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THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER X.

"I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so."
Shakespeare.

"Where is papa?" she asks, meeting one of the servants in the hall. Hearing he is out, and will not be back for some time, she, too, turns again to the open door, and, as though the house is too small to contain all the thoughts that throng her breast, she walks out in the air again and passes into the garden, where autumn, though kindly and slow in its advances, is touching everything with the hand of death.

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

With a sigh she quits her beloved garden, and wanders still further into the deep woods that "have put their glory on," and are dressed in tender russets, and sad greens, and fading tints, that meet and melt into each other.

The dry leaves are falling, and lie crackling under foot. The daylight is fading, softly, imperceptibly, but surely. There is yet a glow from the departing sunlight, that, sinking lazily beyond the distant hills, tinges with gold the browning earth that in her shroud of leaves is lying.

But death, or pain, or sorrow, has no part with Clarissa. She is quite happy,—utterly content. She marks not the dying of the year, but rather the beauty of the sunset. She heeds not the sullen roar of the ever-increasing streamlets, that winter will swell into small but angry rivers; hearing only the songs of the sleepy birds as they croon their night-songs in the boughs above her.

When an hour has passed, and twilight has come up and darkened all the land, she goes back again to her home, and, reaching the library looks in, to find her father sitting there, engrossed as usual with some book, which he is carefully annotating as he reads.

"Are you very busy?" asks she, coming slowly up to him. "I want to be with you for a little while."

"That is right. I am never too busy to talk to you. Why, it is quite an age since last I saw you!—not since breakfast; where have you been all day?"

"You are a pet," said Miss Peyton, in a loving whisper, rubbing her cheek tenderly against his, as a reward for his pretty speech. "I have been at the vicarage, and have pleaded Georgie's cause so successfully that I have won it, and have made them half in love with her already."

"A special pleader, indeed. Diplomacy is your forte; you should keep to it."

"I mean to. I shouldn't plead in vain with you, should I? She has grown somewhat earnest.

"Oh! with you!" says her father, with much self-contempt; "I have given up all that sort of thing, long ago. I know how much too much you are for me, and I am too wise to swim against the tide. Only I would entreat you to be merciful as you are strong."

"What a lot of nonsense you do talk, you silly boy!" says Clarissa, who is still leaning over his chair in such a position that he cannot see her face. Perhaps could he have seen it, he might have noticed how pale it is beyond its wont. "Well, the Redmonds seemed quite pleased, and I shall write to George to-morrow. It will be nice for her to be here, near me. It may keep her from being lonely and unhappy."

"Well, it ought," says George Peyton. "What did the vicar say?"

"The vicar always says just what I say," replies she, a trifle saucily, and with a quick smile.

"Poor man! his is the common lot," says her father; and then, believing she has said all she wants to say, and being filled with a desire to return to his books and his notes, he goes on. "So that was the weighty matter you wanted to discuss, eh? Is that all your news?"

"Not quite," returns she, in a low tone.

"No? You are rich in conversation this evening. Who is it we are now to criticise?"

"The person you love best,—I hope." "Why, that will be you," says George Peyton.

"You are sure?" says Clarissa, a little tremulously; and then her father turns in his chair and tries to read her face.

"No; stay just as you are; I can tell you better if you do not look at me," she whispers, entreatingly, moving him with her hands back to his former position.

"What is it, Clarissa?" he asks, hastily, though he is far from suspecting the truth. Some faint thought of James Scrope (why he knows not) comes to him at this moment, and not unpleasingly. "Tell me, darling. Anything that concerns you, must, of necessity, concern me also."

"Yes, I am glad I know that," she says, speaking with some difficulty, but very earnestly. "To-day I met Horace Branscombe."

"Yes?" His face changes a little, from vague expectancy to distinct disappointment; but then she cannot see his face.

"And he asked me to be his wife—and—I said, Yes—if—if it pleases you, papa."

It is over. The dreaded announcement is made. The words that have cost her so much to utter have gone out into the air; and yet there is no answer.

For a full minute silence reigns, and then Clarissa lays her hand imploringly upon her father's shoulder. He is looking straight before him, his expression troubled and grave, his mouth compressed.

"Speak to me," says Clarissa, entreatingly. After this he does speak.

"I wish it had been Dorian," he says, impulsively.

