The Grey Review.

VOL. XVIII,—NO. 10. DURHAM, CO. GREY, THURSDAY, MAR. 5, 1896. WHOLE NO. 918

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"All about my old lady, certainly."

"And of Ruth?"

"I know nothing, as you should understand." He laughs significantly.

"What do you mean?" demands Dorian, a little fiercely. His eyes are dark and flashing, his lips compressed.

"What can I mean, except that you are ridiculously absurd?" says Horace, rising. "What is it you expect me to say? I can't get you out of it. I always knew you had a penchant for her, but never thought it would carry you so far. If you will take my advice, however, you will be milder about it, and take that look off your face. If you go in for society with that cut-up expression in your eyes, people will talk."

"Then you know nothing?" repeats Branscombe, taking no notice of—perhaps not even hearing—the foregoing speech.

"Absolutely nothing. How should I?" says Horace, with his soft smooth smile. "Have a brandy-and-soda, Dorian, or a little curacoa? Perhaps, indeed, the brandy will be best (always allowing Mrs. McGinty has left me any), you look so thoroughly done up."

"Thank you,—nothing." He gazes at his brother long and earnestly. "The Branscombe word ought to be sure," he says, moodily.

"Still unconvinced!" says Horace, with an airy laugh. "I know I ought to take you by the shoulders, Dorian, and pitch you down the stairs; but, somehow, I haven't the pluck to-night. I am overdone through this abominable law, and—you are such a tremendous fellow when compared with me. Must you really be off so soon? Stay and have a cup of coffee? No? Well, if it must be, good-night."

Dorian goes down the stairs,—puzzled, bewildered, almost convinced. At the foot of the staircase he looks up again, to see Horace standing above him still, candle in hand, radiant, smiling debonaire, apparently without a care in the world.

He nods to him, and Dorian, returning the salute in grave and silent fashion, goes out into the lighted streets, and walks along in momentary expectation of a hansom, when a well-known voice smites upon his ear:

"What in the name of wonder, Branscombe, brings you here?"

Turning, he finds himself face to face with Sir James Scrope.

"My presence is hardly an eighth wonder," he says, wearily. "But how is it you are not in Paris?"

"Fate ordained it so, and probably fortune, as I just want a friend with whom to put in an evening."

"You have chosen a dull companion," says Dorian, stupidly. "What brought you home so soon? or, rather, what took you to Paris originally?"

"Business partly, and partly because—er—that is, I felt I needed a little change."

"Ah! just so," says Branscombe. But he answers as one might who has heard nothing. Sir James casts upon him a quick penetrating glance.

"Anything wrong with you, Branscombe?" he asks, quietly. "Anything in which I can be of use to you?"

"Thank you, no. I'm just a little down on my luck, that's all." Then abruptly, "I suppose you have heard of the scandal down in Pullingham?"

"About that poor little girl?" says Sir James. "Oh, yes. 'Ill news flies apace;' and this morning Hodges, who came to town to see me about Bennett's farm, gave me a garbled account of her disappearance. I think I hardly understand even now. How did it happen?"

For a full minute Dorian makes no reply. He is looking earnestly in James Scrope's face, to see if in it there lurks any hidden thought, any carefully concealed expression of mistrust. There is, indeed, none. No shadow, no faintest trace of suspicion, lies in Scrope's clear and honest eyes. Branscombe draws a deep breath. Whatever in the future this friend may come to believe, now, at least, he holds him—Dorian—clear and pure from this gross evil that has been imputed to him.

He throws up his head with a freer air, and tries, with a quick effort, to conquer the morbid feeling that for hours past has been pressing upon him heavily.

"I know nothing," he says, presently, in answer to Sir James's last remark. "It is such an unaccountable story," says Scrope, lifting his brows. "Where did she go? and with whom? Such a quiet little mouse of a girl, one hardly understands how by being the heroine of a tragedy. But how does it particularly affect you?"

