May-Day Moving.

You must wake and call me early; call me carly, husband dear,
To-morrow will be the busiest day we've had for Tomorrow wan be the busiest day we've had for just a year.

The truckman's coming early; you must wake, and wake me, too,

There'll be more work about the house than both of us can do.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, dear, when the day begins to break,
We must both get up and stir around, and I
hope for goodness' sake,
The day will be the only precious thing that will
be broken, And I hope you'll think, without regret, at night of all you've spoken.

You know you're apt te get provoked, and whon you're mad you swear, Buttry to keep your temper, dear, and don't go on a tear.
You know the truckmen always do destroy And it's very exasperating, I really must con-

The stoves must all be taken down, and the carpets taken up,
And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for a decent bit or sup;
We'll have to do the best we can, with things from the grocery store.
And eat them off the mantol-piece, or it may be off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and the pillows are put away;
You must sleep on the kitchen table. To-morrow is moving day.
Your toothbrush is near the bottom of a barrel of boots and clothes,
And the scap and towels are somewhere, but goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed thom as tight as I could;
Your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I put the coal and wood.
The griddle is packed in the bureau-drawer, and the baby is in there, too.
I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best that I could do.

L'ENVOI. Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all the glad New Year;
You must wake and call me early, before the truckman's here. Texas Siftings.

## ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES. "Oh don't mention it, pray; it is of no consequence. We find we must have a rule of the kind, but of course you could not be expected to know. You find your subject

interesting ? ' "Indeed I do," replied Claude, earnestly.
'It's only fault is, that every part of it is so marvelous, one hardly dares to attempt "I went in at half past six this morning, but it was some time before I could settle work, overy thing was looking so

exquisite. We never saw your picture this morn," said Esperance. "Was it hurt in ing," said Esperance. that downfall?"

"No, luckily it was not much damaged, it was the easel which made all the noise."

Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia entered while he was speaking, the former with many apologies for her lateness, and immediately after dinner was announced

The conversation was much more lively than usual, and Esperance was able to enter than usual, and Esperance was able to enter into it thoroughly; her English was much improved by the three months she had spent at Rilchester, and her slight French accent was rather pretty than otherwise.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, did not altogether approve of this advance of knowledge, for although she could not accuse

Esperance of forwardness, yet there was certainly something in her lively chatter which was apt to swamp other conversation. The dean would often stop to listen to her -the voice reminded him of his sister's and he liked to hear it-Cornelia was always on the watch for grammatical mistakes in her pupil and Bertha, who disliked the exertion of talking, thought herself exempted from it if any one else sustained

the conversation.

Mrs. Mortlake herself was a good, solid talker, and she liked to have an open field for her operations, so Esperance's little flighty remarks, and her clear, ringing laugh annoyed her; and when she found Claude Magnay much more inclined to talk to the bright little French girl than to enter into the conversation which she had carefully prepared beforehand on the Renaissance, she resolved to put a stop to it

Claude had just same successful contents and Esperance, with a chiefly at Paris, and Esperance, with a chiefle at Paris, and Esperance, and Esperance, and Esperance, Claude had just said that he had studied

further. Claude seemed to catch something of Esperance's enthusiasm, for his replies were as animated as her questions, and it was evident that if they were not interrupted the Renaissance would be quite You were at Paris all through the

siege, did you say?" Claude was asking.
And Esperance had just begun her answer when Mrs. Mortlake broke in.

"Oh, really, Esperance, you must not take Mr. Magnay all through that dreadful siege; we have heard quite enough of it, and the dinner-table is not the place for horrors.'

Claude Magnay was surprised, and glanced at Esperance as if for an expla-nation. She had flushed all over, and her lips were quivering; he was sorry for her, and would have tried to turn Mrs. Mortlake's uncomfortable speech to some differ-ent meaning, but she was too quick for him, and the next moment the conversation was entirely in her hands.

I was wanting so much to ask you, if you had seen that magnificent altar-piece of Perugino's in the Church of St. Peter, Perugia. You were in Italy last winter, were you not?"
Whereupon ensued a long account of Mr

Magnav's Italian tour, stimulated by Mrs. Mortlake's peculiar form of questioning. Esperance meanwhile had recovered her self, and sat proudly erect, without betray seir, and sas proudly erect, without betraying any desire to join in the conversation. She was wounded by her cousin's most unfair speech, for it had assumed that she was in the habit of talking about her sufferings in the siege, whereas the subject had scarcely been mentioned since her arrival, and she had, moreover, made an unjust

insinuation as to her good taste. " Horrors at the dinner-table!" the very idea of being suspected of mentioning anything of the sort made her blush anew. Her indignation gradually died away, however; the mention of Paris, and other familiar names, had recalled all her sad memories, and it was as much from this

sadness, as from the effects of Mrs. Mortlake's snub, that she answered all Claude's further attempts at conversation in monosvliables. Only once was she at all roused. It was