Then she takes her hand from his shoulder, as though it can no longer rest there in comfort, and her eyes fill with disappointed tears.

"Why do you say that? she asks, with some vehemence. "It sounds as if—as if you undervalued Horace! Yet what reason have you for doing so? What do you know against him?"

"Nothing, literally nothing," answers Mr. Peyton, soothingly, yet with a plaintive ring in his voice that might suggest the idea of his being sorry that such answer must be made. "I am sure Horace is very much to be liked."

"How you say that!"—reproachfully. "It sounds untrue! Yet it can't be. What could any one say against Horace?"

"My dear I said nothing."

"No but you insinuated it. You said Dorian was his superior."

"Well I think he's the better man of the two," says Mr. Peyton, desperately, hardly knowing what to say, and feeling sorely aggrieved in that he is compelled to say what must hurt her.

"I cannot understand you; you say you know nothing prejudicial to Horace (it is impossible you should), and yet you think Dorian the better man. If he has done no wrong, why should any one be a better man? Why draw the comparison at all? For the first time in all your life you are unjust."

"No, Clarissa, I am not. At least, I think not. Injustice is a vile thing. But, somehow, Sartoris and I had both made up our minds that you would marry Dorian, and——"

He pauses.

"Then your only objection to poor Horace is that he is not Dorian?" asks she, anxiously letting her hand rest upon his shoulder.

"Well, no doubt there is a great deal in that," returns he, evasively, hard put to it to answer his inquisitor with discretion.

"And if Dorian had never been, Horace would be the one person in all the world you would desire for me?" pursues she, earnestly.

George Peyton makes no reply to this,—perhaps because he has not one ready. Clarissa, stepping back, draws her breath a little quickly, and a dark fire kindles in her eyes. In her eyes, too, large tears rise and shine.

"It is because he is poor," she says, in a low tone that has some contempt in it, and some passionate disappointment.

"Do not mistake me," says her father, speaking hastily, but with dignity. Rising, he pushes back his chair, and turning, faces her in the gathering twilight. "Were he the poorest man alive, and you loved him, and he was worthy of you, I would give you to him without a murmur. Not that"—hurriedly—"I consider Horace unworthy of you, but the idea is new, strange, and—the other day, Clarissa, you were a child."

"I am your child still—always." She is sitting on his knee now, with her arms round his neck, and her cheek against his; and he is holding her svelte lissome figure very closely to him. She is the one thing he has to love on earth; and just now she seems unspeakably—almost painfully—dear to him.

"Always, my dear," he reiterates, somewhat unsteadily.

"You have seen so little of Horace lately," she goes on, presently trying to find some comfortable reason for what seems to her her father's extraordinary blindness to her lover's virtues.

"When you see a great deal of him, you will love him! As it is, darling, do—do say you like him very much, or you will break my heart!"

"I like him very much," replies he, obediently, repeating his lesson mechanically, while feeling all the time that he is being compelled to say something against his will, without exactly knowing why he should feel so.

"And you are quite pleased that I am going to marry him?" reading his face with her clear eyes; she is very pale, and strangely nervous.

"My darling, my one thought is for your happiness." There is evasion mixed with the affection in his speech; and Clarissa notices it.

"No; say you are glad I am going to marry him," she says, remorselessly.

"How can you expect me to say that," exclaims he, mournfully, "when you know your wedding day must part us?"

"Indeed it never shall!" cries she, vehemently; and then, overcome by the emotion of the past hour, and indeed of the whole day, she gives way and bursts into tears. "Papa, how can you say that? To be parted from you! We must be the same to each other always; my wedding-day would be a miserable one indeed if it separated me from you."

Then he comforts her fondly caressing the pretty brown head that lies upon his heart, as it had lain in past years, when the slender girl of to-day was a little lisping motherless child. He calls her by all the endearing names he had used to her then, until her sobs cease, and only a sigh, now and again, tells of the storm just past.

"When is it to be?" he asks her, after a little while. "Not too soon, my pet, I hope?"

"Not for a whole year. He said something about November, but I could not leave you in such a hurry. We must have one more Christmas all to ourselves."

"You thought of that," he says, tenderly. "Oh, Clarissa, I hope this thing is for your good. Think of it seriously, earnestly while you have time. Do not rush blindly into a compact that must be binding on you all your life."

