When You and I Were Young.

The little children of to-day never heard and it had pretty well gone out of fashion when the new voters of the last election were in petticoats, but all who were old enough to play, to sing or to whistle twenty-eight years ago will remember what was the popular tune in those Have you forgotten the words of the original "Dixie?" Here they are:

I wish I was in de land of cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten; In Dixie land whar I was bawn in Early on a frosty mawnin'.

Ole missus marry Will de weaber Will he was a gay deceaber; When he put his arm around her He look as fierce as a forty pounde

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, But dat didn't seem a bit to grieb 'er; Will run away, missus took a decline, Her face was de color ob de bacon rin

While missus libed she libed in clober, When she died she died all ober; How could she act de foolish part An' marry a man to broke her heart?

Buckwheat cakes an' cawn meal batter

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow Come an' hear dis song to-morrow; Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabble, To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble. CHORUS.

I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray In Dixies land We'll take our stand, To live an' die in Dixie; Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie; Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

'Oh, that would be delightful," cried Lady Worthington. "I dare say the dean has not thought of it. It would please Esperance, too. Poor child, Claude's picture will not be exaggerated now; could fancy her with just such a look on her face. I assure you, Henry, I fairly oried over that picture, when I saw it the other day in the Academy.'

"I hope you won't find it depressing in the house," said Sir Henry, laughing, "for

I bought it yesterday."

"Really! oh, I am so glad. Claude will be pleased that we should have it; he was always very tender over his 'Mariana.'"

"It is one of his finest pictures, in my opinion," said Sir Henry, "and it has raised him immensely in the public estimation, according to all accounts."

Yes, everyone is talking of it. I find it hard work sometimes not to tell the true story of the real 'Mariana.' Well, I am very glad we shall have it. Claude must dine with us soon, and we will consult him as to the hanging; I suppose he will wish it to be in the Hall at Worthington."

And thereupon Lady Worthington became engrossed in another subject, and did not revert again to the De Mabillons. They were not forgotten, however; the next morning Esperance received one of Frances Neville's most comforting letters and Sir Henry, in spite of a busy day found time to call on Mr. Seymour.

Meanwhile Gaspard, in his dreary lodging at Pentonville, was looking forward almost with impatience to the time when he should leave England. To be freed from the life of almost unbearable privation which he had been living so long, to be working for Esperance, seemed to him all that heart could wish: and though he did shrink from leaving her alone in a strange country, this could not mar his happines for ne was full of plans for the future, in which he was to make a home for her in Ceylon, and end her exile at the deanery -an exile, the bitterness of which, after all he little understoood.

The practical difficulties of the presen were first suggested to him by Esperance's reply to his letter, in which she scouted hi reply to his letter, in which she scouted his notion of getting on with no outfit, and told him of her preparations. Then, when brought face to face with money matters, he began to think of his passage, and resorting to an old Bradshaw was dismayed to find that at the lowest computation it would cost him forty pounds. Such a sum was, of course, utterly beyond his means, and for one miserable day he gave himself up to despair. To lose such a situation seemed impossible—intolerable. Yet what could he do? To ask help of any one was out of the question. He had, indeed, been reduced to actual begging once, but that had been for Esperance, and under the conviction that she would die if he did not force himself to do it; in this case she was not so greatly affected, and for himself he could not beg. What had he done for a year he could go on with, he argued with The semi-starvation had not killed him yet, he would struggle on, and wait in the hope that some other work might be found which would not require such an outlay. Poor Gaspard! how many times that day he arrived at the same conclusion, and how he fought against it!

The privations which he was bearing ac patiently seemed unbearable for the future, now that he had had a hope of release. He faced all the trials his poverty had brought him, as he had nover allowed himself to do before, and saw all too plainly how much his bodily strength was beginning to fail; he remembered the days of ceaseless toil he had borne during the siege, and thought how a walk of two or three miles would exhaust him now, and loathed the the Then he grew angry with himself for not having remembered the expenses of the voyage during his interview with Mr. Seymour, and wondered with a vague misery if his senses were deserting him, as well as is strength, turning sick at the thought of this failing of his powers. What would the end be if he waited much longer? There could be only one answer to that question, and Gaspard could not repress a shudder. He was so young, and clung to life with such ardor! moreover, he was so accustomed to think of death as swift and sudden, and sweetened by patriotism like that of his father, that the idea of this slow, dreary starvation seemed all the more terrible.

He was in the very depths of misery, when his solitude was suddenly invaded. There was a brisk knock at his door, and before his dejected response could have been heard, Claude Magnay entered.

"May I come in?" he asked. "Your

landlady told me you were at home, but there were so many customers below that she allowed Bismarok to show me up."
Gaspard brightened a little at the sight

of his visitor, for he had a great liking for Claude, and during the winter had seen a good deal of him, the only check to their intercourse being that Claude was a little too pressing in his hospitalisies, and Gaspard too anxious too elude civilities which e could not return. They were quite intimate enough to discuss Gaspard's present difficulties, and, indeed, Claude's very first remark led to the topic.

