My wife so dear, he of good cheer
We will meet you there, your children dear
In a few more years, if the Lord do please.
Your worldly gear you left your dears
In their small years with hopes and fears
Without your tears which sadly vexed the little

Your voice so dear, your mare can't hear Your feathery tribe the same, my dear The lowing kine, likewise the swine The lambs in time will miss you sair If they should lose their mothers dear. Wheeler [7] my dear has not been here So Jerry's clear for this new year.

A loving mother who lies here As ever left her children dear Heavens rest her soul where'er She is the wish of those left here.

I "Wheeler" is a cattle buyer and butche well known in the western counties, and "Jerry was an ox that was fattening in the stall at th time death robbed the farm of its mistress.]

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES

" No, no; the sooner the house is empty the better," said Cornelia, thinking only Esperance's quiet, and George hurried away, inwardly blessing his little French

cousin for her opportune illness.

The Lowdells, too, were packing with all possible speed, for their mother had coniderately proposed to go that evening.
Not the least because I am nervous about the girls, you know, but we shall only be in she exclaimed to Cornelia, prov ing her kindness still further by staying in

Esperance's room till the nurse arrived.
So the deanery was speedily emptied, and the next day found only the dean and Cornelia left behind, to hear with dismay that they had all been drinking water from a poisoned well, and that Esperance's illness was fully accounted for. She had for long even very much out of health, owing to the privations and shock of the siege, and had naturally been the first

Cornelia had never dreamed of acting as a sick-nurse before, and felt hopelessly loss when the trained nurse went to take her rest, and she was called to take her turn with the patient. Luckily, at first, Esperance was fairly quiet, but later on Cornelia was frightened out of her wits by her wild ravings, and the strange languageseemed to make it all the more terrible Those hours revealed to her more of Esperance's life and character than she had ever known before, and her father's name was so continually on her lips, that Cornelia was more and more rebuked for having ever ventured to call French love shallow and fleeting. The all-important twenty-firs day was one of disappointment and double anxiety, for there was no shade of improvement, and the fever ran frightfully high The doctor took Cornelia aside after his

second visit.
"If Mademoiselle de Mabillon has any near relations they should come at once, he said, gravely.
"She has none in England," said Cor

nelia, thinking with a shudder what poor Gaspard would say when he heard. "She is really in such danger, then?"
"The most imminent danger," replied

the doctor, accustomed to regard Cornelia as a hard, matter-of-fact lady, able to stand anything. "In fact, Miss Collinson, I fear it is my duty to tell you that I think it a great question if she pulls through the next wenty-four hours."

Cornelia turned ashy pale, and the dootor a little surprised, hastened to add. we find there is more fever tonight, it is just possible then that she may

In the evening, the dean came to the door, as usual, to make inquiries, and the dootor brought him into the room, having prepared him for the worst. He was quite overcome, and the mere sight of Esperance was a shock to him, as she lay pillowed eyes wild and glittering, her facer with pain, and orimson with the flush of

She was mosning Gaspard's name piteously enough, and the dean felt a keen pang of remorse as he remembered how gladly he had seen the last of his nephew s few weeks ago; he almost wished him back again now. Scarcely knowing what he did, he bent down, and took Esperance's hin, burning hands in his. She had not noticed his entrance, but this made her k up suddenly; a glad smile passed over er troubled face, and half raising herself ith the strength of delirium, she cried, papa! papa! have you come?" then, ack again, said, much more

ed her eyes, and they all watched ss suspense, till at length a look on stole over her features, and ular breathing showed that

to a natural sleep. conating M. de Mabillon, ing the hands of his old He was growing undoubtperance and, moreover, he the sense of responsibility of her death, feeling sure den him with that sense h had haunted him when He wished he had not for Gaspard, it rang in ngly, and though he at the Ceylon appointone, he could not but had chosen he migh nation for Gaspard

> atters went on very ook some nourish in into a long the morning the satisfied with her ornelia began to take at intervals through e much notice, but she was much more poon, when the nurse lin was startled by a ming with a sort of

ot know that I am ill.

the room to the bedside now you are better I

li be well enough soon to What day is it?"
day, the 13th of July. We the next mail, on Friday.' was too weak to talk any lay musing over Cornelia's

surprised to find how long But she had still many n and weakness to look forward gh she was out of danger her as very slow and wearisome. belpless as a baby, and though stient, she could not withstand of aching loneliness that weighed irits. Every one was kind to nged unspeakably for Gas. day after day she lay crying ning away her tears and trying

hen any one spoke to her, but ak to be able to control herself. saw a good deal of Cornelia, for the e always went to lie down in the afterher night's watching, but okily she was rather in awe of her, and selia herself, though extremely anxious kind, had not the quick observation ready tact which are needed in sick ing. Her diffidence, too, was a great erance, for she never ventured to do

ning for Esperance without an anxious Tould you fancy this?" or, "Shall I ou that?" till the poor child was so d that she would negative everything than be troubled with the decision. gative politeness, however, stood her

in good stead, and Cornelia never found this out, but was only touched by her gratitude, and as the weeks passed by she grew more and more fond of her.