"I hope it will be for all my life," returns she, gravely. "To be parted from Horace would be the worst thing that could befall me. Always remember that, papa. I am bound to him with all my heart and soul."

"So be it!" says George Peyton, solemnly. A sigh escapes him.

For some time neither speaks. The twilight is giving place to deeper gloom, the night is fast approaching, yet they do not stir. What the girl's thoughts may be at this moment, who can say? As for her father, he is motionless, except that his lips move, though no sound comes from them. He is secretly praying, perhaps, for the welfare of his only child, to her mother in heaven, who at this time must surely be looking down upon her with tenderest solicitude. Clarissa puts her lips softly to his cheek.

"Our engagement will be such a long one, and we think——"

"Yes?"

"We should like it kept quite secret. You will say nothing about it to any one."

"Not until you give me leave. You have acted wisely, I think, in putting off your marriage for a while." Almost unconsciously he is telling himself that time changes all things, and how many plans and affections can be altered in twelve months.

"But surely you will tell James Scrope," he goes on after a while; that will not be making it public. He has known you and been fond of you ever since you were a baby; and it seems uncivil and unfriendly to keep him in the dark.

"Then tell him; but no one else now papa. I quite arranged for James, he is such an old friend, and so nice in every way."

Here she smiles involuntarily, and after a little bit, laughs outright, in spite of herself, as though at some ridiculous recollection.

"Do you know," she says, "When I told Horace I thought I should like Sir James to know of our engagement, I really think he felt a little jealous! At least, he didn't half like it. How shallow—wasn't it? Fancy being jealous of dear old Jim!"

"Old!—old! He is a long way of that. Why, all you silly little girls think a man past twenty-nine to be hovering on the brink of the grave. He cannot be more than thirty-three, or so."

"He is very dreadfully old, for all that," says Miss Peyton, wilfully. "He is positively ancient; I never knew anyone so old. He is so profound, and earnest, and serious, and——"

"What on earth has he done to you that you should call him all these terrible names?" says Mr. Peyton, laughing.

"He scolds me," says Clarissa. "He lectures me, and tells me I should have an aim in life. You have been my aim, darling, and I have been devoted to it, haven't I?"

"You have, indeed. But now I shall be out in the cold, of course." His tone is somewhat wistful. "That is all one gains by lavishing one's affection upon a pretty child and centering one's every thought and hope upon her."

"No, you are wrong there: it must be something to gain love that will last forever." She tightens her arm around his neck. "What a horrid little speech! I could almost fancy James dictated it to you. He is a skeptic, an unbeliever, and you have imbibed his notions. Cynical people are a bore. You wouldn't, for example, have me fall in love with James, would you?"

"Indeed I would," says George Peyton, boldly. "He is just the one man I would choose for you,—not Launcelot nor another." He is so genuine, so thorough in every way. And then the estates join, and that. I really wish you had fallen in love with Scrope."

"I love you dearly,—dearly," says Miss Peyton; "but you are a dreadful goose! James is the very last man to grow sentimental about any one,—least of all, me. He thinks me of no account at all, and tells me so in very polite language occasionally. So you see what a fatal thing it would have been if I had given my heart to him, have died, and you would have put up a touching and elaborate tablet to my memory, and somebody would have planted snowdrops on my grave. There would have been a tragedy in Pullingham, with Jim for its hero."

"You take a different view of the case from mine. I believe there would have been no broken heart, and no early grave, and you would have been happy ever after."

"That is a more comfortable theory, certainly, for me. But think what a miserable life he would have had with me forever by his side."

"A very perfect life, I think," says Mr. Peyton, looking with pardonable pride upon the half-earnest, half-laughing and wholly lovely face so near him. "I don't know what more any fellow could expect."

"You see I was right. I said you were a goose," says Miss Peyton, irreverently. But she pats his hand, in the very sweetest manner possible, as she says it. Then she goes on:

"Horace said he would come up tomorrow to speak to you."

"Very well, dear. That is the usual thing, I suppose. I hope he won't be long-winded, or lachrymose, or anything that way. When a thing is done it is done, and discussion is so unnecessary."

"Promise me to be very, very kind to him."