"So I hear you are going out to Ceylon next month!"

"Yes—no—at least I was going, but I believe I have changed me mind." Indeed! oh, I am sorry for that. I

thought everything was settled; Sir Henry Worthington certainly led me to think so "Sir Henry Worthington! he has had nothing to do with it. It was through

Dean Collinson I got the situation." The Worthingtons might have heard of it through your sister, perhaps; certainly Sir Henry mentioned it to me this very day. But you have changed your mind,

you say? "Yes; I must wait till something turns to in England," replied Gaspard, trying to "Don't talk of business in my studio,"

up in England," replied Gaspard, trying to stifle a sigh of despair.

not spent this whole year in Mr. Micawber's

on-waiting for something to turn

Gaspard smiled a little. "Yes, it is true. But there must be work, you know; I never will believe that I not find it in time. If the worst shall came to the worst, I would swallow my pride and turn into a French waiter! 'Ah, yes; I can picture you at Gatti's, for instance, with a napkin tucked under your arm, scolding the cook down the lift!" and Claude laughed heartily. Then, suddenly growing grave, "But, seriously, De Mabillon, this is all very absurd; you must

not give up Ceylon." Of course I should not, if it could be helped, but it cannot be," said Gaspard, decisively; "so help me by considering my other capabilities."

" Well, first, I hope and think you are capable of confiding to me the reason of this sudden change," said Claude, quietly. Gaspard, a little surprised, hesitated a moment, then answered, "Well, as you can probably guess, the expenses are too great, and I, like a fool, did not think of hat at first.'

Claude, who had suspected this, gave an exclamation of relief.

"There! now we have come to the bottom of the matter. Why on earth did you not tell me at once? It shall be arranged as easily as possible. By good luck, too, I have it with me—it will be quite a coup de theatre"; and taking a blue envelope from his pocket handed it to Gaspard. "There, De Mabillon, you will do me a great favor by taking that. No— There! now we have come to the me a great favor by taking that. Nodon't open it now. I want to talk to you."
"This is impossible!" exclaimed Gaspard, disregarding his last words. "It is
very good of you to think of it, but I could

not dream of accepting such a sum. Thank you a thousand times for the thought, owever.'

"You insist on turning into a waiter!" asked Claude, laughingly. "Then I shall make a point of dining every day at your restaurant, and tipping you with threepenny

Gaspard laughed, but resolutely pushed back the envelope. Claude then began more seriously.
"But, De Mabillon, why will you not

accept this? Surely we are sufficiently intimate to be of some use to each other. Why not let me have this pleasure?

You are very good, but I cannot accept What claim have I on you?" "Claim? stuff and nonsense; every one ought to have a claim on every one, only the world is so eaten up with selfishness

and pride that it won't see it." "It may be pride in a measure," said Gaspard, "but I cannot think it is right to sacrifice one's independence, therefore I nust decline your kindness.

You aristocrats are terrible people to deal with. Are we not fellow-men? Why should you be hard up for fifty pounds, and yet refuse to relieve me of it when I have no use for it? The early Christians got on very well that way, why not you and I

You believe in socialism, and I do not : heard too much of it from Lemeroier at Paris.

"I don't understand anything about that nonsense," said Claude, half impatiently. "All I know is that things must be very wrong indeed if one friend can't help another. What's the use of a friend if when trouble comes, one must draw back into one's shell of pride, and refuse to take the hand that's offered?'

Gaspard paced up and down the room hinking. Claude's arguments did not at all coincide with the dictates of his pride of

independence.
"You see," he began, after a pause, "it is not as if this were a matter of necessity. If I were ill or helpless it might be right to scoept it; but I can live as I have lived there is no immediate-

"Excuse me," said Claude, breaking in "if I may speak very plainly with you, I think you will own that this mode of living is really killing you by inches. Now, I maintain that a man has no more right to do that than to commit suicide outright when he has the chance of avoiding it, that is. Besides, you are not independent; you have your sister to think of. For her sake, at least, not for your own, you will take this help now, will you not? What right have you to sadden her life by wilfully starving yourself and throwing away this first class opportunity in Ceylon?

Gaspard took four or five turns up and down the room, then stopped abruptly before Claude, his decision made.

"You are right, Magnay; I must think of her. How to thank you for your generosity I do not know. You will not think me ungrateful because I have withstood it so long? You understand, I am sure, how it was, and I do not now yield as to the duty of independence, only, as you say, I believe I am beginning to fail, and I must live to free Esperance. Of course I take this fifty pounds as a loan '