One afternoon early in August, Esper ance was sitting alone in her bedroom wearily watching the tops of the trees as they waved gently in the summer wind, wondering where Gaspard was, and what he was doing, while the tears coursed silently down her cheeks. Just as she was feeling a momentary relief at the last stroke to her great surprise the servant announced "Lady Worthington." Esperance felt a thrill of joy as she looked up, and saw Lady Worthington's sympathetic, unchanged face, and heard again her low comforting voice.
"My poor child! why, how pale and

thin you are! but they tell me you are better." 'Yes, I feel better, thank you," said

Esperance, wearily.
"But convalescence is always dull work," said Lady Worthington. "I met Cornelia just now, and she gave me leave to come and see you; she tells me you have had a long illness."

"Yes, it has seemed long," sighed Esperance. "You see, I can't do anything even now, and it is hard to sit and think all day,

and then—I do so want Gaspard." "This great fly is worrying you, my dear. I shall nut an end to his noise," and kind hearted Lady Worthington rose with alacrity to flick the poor insect mercilessly with her handkerchief, till it fell out of the window stunned. After that she felt a little better, and came again to Esperance's side, determined to make the most of her present opportunity. A bright idea had struck her—the deanery was forlorn and uncomfortable, but what if she could get Esperance away from the deanery? She revolved various plans in her mind, while fondling the little invalid in silence. At last she made up her mind, and began by

udicious course of questioning. Ought you not to have a change of air, dear? Has Cornelia said anything to you about going away?"

"No; and I hope we shall not go," said Esperance. "We should only go to Scar-borough, where Mrs. Mortlake and Bella are staying, and I would much rather be alone with Cornelia."

"But I think you should have a change. you want a great deal of setting up yet. I wonder whether you would like to come and pay a visit to Frances, she is down in Wales with the children. Sir Henry and I only left them on Saturday, and they are to

stay for another month."

Esperance started forward, a glow of color rising in her pale cheeks, "Oh, Lady Worthington, do you really mean it? How good—how kind you are!"
"You would like it then?"

"More than anything in the world! It seems too good, too wonderful! only I have been so cross and fretful, that I really don't deserve it.

"Poor child, that is not your fault, I am sure, you will soon get better when you are away, there is nothing like Welsh air to my mind, and Llanfairfechan, the little village where Sir Henry has taken a house is a charming place, with sea and mountains too. Frances will be so delighted to have yon.''

were still taking over this plan when Cornelia came back from the service. "I wonder whether you will spare us your invalid for a little while," said Lady Worthington, when she had joined them "I have been asking Esperance whether she will stay with us in Wales for a month."

Cornelia felt a sudden pang. Was she to lose this child whom she had watched over so anxiously? she felt as if she were being robbed; then looking up she saw the glov of animation on Esperance's face, and felt sadly that the Worthingtons had been kind to her in the days of her own coldness, and that naturally they were more loved. With

an effort she spoke cheerfully.
"I think it would be very good for her indeed, if you are sure it is quite convenient " Perfectly, there is a room doing noth ing, and Frances will be so glad of a com-panion. Sir Henry and I are going to Switzerland, but she is not strong enough really to enjoy traveling, and prefers staying in Wales. I wonder whether Esperance ould be well enough to travel down on the 8th : I could take her myself then.

Esperance declared she was well enough to go that very minute, though an hour before she had not felt equal to walking across the room; but the prospect of change seemed to put new life into her, and exertions. Cornelia was so pleased to see her better, that she was glad the invitation had been given, and promised to talk matters over with the doctor the next day, and to let

Lady Worthington know. CHAPTER XXVI.

The doctor highly approved of the proposed change, and as the re wereonly a few days for preparation, Cornelia's hands were full. The 8th of August was as fine as could be wished, and toward the middle of the day Lady Worthington and Esperance started on their journey. Poor Cornelia felt very sad when the actual parting came. though Esperance's good-bye was as warm and affectionate as possible. She threw her arms around her cousin's neck, " Dear Cornelia, you have been so kind to me, and I have been such a trouble, perhaps when I come back you will let me wait upon you.'

