MY WEDDING

CHAPTER II.

"What time is it?" asked Mrs. Green, when the two women had started up the hill once more.—"Two o'clock? You don't say so! Well, we may as well have a bit of something ourselves. The fire will be on the top of that hill in half an hour, at the degree abated. Peaceful home sounds rate it is coming. If they can't stop it, it will come down here, and we'll have to turn mil to and fight with the rest of them."

"We'll have to look out, anyways," said Biddy. "The sparks will be all over the place, with this wink, and it's not much time we'll have then to be thinking of dinner.

The children were called in; and we sat down to a picnic sort of meal, consisting of cold beef, plum-pudding, and a tart or two from the unfortunate wedding breakfast. overhead.

These tarts reminded me of a fact that I | I paid little attention to Mrs. Brown's married, and that this was my wedding day; yes, actually my wedding day! and here was I, the bride, sitting down to a demoralwith a mail-roasted ciergyman in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs Green in a voluminous cooking apron.—And Jack? Where was he? Over a mile away, fighting the fire in the heat and dust and smoke. In danger, perhaps! Oh Jack, dear Jack! And I lost myself in loving anyious thought rill! I wee myself in loving anxious thought, till I was roused by Biddy's voice: "My word!" she said, coming to the back door—"it's near now, roaring like anything, and they're beating like mad."

We jumped up at once and went outside. There was a fierce deep roaring rushing sound like a big bush-fire, and nothing else. The smokehung over us thicker than ever, and like a high bush-fire, and nothing eise.

smokehung over us thicker than ever, and like alurid cloud kept off the sunlight, the sun itself had made raids on the kitchen every now and then, carrying off their booty to be disc: and through the roaring and crackling of the flames we heard the sound of the branches as the men fought with all their

might.
While we watched, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones came hurrying down again, bringing with them some of the eatables they had just taken up.

"They've no time to eat," said Mrs. rown; "but they're just dried up with Brown; "but they're just uned up thirst. They want some more tea as soon as you can send it up."
"I will take it, I said.

"Pray, allow me," said Mr. Smith.
"Well," said Mrs. Green, "I expect Mrs.
Brown and Mrs. Jones are tired; besides

they want their dinner.'

I went in search of my shadiest hat, and the parson donned his coat—a great mis-take, as it proved—and we started off, he with two buckets of tea and I with one. Now, full buckets are awkward things to carry up a hill-side at the best of times, and when they are full of tea every drop of which you know is pre-cious to the thirsty men above, you get ner-vous, and consequently spill more. Mr Smith started with a light heart to carry those buckets up that hill, and if his heart was heavier when he reached the top, the buckets were considerably lighter. We got on well enough at first, but soon came to a steep place, where, though our arms were a steep place, where, though our arms were aching furiously, there was no place flat enough to set the buckets down on. Then we had to sidle along the hill, and Mr. Smith had to hold one bucket higher than the other to keep it off the ground; and in spite of all his care, that up-hill bucket would keep catching on sticks and stones, and sending catching on sticks and stones, and sending cataracts of steaming tea over his legs. He did not complain: but it must have been too hot to be comfortable. At last we got on to a cattle track, which made walking easier though it had its drawbacks too, being six inches deep in soft well-trodden dust. The on lition of the parson's moist legs may be

on lition of the parson's moist legs may be imagined. He sailed benignly on, however, with one long coat-tail in each bucket of tea, till I could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat."

"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "what shall I do? They will go in, and I can't put the buckets down, and the tea will be spoilt. Dear me! what shall I do?"

Dear me! what shall I do?"

"Shall I pin them up for you?" I asked.

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Rushton,
if you would," he answered gratefully.

I managed to set my bucket down and
steady it with my foot while I pinned the

tails of his coat together behind, so that is looked like a demented swallow-tail.

"Thank you, thank you, very much indeed," was all he said just then; but when we came to a place where we could set down our loads and rest, he observed, as he mourn fully gazed at his muddy legs: "Really Mrs. Rushton, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth."