No, no," interposed Claude. "I'll have no hand in lending and borrowing; a loan is a bad thing to begin life with; but if you like, we will make it a hargain, that when you are a thriving coffee-planter and I a spendthrift artist with popularity on the wane, I may throw myself on your mercy, and you will not turn your back on me. Trust me to ask you for a favor when I want it. In the meantime I shall study socialism: I think it would agree with me. Gaspard laughed. "I wish you could feel the weight you have taken off my

shoulders.' "Charitable wish, certainly," gaid Claude. "Well, the lightness of my heart, then," said Gaspaad. "I must see Mr. Seymour

this very day, and find out about the pas sage, or I shall not feel that this is really "Let me know when you sail, and come

when you can to my rooms," said Claude, rising to go, and hurrying himself rather more than usual as Gaspard began to reiterate his thanks. The two parted at the door, Gaspard making all speed to Mr. Seymonr's rooms in Portland Place, Claude returning to his

studio, musing on the specimen of inde-pendent pride he had met him, and congratulating himself on his conquest. He was not yet quit of the subject, how-ever, for he had scarcely been home an hour when there was a hasty ring at his door, and Gaspard, flushed and breathless,

was shown up to his room. "De Mabillon! why this hot pursuit?" asked Claude, with a gesture of feigned despair as he caught sight of his blue envelope. "If you change your mind again about that ridioulous thing, you are only fit

for Colney Hatch !" No, not about Ceylon," panted Gaspard. "But the most extraordinary thing has happened. I went to Mr. Seymour to make arrangements, and, to my astonishment, he has told me that my passage is taken—taken for me, you understand—paid for. Of course I made inquiries, and after some hesitation, he tells me that it was Sir Henry Worthington who took it that he wished me not to know—such con-

you lent me with such kindness-you Claude leaned back in his chair and

sideration! Of course I immediately

hurried back to you to return the money

laughed heartily. "Was ever anything so neatly managed Three cheers for Sir Henry Worthington ! If he had breathed a word of it to me this morning I should not have caught you so nicely! Was ever the pride of independence so sold! Take it back? No, indeed; I don't nigely l

unmake bargains so quickly."
"But, indeed, Magnay, I cannot take it

stifle a sigh of despair.

"But, my dear fellow, if I may say so, surely it is madness to give up such a chance as this. Coffee-planting is the best thing going now; you will not hear of such an opening every day. Besides, have you

won't live upon air for the first six months. Besides, you will be wanting to go up to that you are longing to do so."

"To see Esperance? Yes, indeed! you

"No temptation, but a duty," said Claude, who saw this was the only way to mean to carry out the suggestion," said win his point. "I should think you Cornelia bluntly. oulpably neglectful if you did not see your

sister first—why, you are her guardian, are you not?"
"Yes, with poor Lemercier. Perhaps I

ought to see her, as you say; and it would be hard work to go without. I will then accept your generosity, on the understand "That I ask a favor at the next oppor

tunity," interrupted Claude; "to which I pledge you my word of honor. There! truce to business. I am going to hear 'Don Giovanni ' to night ; come with me ? " This, however, Gaspard declined without

hegitation, nor would be even accept a proffered eiger; to be under an obligation was to him only bearable when Esperance was in some way concerned. The two parted with the greatest cordiality, Gas-pard more light-hearted than he had been for months, and feeling that the sense of obligation was not too crushing with so frank and genial a helper; Claude more than ever convinced that life was, and ought to be, thoroughly enjoyable, and heartily glad that he had overcome Gas-

pard's soruples.
All this time, at the deanery, Esperance was toiling on, with a fixed resolve not to break down till everything was made ready for Gaspard. Her powers of physical endurance had been well trained in the siege, and she bore pain and fatigue bravely and patiently, only the dull gnawing pain at the heart overmastered her sometimes. This very evening, which had been so momentous to Gaspard, found her more exhausted than usual. There had been a dinner-party, and it was almost twelve o'clock before she wearily mounted the stairs to her attic room, her flushed checks and weary, yet too brilliant eyes, betraying

her fatigue. The rooms had been very hot and orowded, and the constant standing had left her tired out. Wearily she set down her candle, and throwing open the window leaned out into the cool air, resting her aching head against the open lattice, and looking very much like Claude's "Mariana." She began to count the days; it was the 30th of May, and Gaspard's ship was to sail the second week in June; there was but little time, and her head felt so heavy that she knew she could get on but slowly with the last of the shirts which she had resolved to finish that night. With a longdrawn sigh she closed the window, and taking her work, sat down to the table, stitching away at her wristband at first very quickly, but gradually with more and more difficulty. The clock struck one, but she toiled on; then two, but she was only beginning her first button hole, so that faint glimmerings of dawn were beginning to show themselves before the shirt was really finished: two candles were burned lown to their sockets, and the poor little worker was almost too tired to cross the oom to her bed.

But with rest came no relief to her indeed, she looked upon this time as the very worst of all, when, her work being done, she had nothing to divert her mind from the coming trouble. She threw her-self on her bed, mosning for Gaspard, now that there was no fear of being overheard, and longing-with an almost intolerable longing-for the relief of tears. But Cornelia's atern exhortation seemed to have set up a barrier against these, and nothing would come but long tearless sobs, which hurt instead of relieving her.