"You must get quite strong again, dear," said Cornelia, quietly returning her embrace. "And be sure to let me know ow you are after the journey.' When they arrived, Harry and Fred were waiting on the platform, looking cool and countrified in their brown holland

"Aunt Fanny is waiting in the pony-carriage, mamma," they both cried in a breath. "We will bring all your things

from here." "Very well," said Lady Worthington, who was fond of making even ten year old boys useful. "Harry, you bring these cushions and bags, and Fred, see that a black trunk and my small box are sent round at once in the cart—now, Esperance, we will come," and putting a supporting arm round her little charge, she led her through the station to the pony-carriage, where Frances was waiting, looking fairer

and prettier than ever, in her light summer Esperance received a homelike greeting in French, and was made comfortable in carriage, while Lady Worthington

talked to Frances. On the Monday afternoon Esperance was quite well enough to enjoy a drive, and Frances took her in the pony carriage along the shore; she was enchanted with the sea, and was very desirous to go on it

at once "I am not sure what your doctor would and Mademoiselle de Mabillon."
y to that," said Frances. "But in a "I hardly know how to thank you say to that," said Frances. "But in a week or two you will be stronger, and then

we might try."
"And we will row to that little island, of which I cannot say the name," said Esperance, eagerly. "I like it so much, it looks so lonely, just broken off, as it were, from cier. Angleses on the sea. I shall know what the voyage be back in an hour, and you will like to to Ceylon will feel like—it will be good have some talk with Mademoiselle de

Frances smiled. " I was thinking about and see if it has come?"

"Oh! if we might!" and Esperance breathed more quickly as Frances turned the ponies' heads, and drove up the village street. She tried hard to believe that she did not expect anything, and waited, trembling with excitement, till Frances appeared at the door of the post effice with French, as she waved her last farewell to reassuring face, and-yes, it really was - | Maggie and her father. "She is my little

said, and Esperance let fall the reins, saatched at it, and almost tore the envelope to pieces in her hurry to open it. Within there was indeed the precious inclosure, a sale result in the siege; that is very wrong; and you there was indeed the precious inclosure, a size altered, ah! very much altered; and plant.

flourishy, copper plate writing.

Frances drove home quickly, and then in the quiet of her own room Esperance opened her Îetter.

It was delightfully long and closely written, each day so fully described that she seemed to be living through everything with him, and her happiness was all the greater because she had not expected such details, for Gaspard's letters from London feeling a momentary relief at the last stroke had been necessarily poor in this respect, of the bells, a knock came at her door, and and had generally been written in a strain of forced merriment in order to veil from her his sufferings. But this was a really journal-like description, written with delightful ease, while little colloquial expressions here and there brought the tears to Esperance's eyes. "Ah, Esperance if you could have seen this," or "when

you come, cherie, you will enjoy that."

She lived with him throughout the oyage, learned to know the laconic captain, and the graphically described passengers entered into the landing at Colombo with its bustle and confusion and heat, laughed over Mr. Seymour's jokes, and the accounts of the shopping and bargaining in the town, then traveled with him to Dickoys, and aw his future home in Mr. Seymour's bungalow, tried to understand the size of the estate given to her in an almost fabu-lous number of equare kilometres, and sympathized with Gaspard's difficulty in learning Tamil. And if, when at last it was ended, she came back to the present ith something of a shock, and was obliged with something of a shoa, and was obliging to have a good cry, yet Frances understood all perfectly, and instead of adopting Cor-nelia's plan of pointing out the extreme ngratitude and foolishness of such behavior petted and caresssed her till her smile eturned, and she was eager to read some extracts from the letter to any one who ould appreciate its delights.

Whether the pleasure of receiving her first letter from Ceylon had anything to do with her recovery, it would be hard to say; but certainly from that day Esperance took a fresh start, not only in bodily strength, but in spirits.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Aunt Fanny, we really must take you to Aber," said Harry, very beseechingly, one morning toward the end of August.
"Yes, auntie, we were there yesterday after the rain, and the water fall is jus splendid. Can t we go to day altogether?'
Frances looked across the table at th invalid, and being reassured by her looks, thought that it might, perhaps, be managed They started early in the afternoon, a very merry party, Frances driving, Esperance and Kathie squeezed in beside her, and the boys in the back seat. The day was most glorious, and the richly wooded glen looked so beautiful that Frances was bliged to drive slowly in order to give her full sympathy to the eager entreaties to look at some especially lovely view, either of the sea or the river, or the mountains. Leaving the carriage at the rest-house, they walked slowly on toward the falls, and whether it was due to the beauty and novelty of the way, or to the fresh mountain air, Esperance was not at all over tired, when at last they reached the end of the

glen, and gat down on the great, gray

bowlders at the foot of the waterfall.