at dessert: the dean was advising Claude Magnay to explore some of the old parts of Rilchester, thinking that the half-ruinous and very ancient buildings could not fail to please an artist. This led to a comparison of cathedral cities with ordinary towns, wherein Claude expressed his opinions a very candidly that Esperance quite tromble for him. To her dismay she found herself implicated in the conversation. Claude and Mrs. Mortlake carried on quite a little argument, as to the dangers of narrowness in a limited community, Mrs. Mortlake upholding her beloved cathedral town in everything. Of course, the discussion was perfectly good-humored, but unluckily, perfectly good-humored, but unluckily, Claude, glancing round the table with his quick artist eye to gather the expressions of the different people of the different people, was attracted by Esperance's sad, wistful face, and without thinking asked, "And what is your opinion? you are a comparative stranger. what is your oathedral towns superior?"

Esperance was:

Esperance was in great difficulties; she would not willingly have offended her relations, but truth was truth, and she was too tired and sad-hearted to be ready with

any skillful counter-question or laughing allusion with which to change the subject.
With an appealing, "How can you ask me?" in her eyes, she replied, quietly, "I love the cathedral as much as I dislike the town."

Cornelia looked up quickly. Your reasons?

Esperance, looking much distressed, tried to confine her remarks to the material town, though the previous conversation had related to the society.
"The streets are so narrow and dirty,

and there are so very few people—" she paused and for once was greatly relieved by one of Mrs. Mortlake's outting little

speeches.
"Oh, yes, we know your ideas of the beautiful are different; you care for nothing

but boulevards." Again Esperance flushed orimson, again Claude felt sorry for her, and this time he was vexed that she should suffer from his rashness; however, he had no opportunity for making amends, for the ladies left the table almost directly, and in the evening the dean carried him off to his observatory and kept him so thoroughly interested with his telescope that all else was forgotten.

CHAPTER XV. Claude Magnay was young and energetic, by no means one of those lazy prodigies whose very genius seems to dull their other powers. Since he could not work in the powers. cathedral from nine to ten, he resolved to take the first hours of the day, and often by five o'clock he would be at his post. or wandering about in the gray morning light enjoying the dim grandeur of the place, and with the key which the dean himself had placed at his disposal, unlocking the inner

doors and exploring at his pleasure until the light was favorable for his picture. During service time he returned to his hotel for breakfast, and afterward worked at his open-air paintings—some curious parts of old Rilchester, and an exterior of the cathedral. His days were so well filled that he was not very much pleased when one evening a note arrived, with a proposal which must either unsurp some of his precious time or occasion a longer stay at Rilchester. It ran as follows:

" DEAR MR. MAGNAY .-- I am so ver anxious to have a portrait of my little gir Do you think you could spare time to paint There is no one whom I should like better to do it. Your picture of Lady Worthington's little boy, which I saw this year at the Academy, was perfect.

"Bella could give you a sitting at any hour; the morning is, I think, her best time, but please suit your own convenience. Believe me, yours, very sincerely.

CHRISTABEL MORTLAKE." "That little fair-haired girl, who looks so oross," soliloquized Claude ; " she will be s difficult subject, in more ways than one, if I am not mistaken. Shall I attempt her or shall I find it necessary to return to town, and work up my Scotch pictures? Rather shirking, perhaps, still I hate painting spoiled children, and that Mrs. Mortlake will be the death of me. How that poor little Mademoiselle de—something—endures it, I can't imagine; snubs at every turn from one sister, and sarcasms from the other. I got her into a scrape myself the other evening, and nover helped her out, which was a shame. Yes, I will undertake little Miss Mortlake's portrait for that reason—the little demoiselle looks as if she needed a Don Quixote. And now I think of it, what an interesting study her face would be. Those lustrous eyes—such a color, too, and so wonderfully pathetic, and her quaint little mouth, which looks somehow as if the sadness were all a mistake The forehead? yes, it is low, and the hair dark and silky, with a wave in it. She is the very impersonation of what I always longed to try—' Mariana in the Moated Grange,'" and he repeated the lines:

"After the flitting of the bats, When the thickess dark did trance the sky, when the timeose dark that trance the say She drew her casoment curtain by, And glanced athwart the glooming flats, She only said, 'The night is dreary, He cometh not, she said. She said, 'I am awony, awcary, I would that I were dead.'"

"Ves: she is exactly what I have dreamed of. I must at least get a sketch of her face, though I suppose it would

hardly do to ask her to sit to me." He drew pencil and paper toward him, and sketched Esperance's face from

Claudo went to the deanery, there to under-take the not very congenial task of painting Bella Mortlake's portrait.