So the night wore away, and, after wearily tossing to and fro, she fell into a restless sleep just as the sun rose. The morning call roused her before she seemed to have had any rest at all, and, stiff and unfreshed, she came down to the breakfast table, to the paraphernalia of silver dishes and smoking viands, which was her daily No one but Cornelia noticed how very

pale and ill she looked, and Mrs. Mortlake made plans for a morning shopping expedition, in which Esperance was to be her com-panion. Cornelia tried to interfere.

"No, no, Christabel; I know what your

shopping mornings are. Esperance does not look fit for it to-day—why not take

Bella?"
"Really, Cornelia, when you leave your met any one so wanting in common sense. Take poor little delicate Bella for a tiring expedition, when she is only just recovering from that illness! I can't think what would become of a child if you had the management of it. It really is a providence that you are not married."

"Thank you, I agree with your last remark," said Cornelia, dryly. "If Bella

not fit, I should advise you to go alone,

"I shall do no such thing. You make the most about fuss about Esperance. She is quite well, and only mopes when there is no one to talk to. Don't tell me there is no one to talk to. that any one can chatter away at a party one evening, and set up for an invalid the

next day. Poor Esperance! The "chattering" had been such hard work. She gave a little sigh as she heard it brought up against her, but anxious to put an end to the argument she said in as bright a voice as she could command, "I think I can go, thank you, Cornelia; don't trouble about it."

"Oh, well, if you like to be so foolish, you can," said Cornelia, vexed that Mrs. Mortinke should conquer. "You know quite well that you would be better at home. However, if you like to spend your morning over dresses and bonnets, I'm sure I don't wish to hinder you," And she swept out of the room, leaving Esperance to reflect sorrowfully that she had offended the person who had wished to befriend her, and carned the credit of being desirous of that which in reality she most disliked.

But the day was not at all to be dark. The last post brought a letter from Gaspare, containing his good news of yesterday, and proposing to come to Rilchester in a week's time, and this was such joy to Esperance that for a little while she forgot her troubles, and grew so lively and cheerful that Cornelia was half inclined to retract h r opinion, and agree with Mrs. Mortlake that, after all, Esperance's ill health was

only a fancy. CHAPTER XXIII.

The dean was not pleased when he heard that Gaspard was coming to Rilchester. He had grown accustomed to Esperance' face, and was even in his way rather fond of her, but Gaspard had reminded him painfully of M. de Mabillon, and he shrunk from seeing him. Cornelia's proposal of asking him to stay at the deanery, instead of the hotel, met with approval from no one. The dean immediately thought other visitors whom he wished to ask. Mrs. Mortlake talked of house-cleaning, and finally George Palgrave was pressed to prolong his visit, while the other great-room were destined for the wife and daughters of the bishop of a neighboring diocese, who were coming to Rilchester for a ball in the following week. There was no particular reason why they should be asked to the deanery, but Mrs. Mortlake remembered them in a lucky moment, and felt that it would be a more dignified excuse than

house-oleaning. Cornelia hated this meanness with her whole soul, and almost shrunk from meeting Gaspard after it. This made her seem more stiff and cold than ever, and Esperance, who had relied a good deal upon he cordial behavior to Gaspard, when she had met him before in London, was dismayed

to find her manner altered. Mrs. Mortlake, on the contrary, did her

for Ceylon, and when you are there you | very best to be polite when his name was mentioned in Esperance's presence, and even spoke of driving him back from the Rilchester before you sail—why not take a station on the day when he was expected; week at the Spread Eagle? Confess now, and though the carriage did not appear, still there was courtesy in the suggestion and, as Mrs. Mortlake remarked afterward should not put such temptations before to Cornelia, "Politeness is worth so much,

and costs so little."

"I don't see any politeness if you don't

"My dear, you are so literal! Of course I can't really spare the carriage then, the Lowdells must have a drive this afternoon. But it pleased Esperance, and she can quite well imagine that I forgot it." " A fine tissue of lies! That child is a

great deal too sharp not to find you out. Besides, why can't you be honest?" "Really, Cornelia, if you employ such offensive words I will not argue with you Lies,' and 'honesty,' indeed! I don't

know what you mean. "I like to call a spade a spade," said Cornelia, shortly. "But if you prefer it,

what is your object in this politic polite-" Did you not see that Mrs. Lowdell was in the room?" said Mrs. Mortlake. "You know how observant she is, and Doctor Lowdell is such a particular man, I would not for the world have them guess that we are not perfectly friendly with the De Mabillons. One must be careful, you

know, and father is so unguarded.' "My father is no hypocrite, at least," aid Cornelia, angrily. "Why did you ask said Cornelia, angrily. the Lowdells here if you are so afraid they may guess ?--why not have asked Gaspard de Mabillon ? "

(To be continued).