Branscombe hesitated. For one brief moment he wonders whether he shall or shall not reveal to Scrope the scene that has passed between him and his uncle. Then his whole sympathies revolt from the task, and he determines to let things rest as they now are.

"Arthur has tormented himself needlessly about the whole business," he says, turning his face from Scrope. "He thinks me—that is, every one—to blame, until the girl is restored to her father."

"Ah! I quite see," says James Scrope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

"Dorian!" says Clarissa.

"Clarissa!" says Dorian.

"I really think I shall give a ball."

"What?" cries a small, sweet, plaintive voice from the corner, and Georgie, emerging from obscurity and the tremendous volume she has been studying, comes to the front, in her usual vehement fashion, and stands before Miss Peyton, expectation in every feature. "Oh, Clarissa, do say it again."

"Papa says I must entertain the county in some way," says Clarissa, meditatively, "and I really think a ball will be the best way. Don't you?"

"Don't I, though?" says Miss Broughton, with much vivacity. "Clarissa, you grow sweeter daily. Let me offer you some small return for your happy thought."

She laughs, and, stooping, presses her warm ripe lips against her friend's cheek. She blushes as she performs this graceful act, and a small, bright, mischievous gleam grows within her eye. The whole action is half mocking, half tender:

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns,
And sweet as English air can make her, she."

The lines come hurriedly to Branscombe's mind, and linger there. Raising her head again, her eyes meet his, and she laughs, for the second time, out of the pure gladness of her heart.

"I think it was my happy thought," says Branscombe, mildly. "I suggested this dance to Clarissa only yesterday. Might not I, too, partake of the 'small return?'"

"It no longer belongs to me; I have given it all away,—here," says Georgie, touching Clarissa's cheek with one finger; "but for that," with a slow adorable glance, "I should be charmed."

"I think I shall get pencil and paper and write down the names," says Clarissa, energetically, rising and going toward the door. "Dorian, take care of Georgie until I return."

"I wish I knew how," says Branscombe, in a tone so low that only Georgie can hear it. Then, as the door closes he says, "Did you mean your last speech?"

"My last? What was it? I never remember anything." She very seldom blushes, but now again a soft delicate color creeps into her face.

"If you hadn't given it all away, would you have given me a little of that small return?"

"No."

"Not even if I were to give a ball for you?"

"N-o—no."

"Not if I were to do for you the one thing you most desired?"

"No—no—no!" She speaks hastily, and glances at him somewhat confusedly from beneath her long lashes.

"Well, of course, it is too much to expect," says Branscombe; "yet I would do a good deal for you, even without hope of payment."

He comes a little nearer to her, and lays his hand upon the table close to hers.

"If you really made the suggestion to Clarissa, you deserve some reward," says Georgie, nodding her head. "Now, what shall it be?"

"Dance half the night with me."

"That would bore you,—and me. No; but if dancing delights you—sir—may I have the pleasure of the first quadrille?"

"Madam," says Branscombe, laying his hand upon his heart, "you do me too much honor; I am at your service now and forever."

"It is too large a promise."

"A true one, nevertheless."

A little earnest shade shows itself upon his face, but Georgie laughs lightly, and moves away from him over to the window, and at this moment Clarissa returns, armed with paper and pencils and a very much pleased smile.

"Can't I have the garden lighted?" she says, "with Chinese lanterns, and that? I have been thinking of it."

"I don't know about that," says Dorian. "I'm not sure but it might blow us all to atoms; but the celestial lights will be quite 'too, too!' It must be a splendid thing, Clarissa, to have a brain like yours. Now, neither Miss Broughton nor I have a particle between us."

"Speak for yourself, please," says Miss Broughton, very justly incensed.

"I'm doing even more than that, I'm speaking for you too. Don't put up too many Chinese lanterns, Clarissa, or it will be awkward: we shall be seen."

"What matter? I love light," says Georgie, innocently. "How I do hope there will be a moon! Not a mean effort at one, but a good, round substantial, vast old moon, such as there was two months ago."