Mrs. Mortlake was delighted to have obtained her wish.
"The dear child is quite at her best. was so very anxious that she should be painted now-I am so glad you can spare the time. Esperance, run and fetch Bella." Claude arranged his easel, discussed size and position with Mrs. Mortlake, set his

palette, waited fidgeted, but still no Bella appeared. At length a distant screaming was heard, drawing gradually nearer, Mrs. Mortlake hastened to the door and listened Esperance's voice was heard remonstrating "Bella dear, you must come down; Mr. Magnay is waiting for you. See, then, I must leave you and call nurse."

No answer but screams.

Mrs. Mortlake burried to the scene of action, and Bella was borne into the dining room kicking with all her might.
Claude shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his "Mariana." She was paler

and sadder-looking than ever, and as she stood waiting for Bella's sobs to cease, there was a drooping hopelessness about her very attitude which Claude longed to catch. He hastily sketched an outline, and watched her varying expression almost breathlessly. Bella was sobbing out something about "Esperance," and Mrs. Mortlake, without waiting to find what the real grievance was, turned round with a severity of tone and look quite out of proportion even to the imagined offense.

"Esperance, how often must I tell voi not to interfere with my management of Bella? these crying fits are far more frequent since you came. Why do you aggravate the poor child?"

"Indeed, Christabel, Bella was orying because she did not want to leave the

nursery. I only—."

"Ah! that is always the way—excuser always ready! No, do not attempt to evade the truth. You know quite well the child is good with every one else. It really is most provoking! Here is all Mr. Magnay's time wasted, and Bella's face so swollen with crying that she cannot possibly have

her pioture taken.' Esperance did not reply. A look of sudden pain passed over her features, her eves grew more despairingly miscrable—her whole face was expressive of the sense of

isolation and injustice. Claude drank in her whole aspect and bearing almost greedily, thrilling through and through with the delight of thus grasping his subject. It was not till a mist of tears dimmed those bright eyes that his human nature began to be touched by the sight of suffering, and half ashamed of his artistic rapture, he turned eagerly to Mrs.

Mortlake "Pray don't think you are wasting my time; and as to Miss Bella's face, I expect it will soon be sunny again. Ah! I thought so," as Bella, who was the most arrant little distribution and the son the little flirt, looked up smilingly, and inclined

to be propitiated by his attention.

There was some little difficulty about the placing. One chair was too high, and another too low, and it onded in Mrs. Mortlake's sending Esperance to the library to fetch one of the large books for Bella to

Claude, who, after his momentary forgetfulness, had suddenly become very "I will certainly tell him," said human and very polite, hurried after her "I shall try to see him next week."

to carry the bulky volume. She was standng by the book-shelves when he entered, pulling not very energetically at "Webster's Dictionary.

"Let me help you," he exclaimed; "this is a famous book indeed, but too heavy for She thanked him, and would have turned little envious."

way, but he detained her. away, but he detained ner.
"I want to tell you how sorry I am to
have been partly the cause of all this—to
do"; he would have said "this soolding," but prudently refrained.

but prudently refrained.

"You are very good, but indeed I do not see that you caused it. It is always the same," said Esperance, wearily, with the hopeless "Mariana" look again. Claude was full of sympathy, but only ventured to say," Miss Bella is somewhat trying, I should fancy. I hope you will give me your help during the sittings, for she will soon look upon me as her architectural."

This was all that passed between then the first day, but it was the foundation of a strong mutual liking. Claude of course admired the subject of his future picture, and felt sorry for one who was doomed to live with Mrs. Mortlake, while Esperance naturally clung to any one who showed her the least sympathy or kindness, and looked upon Claude Magnay as one of her greatest

Had she been a little older, or had he home training been less simple, she might have been in danger of falling in love; as it was, however, the thought never entered

Claude's kindness and his little attentions were too pitying to be at all lover-like, and Esperance, accustomed to live entirely with men, was far more at home with him than with her cousins, and regarded him as s sort of English substitute for Gaspard.

They had several opportunities of meeting, for Claude was often asked to luncheor or dinner, and Bella was so refractory that her portrait required several sittings. Mrs. Mortiake soon wearied of attending to these, and the duty of keeping the child quiet devolved upon Esperance; and though at first her confidences were checked by pretty demureness, she soon found that sympathetic listener was too delightful to

Gradually Claude learned her whole his tory. She dwelt long on the happy years at the chateau, describing her favorite haunts among the ruins, telling him of the prim old garden with its terraces, its clipped yews, its mazes and grassy paths, and painting the surrounding country in such glowing terms that Claude promised her at some future day to visit it himself. and bring her back a picture of her beloved mountains of Auvergne.

A few questions elicited the whole story

of the siege, and the relief of speaking again of her father and of Gaspard, after the long enforced silence, was so great that this alone would have made her fond of Claude. He was really interested and touched by her sad history, and let her see it.

"Your brother is in London still, then?"

he inquired, when she had finished the story by telling of her arrival at Rilchester.

