by the dispute, his lips gravely compressed, but an irrepressible sparkle of amusement in his keen blue eyes. He was solemnly conducted to a seat

and after one rapid glance around, Esperance was relieved to see that he behaved with perfect reverence, joining in the Te Deum in a way which set an example to the stilent congregation, and during the reading Make the service interesting for him of the second lesson, scarcely stirring, but Exert yourself in his behalf. Turn around gazing at the reredos and the grand cast window, through which the sunshine was stroaming, shedding an exquisite radiance on all around.

At the close of the services, Mrs. Mort-

north choir aisle, closely attended by Esperance, who was full of curiosity, and in great terror lest Cornelia should call her well. Civility is a sure cure for empty the downfall and the angry exclamation—s

artist had just raised the latter, and was the heart of the preacher; he will then ooking at it critically, when Mrs. Mortlake preach you better sermons, and you will Mr. Magnaw! how are you? You have indeed taken us by surprise. "I came late last night," replied the artist, glancing from Mrs. Mortlake to Esperance, as he shook hande. "I was hoping to call on you later in the day, not

see you, I am sure," replied Mrs. Mortlake moving toward the door. Clande Magnay hastened to move the

open the heavy outer door while Mrs. Mort lake uttered many last words. "You are here for some time, then?"

she asked. "I cannot tel! how long," he replied. "I have a commission for a view of this oxalio interior. One could not have a more delightful subject, certainly. How glorious it is in this light!

Esperance thought the grand old door-way, with its sembre moldings, the eager, half wistful face of Claude Magnay, and the background dim with brightness would saponified sal-ammoniac; any particles of have made a wonderful picture; but color still remaining must be removed with have made a wonderful picture; but detecting a slight shade of impatience, and restles movement of the hand which held the canvas, she was not sorry when Mrs. Mordake closed the conversation with a pressing invitation to dinner that evening and really turned homeward.

"What a thorough artist he is, to be sure!" she exclaimed, half musingly. engrossed with his work, and with the ceauty of the cathedral, that he forget even o speak of the disturbance he made during

the service!' "Is he English?" inquired Esperance, secretly wondering whether any one so polite could be, her dislike to the Rilohester people having prejudiced her against the beyond

vhole nation. Yes, ob, yes," replied Mrs. Mortlake. I am not sure that the name is not of cotch origin, but the family has been in England for years. This young man's father was an architect—a very clever man—and a friend of father's. He had great money losses before his death, and had it not been for Claude's talent, I don't know how they would have managed. However, all is comfortably settled now; one sister is married, and has taken the youngest child to live with her; the mother died not long ago, and so Claude has only himself to

support." Esperance thought this a very heartless speecn; but the mention of the losses, the bereavements, and the loneliness, touched a chord in her own life, and for the first time since her arrival she felt thoroughly interested and attracted. The day passed rather more happily than

usual, and Esperance was quite in spirits when she went to dress for dinner : Bho the diversion of seeing some one really new and not an inhabitant of Rilchester. Claude had already arrived when she came down, and was standing talking to

The dean gravely introduced "My action of nicce, Mademoiselle de Mabillon"—he

always uttered the name with an effortand Claude's easy but courteous manners seemed all the more pleasant when con trasted with her uncle's pompous solemnity. "I am afraid you were one of those whom I disturbed this morning in the

give me for the confusion I made, was it very distracting?"
Esperance's first impulse was to utter
the false "Oh! not at all," a form of polite lying proverbially habitual to French women, and not unfrequently indulged in by their English sisters. She had, how-ever, been brought up very carefully in this respect by her father, her standard of truth was high, and with ready tact she said instead, "I do not think it disturbed the cengregation generally; for myself, I cannot say much, it takes such a small thing to draw off my attention."

" I had no idea there was any rule as to not painting during service time, so I hope my ignorance may be my excuse," said Claude, turning to the dean. (To be Continued.)

Agricultural Notes. Ten minutes spent in warding off disease rom a dumb domestic animal is often

worth ten days trying to cure disease. It is said the best sweet corn grows on rocky and strong soil better than in sandy or light black soil filled with vegetable

When a hog loses appetite it may be that all he requires is a lump of charcoal. Charcoal should always be kept where the hogs an eat it at will. Unless grapes are trimmed without delay

it may do them injury to out them back later on. All varieties of graps vines should be trimmed early. Bright oat straw, run through a cuttingbox and mixed with bran and a little ground oats, slightly moistened, makes one

New rovelties in plants are often old varieties renamed, and the "novelty" dies out after the first season unless it is some hing superior to anything of its kind already in use.

of the best fodders for horses.