She gazed in wonder at the down-rushing orrent, as it came foaming over the brown ooks, here, white as snow, there, separating tself into little silvery streamlets, but al mingling in the pool below, and hurrying away down the rocky bed of the river. Frances was amused and charmed by her native expressions of rapture and amazement, and watched with pleasure the nealthful glow of color in her cheeks, and the happy brightness of her eyes. She looked delightfully at her ease, leaning back among the rocks, in her shady straw hat and blue cambric polonaise, and rances was just wondering what constituted that happy French faculty of perfect enjoy-ment, and contrasting it with the heavy bored looks of a party of tourists who were finding fault with everything, when andden ory and splash made her look round in terror to see if the children were all safe. To her relief they were all three in sight, scrambling about the rocks on the other side of the river, but Esperance had quitted her easy posture, and was bending over the bowlders down to the water, and just as Frances hurried to the spot, she had helped to drag up a terrified little girl of above seven years old, who had slipped into the

river. "There, do not cry, you are quite safe," said Esperance, panting a little with her

But before Frances could speak, a little dark, middle aged lady bustled up,

round, brown eyes all anxiety. "Marguerite, ma chere! what is it then? Ciel! you have really been in the water! ah! what a pity, with your new boots, too. And this lady has kindly helped you? 1 hope Marguerite has thanked you, madenoisselle ?

Esperance was on her feet now; her color came and went, and waited impatiently till the little lady had finished peaking, then bending forward she said in half-choked voice, "Madame! Madame Lemercier! do vou not know me?

Mme. Lemercier looked, threw up her little hands, and then, with many exclamations, embraced Esperance with fervor quite regardless of the tourist eyes around "Mon enfant! — Esperance!—ah! but this is a happiness. We meet in a strange land, my child! ah! who would have thought it ?"

"Dear Madame! how long it seems sino we parted! how much has happened!' Then turning to Frances, "I must introduce you to Madame Lemercier, a very dear friend of ours, who took care of me in the siege. Miss Neville knows you well by name, madame, I have told her how good you were to me then."

"Ah! mon enfant, we each consoled the other. But let us sit down and talk forgot you, though, ma pauvre Marguerite ardon me; are you very wet, my child?"
"Not very," said the little girl, blushing; my stocking will dry in the sun. See here comes papa.'

A pleasant-looking man, of three-andhirty, came striding over the rocks toward them as she spoke. "Ho! Miss Maggie, so you have been in the river, I hear, frightening the fishes,

eh? What do you say madamo? should she not get her things dried?" "I fear she will en cold herself." said madame, anxiously. 'Perhaps, monsieur,

we had better return at once. Maggie interrupted, however. 'But, papa, madame has met a friend

The young lady who helped me out of the water knew madame at Paris." "Ah, indeed!" and the gentleman took off his hat to Esperance, while madame gravely introduced "Monsieur Henderson

enough for helping my little girl," he said, pleasantly. "I hope madame will instil into Maggie some of the ready adroitness of your nation. But as to these wet clothes," he continued, turning to Madame Lamer just broken off, as it were, from cier. "Suppose I take Maggie to the inn. It will be delightful to be really and let her dry them by the file; we shall

Mabillon." Monsieur is too good, but it will preven your letter-shall we call at the post office you from searching for the ferns. Let me take Marguerite back?" No. no: I will find ferns on the way

back," said Mr. Henderson, good naturedly. We will be back in an hour. Come

letter in her hand.
"It has the Rilchester post-mark," she amiable little girl. But ma chere, come,

thin, blue envelope, directed in Gaspard's there is more of the angel in your face; it is no more a naughty little piece of humanity; you must have suffered, my poor little one. But I fear you grow too good, and then you will die; keep a little naughtiness, ma chere, do not become like a saint." Do not fear that, madame;

you there is too little danger. I have had an illness; that is why I am thin."
"An illness? Ah! I was sure you would suffer from the effects of that siege, it was rigorous, too trying for one so young I myself have never felt so well since that time of starvation. But tell me of Gaspard, mon enfant." He is in Ceylon, on a coffee planta-

tion." said Esperance, and she told Mme. Lemercier all the details of Gaspard's letter. Madame noticed that there were ears in her eyes. "Ah! ma chere, we women have our part in the hardness of life; it is not easy to be left behind," she said, gently laying her hand on Esperance's. "But we must have

courage, my child, and it is easier for us, for we know they are strong, whereas they know we are weak and unprotected. You heard of course of monsieur's arrest?" "Yes, dear madame; Gaspard told me. But do let me hear what happened to you after we left."