"Yes, he is still at Pentonville, but h has not heard of any work yet. Ther seems so many French exiles in London and that, of course, makes it more difficult

"I am afraid I cannot be of much use in helping him, but still I will bear it in mind. You must give me an introduction to him and then I shall be able to give an account

of you and your Rilohester home."

"Oh, thank you, you are so good," said
Esperance, gratefully; then, with a sudden
look of fear, "but you must not let him
think I am unhappy. You will not tell
him anything that could trouble him?" Claude promised to be most careful, and delicately turned the conversation, though not a little curious to know if the Moated Grange," were a real necessity for Mariana."

One afternoon, early in October, Esper ance, as a most unusual favor, was invited to take a walk with her uncle. He was in the habit of taking a "constitutional" every day, accompanied by Cornelia, his favorite daughter; but on this particular afternoon Cornelia was unable to go, and the dean had himself asked Esperance to take her place. Half pleased, half fright-ened, she set out, suiting her pace to her uncle's slow and rather infirm steps, and now and then venturing little remarks which, however, failed to attract the dean' It was not till they had walked for at least half a mile that he even heard her voice, but then he roused himself from his brown study and looked down at her kindly.

"I am used to such a silent companion my dear, that I am out of the habit of talkyour voice, it is like poor Amy's."

"Is it?" said Esperance, much pleased.
"I should like to be like my mother. Am

I in other things ? But the topic was not a good one for con versation. The dean shook his head and sighed deeply, then again relapsed into

profound meditation. Esperance was disappointed. She had hoped to hear something of her mother; but though she talked obediently, half to herself, half to her uncle, she could not btain any answer.

It was certainly a little dull, and it was scarcely surprising that her heart gave a great bound of delight, when in the distance she perceived Claude Magnay and one of the minor canons coming toward them. Some one who could talk would be such an inestimable blessing and her pleasure was complete, when on their approach, the dean, suddenly starting from his reverio, shook hands cordially with the two young men, said it was time he should be turning nome, and entering into conversation with Mr. White, the minor canon, left Esperance

to follow with Claude. "I have been enjoying your flat land-scape," began Claude. "Mr. White has taken me a glorious walk."

He looked so fresh and cheerful that

Esperance quite envied him. "Do you really like the country about here?" she asked, wonderingly. "I think it is the ugliest I ever saw; so bare, and flat, and wide, it quite tires one's eyes."

"I think it has a beauty of its own," said Claude, "though, perhaps, you have to look carefully to see it. Of course I don't mean to say I prefer it to a mountainous country, but I think it is unjustly abused. Whatever peeple say, I shall always mainain that there is beauty in-

" ' The level waste, the rounding gray.' " "Ah! that just expresses it," said Esper ance. "It is all so gray, and sombre, and dreary."

"Not all," said Claude, pausing beside a field gate which commanded an extensive "Now, look at this; here is the view. greenest of grass in the foreground-cows grazing—as much color as you could wish in that tiled cottage, and the faint blue smoke rising into that perfect sky, then out beyond you have a boundless expanse. See—this side is flooded with light, while over there you have the dark shadow of that cloud; then quite in the distance it does all fade into 'the rounding gray,' but on must own now that it is beautiful.'

Esperance drew a long breath. Yes, it is, indeed; but I should never have seen all that by myself. I am glad you have showed me. "I am proud to have introduced you to

your own country," said Claude, smiling.
"Not my own!" sho exclaimed, indignantly.

Ah! of course not; I forgot," said Claude, amused by her earnestness. "Your

Auvergne scenery is, doubtless, much more beautiful, but you will not call this ugly any more?"
"No, indeed, I will not; and you will tell Gaspard when you see him that you have quite converted me, for I have sent

him most unfavorable accounts of the country. "I will certainly tell him," said Claude.

Yes, I'll leave to-morrow," replied aude. "My commission is finished, and

Rev. Dr. Laidlaw's Visit to a Kentucky Stock Farm.

perhaps," suggested Claude Esperance shook her head. "I don't see how that can be, but of

Breeding for Speed.

A 3,200 AORE FARM. Mr. EDITOR,-Having been asked to give scaping toward the Ohio River, to cross

to the animal on which the boy rode, etc. She is now 26 years old." My friend by my side, observing that I was a little be worth \$50." "I dare say not," said Mr. mansion of Mr. A. J. Alexander, the proprietor, brother of the late R. A. Alexan der (who established the farm in its present character), and nephew of Sir Wm Alexander, whose estate at Airdrie he in herits. On being introduced to Mr. erect form has not yet begun to bend baneath the weight of years. His whole de-portment testified to his being the upright, generous, God-fearing Presbyterian elder he s far and near well-known to be. He has a Presbyterian church on his estate for the

woodland, pasturage, ense open fields artistically by circular coppices of pine and fir, surrounded with a fringe of Osage orange—its streams and winding vales, with horses, sheep and cattle grazing at will and peacefully cropping the rich spring herb-age—playing lambs and fricking foals lending fresh life and beauty to the scene; the elegant residence of the manager, with the cottages of the employees here and there making all seem home-like—I could imagine myself admiring, not the pioneer

stock farm of Kentucky, but a beautiful domain in the south of Scotland or the heart of England. After dinner we were driven over this ,200-acre park to visit the stables. Among other famous horses, whose progeny from 1870 to 1886 won prizes (perhaps I should say "stakes") amounting to the enormous dred and forty-two thousand three hun-dred and eighty five dollars! Among the scores of trotting stock to which our attention was called, we were shown Harold the sire, and Miss Russell the dam of Maud S, the fattest trotting horse in the world, "record 2.83 which beats the one second and a quarter. The record of the latter being 2.10."