* * *

She has her wish: such another moonlight night as comes to Pullingham on the night of Miss Peyton's ball has been rarely, if ever, seen. It breaks over the whole place in a flood of light so whitely brilliant that the very sleeping flowers lift up their heads, as though believing the soft mystic light to be the early birth of morn.

All around is calm and drowsy sweet. The stars come forth to light the world, and perhaps, to do homage to Clarissa on this the night of her first ball.

About six weeks have passed since Ruth Annesley left her home, and as yet no tidings of her have reached Pullingham. Already people are beginning to forget that such an eclandre ever occurred in their quiet village. The minutest inquiries have been made (chiefly by Lord Sartoris, who is now very seldom at home); rewards offered, numerous paragraphs, addressed to "R. A.," have appeared in the London papers, but without result. The world is growing tired of the miserable scandal, and Ruth's disappearance ceases to be the one engrossing topic of conversation at village teas and bar-room revelries. To-night is fair enough to make one believe sin impossible. It is touched by heaven; great waves of light, sent by the "silver queen of night," lie languidly on tree and bower; the very paths are bright with its stray beams.

"Bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings" flit to and fro, "and now the nightingale, not distant far, begins her solitary song."

Within, music is sounding, and laughter and the faint sweet dropping of fountains. Clarissa, moving about among her guests, is looking quite lovely in a pale satin, trimmed heavily with old gold. She is happy and quite content though her eyes, in spite of her, turn anxiously, every now and then, to the doorway.

Every one is smiling radiant. Even Dorian, who is waltzing with any one but the woman he desires, is looking gracious all through, and is creating havoc in the bosom of the damsel who has rashly intrusted herself to his care.

Cissy Redmond, in the arms of a cavalry man is floating round the room, her unutterable little nez retrousse looking even more pronounced than usual. Her face is lit up with pleasurable excitement; to her—as she tells the cavalry-man without hesitation—the evening is "quite too awfully much, don't you know!" and the cavalry-man understands her perfectly, and is rather taking to her, which is undoubtedly clever of the cavalry-man.

He is now talking to her in his very best style, and she is smiling,—but not at him.

Within the shelter of a door, directly opposite stands Mr. Hastings and he is answering back her smile fourfold. He will not dance himself,—conscience forbidding,—yet it pleases him to see his Cissy (as she now is) enjoying herself. The band is playing "Beautiful Ferns" dreamily, languidly; and I think at this very moment Mr. Hasting's reverend toes are keeping excellent time to the music. But this, of course, is barest supposition; for what human eye can penetrate leather?

The waltz comes to an end, and Dorian, having successfully rid himself of his late partner, draws Georgie's hand within his arm and leads her into a conservatory.

Her late partner was a fat, kindly squire, who will dance, but who, at the expiration of each effort to eclipse Terpsichore, feels devoutly thankful that his task has come to an end. He is, to say the mildest least of him, exceedingly tiring, and Georgie is rather glad than otherwise that Dorian should lead her into the cool recess where flowers and perfumed fountains hold full sway. She sinks into a seat, and sighs audibly, and looks upward at her companion from half-closed lids, and then, letting them drop suddenly, plays, in a restless fashion, with the large black fan she holds.

Branscombe is stupidly silent; indeed, it hardly occurs to him that speech is necessary. He is gazing earnestly, tenderly at the small face beside him,—

"A face o'er which a thousand shadows go."

The small face, perhaps, objects to this minute scrutiny, because presently it raises itself, and says coquettishly,—

"How silent you are! What are you thinking of?"

"Of you," says Dorian, simply. "What a foolish question! You are a perfect picture in that black gown, with your baby arms and neck."

"Anything else?" asks Miss Broughton, demurely.

"Yes. It almost seems to me that you cannot be more than fifteen. You look such a little thing, and so young."

"But I'm not young," says Georgie, hastily. "I am quite old. I wish you would remember I am nearly nineteen."