"Ah, cherie! what a history it is!a thousand times did I thank Heaven that you were spared the horrors of that second siege, I knew not what to think; I ond siege, I knew not what to think; I scarcely saw Victor—he was always engaged either with his writing or—or with more lirect means in the furtherance of his cause. At first he was certain of success, and I could bear the tumults and the horrors better, because I hoped that in the end his party would be victorous, and that we should have peace and a better and that we should have peace and a better constitution What can a woman know of the rights and wrongs of such questions? I trusted my husband. But then came the furious repuse. Victor was in despair. I entreated him to fly, to hide himself; but no, he was always brave; he refused to do so; he said to me, 'Antoinette, the people I have incited and led on can not fly; I nust stay with them.' So he stayed, my brave husbard, he stayed and was ar-

('lo be Continued)

LIERARY POISON,

More Trash lead During Hot Weather That any Other Time. Almost ever one starting off for the sum mer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of th library, or off the book-stand, or boug, of the boy hawking books through the call I really believe there is more trash among the intelligent more trash among the intelligent classes in July August than in all the other 10 mones of the year, writes T. De Witt Talmagein the Ladies' Home Journal. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with book that was not really sensible, I fin sitting on hotel piazzas. or ander the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they know that you knew what the book was. "Oh," that you knew what the book was. they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yet there is no need that you take alorg into a watering place Hamilton's 'Metaphysics," or some ponderous discurse on the aternal decrees, or Faraday's Philosophy." or Faraday's 'Philosophy.' There are many easy boos that are good. You might as well say, "Ipropose now to give a little rest to my digetive organs, and instead of eating heavy mat and vegetables, I will, for a little while take lighter food-a little strychnine and few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison a December. Mark that. Do not let the vimin of a corrupt printing press jump anderawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain value. Are there not good books hat are easy to read—books of entertaining ravel; books of congenial history; books of puer fun; books of poetry, ringing with herry cantos; books of fine engraving; both that will rest the mind as

tween this are the day of your death when you can afford read a book lacking in

moral principl and Their Rames. Color. Fashionable lors are always of interest o the trade. slow we give the names of a few of the si les most talked of around his time, together with at they really are in plain -A light corn yellow. definitions of English: A golden shade light le Melon-An ochre ow. to inside of a Vieille Paille—A faded simil French melon light etraw shade. Australien-A dulled ochre y ow. Monaco-A pinkish

vellow, the shad of the inside of a banana Ciel—A pale ne. Myosotis—A shade darker than cien Edison—A light electric blue. Niagara—About three shades darker than Edison. Camelia—A cedarwood red Brasil—A rosewood red. Cequelicot—A bright poppy red. Cardinal—A shade and rose. Marronniere—A deeper shade of reduction by decomposition. vieux-rose. Nile-A light Nile green.

The Value of Sincerity.

Though a man must be sincere in order to be great, he need not be great in order to be sincere. Whatever may be the size of our brain, the strength of our powers, the talents of any kind with which we are gifted, sincerity of heart, or of belief, or of life is possible to us all. It is of itself a kind of greatness which, in spite of many other drawbacks, will of many other drawbacks, wil make itself felt. The honest, upof many right man, who lives openly, fear-lessly and truly, professing only what he feels, upholding only what he believes in pretending nothing, disguising nothing, depeiving no one, claims unconsciously a respeet and honor that we cannot give to any egree of power or ability wielded with duplicity or cunning. If we could correctly livide the world into the sincere and the insincere, we should have a much truer estimate of real worth than we generally

obtain. - New York Ledger. A Cure for Astinna. Mr. Hamilton Fraser, proprietor of the Summit Honse, at the head of Joseph, Muskoks, is a humanitarian. He believes in doing all the good he can for suffering humanity. The other day while conversing with a number of his guests he said: "I do wish that all the world knew the cure for spasmodic asthma that I know." Being asked for it Mr. Fraser said: "Three ounces of saltpetre and three ounces of the best black pepper. A number of strips of brown paper, that manufactured wholly from rage preferred. Make a solution of the saltpetre and pepper, soak the paper therein and then let it dry. Place the patient in a close room and burn the paper, allowing the fumes to be inhaled. It is a certain and permanent oure." Mr. Cox, the owner of the large hotal at Port Sandfield told the writer that it had cured him of the asthma, after he had been a sufferer for years.

A Fair Adjustment,

Doctor-Your services are required at Mr. Poorman's late residence. He died this morning. Undertaker—How much did he leave?

Not over \$1,000.' "What will your bill be?"
"About \$400."

" Well, I'll bury him for the rest." George Westinghouse is having a cottage FOR THE FARMERS

Things Which Every Agriculturist Should Know.

USEFUL HINTS AND HELPS.

Fertilizers and Their Special Composition and Cost.