Among the wonderful things we saw on this novel bucolio exourcion were little scrawny looking foals, six or seven days old, valued at \$5,000 each. On myexpressing old, valued at \$5,000 each. On myexpressing surprise that such unpromising looking quadrupeds should have such a value placed on them my friend reminded me that "you can't always tell by the look of a frog how far it will jump." But many of the horses we saw were perfect pictures, module of some beauty and severthing models of equine beauty, and everything we observed went to show that the business of rearing swift-trotting horses (which I believe originated at Woodburn, and that only some thirty years ago) has been reduoed to a science, and is as far above the ordinary horse jockey business as the cul-tivating of barley is above the keeping of a beer saloon. And this illustration reminds ne that the gentleman who for the past twenty years has been the remarkably suc-cessful manager of Woodburn is a level-headed advocate of temperance. Though in the habit of entertaining visitors and purchasers from all parts of the United States, Canada and other countries, almost daily, "except on Sundays," and though one of the most genial and hospitable of men, he is a genuine "Scott Act" man and this in proverbially hospitable Ken-tucky, and within less than twenty miles of Frankfort, where no gentleman's toilet outfit is supposed to be complete without a corksprow-at least, so tradition bath it but my experience of Frankfort hospitality

warrants me in pronouncing it a libel.

Some idea of the business done at Wood. burn in the way of buying and selling may be gathered from the fact that the annual sales of thoroughbred horses bring from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and the annual sales of trotting stock about one hundred thousand (\$100,000). No doubt much betting is subsequently practised in connection with the speed of some of the animals purchased, though gambling practices are wholly foreign to the spirit and conduct of the Woodburn men themselves It is a gratifying fact that the best horses are not bought and owned for racing pur-

poses, but for the personal pleasure and convenience of the owners, as in the case of Robert Bonner's ownership of Mand S at

allowed a few extra luxuries. fair, and would be sorry to write a lin that would lead any young man to go fool-ing away his time and money on fast horses, but having noticed that the proprietor of the famous Woodburn Farm is a Presbyterian elder, that the manager is also a Presbyterian, that his excellent lady is the accomplished daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and that the fastest horse in the world is owned and properly used by a Presbyterian, it is in order for me to add that if the whole horse business were con-

> SUNDAY OCCUPATION When smiling spring returns to deck The earth with verdure gay, An 'in'den dandellons fleck The sward with their array.

On Sundays when the days are fair And plous people flock

To church, the father wheels his pair
Of twins around the block.

-Soft summer drinks are on tap. YOUNG MARRIED FOLKS.

-It pays to advertise when trade is dull. -Vinegar makes fish scales come off easier.

der feet.

-A stem hole for flowers in the lapel of the coat is proper. -" You give me a pane," said the window

rame to the glazier. -The man who thinks he is bright is eldom inclined to keep it dark.

can get without earning or deserving it. efforts will be made to revive the all-around

orinoline. -Mrs. Brown-Did you pick up that tack I dropped on the floor? Brown-Yes; but I didn't mean to.

-An English syndicate, with Lord Brassey and Lord Richard Grosvenor at its head, is about to turn Brussels into a seaport by building a canal and three immense basins.

-The last time Stanley lectured at Birmingham he received 15 guineas for his fee. This time the Birmingham lecture manager offers 300 guineas, and is afraid

he can't get him at that. -Andrew Carnegie will sail for Scotland

-Since coming to London I have vainly sought to learn the origin of the word To stigmatize a man as a cad is said to be the harshest reproach one Englishman can bestow upon another.- Eugen

THE BIRTH OF THE DIMPLE, I spoke of the rose leaf within hor chin, And she said, with a little nod, As she touched a dimple as sweet as love, "Oh, that was a kiss from God."

Economy That Kills. Nickleby-Why, what makes you look so all, old man? Times hard?
Benedict—No; but I'm afraid that they full, old man? will be with me pretty soon.

"My wife has begun to make her own

Married Life's Thorny Path.

She-Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings.

He—You don't want to walk on roses

barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in

Prisoner-If a man's conscience is regu-

An Additional Duty. "Are you the exchange editor ?" asked

the poetess.
"Yes, madam."
"Well, will you kindly cash this check?"