Gambling in Newspapers. We are just now wondering what steps the Treasurer intends finally to take towards suppressing the taste for gambling that newspaper competitions undoubtedly excite. For the public, especially the little boys and girls whose youthful minds should be devoted to their elementary studies, they are anything but a blessing. For journalists they are something more than a nui For journal ance, and, if permitted to develop, would greatly degrade what ought to be a very honorable calling. There is little capital needed for starting one of those journalistic enterprises beyond a pot of paste, a pair of scissors and a few evening and morning papers—although an old jest book will be found useful. The printer and paper maker can often be induced to give credit, for the sake of favors to come. By dint of offering valuable prizes for idiotic guesses, a temporary circulation is easily obtained. But from the gusessing competition to the State lottery is only a step, and the institut many weekly papers of the baser sort are now stimulating is a very dangerous one, and already—in London, at least—sufficiently active without a tonic. At the present moment uneasiness reigns in the bosoms of not a few enterprising gentlemen who bave been earning large incomes by artfully encouraging gambling. If similar methods of earning money are denied hospitals, why should they be permitted to the proprietor of "Paste Pot and Scissors?"—European

The Press Association is authorized to state that there never has been any inten tion on the part of the treasury to proceed generally against newspapers which adver-tise prize competitions, but adds that three newspapers were brought to the notice of Sir Augustus Stephenson as seeming to infringe on "The Lottery Act" in their competitions, that Sir Augustus wrote to each of them, pointing out that they had better take legal opinion, and that one paper, having done so, has stopped the competitions. Among the many Lottery Acts, that of 1802 (42 George 3, c. 119) is the most sweeping in its terms, and therefore most likely to affect the competitions referred to. By this Act any person who shall "knowingly suffer to be exercised, kept open, shown, or exposed to be played, drawn, or thrown at or in, either by dice, lots, cards, balls or by numbers or figures, or by any other way, contrivance, or device whatsoever, any game or lottery in his house or place," is liable to a penalty of £500." But the competitors in these prize competitions appear to exercise their game at their own houses, not at the houses of the persons offering the prizes, so that the Act would eem not to have any application to them. -Law Times.

A Pointer on Waltzing. "I want to give you a tip on dancing," a flashily dressed man about town yesterday afternoon, says the North

'What is it?" he was asked. "Simply this: There is hope for poor dancers. As poor dancers are legion this is important."

Well, what is the tip?" "Nothing more or less than this: If you are a poor dancer - and of course you are—get a heavy partner who is a good

'What good will that do?" "All the good in the world. You are a light man—I mean as far as physical weight is concerned. The girl is a good dancer. You go swinging around with her You are in doubt. You waver just a little bit. Does a break occur? Not at all. The momentum keeps you moving. The heavy girl—bless her heart—swings you right around at the proper time and place. The result is that spectators imagine you are a tip-top dancer, when if it hadn't been for the heavy girl your waltz would have ended disastrously."

Some Timely Suggestions. A few hints are here thrown out for Canadian women who intend visiting Europe. First and foremost make up your mind as early as possible before sailing— plan your wardrope with reference to your trip-make up your mind to travel with the least possible baggage.

What you really need reduced to the lowest terms is a loose blanket, a fiannel wrapper in which you may sleep, winter flannels, knickerbockers made of flannel merino stockings, warm gloves, a pretty hood, a long woolen ulster to cover the whole of the gown, some pretty silk handkerchiefs and a moderately thick veil.

Let the material for your steamer dress be of serge, with a blouse tucked waist, avoid books and eyes and fancy fastenings. remember that much of the time your head will be describing the arc of a circle and the less toilets you have to make the better For a change a black surah with a few fancy fixings of lace will do for demitoilette and table d'hote.

Those Tell-tale Pipes.

Effie-Is Mr. Dabney going to call this evening. Hermia-I expect him. Why? Effic—I've got to study, and the gas always burns so much brighter in my room when you two are in the parlor.

A Heavenly Visitant. Wife (delighted) - What! home through he summer shower? But where did you get that lovely piece of ice?

Husband (exultingly)—It is a hailstone which just fell in our front yard, and we

can pay off our mortgage with it. Brooklyn's estimated population is 807, Calves brains picely fried are tasty for

bereakfast. A well-meaning but misinformed lady nquired at down-town music store for the Song That Breaks Your Heart.' She was justly indignant when the frivolous clerk placed before her with a flourish of smartness the song in reference to petite Miss Rooney

FOOD FOR THE FARMER

How to Get Rid of Parasites and Insects.

Don't Work With Poor Tools - The Benefit of Subsoiling-Houdans as Egg-Producers-Keep the Cow Cean-Ship Your Poultry Dead - Other Farm Notes.