The cost of fertilizers largely depends apon the kind of crop to which they are

applied, but the composition of the fertilizer itself is also a matter of consideration It may be added that the soil requires special fertilizer for a special purpose, and to use any other than the kind needed is to enter into an expense that may be avoided. The needs of the soil are not only for its own recuperation, but for the crop it is to produce. The kind of work to be done by the soil is the first consideration, and t provide the soil with the proper materia for its work is the next. One may nurchase and apply a large amount of fertilizer with no immediate beneficial results, for the reason that the soil is already provided with what iŧ ceived as an addition. What the essential requirements of his soil may be the farmer cannot learn from books, but must observe for himself by carefully perimenting as well as noting the results of the growth and productions of his crops from year to year. Because a fertilizer i cheap does not indicate it to be the proper kind desired. A fertilizer sells according to its proportion of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash contained. For the legumes and also for grass crops, the low-price fertilizers, which contain but little nitro gen, and more than the average percentage of potash, will sometimes give better re-sults than the more costly fertilizers, for the reason that they contain the proper kind of plant food required, and in such cases the farmer would make a mistake if he purchased any kind containing the costly ingredients, but it would not be economi cal on the part of the farmer to purchase a potash fertilizer for his wheat simply because it can be procured for less, as his crop would be but partially benefited. The crops that require nitrogen will not thrive unless it is supplied, and no substitute will be accepted by the plants. There are instances in which only wood shes are necessary to complete the food of the soil, and when this is the the farmer will secure as good results as from an application of several substances. The soil should be fed with what it requires

compare prices, and buy that which he believes will give the best results for each particular crop.

each ingredient in the fertilizer

only, and not given an excess or that which

will be stored up for the future instead of

benefiting the crop. As fertilizers differ, and are composed of one or more substances that have of themselves a value,

the farmer can never buy any fertilizer at less cost than the value of its ingredients,

and the cost of bags and labor of handling must also be included. To buy intelligently

the farmer should know the proportions of

reliable manufacturer will object to giving),

Mulch for Orchards. Mr. Samuel B. Green, in a late letter in the Farm and Fireside, replying to a subscriber's question whether it best to keep his orchard completely mulched, and if so with what material completely said: "The best mulch for an orchard is a loose top soil. If an orchard is heavily mulched the roots are very liable to come to the surface and be injured if the mulch is removed. Then, it is very apt to stimulate a late fall growth, which is not advantageous." Ornamenting Old Stumps.

An otherwise uneightly old stump, sawed off rather low, says a contemporary, whole life? Three will not be an hour be pretty by placing on it a box filled with earth and planted with forms and Trades-cantia or almost any trailing vine. If some thing brilliant is wanted. fill the box with scarlet geraniums and let nasturtium trail over the edge. The box can be painted accepting tips. The New York Telegram green or be covered with bark tacked on to represent a rustio basket.

Feed the Cow. Bran and grain are cheap as well as milk-Store them in the cow now, that she may se in good shape to produce milk when English: All ight corn yellow. Be in good shape to produce milk when better prices rule—we don't mean fat her, d'or.—A ripe cheat yellow. Toreador.— but grass alone, and such watery grass as Two shades deker than ble d'or. Paille some parts of the country are producing this season, is very poor stuff to build u Give some bran or grain, or both, to help out—we feed bran and a little cornmen each day.

The Manure Heap.

Whenever manure is handled it is so much added to the cost; hence any labo required in preparing the food, or reducing the litter before adding it to the heap, is saved when the manure is to be handled The most disagreeable work on the farm is the handling of manure that is full of corndarker than coquelicot. Pourpre—A shade stalks, straw and other long litter. Manure deeper than cordinal. Grenat—A garnet should be decomposed, and the finer the deeper than ordinal. Grenat—A garnet should be decomposed, and the finer the red. Vieux-rose—A medium shade of ashes material that is added to it the quicker its

Right Kind of Food. Economy in feeding does not refer to reducing the food required, but to regulate it in quality that nothing may be wasted. Much of the food given is simply converted nto manure. It does not pay to feed woody fibre and water when more untritions material is required in order to produce the salable product from an animal. Salt for Cows.

A dairyman claims that two ounces of salt per day to cach cow increased the but. ter product one-fifth, which indicates that a loss may occur by the failure to supply some inexpensive essential, though the farmer may be feeding liberally and giving his animals the best of care other-

Catching Chickens.

When chickens are to be caught it is best to do it after they have gone to roost. The chasing liable to ensue if one attempts to catch them during the day not only annoys the person in pursuit, but i highly injurious to the fowl. Besides al the other poultry is generally frightened and more or less injury results from this Jottiugs Fcom Agricultural Journals. It is absolutely necessary to supply to

the soil such plant food as is lacking. The only question to be decided is how to sup ply it most economically. Lime is recommended for use in case of mildew in oucumbers and diseases among potatoes. Powder the lime and shake it

through a sieve, being careful to distribute it thoroughly. It is easy, says Galen Wilson, to prevent cabbage worms from injuring the plants. Just keep the crowns filled with soil. earth does no harm to the cabbages, as the

heads grow up from the bottom and throw

off the earth. Sugar beets should stand from seven to nine inches apart, according to the fertility of the soil. Cultivate them flat, give them plenty of sun, stir the ground thoroughly and aim to produce beets weighing about pound when topped and cleaned.