At last we reached the top, and found ne men hard at work. The fire had the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before they expected Where a track was already burnt, they stop ped it easily enough; but just here they were having a hard fight. So much we learn ed from one and another as they stoppe to swallow a pannikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tired, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with the stinging smoke. I had seen thirst before, though not quite so bad as this. Mr. Smith had not, I think, and his face grew very grave as he watched them.

"Well, parson," said one, as he drank

the tea, in a voice husky and weak with exhaustion, "you're a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer."

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think; then I heard him murmur to himself: A cup of cold water! I never knew what that means

When we got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this

time without his coat.
"Well," said Biddy, looking after him. "he's got some pluck in spite of his coat."
"He is a brick!" declared the children

and I quite agreed with them. The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it further on. We dismantled the neglected breakfast table, and rearranged it with more regard for compactness than elegance, ready for the men's supper; and at last the long hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back veranda to rest. Mrs. Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed silently upwards at the smoke that told of the fight still going on. Mrs. Brown seized a broom and under the circumstances, so I laughed in-

proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush-fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the bail-yard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of teaspoons in the kitchen -contrasted strongly with the lurid glare of the smoky sunlight and the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum-tree close by were a crowd of magpies that had flown screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of paroquets whizzed shrieking

found hard to realise-that I was really conversation, but fell to thinking-of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with her buckets of milk, and Mrs. Green came out and called the children in ised sort of Christmas dinner in a hot kitchen, to tea. They came scampering in, discuss-with a half-roasted clergyman in his shirt ing the day's events with a vivacity which put day dreaming out of the question for the

time being.

During tea, the talk was still bush fires; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had departed to their respective homes—cottages a little distance off—and Mrs. Green and Biddy were busy preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the veranda and tried to talk the children into a calm enough state of mind for bedtime. It had been a wildly-exciting day for them, devoted in some place where there was a good view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they grew drowsy as they calmed down, and were soon ready to say "Good-

night."
When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set; the short twilight was over, and the smouldering logs shone out like large red stars from the blackened hillside above, when I noticed a strange light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming towards us along the flat. A smouldering log must have rolled down from above and lighted the grass. "Fire! fire! just here!" I shouted. Mrs Green and Biddy rushed out, and took in

the situation at a glance. Biddy just threw back her head, put her hands to her mouth and "coo-eed" loud and long. "Get a can and wet the grass at the end of the house, Mary!" Mrs. Green called to

me as she ran round the house shutting the windows, to keep the sparks out.
"Biddy," she continued, "throw water

on the roof; it's as dry as tinder.'

Biddy gave one more long "coo-o-ee and seizing a bucket, fell to work; while Mrs. Green disappeared into the house, returning with the children, blinking and bewildered. Rolling them in blankets, she deposited them in the bed of a dried-up creek near the house. Meanwhile, I had been running backwards and forwards with two large watering-cans from the tubs we had filled in the morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to check the fire in its advances on the house. My task was only half finished, however, when the fire came up. I caught up a branch and called to the others for help. We beat and beat with all others for help. We beat and beat with all our might; but the wind was high and the grass long, and it seemed as if we could not keep it back. The heat was intense, and the smoke choked and blinded us; but we kept on, till I felt as if each blow would be the last, and dimly wondered what would happen when I gave in, as I must do soon.

I do not know how long we worked; it eemed hours; but I suppose it was not many minutes. All at once we heard men's voices and running feet, and a dozen strong arms were beating beside us. It was a sharp tussle; but they got it under, and were just rushed onwards. And then I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself slowly and painfully coming back to life in my own little room. At first, I was only conscious of a deathly sick feeling; then I remembered that something had happened, something dreadful. What was it? Ah!-Jack, I believe I called his name aloud and then—could it be true?—I heard his voice answering me, and felt his strong arms and his kisses on my face. It was no dream, but Jack himself! I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. I have a dim remembrance of hearing some one say, "She'll do now;" then the door was shut and we were alone. I had my arms round his neck, and clung closely to him, unwilling to lose my hold even to look up at his face

"Hush, Mary," he said—" hush, my darling. I am here, safe and sound. Look up, dear, and see for yourself."