"I shan't eat him, if you mean that," says Mr. Peyton, half irritably. "What do you think I am going to say to him? Is my father an ogre, that he should do this thing? But have you quite made up your mind to this step? Remember, there will be no undoing it."

"I know that, but I feel no fear." She has grown pale again. "I love him. How should I know regret when with him? I believe in him, and trust him; and I know he is worthy of all my trust."

Mr. Peyton sighs. Some words come to his memory, and he repeats them to himself,—slowly, beneath his breath,—"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith!"

Truly her faith is pure and simple, and free from thought of guile.

"I wonder what James Scrope will say to it all?" he says, presently.

"He never says very much on any subject, does he? If you are going over to the Hall, will you tell him about it?"

"No; tell him yourself," says her father, in a curious tone.

"There is the dressing-bell," says Clarissa, getting up lazily. "I don't feel a bit like eating my dinner, do you know?"

"Nonsense! The love-sick role won't suit you. And people who don't eat dinner get pale, and lose all their pretty looks. Run away, now, and don't be long. I feel it would be injudicious to put cook into a tantrum again to-night, after last night's explosion. So go and make yourself lovely."

"I'll do my best," says Clarissa, modestly.

(To Be Continued.)

SURGERY WITHOUT PAIN.

Important Operations Done While the Patient Is Fully Conscious.

The meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society the other evening was rendered particularly interesting on account of the presentation of a paper by Dr. T. Parvin, on the new method of abolishing the pain of surgical operations without the necessity of employing ether or chloroform. This is the system suggested and practised by the well-known German surgeon, Schleich, who, by its use, has been able to perform practically all of the minor and many of the major operations of surgery without the slightest pain to the patient and without depriving him in any other way of his consciousness.

By the method of Schleich there are prepared three solutions of common salt, in which are dissolved different quantities of muriate of cocaine and morphia. The part to be operated upon is thoroughly cleansed with an antiseptic solution and the surface brought to a low temperature by a spray of chloride of ethyl. Into this area of the skin, which, by the action of the spray, has been deprived of all sensation, the salt solution containing the cocaine and morphine is injected by means of a special hypodermic syringe, numerous punctures being made in all directions. This renders the deeper structures insensible to the surgeon's knife, and for a period of from twenty minutes to half an hour the patient is not conscious, so far as actual pain is concerned, of extensive cutting and sewing.

The new method differs in an important degree from the ordinary employment of hypodermic injections of cocaine. The strength of the drug which has been used in the past is about one part in each twenty-five parts of the solution, while in the Schleich method there is often employed a strength of only 1 in 10,000. In the former, however, only a few drops of the solution are employed, while in the latter the tissues surrounding the part to be operated upon are thoroughly infiltrated with the solution. With the small quantity of the cocaine employed by Dr. Schleich, it is apparent that something more than cocaine is responsible for the local anæsthesia so perfectly obtained. In the opinion of Drs. Keen, Ashhurst, and Morton, who discussed the merits of the new system, the infiltration of the tissues with the solution and the distension and consequent pressure upon the small nerves were responsible in a large measure for the absence of pain when the incision by the knife is made.

To indicate the manner of employing the method of Schleich, and to show the entire absence of pain, one of the surgeons had the solution inserted beneath the skin of the arm and an incision an inch long made and sewed up before the society last evening.

In the discussion it was generally conceded, both from the results achieved by the German surgeon and the experiments made in a number of cases in Philadelphia that a decided advance had been made in the field of anæsthetics, and that for a large number of operations the infiltration method would entirely supersede the general anæsthesia by ether and chloroform.

Fastest Run of Greyhounds.

Two greyhounds of Spanish breed belonging to the Prince of Campofranco were brought from Bozen, in Tyrol, to Kaltern, where the Prince has a country house with large kennels. The two greyhounds did not seem to like the country place, it was either too lonesome or too quiet for them, so they decided to run away together, and in doing so they unconsciously created a record. Kaltern is a little more than ten miles distant from Bozen. At 11.15 they were freed from their box in the kennel, and for a short time were observed prowling around the large yard of the castle; at 11.45 they arrived in the family residence at Bozen. They must, therefore, have covered that distance in the very short time of thirty minutes.

A Necessity.

It was in a German household, according to a Berlin paper, that a mother said to her small boy:

Johnny, go down to the grocer's and get a pound of black tea."

But, mother—

What?