When a farmer once raises small fruits for himself and family he will never be without them again if he can prevent it. There are both enjoyment and health in small fruits. Strictly choice cattle are not in excess of

the demand at any time. There is always an extra price ready for an extra choice article, and this applies to everything that may be produced. The use of a pure-bred sire in any kind of stock is the easiest way to improve a herd or flock and is the surest method any

farmer can adopt to get his business on a paying basis. It is estimated that one acre planted with black walnut will, at the end of twenty five years, produce 10,000 feet of lumber

worth at least \$1,000. This is profit at the rate of \$40 per year. When planting oorn bear in mind that the variety known to be well adapted to your soil and climate is better than any new variety until you give the new variety

a trial on a small plot.

Wood ashes are excellent on all kinds of verstables. The stalks and leaves of potatoes abound largely in potash, as do also the leaves of beets. Though ashes contain no nitrogen, they supply not only potash but lime and a proportion of phosphoric acid.

Church Civility.

It pays to be civil at all times and in al places. But where this civility is most needed just now is in our churches. Be eivil to each other, and to strangers espec When the vestibule is crowded with the latter class, don't let the regular mem bers rush through without recognizing some one of them and inviting them to his or her seat or some other unocoupied seat in your sca ,or go away across the aisle, if need be, to hand him a book-first finding the number of the hymn, the chapter or the Psalm, or the prayer, always. Let him At the close of the services, Mrs. More that you are interested in knowing that he lake made all speed to go out, but not that you are interested in knowing that he before the stranger had already left the is interested. All these little civilities speak for themselves, and are worth a speak for themselves, and are worth a speak for themselves. Moreover they tend thousand invitations. Moreover they tend to build up and reinforce a congregation, and to encourage transient attendance as seaks.
In the aisle they discovered the cause of depreciated church in consequence. Be he downfall and the angry exclamation—a civil, and you have overcome all these prostrate easel and canvas; the young obstacles. You will make glad and enthuse feel more than amply repaid for your kind ness .- Seneca County News.

To Bemove Spots From Books. Grease spots if old may be removed by applying a solution of varying strength of hoping to call on you later in the day, not thinking that the cathedral might be our meeting-place. The dean is well, I hope?"

"Very well, thank you, he will be glad to see you, I am sure." replied Mrs. Mortlake, mixture of one part of muriatio acid and 25 parts of water. In the case of fresh grease spots carbonate of potash, one part easel, which lay in Esperance's way, and to thirty parts of water, chloroform, ether walked down the airle with them, holding or benzine renders good service. Wax disappears if after saturating with benzine or turpentine it is covered was blotting paper and a hot flat iron put upon it. Paraffine is removed by boiling water or hot spirits. Ink spots or rust yields to acid in combination with ho water; chloride of gold or silver spots to a weak solution of corrosive sublimate or cyanide of potassium. Sealing wax is dis-solved by hot spirits and then rubbed off with ossia sepia; india ink is slightly brushed over with oil and after twelve hours, rubber. - American Bookmaker.

It is a significant fact that twelve of the largest and oldest London life assurance companies, which had, of course, issued policies only to the most carefully selected could produce from their lists but a single centenarianism. The instances alleged of persons reaching their 120th, or even their 118th year, etc., may be set down as without exception not authentic. The three to five years over a hundred, which science indicates as the natural term of human life, is found to be the period beyond which post centenarians, even under the best conditions of attendance, nursing, etc., fail to go.-Boston Herald.

Harshuess with Children.

I wonder if parents really know how much they are standing in their own light when they are so strict and severe with their children, ferbidding them to play cards, dance and go to the opera and theatre. Let them reason with them and advise them not to go if they are opposed to such places of amusement, and give them amusement at home, but forbidding them will oftentimes make the children lie in order to accomplish their end.—Farmer's

Mr. Howells is at work upon a juvenile serial to be called "A Boy's Town," telling of a boy's doings and dreamings in a little Ohio town on the Great Mismi, where "every day was full of wonderful occur-rences and thrilling excitement" to the boy who figures as the hero. It is an open could not help looking forward eagerly to secret that the story is largely autobigraphical. When the corrent in electric railway

passes from the car wheel to the track it causes considerable increase in fricton the dean, having quite lost the somewhat between the two. Expert opinion seems to preoccupied expression he had worn in the favor the theory that this additional resistance is due to a slight action caused by the heat generated by the