"Quite a Noah's Ark sort of person,—a fossil of the pre-Adamite period. How I envy you! You are, indeed, unique in your way. Don't be angry with me because I said you looked young; and don't wish to be old. There is no candor so hateful, no truth so unpleasing as age."

"How do you know?" demands she, saucily, sweetly, half touched by his tone. "You are not yet a Methuselah." Then, "Do you know your brother has come at last? He is very late, isn't he?"

"He always is," says Dorian.

"And he has brought a friend with him. And who do you think it is?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," says Branscombe, turning a vivid red.

"Why, my Mr. Kennedy!"

"Your Mr. Kennedy?" reiterates he blankly, his red becoming a crimson of the liveliest hue.

"Yes,—the dark thin young man I met at Sir John Lincoln's. I dare say I told you about him?"

"Yes, you did," says Dorian grimly. "I see him over there," pointing airily with her fan through the open conservatory door to a distant wall where many young men are congregated together.

"The man with the nose?" asks Branscombe, slightingly, feeling sure in his soul he is not the man with the nose.

"He has a nose," says Miss Broughton equably, "though there isn't much of it. He is very like a Chinese pug. Don't you see him? But he is so nice."

Dorian looks again in the desired direction, and as he does so a tall young man, with a somewhat canine expression, but very kindly, advances toward him, and, entering the conservatory, comes up to Miss Broughton with a smile full of delight upon his ingenuous countenance.

"Miss Broughton," he says, in a low musical voice, that has unmistakable pleasure in it. "Can it really be you? I didn't believe life could afford me so happy a moment as this."

"I saw you ten minutes ago," says Georgie, in her quick bright fashion.

"And made no sign? That was cruel," says Kennedy with some reproach in his tone. He is looking with ill-suppressed admiration upon her fair uplifted face. "Now that I have found you, what dance will you give me?"

"Any one I have," she says, sweetly. "The tenth? The dance after next,—after this, I mean?"

(To Be Continued.)

THE GOVERNOR'S TACT.

An Incident of Social Life at a South African Mine.

It was at Pilgrim's Rest gold fields in the Transvaal one sultry evening in the spring of 1880. The Zulu war was just concluded, and peace and plenty had come with Christmas just past after more than five years of continued border warfare and financial depression.

The party were awaiting the arrival of Col. Sir Owen Lanyon, the governor of the Transvaal during the brief British regime, who had promised to ride in from Leydenburg, thirty-five miles distant, and attend a dinner to be given in his honor.

In talking over the preparations for the event, some ill-advised youngster wondered if the respect due to the governor demanded the wearing of evening clothes.

Each of the party owned a dress suit, put away somewhere, but none had a laundered white shirt. The shirts were there, but they had not been in use in months, and Parker, the only storekeeper, had never even heard of starch.

In this dilemma a Dr. Ashton, who was in camp on a visit, volunteered to ride to Leydenburg and buy some, and did so. A laundry was an unheard of luxury, but the youth who had started the trouble declared he knew how starch was used, and offered to direct the washing and ironing of the shirts. With the aid of an ancient negro who did odds and ends around the store they were fixed up and duly delivered.

When the men in evening dress sat down they discovered that the zeal of the volunteer laundryman had far outstripped his knowledge. The shirts had been starched back and front from collar to hem. There was no time to make any change and the martyrs to fashion resolved to sit it out. Most of them had increased in muscle and girth since their clothes were made and looked fully as unhappy as they felt.

Soup was served as soon as the governor arrived. He noticed that his hosts were moving uneasily in their seats, and the chairman of the occasion, a big Africander, serene in flannel and corduroy, explained in a whisper the cause. Then Col. Lanyon exhibited a specimen of the tact that had made him beloved, and is still remembered gratefully by many who experienced his courtesy. As soon as he recovered the use of his voice he rose in his chair and made, perhaps, the most welcome address he had ever uttered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it's so infernally hot that I must ask your permission to take off my coat and this thick collar. I would have done so without asking, only you all look so spick and span. I wish you would keep me in countenance by following my example."