You know father won't drink black tea.

That makes no difference. This family is in mourning now, and it has got to drink black tea!

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Tuberculosis and Continuous Stabling.

Now that cold weather has again come the cows will be stabled much of the time by every good dairyman, writes Mr. E. E. Rockwood. Some good dairymen will stable them all the time from now until spring. On general principles the practice will involve conditions not exactly conducive to the most perfect health of the animals, for in most stables very little if any attention is paid to ventilation, the cows thus being forced to breathe over and over their own exhalations. If ventilation is supplied, it is most commonly through feed chutes or holes in the floor which allow the stored fodder above to become filled with the vitiliating odors.

I know that with the average stable there is ample means of ventilation supplied by way of cracks and crevices, far too ample, indeed. This kind of stabling, however, does not commonly belong to the class of dairymen who stable their cows continuously. They are of the progressive, up-to-date variety who realize the wastefulness of having this kind of ventilation. But in their zeal to shut out the cold, do they provide in lieu of this method of crack ventilation another and a better one? While some may, many, I fear, do not.

Proper ventilation means to carry off entirely all foul air, not by openings in the floor above, but by pipes or ventilating shafts outside the building entirely, introducing fresh air in the same way.

Now in my mind breathing vitiated air continuously, which is unavoidable in any but a stable with strictly sanitary methods of ventilation, is one great cause of tuberculosis. It is most often found in highly bred animals, those which have been pampered and fed to extreme limits on concentrated food. Those animals are most often the property of men who pride themselves on taking the best care of their stock whose barns are built after the most approved and up-to-date manner. I have not statistics to prove it, but is it not a fact that it is also most commonly found in herds which are continuously stabled?

Stables absolutely free from odors are rarely found. It is next to impossible to confine a number of animals in a warm stable and keep the air pure and sweet.

Mind, I am not saying it cannot be done, but I do say that there are very few that accomplish it. A cow may keep in perfect health tied in her stall from fall to spring, but does it look reasonable that it was as healthful all around as to allow her to breathe the outside air once in awhile? When we have been confined to the house for several days how bracing and health-giving it is to step out of doors and fill our lungs with pure, fresh air. It is an actual necessity if we would enjoy good health.

The advocates of continuous stabling claim that exercise is not necessary to health in the case of a cow, yet I cannot see why a cow alone of all living creatures is exempt from the generally accepted fact that it is.

Now, so firm is my belief that continuous stabling is in a great degree responsible for the prevalence of tuberculosis in highly bred herds, that if I owned any animals which were too delicate to be turned out during pleasant weather, even in mid-winter, for a breathing spell, I should at once buy 5-A blankets for the whole lot and out they would go.

The fact that a cow wants to go back in her stable as soon as released is nothing to go by. She is not supposed to know what is best for her. So will a horse return voluntarily to his treadmill if he has been kept in it long enough to establish the habit.

Horse Notes.

If your horse refuses a second feed, take him out of work and give him good care and nursing, even if you do not medicate him. It is a mistake to work a sick animal.

When your horse goes lame from a sprain of either muscle, ligament or tendon, give him rest till he fully recovers.

The expense in developing a trotting horse's speed and the enormous expense attending the campaigning of him, make it an unprofitable business eight times out of ten.

Every farmer and stock raiser should own a pair of pinchers, a rasp and drawing knife for cutting and shaping his colts' hoofs.

Before a colt is driven he should wear the bitting harness not less than three weeks.

Now-a-days very few farmers make money raising speed horses; it costs altogether too much money to develop them.

If your animals are kept warm less food will be required to fatten them.

Thousands of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs are not supplied with enough water during the winter months. Water is the cheapest food you can furnish them.

Do not waste food feed in feeding stock that are wormy, but eradicate the worms and you will get good results from your feed.

If you keep your stock dry and clean they will thrive better and be more healthy.

Do not allow your stock to stand in wet, filthy places; by so doing you will prevent many cases of foot disease.

Regularity in feeding and milking will be found quite profitable to the farmer and cost him nothing; try it.

Clean your hen roosts once every two weeks and whitewash once every thirty days during hot weather and once every sixty days in winter.

Farmers are not particular enough about furnishing their animals with clean drinking water. Many times disease is taken into the system by drinking impure water.