At last I did look up. Could that he Jack? It looked more like a badly-blacked Christy minstrel. "Why, Jack!" I cried, "you are as black as a"—and I paused

for want of a simile.
"A kettle!" he suggested.—"Come little woman, don't call names. I fancy there's a pair of us," he added, looking

laughingly at me. Of course I sat up at once, and looked towards the glass to see what was the matter, and this is what I saw—Jack kneeling by the side of the couch, looking like a sadly-dishevelled sweep, for one of his shirt-sleeves was burnt off to the shoulder, and he was more or less black all over; while his eyes were red, and his teeth, dis played just now by a broad grin, shone like a negro's from beneath the singed and stubbly ends of what had once been his moustache. As for me, my light cotton dress was ornamented by sundry prints of a human hand in black, while round my waist was a broad band of the same huc. My left cheek was one dark smear; while on the other, as well as on my forehead and

stead, to Jack's relief, for he had a man's hatred of scenes.

"How did you escape!" I asked. "I thought I saw the fire go over you.".
"Why, so it did," he answered. "When I found I could not stop it, I lay down, and let it go over me.

Oh Jack! you must have been hurt." "Well, I found it rather warm, certainly; and I am afraid my clothes have suffered.— There, there, little wife; don't cry like that." The thought of his danger had been too much for me. "I am quite safe, thank God, I don't think I am seriously damaged, though my complexion is a little spoiled for the pre-

He stayed talking a little while, and then had to rush back. They had just managed to save the wool-shed, but a good deal of fencing had gone. The worst of the fire was

over, but it needed watching.

Next morning, a rather dilapidated but very happy bride and bridegroom started on their homeward way, after saying good-bye to a still more dilapidated parson, and being honoured with three very husky cheers from all hands.

THE END.

The Heat of the Sun.

There seems to be sufficient reason for the belief that the heat at present emitted from the sun is neither greater nor less than that which our luminary used to dispense ages ago Where the vine and the olive now grow, the vine and olive were growing twenty centuries back. We must not, however, place too strong a reliance on the deduction from such a fact. Darwin has taught us how by natur al selection an organism can preserve its ad-aptation notwithstanding the gradual change of the surrounding conditions. The facts however, fail to show any ground for imagin ing that there have been changes in the climates of the earth within historic times.

We have geological evidence as to the character of the climates which prevailed at a remote antiquity far earlier than any historical testimony. The records of the rocks show us unquestionably that our globe has passed through many striking vicissitudes of heat and cold. Those records demonstrate that there have been periods during which some of the fairest regions of this glo desolated by a frost so frightful that they became thickly cased with solid ice. There have also been periods when conditions of a precisely opposite character have prevailed. Those polar regions which are now the perennial abode of impenetrable ice have once en joyed a succession of long and delightful Summers, divided by Winters remarkable alike for their brevity and their mildness Arctic solitude, now so dismal and so barren, then nourished plants and animals that car only thrive under genial conditions of

No doubt the question as to the origin of these great climatic changes which have so frequently occurred in the course of geological time, presents many difficulties. Opinion is divided as to what the cause of these changes may have been. I do not now enter into this subject, because for our present purpose it suffices to note one very important conclusion. Those who are competent to offer an opinion on the question of the cause of the geological variation of climate are in substantial accord that the changes have not been due to any actual variations in the supply of heat emitted from the sun. In other words, there is not the slightest reason to believe that the sun itself has been either appreciably hotter or appreciably colder during geological times than it is at the pre-

A Woman in the Case.