Defining His Position " Now, boys," said the enthusiast, " let's give three cheers for the speaker and then go have a drink."

"Excuse me," said the prohibitionist.

"I oheer but I do not inebriate."

A Plea of Guilty.

-aw-that is, I was bawn here! Giving the Lie-Away.

' Hammook" dresses to lounge in are

Thin strips of horseradish laid over a barrel of pickles prevents them from get-ting mouldy or stale. The striking St. Paul stonecutters got some contracts for work, but the quarry-

outside the masters' union. "Mr. Gould, how is your canal stock "I have no canal stock, sir.' 10-day ?"

BREAD MADE FROM WOOD. The Remarkable Possibility for Which

Science is Striving. Science has already enabled man to extract flery beverages and many other things of more or less value from wood, and it is now proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood, says the

Milling Record. In an address recently delivered in Heidelberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it is announced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood the source of human

ood."
What an enormous stock of food, then, would be found, if this becomes possible, in the wood of our forests or even in grass and straw. The fibre of wood consists essentially of cellulin. Can this be made into starch? Starch has essentially the same percentage composition, but it differs very much in its properties, and the nature of its molecule is probably much more compl-x.
Cellulin is of little or no dietetic value,

and it is not altered, like starch, in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphurio acid, as is easily shown when cotton-wool, which is practi-cally pure cellulin, is merely immersed in is. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid.

The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dis-pute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that his process can be improved by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of cornstarch from cellulin, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, he adds, in reality signify the solution of the bread question.

O listen! On the breezes glad voices come to-day, From many a wife and mother, and this is what they say: "The 'Favorite Prescription' works cures where doctors fail.

Best friend of suffering women. O blessed boon all hall!"

If every women who suffers from diseases peculiar to her sex, knew of its wonderful curative properties, what a mighty chorus of rejoicing would be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, singing the praises of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Presoription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A Dead Heat,

She kissed him as he gave her the engagement ring.
"George, darling, I have always longed for one of this pattern, and you are the first who loved me sufficiently to study my tastes in the matter." replied he, leveling things "And yet,"

up, "it is no rarity, as in my engagements I have never used anything else." Slipping Past the Palate

Without nauseating those who take them thelittle, sugar coated Granules, known all over the land as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, produce an effect upon the bowels, very different from that of a disagreeable, violent purgative. No griping or drenching follows, as in the case of a drastic cholagogue. The relief to the intestines resembles the action of Nature in her happiest moods, the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is speedily manifested by the disappearance of all bilious symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the through the right aide and shoulder-blade, and yellowness of the skinand eye balls are speedily remedied by the Pellets. One a

He Skipped. "What do you want?" asked the lady of the house sharply, as she opened the door in reponse to a ring.
"I'm a taxidermist, madam, and

"Well, we pay our taxes when they're due and no sconer, so you can skip I" and the door was banged like the forehead of a girl fresh from school.

Confidence Regot of Success.

The confidence possessed by the manufactures of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure the worst cases of nasal catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is attested in a most substantial manner by their standing reward of \$500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing,

deodorizing, antiseptic and healing. A Dreadful Visitation.

A couple of doctors in conversation.

A.—Well, colleague, how are you getting on in your practice?

B.—Very badly, there's a regular health epidemic raging in our part of the country just now.

wrote, January, 1874: "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time, and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life. I sup-pose it's the discipline I need; but it's "Well, will you kindly cash this check?"

It was at this point that the managing see them go by because duty chains me to my gallery.

Tather hard to love the things I do, and see them go by because duty chains me to my gallery.

D. C. N. L. 20, 90.



SCOTT'S Of Pure Cod Liver Oll and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures CONSUMPTION.

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DIS-EASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Senuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean rely to stop them for a time, and then RE. I have made the disease of Fith, I warrare my remedy to Cure the have them return again. I MEAN ARADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilopsy or Failing Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remdy 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 Froc Bettis of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address — M. Q. (2007, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE SYREET, TORONTO.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your real as that I have a positive remedy for the

HIGH PRICES FOR HORSES,

Temperance, Presbyterianism and Horse-

look which he wished to represent in his pioture. It did not return that afternoon, but the next day, when he paid his farewell call to the deapery, all the expression of dejection, misery, and hopelessness was there in full force. Esperance was evidently in disgrace, while Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia were in that disturbed, ruffled state which betokens a family disagreement; and although Mrs. Mortlake pordial Claude detected subdued irritation n the forced tones of her voice. Esperance scarcely spoke, but sat looking half abstractedly out of the window, her

"Do you leave Rilchester so soon?"

"I am so sorry," said Esperance, simply

But it is delightful to think of your seeing

aspard so soon, though it makes me

course I hope, or else I could not get on at all; my motto in life must be Esperez

onging to catch once more the hopeless

You will be coming up to town soon

t is time I was at home again."