The short-legged, chunky, compact-built, high stepping cob horse, about 15.1, and to weigh from 900 to 1,025 lbs., sells for the highest price at the present time in American cities; it pays well to raise them.

English horse buyers prefer to have white markings on horses that they ship across the Atlantic. Solid colors, especially, blacks, do not sell well and are seldom imported.

Running horses are much more profitable to gamblers than harness horses. The expense in educating and campaigning trotters is twice as great as that of the race horse.

Horses weighing from fifteen to eighteen hundred pounds sell for good prices in Cleveland market.

Do not breed sound mares to unsound stallions; if you do you will lose money.

Winter Care of Sheep.

Sheep should be healthy and in good condition before winter begins, that when cold weather comes the growth of the fleece may be constant and rapid. The greatest care is demanded to fatten a poor sheep in the winter, and it is impossible to clip as much and as good quality of wool from it as might have been done had it been in good condition before winter began.

The first thing to be done is to divide your sheep into flocks according to age or purpose. In most cases a division into four flocks will be sufficient, viz:—lambs, yearlings, breeding ewes and those desired to be fatted for late spring market. The rams should be separated from the others at all times, when not in use.

The locating and arranging of a sheep-house are important factors to be taken into consideration. Locate on dry ground and underdrain the floor well with tile or cobble stone to provide against surface water during freezing and thawing periods. The sheep lots should be supplied with a stream of living water, for water is injurious to sheep. Here is a brief plan for a good and convenient sheep-house that will accommodate 200 head of sheep. This plan is for four flocks of sheep, no difference how much they vary in number, and it can be made to accommodate more sheep by adding to length, only, which does not disarrange plan of division. Size of building 28x40 feet, two story with room above for hay. Plant three parallel rows of stone pillars 6 in a row, projecting above level of floor one foot; the second row 14 feet from the first, and the third 14 feet from the second. The length of the building should extend east and west. Place 18 posts on the stone pillars 6 feet high, for upper sills to rest upon. This does away with lower sills, which are a nuisance. The upper story may be built to suit the builder; better make it large enough.

In the center make a portable rack 8x8 feet, 3 1-2 feet high. From this rack to center of each end and side make portable racks; this will divide the floor into four equal divisions, which may be changed by shifting the racks. The hay can be thrown from above into the square rack, from there into the division racks. Make two doors at each end, wide enough to drive a wagon through; then you will have two driveways from end to end to remove manure. Each door answers for a flock of sheep to pass in and out.

Make two sheep lots at each end and the sheep cannot get under the eaves. Rether or other good hay, with corn and oats mixed, is the universal feed and sheep will do well on it.

A ration for 100 head of sheep is—3 pks. of equal bags of corn and oats and 200 lbs. of hay, one-third fed in the morning and two-thirds in the evening. Stock digest best at night. Make a salt box for each flock of sheep similar to one described for cattle but much smaller. Mix 1 lb. of sulphur with 10lbs. of salt and keep the boxes well supplied with the same. Permit sheep to run out or in during the day if it is not raining or snowing. Sheep can stand cold, but not too much wet. Keep the stable clean and well bedded with stubs. Feed grain in the lots if you use common troughs. Study your business and give your flocks a great deal of your time and attention. A great author once said: "Shepherds are born, not made."

THE SULTAN'S FAMILY.

It is Large, and There are Frequent Change in Its Personnel.

A gentleman who has lived in Constantinople says:

"The harem of the present Sultan is a museum of living pictures, a fine collection of every nationality, a regular fair of the fair sex. He has ever 600 wives and concubines, besides a number of female servants and playmates. All are intrusted to the care of the aga, the chief eunuch. (In the book of Esther he is termed the Heiga.) The only legitimate wife is she who marries him first. Those who come afterward are merely concubines and favorites. The advantages and superiority of the first wife lie in the fact that her children are recognized as fit for the throne, otherwise she is subjected to the regular harem discipline, like the rest. More often than not the Sultan pays greater attention to one of his favorites than to her. But those favors are as changeable as the weather. To-day it is Zuleika, to-morrow it is Fatima. The harem gets every year an additional living ornament, donated by the nation, through a strange religious custom.