One man last year used on 20,000 current bushes 40 pounds of hellebore. This is at the rate of about an ounce to 30 Every bush had a little hellebushes. bore, but if there was no sign of worms only the slightest shake of the box was

given in passing. Small, knotty fruit of any kind is a non paying article. It is better to grow a dozen berries to make a pint than to grow fifty. With grapes remember that ten bunches weighing fifty pounds will sell better than twenty bunches making the

same weight. Those lands which in Continental

Europe are devoted to the grape and produce the best and most costly wines are remarkable for the great amount of phos-phoric acid they contain. The soil of the renowned Clos Vogeot vineyard in France

contains 4 per cent. A fifteen-mile journey is an average day's work for a horse. How far does the cow travel in a poor pasture, nipping a penny-weight of grass here and there, to get her daily ration? Then she is expected to pay for it through the milkpail, says the Mirror and Farmer.

While butter is cheap use all the cream and milk in cooking and upon the table that you wish. For vegetables, pie-crust and many other uses in the culinary art oream is far ahead of butter or lard, and should be indulged in by every farmer's and dairyman's family.

ag icultural Notes. There is as much in planning as in doing arm work.

Nothing on the farm pays better than a ood garden.

Hungarian grass or millet is the best crop sow in the poultry yard. The farmer who has advanced to the

point of knowing what he is feeding to each animal will not long be satisfied with wasting good feed on inferior stock. Always give an abundance of room for

the storage of surplus honey. When bees fill all available space with honey they will make preparations to swarm. From secent observations it is stated that there is reason for believing that fresh dirt

ork their way through the soil to the well and fall in, thus contaminating the water to a certain extent. If possible the curbing of all wells should be cemented. Wherever weeds grow luxuriantly the

ground is usually fertile, and such ground should be made to produce some kind of crop. At this season millet or Hungarian grass should be sown on such land. Education does more for a poor farmer

than fertilizers. It grows better crops and breeds better stock. What many a poor farm, with its scrawny cattle and ores, wants is a heavy application of brains. If you must, or think you must, feed corn to the horses during the winter, do let up on the practice in summer. Feeding a

horse corn in summer is a good deal like building a fire in the parlor stove on the first of July.

There is never too much good butter on the market, but there is always a large supply of inferior butter. The prices are not regulated by the quantity so much as by the quality. Good butter sells at a high price at all seasons of the year.

The Tipping System.

Now that the season of summer travel as fairly set in, attention is being again drawn in some quarters to the increasing prevalence of the tipping system, and to the difficulty travellers experience in getting any small service performed, even by those who are paid for doing it, without a fee being extorted. In barber shops, at hotel tables, in the railway dining car, in the sleeping car, everywhere in fact, backsheesh is demanded. The practice is a most pernicious one, and is fostered by the natural disposition among men to do as their fellows do rather than appear exceptional or mean.

Take the fees to Pullman car porters, for example. It the public would only stop to think they would very soon size the ques-tion up. It is not the porters they are tipping, but the immensely wealthy Pullman company which pays its porters in accordance with the amount of traffic on the lines they travel, and the probable amount of the probable amount. of tips they will receive. It would be infinitely more honest for the company to add the amount of tip to the charge for the berth. The porters are threatening to strike. The regular wages they receive are not large enough to clothe them, and they are beginning to feel the degredation of truthfully says: "The man who gives a tip in a restaurant, hotel or sleeping car, really pays it to the proprietor. In place of a salary the man who is tipped must depend on the irregular compensation he receives from the outcomers. The proprietor or employer makes allowance for the amount a waiter or porter will receive from the guest and takes it out of the

man's wages to add it to his own profits."

The only manner in which the practice can be completely remedied is for the pub-lic to refuse giving tips for the trifling service rendered and for which an ampl amount has been charged on the herth ticket. Then, if the companies would cooperate and make it a dismissable offence for a porter to accept a gratuity, the prac tice would soon be wiped out .- Brantfor History and Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic neaning our forefathers attached to the simple act of combing the hair. We learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or bishop was combed several times during services by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop; mass combs of precious metals are recke ned among the ostly possessions of most European cathedrais. Besides those made of gold and silver, the poorer churches have them of ivory, while in some the more common kinds are used. Among those specially known to history are those of St. Nost, St. Dun stan and Malachias. That belonging to St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still kept in the Church of St. Sepulche ford; that of St. Cuthbert, hater," at Durham Cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divinations, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teacher deemed prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance. St. Louis Republic

Don't sign any paper which a stranger presents, no matter what he says about it, and no matter how innocent the thing appears. It is the season when gangs of swindlers visit the rural districts—glibtongued fellows who have educated them selves to lie black out of white.