The governor looked deliciously cool in a thin undress uniform coat and duck riding breeches, and the men recognized the goodness of his suggestion and gave him three cheers. Then they stripped to their undershirts and trousers and enjoyed the remainder of the evening, notwithstanding the jokes of those guests who had not been blessed with university educations and aristocratic tastes. The discarded shirts were stood around the back of the room like tombstones as monuments to their owners' discomfiture, serving as rests to hold up the cast-off coats and waistcoats.

ELECTRIC SHOCK VICTIMS.

Best Formula for the Treatment of Persons Struck Down By the Electric Current.

One of the contingencies of modern civilization which is almost entirely new and is wholly dependent upon the development of modern industry is the treatment of accidents from electric shock. The matter, says the Medical Record, has been discussed quite thoroughly by physicians in this country, but it has been worked out perhaps more systematically by Dr. D'Arsonval, of Paris, who has recently made a report to the Academie de Medecine, of Paris, upon the method of treating persons injured by electrical shocks. D'Arsonval states that electricity causes death sometimes directly by the disruptive and electrolytic effects of the charge on the tissues. This death is final. It sometimes, however, causes death indirectly by arrest of respiration and syncope, caused by stimulation of the nerve-centers. Under these circumstances a person may be revived if proper measures are applied.

The formula for reviving the victim of electric shock is this: The person so disabled should be treated like one drowned; in other words, he should be laid upon the back, and artificial respiration performed in the way that is ordinarily described. Some further practical advice, however, is given to those who are called at once to the scene of the accident and at the time when the person is perhaps still in contact with the wires. Of course, the first thing to be done is to stop the current or break the contact. In doing the latter, one should not touch the victim on the face or hands or any naked part of the body. It is better to lift him by the coattails or throw a blanket over him and pull him by this. Nothing that is wet should be thrown upon him, and if the clothes are wet the hands should not be put in contact with them. A piece of dry wood can be placed under the body and he can then be lifted. The further treatment of the case is the familiar one applied in attempting to restore the drowned. The arms are worked, and the tongue is kept drawn out; the body may sometimes be rubbed thoroughly with a cloth or brush in order to increase the circulation of the blood. Oxygen and perhaps a stimulant may be employed.

THE FARM.

Potato Growing.

"If I were to have my choice of land for potatoes, I would choose a sandy loam with a clover sod to be plowed under. Of course we cannot all have this, but we can nearly all have the clover sod. The ground should be well plowed, about seven or eight inches deep the long way of the field, and avoid all dead furrows if you can," says a writer. "I do not want fall or early spring plowing, as the ground often becomes so hard that potatoes do not do so well. Potatoes want a deep loose mellow soil. I never use a roller on my potato ground, but aim to work it so as not to pack it any more than possible. I do not plow my ground until nearly time to plant, on account of its being a clay loam that bakes and runs together. On a sandy soil this would not be the case, and fall plowing would be all right.

"I think of making a plank clod crusher to use in preparing our potato ground. I shall get two sixteen-foot planks one foot wide and two inches thick; saw them in two in the middle and lap them as you do siding to a house, only let them lap about four inches, and then put small harrow teeth through so they will reach through about four inches. I shall set the teeth slanting back about twenty degrees. These teeth will be so set that each one will cut independent of the other. This drag will be used both ways of the field, and I think it will do a thorough job of leveling and cutting the ground up fine. Of course it will require three good horses to pull it, with a man riding. This drag will be run over the ground as fast as plowed so as to avoid lumps, and keep the ground from drying out.

"Our potato ground is marked out with a Planet Jr. (with attachments for that purpose), thirty-two inches apart and four or five inches deep. We have arranged a gauge which makes a good mark that the horse can follow, thus keeping the rows an exact distance apart from one end to the other. By careful dropping, the rows will be so regular that once in a row with a cultivator will be sufficient to stir all the ground.