Olande.

mitting lying untouched on her knee, her hands tightly clasped. Claude could not have wished for a better opportunity, but now that his desire was granted he began to feel such pity for Esperance that he would far rather have nissed seeing her. He tried to draw her into conversation.

but without success; she answered with constraint, and only looked more miserable. At last he rose to go, took leave of Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia, and then turned to Esperance, determined that she should at east speak to him.
"You will not forget our walk yesterday, and the beauties of level country?" he said,

She colored painfully, and her hand rembled as Claude took it in his.
"What message may I take for you to your brother?" he asked. Her color deepened, the tears rose to her eves, and her voice was low and tremulous

emiling.

s she answered :
"Tell him, please, that I am very well, that -that I will write soon -.. Sho broke off abruptly, not daring to trust her voice any longer, and Claude, seeing that it was sheer cruelty to keep her, said good bye, tried to put Mrs. Mortlake in a good humor by leaving a playful message for Bella, and alluding to her prettiness, then left the house, dissatisfied

nd perplexed. Esperance was really almost desperate Claude could hardly have chosen a more Claude could hardly have chosen a more unfavorable time for his visit, for as he had rightly judged he had come in during a dispute, if indeed that could be called disputing in which two leagued against one

refused to listen to reason or justice. It all arose from a simple remark made by Esperance. She casually mentioned Claude's intended departure, and this led to an account of their walk on the preceding day. Mrs. Mortlabe, ever ready to find fault, declared that she behaved with far too much freedom, that she ought to have kept beside the dean, and not allowed herself a tete a tete with Claude Magnay.

Esperance explained that this had not

courred to her that any one could think so simple an act improper.
Whereat Mrs. Mortlake accused her of speaking disrespectfully, denounced her French" manners, and losing all prudence and justice in her anger, said that all along she had been flirting with Claude.

een possible, and owned that it had never

Esperance was so entirely innocent in this respect that for a moment sho was too much surprised and shocked to refute the pharge. She was unacoustomed to society. and knew little either of French or English etiquette, and her father had been well content to leave her without any artificial rules beyond those of natural good-breeding. While she paused Cornelia uttered one of ner cold saroasms.

" Never mind, Christabel, you know the

proverb, 'French women know how to make nets, but not cages.''' Then Esperance had lost all self-control, and with flashing eyes had turned upon her cousins. "You may talk about French women as you like, but I will let you know that such appeach as that would never have passed the lips of those whom you despise-they at least do not speak so rudely. And what you say is false—untrue—unjust. Such an idea would never have entered my head

if you had not suggested it—no never ! Cornelia, a little vexed at her own most unwarrantable speech, tried to calm her down, and entered into a long disquisition on the folly of losing temper in an argument; but Esperance scarcely heard, her anger had died away, and she could only dwell in grief and dismay on the accusation

prought against her. While Cornelia was still speaking, Claude had been announced, and it may well be magined that Esperance was embarrassed and self-conscious—for the first time in her life, however. Shame, annoyance, and unutterable longing for Gaspard were filling her heart, and Claude's kindness and the thought of his proposed visit to her brother proved too much for her very imperfect

elf-control. By the time he was fairly out of the room she was orying unrestrainedly, and was far too miserable to heed Cornelia's long harangue on the duty of self-mastery Mrs. Mortlake might well feel dismayed at the tempest she had raised, but she was too much blinded by conceit to see the full extent of the harm she had done. She made some pretentions to virtue, and was consequently vexed, that exaggerated, if not wholly untrue, acousations had escape her, but rather than own herself in wrong she still stood by it, and though

poscience pricked her into making som

useless attempts to pacify Esperance, she would not retract what she had said. The broach between the cousins was in consequence greatly widened, and the effect on Esperance was most disastrous. She grew more and more ready to see faults in all around her, her face rarely lost its expression of hopeless suffering, her manners lost much of their grace and case, and worst of all. Mrs. Mortlake's perpatua fault finding began to make her self-con scious and introspective. She gave up even attempting to love her cousins, and, consequently, was at once open to all those aults from which she had hitherto been When love-which had been her guard and strength all her life—was allowed to die, selfishness at once stepped in, bring in its train false pride, discontent, suspicion

had formerly been courageous patience was turned into a falsely assumed callousness and indifference. The only things which kept her from utter ruin was Gaspard's letters, full of the old love and confidence—although her answers were most disappointing—and the remembrance of her father. Even these did not hinder her from sinking very low, but they kept one soft spot in her heart

which could never alter. (To be Continued.)

Appealed to His Nature. Oscupant of the Parquet (of Philadelhis)-Encore! Encore! Chorus of Ushers-Shut up, you blamed diot! This is the death scene! Occupant of Parquet-Oh, come off! Don't you s'pose I appreciate the fine ointe ?

The buckwheat and beans Protectionists f this country are only surpassed by their brothren in Canada, who in the new tariff have increased the 30 per cent. duty on paper bags to 35 per cent., and made a 5 cent. advance of the rate on doll babies. -Philadelphia Record.