"Ramadan is the period of the year corresponding to the Christian Lent, and during that month the Moslem abstains from food, drinking, and even from smoking, devoting himself to fasting and religious exercises. At the end of Ramadan the Moslem world celebrates the three-days' feast known as the 'Kurban Beiram' (the sacrifice of Abraham). The first night of that great feast an illumination takes place and the nation donates to the Sultan a gift as a token of loyalty—a tribute in the shape of a handsome virgin. So it goes on year after year.

"The harem life would be regarded by Western women as very monotonous, but to these Orientals, who are brought up from infancy in its seclusion and isolation, it has plenty of variety. There is plenty of music and dancing, sweet candies, cakes and pipes, aromatic coffee to sip, and fine stories to listen to. Besides, there prevails an ambition among the inmates which keeps them all the time in a certain activity; the ambition to appear handsomer than their rivals. What becomes of these houris? They also serve a state purpose. The Sultan, in his generosity when he decorates a high official as a token of recognition for his services, often adds a living picture from the royal harem."

WORTH KNOWING.

Brazil grows half the coffee crop of the world.

One of the celebrated wine vaults of the London Docks is nearly seventeen acres in extent.

A rattle-snake with thirty-two rattles was killed near Phoenix, Ariz., a few days ago.

The sale of set diamonds during the last three months in London is said to have been enormous.

For every 286 of the people of the United States there is one schoolhouse, and one saloon for every 278.

A pasture in Texas, owned by Mr. Warsham, contains 50,000 acres, and has one line of fence twenty-three miles long.

Victor Emanuel's monument in the Pantheon at Rome has already cost $2,000,000, and will need another $3,000,000 before it is completed.

In an old rat's nest found in the chimney of an old house at Ligonier, Pa., were some papers bearing the date 1770, a Mexican dollar of 1774 and a Mexican quarter of 1772.

The longest paved street in the world is Washington street, Boston, which is seventeen and a half miles long; the shortest is the Rue Ble, Paris, which is barely twenty feet long.

A brass clock which is alleged to have been telling the time in Concord, Mass., when Paul Revere rode through that town is owned by a man in Brattleboro', Vt., and is still an excellent timekeeper.

It is said that cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash, or common saltpetre, is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

The Chicago Board of Trade has the largest branch telegraph office in the world. There are 170 operators on the floor every working day, and 12,000 messages have been handled in a single day during the short working hours of the board of trade day.

Bicyclists in Tacoma, Wash., have petitioned the city council to impose a tax of $1 a year on bicycles, and to devote the fund thus raised to laying out and maintaining a certain road in the city as a bicycle path. The council has agreed to the proposition.

Great Scheme.

We mean to try a penny social at the church next time, said Mrs. Watts.

And what's that? asked Mr. Watts.

Every woman gives a penny for every year of her age.

Better make it a penny for every year she is under 70. Then the contributions will be long instead of short.

Standard Bank of Canada
Head Office, Toronto.
CAPITAL, Authorized $2,000,000
" Paid up 1,000,000
RESERVE FUND 600,000
W. F. Cowan, President. Geo. P. Reid, Manager
AGENTS in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba United States and England.
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A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
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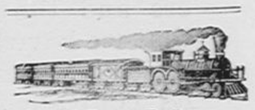
Interest allowed on savings bank deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers residing at a distance.
J. KELLY, Agent.

JAMES LOCKIE,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses. Auctioneer for Counties of Bruce and Grey. Residence—King St., Hanover.

A Farm for Sale.
250 ACRES belonging to the Estate of the late James Burnett, 125 acres under cultivation, rest hardwood bush, being Lots 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, Old D. R. in the Township of Artemesia, County of Grey, two miles from Flesherton Station, three miles from Priceville. For further particulars apply to
A. H. BURNET, Hopeville,
MRS. BURNET, Durham. 8cn



Grand Trunk Railway.
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.10 a. m.	6.40 p. m
Holstein	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest	7.55 "	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph	10.25 "	"
Toronto	12.30 "	"
London	11.15 a. m.	
GOING NORTH.		
Durham	3.15 p. m.	10.00 p. m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest	2.55 "	9.2 "
Palmerston	2.15 "	8.35 "
Guelph	10.31 "	5.34 "
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.25 "
London	7.35 "	5.55 "

Connections with morning and evening trains from Durham are made at Palmerston for Wiarton, Southampton, Kincardine and Stratford

JAKE