"We cut our potatoes with reference to the size of the piece rather than to the number of eyes. If the potato is large, we usually cut to one eye; but if small we cut once in two, cutting lengthwise. We select a couple of bushels of the choicest kind, or the desired type, to get seed from the next year, and after selecting the choicest two bushels for next year's planting, we plant the seed as it was dug without sorting. In this way you can maintain the vitality of the potato, and you do not have potatoes 'run out.' Its evil deeds. Now and then, when driven by hunger, it will come creeping to the sheepfold in the daytime, but its pace is then very slow, owing perhaps to its imperfect vision in the sunlight. At such times it is easily captured, as it is inactive and stupid.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls; and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra-wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little inclined to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually fourteen in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest, and growing broader and longer back of the haunches. The skins are in demand for laprobes and rugs, which gives an added reason for hunting the wearers.

The zebra-wolves were taken to the Zoological Gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they would not thrive in Canada, as they have been known to live on the mountains of Tasmania, 3500 feet above sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks, and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named "Menagerie" and done with it; for with his dog-like face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes and pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed-pickle beastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct we can truly say, we ne'er shall see his like again.

CRIME AMONG INSECTS.

A Variety of Bees That Plainly Betray Their Innate Wickedness.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is common with insects. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in his "Physic Life of Animals," speaks of the thievish bees, which in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack a well-stocked hive in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon take a delight in this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men. They become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the Sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marchall, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halyates species, whose organs of nidification are defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder.

They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Prof. Lombroso calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

Wealthy London Doctors.

A London medical journal publishes a list of the sums left by a number of prominent medical men, mostly knights or baronets, who died last year. The estates range in value from nearly half a million to about $40,000. Sir William Savory, who died at the age of sixty-eight, left an estate worth over £93,000. Dr. John S. Bristowe left an estate worth £15,734 and the late Dr. Tuke an estate of about £30,000. It is estimated that the average of the personal estates of sixty-seven physicians and surgeons whose wills were noticed during six or seven years was £50,614. This is a vastly greater sum than could be credited to a similar number of eminent American physicians, and it is not unlikely that most of these gentlemen inherited, or obtained through some other source than medical practice, the fortunes which they left.

A SAVAGE MARSUPIAL.

An Australian Mammal That Is a Whole Menagerie in Itself.

The so-called zebra wolf of Australia is also called the native tiger; but, strange to say, it is not even a cousin to zebra, wolf or tiger, belonging to the same family as the kangaroo, the slow and gentle wombat, and the sly old opossum—all those animals that carry their babies in their pockets. Common names are usually given from fancied or external resemblances without regard to scientific classification, and in this case the dark stripes, like belts around the body, have suggested the name zebra, while the ravenous and fierce nature naturally suggests the tiger and the wolf.

Once the zebra-wolf roved at large through Tasmania, bringing terror and destruction to the smaller animals which inhabit that land; but since the island was settled by Englishmen they have made systematic attacks upon this most dangerous of the pouch-bearers, or marsupials, and have driven him into the dark forests and rocky gullies. When population becomes more dense this enemy of the sheep and poultry, as well as of defenceless wild game, will be swept from the face of the earth. No doubt the shepherd and farmer will be glad when the last zebra-wolf has prowled his last prowl around the hen house and sheepfold; but the naturalist, who is always a friend to what is rare and strange, will regret exceedingly the extermination of this queer beast.

Another thing that makes this strange creature peculiarly interesting is the fact that he is the most formidable marsupial of the more than sixty varieties of this class, and is indeed the largest and

MOST DREADED

of all the mammals in Australasia.

One reason why the shepherd and the farmer find it difficult to guard against its attacks is because it loves darkness rather than light, on account of its evil deeds. Now and then, when driven by hunger, it will come creeping to the sheepfold in the daytime, but its pace is then very slow, owing perhaps to its imperfect vision in the sunlight. At such times it is easily captured, as it is inactive and stupid.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls; and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra-wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little inclined to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually fourteen in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest, and growing broader and longer back of the haunches. The skins are in demand for laprobes and rugs, which gives an added reason for hunting the wearers.