AMONG THE TROTTERS.

"It is certainly a good one," replied Claude, musingly, but in his artist-soul

some account of my recent visit to "Wood-burn," the great Alexander stock farm of Kentucky, I have pleasure in sending you the following: Leaving Louisville in company with a friend, who had kindly come hundreds of miles to show me some of the wonders of Kentucky, of which State he was for many years an honored citizen, we made our way northeastward toward the famous blue grass country. As we passed Eminence station, in the region which has been made historically immortal by Mrs. Stowe having chosen it as the mythical arena of some of the most interesting scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was shown the road along which Lizzie sped with her child in her arms as she was on the broken ice " chunk 'ker-splunk 'kersplash" for liberty. I hadn't the satisfaction of seeing her actual tracks, nor did I see anything of "Sam and Andy," and the rest. We did not tarry to explore any of the interesting scenes in Shelby County as our objective point was "Wood-burn," the far-famed stock farm on which "the dams of the two fastest horses that ever lived were bred." Arriving at Spring Station, Woodford County, within the precincts of Woodburn we were met by manager L. Brodhead, a gentleman in th truest sense, and a man of genuine worth, measure him as you will. While the carriage bowled along the beautiful avenue leading toward the heart of Woodburn, I began to question our very kind and agreeable host. "How many acres are there in your estate here, Mr. Brodhead?" "Thirty-two hundred." "Three thousand two hundred?" "Yes, the original pro-

perty bought a hundred years ago, by Mr. Robt. Alexander (brother, as I afterwards Robt. Alexander (brother, as 1 afterwards learned, of Sir. Wm. Alexander, of Airdrie, Scotland) contained 3,000, the 200 acres through which we are now passing, were added recently." "What stock have you at present?" "About 120 sheep, Southdowns, etc.; 250 head of cattle, Jerseys and shorthorns, and between thoroughbreds and trotting stock about 300 horses." We had not gone far from the horses." We had not gone far from the railway station when we met a little negro boy riding on what I innocently took to be an ordinary old horse, and leading other three, which led me to suppose that there must be a gipsy camp somewhere in that vicinity. Stopping the carriage and the negro boy, "That," said Mr. B, pointing 'Malmaison,' sister to 'Primrose,' and dam of 'Manetta,' 'Malice,' 'Manfred, wildered, remarked, setto voce, "he's show-ing you Malmaison." "Malmaison!" said I, "I wouldn't have thought that animal B, "but we have received from the of her colts the sum of \$25,000." but we have received from the sale On arriving at the heart of Woodburn our carriage drew up at the door of the stately Alexander we found him a gentleman of quiet and kindly bearing; his benignant countenance has grown more beautiful under the frosts of age, though his tall and

commodation of the fifty or sixty families represented by his employees. Looking out from the door of his mansion upon the spacious domain of beautifully undu-lating park land, with its hundreds of acres

the thoroughbreds we were shown King Alfonso, Falsetto, Powhattan, Lisbon and вау sum of \$2,242,385 (two millions, two hun record of Jay-Eve See, the next fastest by

and a morbid sensitiveness; while what

purchase price of \$40,000. So highly loes he prize this remarkable animal that it is said he would not part with her at any it is said he would not part with her at any price and has actually refused an offer of \$100,000. Some may object to any man having so much money invested in so "needless" a luxury, but if all rich men would give with proportionate liberality to objects of public beneficence, they might be I am as much opposed to betting on a horse-race as to holding a lottery in connection with a church bazaar or a charity

ducted on proper Presbyterian principles it would be—different. Yours, etc.
R. J. L.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

-Winter heards are coming off.

Though not happy, precisely, I'll venture to say They agree very nicely, When she has her way.

-Cloth over-gaiters are grateful to ten-

-Abuse is one of the few things a man -There is a faint, far-away rumor that

-Canon Farrar will dedicate his new book, "Truth to Live By." to George W Ohilds, of the Philadelphia Ledger. It is not every editor who can get a book on Truth dedicated to him.

on May 21st, according to his present plans. Mrs. Carnegie will be domiciled at Cluny Castle, while Mr. Carnegie attends to business affairs in London.

Field, in Chicago News.

Why, what's the matter ? " dresses, with a view to economizing.

Tonsorial Item Judge (who is bald-headed)-If half what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your

lated by his hair, then your Honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

Mr. Lunnon (in New York) -Ah, you've not been long on this side, I fahney, Mr. Howell Gibbon (blushing)—Sowwy to say

"Bronson says you owe him \$5."
"He's a liar. I was going to pay him seday, but I won's now." nnounced.

men would not sell them stone nor anyone "I beg pardon; my mistake. For the moment I imagined that the large amount of water in your railways had converted

I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy Fit EE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address.

Respectfully, T. A. SLOOUR.