STRENGTHENING THE BODY. The English physique is deteriorating as

the result of the decay of agriculture and the unhealthier conditions of manufactur-

ing life. A writer in the Fortnightly recom

mends gymnastic exercises to strengther

the bodies, not only of the upper and middle classes, but of the laborers. If there

were any room for doubt of the benefits of

such training, he says, evidence is not

wanting of the extraordinary effect of a course of gymnaetics regularly continued for only a few months. Mr. Maclaren has given some valuable statistics of the neasurements and weights of a detachment of non-commissioned officers sent to him to be qualified as military gymnastic instruc tors. The men ranged in age from 19 to 28 years, in height from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 11½ inches, and in weight from 9 stone 2 pounds to 12 stone 6 pounds; so that various types were represented. After less than eight months' training, they were found to have gained, on the average 10 pounds in weight, 27 inches in girth chest, $\frac{3}{4}$ in the size of the forearm, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in that of the upper arm, while there was in every case a slight increase of height. One man 28 years of age grown from 5 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches to 5 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches; his weight had increased from 10 stone 10 pounds to 11 stone 9 pounds, and he measured 40 inches instead of 37 inches round the chest, 113 inches instead of 103 inches round the fore arm, and 133 inches instead of 12½ inches round the upper arm. Another mar, aged 24 years, had grown Another mar, aged 24 years, had grown from 5 feet 82 inches to 5 feet 92 inches. and weighed 11 stone 6 pounds instead of 10 stone 8 pounds, while his chest had expanded from 35 inches to 40 inches (a gain of no less than 5 inches), and the fore arm and upper arm had gained 1 inch and 1½ inch respectively. A third pupil, aged 28 years, had added 16 pounds to his weight, with corresponding developments of arm and chest; and the smallest gains of each kind were 5 pounds in weight, 1 inch in chest, ½ inch in the forearm and 1 inch in $_{
m the}$ upper arm. We are told that the muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest produced a ludiorous and embarrassing result; for, before the fourth month was out, several of the men could not get into their jackets and tunics without assistance, and when they had got them on they could not make them meet down the middle by a hand's breadth. In a month more they could not get into them at all, and were obliged to go to and from the gymnasium in their great-coats until new clothing could be procured. It is impossible to estimate the advantage gained by these men from the expansion of their chests, and the additional scope thereby given to their hearts and lungs. According to Dr. Lagneau, gymnastic exercises are one of the surest means of diminishing the frequency of phthisis. And, as Mr. MacLaren justly observes, " before this addition could be made to the chest, every spot and joint of the frame must have been improved also, every organ

'Talk about bad boys," said an old

tionately strengthened.

within the body must have been propor-

resident to-day, "why, the boys now are not half as bad as when I was a youngster. If they played the pranks now that we used to in the good old days they would find themselves in the Penitentiary, suro. I recollect there was a circus in town one afternoon, and it was exhibited near the present Central School grounds, which were then a common. The circus people had a steam calliope, and the engine which sup-plied the music was detached. A lot of boys (mygelf amongst the number) attached a rope to the engine, and at a signal dashed off with the machine, to the great consternation and chagrin of the showman. We never stopped running until we got away down King etreet and were met by Constable Ferres (No. 1). Then we slunk away and nobody ever was a bit the wiser as to the perpotrators of the outrage. At night we went back to the show, lighted turpentine balls and put them under the sides of the canvas, causing a conflagration. The circus company entered a suit against the city, got back the license money and some damages, and for years the town had such a name that no other similar show would come near us. Ob. no. the boys are not as bad as they were when I was young.

The Meaning of "Whos."

A horse-breaker has given me a lesso the proper use of words. This, in its way, is quite as remarkable as would be a literal finding of sermons in stones. This expert was instructing his audience, as he proceeded to subdue a balky horse, in the right use of the word "whoa." "Balky right use of the word "whoa." drivers," as he phrased it, make balky horses. These unskilful drivers, for example will say "whoa" to a horse repeatedly, as in going round a corner, when they really mean only "steady." "Don't say really mean only "steady." whoa unless you mean stop," terse injunction. In other words, do not use a superlative word when a positive word serves the purpose. Better for the horse and better for the driver. Emerson championed the positive degree in speech. and this horse trainer likewise, inferentially, preached against exaggeration in talkin to one's horse.-Spectator in the Christian Union.

A New Catchword.

Mr. Balfour threatens to give us a new Parliamentary catchword. A hundred times he must have said on Tuesday night, "Very well, sir." He marked his divisions of subjects by it, his sub-divisions, and the progress of his oratorical paragraphs. "I hope I have made it clear to the House. Very well, sir," was said over and over again. Sir Charles Russell's catchword is "Let that pass"; Sir Wm. Harcourt's "Aah!" Mr. Goschen clears his throat. Mr. Gladstone takes a drink. But Mr. Balfour produces his pocket handkerchief and exclaims, "Very well, sir."-Pall Mall Gazette.

Dear and Dear.

"Tell me, George, darling," said she shortly after their marriage. "Do you love me as much as ever ?' " Yes, indced.'

"And do you find anything in the world

dearer than your wife?"