A woman is supposed to be a prime insti gator in every mischief; she certainly forms an important element in the fight in fiction whether innocently or of malice prepense Many of these belligerent scenes would lack their crowning charm without the feminine business in the background—the agonized sobs, the wringing of hands, the supplicatory appeals of the gentle, timid maiden; or else the self-satisfied smile of the selfish beauty, glorying in her power, though it be for evil, over the masculine species. The fight takes on a more perilous aspect when there is no spectator—if one may except the moon, who from time immemorial, has appeared as intercongratulating themselves on arriving in the ested in these proceedings as in lovers' meet-nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—ings, and who looks down with cold dispaswas heard calling for help, and they saw signate gaze on the dear struggle for life; that the fire, though turned away from the house, was making straight for the wool-shed, heath or rocky shore—it generally means no-Jack was fighting it single-handed. It seemed to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions that is, with the author.) so much the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions that is, with the author.) so much the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall and the fermions to be getting the better of him; then the fermions the fermions to be getting the better of him; then the fermions the for the effect. The villain of the occasion has an awkward knack of working his reluctant adversary nearer and nearer, inch by inch, toward the edge of the yawning abyss and ends by precipitating him over, going about with an uneasy conscience ever after till the Abel of his dreams turns up to confront him at the most momentous crisis of his life; for things seldom turn out so badly as they might have done in these fights. Fic

tion here is sometimes stranger than truth.

The fight is dying out of fiction—if we except those hand-to-hand encounters between white man and savage with which we have been regaled of late and which take place a very long way from home. On the rare oc casions in which the exigencies of plot may still force a fight upon the novelist, the affai is slurred over in a perfunctory style, with nothing of that gusto of detail that animated his predecessor. Whether or not a worse element has crept into his (or her) pages may be a doubtful question.

Work and Long Life.

There has been so much justly said about the prejudicial effects of overwork, especially in using up the powers of man and cutting short his life, that it may be hastily assumed by some that work itself is opposed to length of days. This, however, is a very fatal mistake. Whatever may be proved concerning the comparative tendencies of different em ployments to shorten life, it will always b found that a life of idleness will surpass them The faculties of man, used and not abused, serve not only to benefit the world, but even more to benefit himself. His health, happiness, and length of life depend largely upon the regular, steady, and full—not excessive—employment of his powers. He who neglects this law and suffers them to run to waste, leading an aimless and vacant life, will reap the penalty quite as much in his own inferior condition, physical and mental, as in any external loss he may sustain.

Old-fashioned French lawns, old friends ips, were numerous rough but unmistakable mpressions of Jack's moustache.

It was no use trying to be sentimental of fashion as they did in the days of our

AGRICULTURAL.

Breeding For Quality. We clip from Colman's Rural World the

following sensible hints on the subject of breeding for quality:

"Young breeders have often been advised to be sure and breed for size, says an exchange. Now, this is all well enough as far as it goes. Get size if you can do so without sacrificing quality. Bear in mind, however, that where size will add \$1 to the selling price of an animal, quality and finish will add \$10. As a rule, most large roomy mares that breeders are advised to "tie to" are somewhat coarse.

There are exceptions, it is true. Occasion ally a mare can be found which, like Miss Russell, dam of Maud S. 2:083, though of good size, possesses the quality and finish of a thoroughbred. Kitefoot 2:17 is another that shows quality. Such cases are the exceptions, however. Horsemen who want animals for their own use are becoming more critical every day not only as regards the fashionable producing blood lines required in pedigrees but in quality, finish, style, gait and other attributes, which though not al-ways combined with the highest rate of speed need not detract from the trotting capacity of an animal.