Killing Jusects and Parasites. As the time has arrived for beginning the work of preventing the loss of petatoes grapes, apples, plums, etc., a few references to work done at the several experiment stations throughout the United States may prove of valuable aid to those inter The grape rot, black knot, woody aphis, quince leaf spot, brown rot, cabbage worm, and other enemies must now be looked after. At the Delaware Experiment Farm gratifying results were obtained from spraying the vines with the Bordeaux mix ture, aprayed vines averaging over fifty-four pounds of marketable grapes on a row white the unsprayed vines yielded only a fraction over seven pounds per row, or about seven times as much from the sprayed rows as from the others. The fruit upon the sprayed vines also ripened much earlier because the foliage was better. The Bordeaux mixtures adheres to the grapes, but the coating is easily removed by placing the grapes in wire baskets and dipping them in vinegar water, rinsing twice after dipping. At Cernell University sulphide of potassium and carbonate of copper, applied early in the season, in solu tion, are recommended for leaf blight in strawberries, and in the fall burning of the leaves to be practiced. At the Oregon station a mixture of six ounces of London purple to 100 gallons of water proved better than a stronger solution for the destruction of the codling moth on apples and pears The mixture should be kept constantly stirred while being used. Spraying fre quently, and as late as September, is recommended, but it is sug that there may be danger Buggested poison by late spraying. Woody aphis was destroyed by lye water (one pound of lye to three gallons of water), the kerosene emulsion not being satisfactory. At the Ohio Experiment Station the Bordeaux mixture destroyed the grape rot and checked the quince leaf spot, and was apparently successful with brown rot of plums and cherries. It is feared by growers that the arsenical solutions are too weak, but in all cases the weaker solution have been more effective. About half pound of London purple with 100 gallone of water is the proper proportion. The Bordeaux mixture is prepared by adding six pounds of sulphate of copper and four pounds of lime with 50 gallons of water at

saved by beginning early in the season to spray the vines, and repeating three or Good farming is incompatible with the nany wastes going on all the time on average farms. One of the greatest of these mmon wastes is the labor thrown away on the use of poor tools. It should be known by all that, in this country, serviceable machinery and good tools are much cheaper than labor. This is especially true of the smaller and inexpensive A dull, clumsy hoe or a poor axe often consume in a single day such an extra amount of labor above what a bright, sharp hoe or axe would require, that the new tools ould be paid for by the saving of that one day's exocas. Some very intelligent farmers think lightly of a good hand saw, hamme and similar implements, and will le their hired help worry along with a rickety old thing, and on numerous occasions. while repairing tools, or fixing little conveniences in barn or shop, on rainy days, etc., waste a large amount of time that the keeping of good implements would save. Thus it is with cultivators, and harrows, etc. A good modern cultivator is more easily handled, works closer to the rows than the clumsy, old-fashioned cultivators and consequently saves a great deal, if not all, of the hand hosing that was required in old style farming. Here are a large number and variety of wastes which good farming cannot allow: in many cases large enough to make the difference between profitable and unprofitable husbandry. "Stop the wastes and let the profits go on"

the Ohio Station, instead of 22 gallons of water, as called for in the original formula

The experiments mentioned are conclusive

evidences that the grape crop may be

is a good motto. Subsoiling. Tearing up the subsoil with the aubsoil plough, and thus giving the water some sort of channels underneath the topsoil and the reservoir greater depth, is often of great help in undrained lands; but it will not do much good where such fields are not do much good where such have now and then turned into swamps, with water standing on the surface. There water standing on the surface. There should be at least some effective surface drainage, and an outlet sufficiently deep to carry off the surplus water both from the surface and from the lacerated portion of the subsoil. If this is properly attended to there is no reason why the lan should not bear good crops, and respond freely to manure application When to Cut Clover.

Clover should be out just before the heads begin to turn brown. To cut it sooner is to lose a portion of the nutritious matter, while to cut it after the blossome turn brown is to permit it to become more woody and less succulent.

An Egg Producer. As egg producers the Houdans claim their place among the first; they are nonsitters, and if not equaling in the number of eggs the Leghorns and Hamburgs, they out strip them all in weight, as two of their large, white eggs will turn the scale with three Leghorn or Hamburg eggs. The eggs of Houdans are usually very fruitful.
The chickens are very healthy and fast growers, and not subject to most of the diseases which attack young chickens; both chickens and old fowls are very meaty, tender and fice in flavor, and valuable as table fowls.

Keep the Cow Clean, The importance of washing or currying the cow for the purpose of preventing the cow for the purpose of preventing disease may be shown by the fact that while cow may discharge 20 pounds of through the kidneys she may drink 100 pounds, the 80 pounds passing off through the skin, carrying with it matter that should be eliminated from the body. Unless the water passes off freely the milk will be more or less contaminated. Wash the oow, curry or brush her, and remove the dried matter and sourf on the skin in order to promote free perspiration.

Smut on Oats. Smut on oats is now easily destroyed in a very simple manner. The Department of Agriculture, in its "Journal of Mycology," states that if the seed be treated with scalding water, which is poured over the seed, and the seed immersed in the hot water for a few minutes, no injury will be done the seed, while the spores from which the fungus is propagated are de stroyed.

Is Ensilage a Luxury? It was never intended that ensilage should be used as food for stock to the exclusion of grain or hay. The ensilage is to supply the place of grass in the winter season. Sow your com now, and it will provide you with an excellent addi-

tion to the regular food at the proper The sheep that has been sheared will now be more thrifty than the one heavily covered with wool. The heat is very injurious to sheep unless they can have a cool place to which to resort, with plenty of

fresh water. They seek their food early, rest during the day, and graze again late in the afternoon.