" Nothing,"

the house rent." Oh, James, come quickly, Freddy has swallowed his mouth-organ."
"Is that so? Then their's music in the

said George, "unless it is

It is a very awkward thing for me that your wife should have read my last letter to you. Didn't you tell me once that she never read your letters?" "As a rule, she never does : but you were foolish

WHY SILK IS EXPENSIVE.

Nearly 8,000 Worms for Two Pounds of

To produce sufficient silk to make a dress equires more time and capital than most cople would imagine. If we take one and a quarter pounds as the weight of pure silk required, this would be equal to two pounds of raw silk. To produce two pounds of raw of raw silk. To produce two points of raw silk would require the entire silk obtained from 7,000 to 8,000 worms, allowing a per-centage for death by disease and other casualties. It may be interesting to state that these young worms when newly hatched would scarcely weigh one quarter of an ounce, yet in the course of their life, which only lasts some thirty or thirty-five days, they will consume about 300 to 400 pounds of leaves and increase in weight about 9,000 times. Consumers of silk will not wender at its high value when they consider that to raise two pounds of raw consider that to raise two pounds of raw silk so much time and money is required. Besides the original cost of the eggs or young worms, they require feeding at regular intervals daily with mulberry leaves during their life. This is a large item of expense if the cultivator does not grow and gather his own leaves, but is compelled to purchase them .- Textile Fabric.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy,
Was his sallow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
of the human race.
Now he's brimmed with sunshine over,
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he lives in clover;
Ask you the reason why?
What hes wrought the transformation What has wrought the transformation?

Estisfactorily Explained.

Shoo Dealer-I understand, sir, that you said I was a thief and a robber. I want an explanation.

Blobbs (snavely)—Sir, you are entirely mistaken. What I said was, that you sold

Don't disgust everybody with your offenve odor from your catarrh because some old fogy doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Caterrh Remedy have for many years effered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of nasal caterrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper enquiry through druggists (who tell the medicine at only 50 cents), and they "mean business."

'Danced all night till the broad day-light And went home with the girls in the morning." But the morning being chilly, he took a heavy cold, and a bad cough resulted, con-sumption set in, bis case, despite the efforts of a physician, grew worse until friends began to lose hope; one, however, knew from trial the value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and induced him to take it. "A mighty change came over the spirit of his dreams." Its continued use restored him to health and fortune. He lives to day to bless Dr. Pierce for his medicine, and soon will wed a charming girl, one of those he "took home in the morning." If Colds, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, or other throat or lung troubles attack you, don't delay get. ting the "Discovery.'

"Maria, it makes me awfully nervous to see you put pins in your mouth!" said Mr.

A Well-3 ppreciated Compliment. Mr. Manhattan (visiting in Chicago)-Your mamma is truly remarkable for her poise, Miss Livewayt.

General Von Caprivi, the new German Chancellor, never has a pipe out of his mouth when he is awake except during his meals, and he drinks beer by the gallon,

make you look younger.

The most recent observations as to the amount of heat the earth receives from the sun show that in clear, pleasant weather 634 per cent. of heat is absorbed by the sphere and only 364 per cent. reaches oil. This figure rises in Outober to 41 the soil.

Nobody really hates an egotist, except another egotist. Other people are only

D. C. N. L. 19, 90,

I took Sick.

I take My Meals. I take My Rest. AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;

getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda Not only cured my Incipent Consumption But Built MR UP AND IS NOW BUILTING FLESH ON MY BONES

TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." cott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon dor wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that above named disease. By its timely use thousands of no seeds on I shall be glad to send two bottles of my roundy PLEE to a sumption if they will send me their Expressing Port Office Addres M.C., 186 West Adelaids CA., ORGETO, GYTARIO. have a positive remedy for the

CUREFITSI

have them return again. I MEAN ARADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottus of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address - H. & GOOT.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this dilapidated individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

shoes so cheap that you are almost a free-The World Moves !

booter.

At a Chicago Wedding. Girl Friend (kissing the birde ecstastically)—Oh, Fan, you did splendidly at the altar, and this is only your second. Bride (complacently)-Yes, I've really

Bad a Good Time!

had very little practice.

Unique in History.

Mumble, as he looked over to where his wife was sewing. But she could not answer without danger of choking. There was no last word Mumble had broken the record.

Miss Livewayt—Yes, indeed. Mamma is no slouch at pastry. Her mines and iemons are always A number 1.

He is most deliberate in his movements, and always meditates for a minute or two before answering the most trifling question. -A milliner says ties on a bonnet or hat

per cent and sinks to 28 per cent in January.

I took Cold.

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean early to stop them for a time, and then RE. I have made the disease of Fits,

once for a treatise and a Free Bottie of my Infallible Remedy.

Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Addres

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