Quality is quite as important in the road horse as in the trotter. It is a fact that most of the best turf campaigners were out of small nervy mares such as showed a deal of quality and possessed lots of vim. Clara the dam of Dexter, was one of this kind. She stood only 14:2; the dam of Goldsmith Maid was not a large animal; the dam of Jack 2:15, was thought to be too small for brood purposes, so after producing this famous campainer they sold her for about \$60 she has since been sold for \$3,000. Reins Victoria, the first broodmare that brought \$7.025 at auction was scant fifteen hands high. Alma Mater, the greatest broodmare of her age that ever lived, stands only about fifteen hands, yet if report is correct her present owner paid \$15,000 for her. Zoraya, the only broodmare that has ever vet been auctioned for \$13,000, is quite small, barely fifteen hands in height. Nellie May, lately bought by J. Malcolm Forbes in New York City, belongs to the same class; about fifteen hands is her size. Voodoo, which sold for \$24,000, was a little pony-built fellow that good judges think will never exceed fifteen hands in height.

If you wish to obtain good prices for your horse stock, young breeders, pay more attention to quality, whether you are breeding roadsters or trotters. Never be pursuaded to buy a roomy mare that has noth ing but her roominess to recommend her. Size can be increased by liberal, judicious feeding. Quality, however, must be bred in the animal. If not, then no amount of

care can supply it. Just keep your eye upon the quotations and learn the breeding and characteristics of those which bring the most money. Facts and figures correctly stated will not mislead. Quality will always be at premium. Those who have large, roomy mares should as a rule, mate them with the highest-formed, round-barrelled, closely-ribbed stallions of medium size that can be found. Get size if you can and breed for quality at all events."

Asparagus.

There is probably no vegetable that is so absolutely superb to the delicate appetite of the epicure as the first delicious cuttings of asparagus. Although a native of Europe and Asia, it has become so common in this country as to be almost naturalized in some places, having found its way into the fields and sometimes being seen on marshy places on the sea coast.

Most of our prominent growers prefer to plant one-year old roots, although two and three-year are often used. The asparagus bed should be five feet wide and any desirable length, according to the size of the family. It should be well cultivated, two feet deep, and well manured. Three rows of plants will suffice to each bed; the plants should stand one foot apart in each row, and the crowns should be well covered four inches deep; a good deep soil with sandy bottom is found most suitable, as the plants do not thrive well in a wet stiff soil As soon as the tons are cut l down in the fall cover with a top dressing of coarse manure, which may be forked early in the spring. A partial cutting may be made the third year, but it will add materially to the vigor of the plants if none be got until the fourth year. In locating away from the sea shore a top dressing will be found beneficial. The asparagus is naturally a marine plant, this being a reason why salt acts beneficially.

A Valuable Lesson.

I know a man who lives not very far from me who raised nine bushels of wheat per acre on a field of fourteen acres in 1888. He broke and sowed the same field in the fall of that year, and then began to haul manure upon it. He was told that the manure was too green, too fresh, too new; it would kill the wheat roots sure. But he hauled on just the same. Again he was besieged by a lawyer who was hunting quail in the field, and was cautioned not to put the manure on the ground after the wheat was sown. His hair began to turn gray, but he went to another livery stable and bought all the manure they had. His minister told him to pile it up in piles, his doctor told him to give it in broken doses and a section boss on a railroad said he was wasting time, that he had better feed it to the "praties."

But he hauled on, in all sorts of weather, on all sorts of occasions and under all sorts of circumstances; despite all opposition. At last his threshing season came on, and when his crop was measured from that field it yielded thirty-five bushels per acre. Then there were more men who "knew it all the time" than you could count.—[Country Contlement Gentleman.

Value of Cow Manure.

The fact that cow manure does not heat so rapidly as that from the horse, sheep or hog makes it less immediately available, unability. Chemically, of course, the manure must depend on the feed, and on most farms the cow is less highly fed than the horse or must be impoverished by what the milk cone.

glands take from the food for their manufacture. On this point practice and more careful analysis shows that the theoretical loss is not large. Good farmers know that they get large results from manure made by milch cows liberally fed. Dr. Collier of the New York Experimental Station at Geneva has been testing this matter with some very interesting results. He reports in a recent address that with growing animals not six per cent. of the material in the food was re-tailed in growth. With milch cows in full flow of milk this proportion was increased to 91 per cent. He therefore calculates that fully ninety per cent. on an average of all the fertilizing elements of food consumed by milch cows is voided in the manure, and if, properly preserved, may be used to maintain the productive capacity of the soil. This is a most important contribution to practical farming, as it sets at rest any doubts which farmers may have derived from partial theorizing whether keeping cows, and even selling the milk, might not be another way of making their land poorer in-stead of richer. Very few milk farmers now buy much more than one-tenth the food their cows consume. Hence if they sell all the milk their land grows richer. If they sell only butter there is no loss of fertility, as all goes back to the farm.