Ship Dead Poultry, Never ship poultry to market alive in summer, as they suffer severely on the ourney. Kill all kinds of poultry, dry pick them and pack the carcasses in ice extra price obtained will pay for the labor of dressing, while less loss will result from

shipment to market. Other Farm Notes. Keep a sharp lookout for the peach tree horer at this season.

A dead limb is an incumbrance to a tree and should be removed. Whenever you see a rat-hole pour a little

tar in it. Late potatoes will do well on a piece of and from which a crop of clover-hay has

been out. To secure a growth of white clover on a grass plot use plenty of wood ashes as a top dressing. During the warm days of summers fat

hog suffers severely. Avoid grain, and feed on grass or succulent food of any kind. The surest way to remove paint is by the use of turpentine If used immediately the

paint will never fail to be erased. If you have no time to plow the weeds in mow them down. Treat them in any manner you prefer, so you prevent them from

seeding. If the land for the turnip crop is not ready there is no time to lose. It should be well worked and made fine. As soon as the new crop of seed comes in is the time

to sow. Land plaster will often cause a field of grass to show growth after it is apparently exhausted from frequent cropping. Plaster and ashes make an excellent combination.

Young strawberry beds will quickly be overrun with crab grass at this season, the pest preventive being to cultivate the rows after every rain, which will push the strawberry plants ahead. As the roots of red clover equal two-

thirds the weight of the stalks the plowing in of a clover sod leaves in the soil a large amount of valuable nitrogenous matter which cannot be so cheaply produced in any other manner. There are 1,000 farmers working like slaves and competing with each other to make low priced butter where there is one

who has become intelligent on this question, so that he can make a better article and get better pay for his time and labor. Take no heed to those who tell you that fruit trees, plants and vines will well without cultivation as with, but remember that cultivation should be given early, and that ill-timed, injudicious culti-

vation is worse than none. Professor E. F. Ladd said, at the last meeting of the New York State Dairymen's Association, that, taking the results of the Dairy Conference of last year, he finds that in some cases less than thirteen pounds of of milk were required to produce a pound of butter; at other conferences as high as four times during the year until the crop | thirty two or thirty three pounds were equired.

H. P. Hopkins, of New York, avers that every time he churns unripe cream he toscs. He says; "When cream is a trifle acid it is sufficiently ripened. I prefer a concussion churn to the friction churn.
White specks in butter come from coagulation of the milk, which settles to the bottom of the cans. They should be washed out properly."

One Way of Finding Out.

Clara (meditatively) - How can I be quite certain that Augustus loves me for my wealth alone? Hal a sudden thought strikes me. Augustus!

Augustus (tenderly) -- My own! Clara-Between two who love there should be perfect frankness, should there

Augustus-My angel, a thousand times, yes. (Aside) What the dence does showant to know? Clara (slowly)—Then listen. My hair grew upon other heads, and my teeth are the best money could buy. My eyebrows are false, my lips are painted, my cheeks are rouged, and my dressmaker makes me as well as my dresses. Say, Augustus, can you love me after these disclosures?

Augustus (faintly)—I—I can! Clara (sotto voce)—Ye gods, how deeply in debt must this young man be !-- Judy

Oil on Troubled Water. Almost all of us have heard the above quotation and know that oil poured on troubled or angry waters will reduce the violence of their motion, but not many of us are familiar with the origin of phrase. For their benefit the following is given. The venerable Bede says: "A priest called Utta was sent into Kent to fetch Lanplede, King Edwine's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswin, "That fellow's a dude." said the soda A.D. 617. Before his departure Utta visited Bishop Sida and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him and gave him a pot of oil, saying; 'Remember that you cast into the sea this ovle that I will give you, and the wynde laid comfortable, fayre weather shall ensue on the sea.' '

What the King Said.

His excellency Clarence W. Ashford, Attorney-General of Hawaii, as most of our readers are aware, is a native of Port Hope, and his brother Volney is a mander of the forces of the kingdom. excellency has sent us a copy of the King's speech at the opening of the Legislature, on the 21st ult. From it we make the following extract, which will be read with interest. The King no doubt is right:
"Okapoe i waiha ia aku ai ia lakou ka
malama ana i ke ola o ka Lahui, na makaala no lakou, a ua holopona no ka lakou hana ma ka hoao ana e hoemi mai i ka mai nni e laha nei iwaena o kakon."-

Port Hope Guide. Miss Dolores Marbourg, the author of one of last year's popular novels, has gone to Europe for a prolonged residence and literary work. She has just finished a new novel written in collaboration with George Cary Eggleston. Cedric's mother was a New Yorker, but

Cedric was born in Boston. "Cedric, you are a naughty boy; you want a licking," said she. "Nay, mater," returned the child, bravely, "I may need chastisement, but I do not want it."—Harper's Bazar. A vessel sailed into the port of Olessa the other day manned by monks. Captain,

mate, second mate, boatswain, cock and sailors all wore the dress of the monastery of Mount Athos. The name of the ship is the Prophete-Elie. Tomdik-The marriage of young Rooney and Miss Blesser was quite a surprise to me. I never saw them together. Mrs. Tomdik-O, they have played tennis a great deal with each other. Tomdik-It

was a tennis court, then, was it?

HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda Scott's Emulsion foundation It

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES

GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again: I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilopsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Curo the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Froe Bettle of my Infallible Romedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address —H. Q. 2001. M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET. TORONTO.

CONSUMPTION * CUR

chances are poor indeed. In the neigh ing country gratifying progress has been made in doing away with the car stove. There are 156,000 miles of railroad in the United States, and eighty-six companies operating 91,443 miles have made some use of steam for warming passenger cars. On 8,465 miles of road all cars are heated b 8,400 miles of road all cars are neared by steam from the locomotive; on 10,912 miles of road more than half the cars are equipped for steam heat; on 17,516 miles from one-tenth to one-half the cars are equipped, and on 54,530 miles experiments are being made. A good share of the mileage where steam heat is used is in New York State, where a statute compels the companies to heat their cars by steam. A feature of this infor-mation, which has been gathered by one of the most reputable engineering journals, relates to the use of steam from the locomotive. Forty-one railroad companies replied that there was no increase in the amount of fuel used in

locomotives because of supplying steam to

warm the train, and all the other com-

panies said the increase was "impercepti-ble or slight." It will be remembered

HEATING RAILWAY CARS.

A railway smash-up is bad enough at any

time, but when the fire in the car stove

adds risk of cremation the passengers'

that when compulsory steam heating was first proposed in the legislature of New York State it was vehemently opposed by the railroad companies in united front, with every objection that could be thought of. Among the first and strongest was the contention that there was no surplus steam and that drawing on the boiler for steam to heat the passenger cars would so oripple the locomotive that it could not haul a heavy train and make time. To the credit of the N.Y. Central be it said that as soon as the bill became a law it set to work sheerfully and in good spirits to select a system and apply it—a system which now has been in use two winters. Most of the difficulties which the companies prophesied vanished in practice. A few were realized, and others have been encountered. The only difficulties now enumerated are in regu lating temperature, leaky couplings, frozen traps, and warming cars at terminals. The last named difficulty cannot apply to lines like the Central, and common sense teaches that the temperature of cars can be regulated; it is for the companies to insist that it shall be done. It is only through neglect of trainmen that it is neglected. Invention will have to supply

Temperance Notes.

the perfect coupling and a trap that will not freeze. Taken altogether the car stove is departing with all the rapidity that

could be expected.

A new church at Seattle, Wash., has a W. C. T. U. memorial window adorned with the motto, "For God and home and native land."

A movement is on foot among Wyoming white ribboners to establish a home for friendless women at Cheyenne, the home to he known as the "White Shield Cottage." Freetown, Sierra Leone, has a W. C. T. U. of ninety members, lately organized by Mary C. Leavitt, and a White Cross society of more than one hundred young

men. Miss Frances E. Willard and Mrs. Caro line Buell, as President and Corresponding Secretary of the National W. C. T. U., and in behalf of that organization, have sent an official letter to the Louisiana Legislature, urging the abolition of the gambling ourse, and begging that no mercenary considera tions may prevail in the treatment of this enormous evil. They have also sent a letter to Governor Nicholls expressing their profound appreciation of his patriotic and Christian attitude in condemnation of the

lottery system.

Echo Park, at Wrightstown, Wis, was formerly a beer garden, but has been pur-chased by a philanthropic lady, Mrs. Knowles, who desired to rescue it from evil hands. It is a lovely place on the banks of Fox River. By invitation of the owner, the W. C. T. U. and the Y. W. C. T. U. of the fifth district will entertain here for two or three weeks this summer twenty or thirty working girls from some of the large cities. Nearly all of the necessary buildings are on the grounds, and ladies from different unions will provide provisions, hammooks, games, etc. It is intended to give these weary young girls a complete and delight-

ful rest. Etiquette does not demand that calls

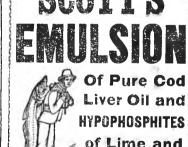
by telephone should be retu ned. The full edition of Marshal MacMahon' memoirs, six copies, have been distributed among his nearest relatives, with the injunction of secrecy.

apartment.

"That fellow's a dude," said the soda clerk of an east side druggery to a Tribune reporter, poing to an out-going customer. "Why?" asked the reporter. "He allus leaves out the 'r' in chorcolate."—New York

She wanted a cottage. He wanted an

Tribune. The baseballist's business, is picking 4 up, the football player's is rushing, the advertising agent's is booming, the aeronaut's is in the air, the dry goods seller's is rip-tearing, the hackman's is driving, the washerwoman manages to scrub along, and the bunko man finds plenty to "do." Still. as a business administration, this is not to



Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Dis eases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. PALATABLE AS MILK. Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon cole, wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and St or

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be giad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have con sumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., FORONTO, ONTARIO.

D. U. N. L. 28, 90.

be bragged of.