There is a man in Southern Illinois who laughs at the idea that marriage is a fail-ure. He has just married his sixth wife. Each successive spouse brought him a farm, and he is now one of th argest land owners in that part of the country.

-The matches that are made in heaven

How a Long Island Congregation Was Scandalized.

A KISSING MATCH

REV. DR. DERRICK A WITNESS.

Woe to those who meet in a place of worship and give way to worldly deeds! Wee unto those colored brethren and sisters who look too much into each other's eyes during service! Woe!

The New African Methodist Episcopal

Church of Northport, L.I., was to begin its soul-saving career last Sunday amid all the surroundings of religious fervor which only Long Island colored society can give to an occasion of the kind. The church was to be organized, and dark-skinned belles and beaux from Kings, Queens and Suffolk assembled in garments that rivalled a Shelter Island sunget in its most glorious a Shelter Island sunset in its most glorious ascendancy. There had been meetings of the elect all day. Rev. Dr. Derrick, who was one of the Republican Presidential electors of last campaign, was there and smiled his benign smile and told his stories with his usual contagious chuckle. All seemed to promise that the new church would be the keystone of Long Island African Methodism. But, oh, and alas for hope and radiant promise. There was in that throng Miss draham, whose mulatto beauty came all the way from Smithtown, and there was, too, Mrs Mary Maghar, pretty as a dusky She. They both had sung, and their voices

there is reason for believing that fresh unitation thrown upon potato leaves when wet starts the mildew on the leaf, which later in the season results in blight.

Earth-worms, in dry weather, sometimes

Bue. They bosh had only in the later of the member of African society in Suffolk knows member of African society in Suffolk knows Perry! And so was Mrs. Mary Smith and-alas! the mother in law, Mrs. Mary Townsend.

Religion was becoming very lively in the assembly. The anxious seat was rapidly filling up and the influence of the time was strong upon the congregation. The spirits of sisterly and brotherly love was present. Perry knew it was there, for the sheep's eyes which he and Mies Graham had been exchanging had become so large that he suddenly discovered the necessity of de-positing his contributions manually. He started from his seat. The congregation watched! Hero was a convert! But no! Horror! He had advanced upon Miss Graham like a swarthy Captain Lovelace and, gracious! he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her-kissed her right upon

her full red lips! But law! he didn't stop at that, for he said, and all the church heard him: "Lord bress you, ma sister! How I does

love yer! Kiss agin!"
"Perry," she murmured, "I loves yer
like I wuz all a-chicken-flesh!" Alack, the course of true love always did run turbid at its flood! Mrs. Smith-Mrs. Perry Smith arose, and so did Mrs. Motherin law Townsend, and with a whoop of three hundred buzzards they fastened upon his carls. But encouragement was needed to the injured females, and so Miss May-hew, who because she is as beautiful as the

suplit meadows is called "Roxy," hit Mr. Smith twice upon the nose and set the crimson fountains aflow. The congregation of the New African Methodist Episcopal Church then took a hand and the brethren and sisters, forget-ful even that Presidential Elector Derrick was there, joined in and indulged their evil passions by calling each other names which are not in the Brooklyn directory and making maps of the Congo Basin upon each

But the dignity of Dr. Derrick could not tolerate this Zuluistic head dance. Some say he did it by praying, some that he pleaded, others that he did it all with the back of a wooden tench, but, however it was, the thunder storm of rage was swept away and Mr. Perry Smith and Roxy Mayhew were arrested.

Deacon Samuel Balton, the northeast pillar of the New African Methodist Church

other's faces.

appeared as complainant against courtly Perry and beautiful Roxy. He told Justice Strawson that "dey had been sorappin' like de debbil hisself, and for the honorh and de glory of religion dey should be put in the lockup.' But misery strikes the silver chord of

sympathy in every breast, and Perry paid \$10 and Roxy \$5, and they were free. Miss Graham thinks that Perry was too bold.— New York Herald.

More Intelligent Than Men. Bishop Spalding created a sensation at the commencement of St. Mary's Academy, at Notre Dame, last week, by his radical declarations (radical for Bishop Spalding on the woman question. He said that woman's position in all ages has been the position given by southern planters to their slaves; that in this country women are generally more intelligent than the men, and that marriage should no more ba a

voman's main thought in life than a man's Gentlemen's Privileges.

Servant-There's a gentleman down Mistress-Show him up to the parlor. Servant-But he has come to clean the

chimbly. Mistress-Then show him up the chim ney .- Chatter.

A surprising number of business buildings in Chicago are built on leasehold pro-perty. Augustin Daly has just taken the lease of a lot on Jackson street for \$30,000 a year, on which he proposes to build a theatre.

D C. N.M. 32, 90.

I took Cold, I took Sick. I TOOK

I take My Meals. I take My Rest, NYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda Not only cured my Incip-

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