In Apia Bay.

(Morituri vos salutamus.) Ruin and death held sway That night in Apia Bay,
And smote amid the loud and dreadful

But, Hearts, no longer weep The salt unresting sleep

Of the great dead victorious in their doom Vain, vain the strait retreat That held the fated fleet

Trapped in the two-fold threat of sea and Fell reefs on either hand And the devouring strand!

Above, below, the tempest's deafening roar! What mortal hand shall write The horror of that night,
The desperate struggle in that deadly close,
The yelling of the blast,

The wild surf, white, aghast, The whelming seas, the thunder and the

How the great cables surged, The giant engines urged,
As the brave ships the unequal strife waged on !

Not hope, not courage flagged; But the vain anchors dragged Down on the reefs they shattered, and were gone!

And now were wrought the deeds Whereof each soul that reads Grows manlier, and burns with prouder breath,--

Heroic brotherhood,
The loving bonds of blood,
Proclaimed from high hearts face to face with death.

At length the English ship Her cables had let slip, Crowded all steam, and steered for the open

Resolved to challenge Fate, To pass the perilous strait, And wrench from jaws of ruin Victory

With well-tried metals strained, In the storm's teeth she gained, Foot by slow foot made head, and crept toward life.

Across her dubious way
The good ship Trenton lay,
Helpless, but thrilled to watch the splendid strife.

Helmless she lay, her bulk A blind and wallowing hulk, By her strained hawsers only held from

But dauntless each brave heart Played his immortal part In strong endurance on the reeling deck. They fought Fate inch by inch,-

Could die, but could not flinch; And, biding the inevitable dcom, They marked the English ship, Baffling the tempest's grip,
Forge hardly forth from the expected tomb.

Then, with exultant breath, These heroes, waiting death, Thundered across the storm a peal of To the triumphant brave

A greeting from the grave, Whose echo shall go ringing down the years. "To you, who well have won, From us, whose course is run,
Glad greeting, as we face the undreaded

The memory of those cheers Shall thrill in English ears

Where'er this English blood and speech No manlier deed comes down,

Blazoned in broad renown, From men of old who lived to dare and die ! The old fire yet survives, Here in our modern lives. Of splendid chivalry and valor high! CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Immigrants we Want.

However greatly we may desire to see the number of immigrants to our North Western Territories increased, no lover of his country would rejoice in the mere fact of numbers unless the new comers were of such a class as to warrant the belief that they would help to build up our cherished institutions and to develop the country along the lines of order and true progress. We want men to occupy the waste places, but we want men. We are not anxious that the scum of the old world shall find its way to our virgin. plains; that the Socialist, the Anarchist, the ne'er-do-well, the social parasite shall seek a home among us. These we will thank to stay away. It is gratifying to learn, how-ever, that the class of immigrants arriving this season are all of a superior character. Mr. Stafford, the Government agent at Quebec, writes as follows: "Ten families, per hog makes it less immediately available, unless first composted, than that from either of these other animals. If spread without composting it ferments more slowly. But a fine lot of English falmers who, I am satisfied wall. Sixteen single men and fied, will do well. Sixteen single men and eleven single women assisted out by the Chu ch Emigration Society were a fine hea thy lot, well adapted for country work. pig, the latter receiving an almost exclusive. hea thy lot, well adapted for country work.' ly grain ration when fattening. It is often said that the manure from cows giving milk cpen wide; and to such we bid a cordial well