The zebra-wolves were taken to the Zoological Gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they would not thrive in Canada, as they have been known to live on the mountains of Tasmania, 3500 feet above sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks, and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named "Menagerie" and done with it; for with his dog-like face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes and pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed-pickle beastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct we can truly say, we ne'er shall see his like again.

Typical Draft Horses.

In the horse breeding future the draft will take prominent position and will be the type preferred by the majority of farmers because better adapted to the condition prevailing on most farms. The very heavy draft horses which have always commanded the highest prices, can be grown only on the best lands. With a view of describing as nearly as possible, by measurement, what is regarded in England as the typical draft horse for the heaviest work, we give the proportions taken from an article in the London Live Stock Journal, of what the English regard as first-class sires for the very best draft horses, as follows: First-class Dray Sire No 1.—Height, 17 hands; weight, 21 cwt.; girth, 96 inches; girth round belly, 100 inches: round fore-arm, 28 inches; bone below knee, 12 inches; hind leg under hock, 14 inches: second thigh, 23 inches. First-class Sire No. 2—Height, 16.2 hands; weight, 19 cwt.; girth, 92 inches; belly, 96 inches; fore-arm, 27 inches; bone below knee, 12 inches; hind leg under hock, 14 inches; second thigs, 23 inches.

We give the above more for the purpose of forming an ideal of the typical draught horse than anything else, it is not likely that sires of this size and quality will be within reach of our readers. It is a good thing, however, to have an ideal before the mind, and approximate it as closely as possible.

The selection of the sire, however, is not the only thing. Many colts that are well bred fail of their natural development through want of feed. It requires good feeding, especially in the earlier years, and grazing on good, rich land to produce even fairly good draft horses. The heaviest draft horses of England are produced on the fens and in the richer valleys. The fens are lands which have been reclaimed from the sea by dikes and are as black in color of soil as an Iowa prairie, and are fertilized by marl, which is found under the peat, which underlies the surface of the fens. The lighter soils produce a smaller draft horse with lighter bone, but of better quality in proportion to their size. There is no danger of our getting our draft horses too large, provided they are low down, blocky and sound in all respects.

A Tank Heater.

A good tank heater can be made for very little money. Here is a plan for one which is very simple and yet effectual for a small tank, say ten to fifteen barrels. It is simply a round drum of galvanized iron one foot in diameter and as high as the tank. This has a solid bottom upon which are soldered some strips with screw holes punched in, to fasten it at the bottom of the tank. Inside an iron grate raised two to three inches from the bottom, so as to give a place for ashes. On the outside a round pipe two inches in diameter goes down the side and under this grate, for draft. On top is a cover with a pipe in the center, four inches in diameter and a foot high, for a stovepipe. With this you can burn bits of wood, cobs, or anything dry, and if you have some chunks, or if you live where you can get coal cheap, you can keep a fire all night and never have your tank cool off entirely, even in the coldest nights. This will cost you, made at your local tin shop, $2 to $2.50, and any one who has cows to come in early may easily save the money in one bill for a veterinarian. It is not claimed that this is as good or as handy as an oil heater, but it is very much cheaper and can be made to answer every purpose.

Dehorning Calves.

This is such a simple operation when the animal is young that it is difficult to explain why it is postponed until the horns are fully grown. Caustic potash in sticks is the material to be used. It can be secured cheaply at any drug store. When the calf is three days old, tie his feet together, and lay him in a clean, well-littered place. Press his head firmly to the ground with the knee and locate the pimple which indicates the budding horn. Wet the spot well, then take the stick of potash wrapped in paper, with one end exposed, and rub around the embryonic horn until it is well coated with potash. Roll the calf over and repeat the operation on the other side. If after a week or ten days any signs of growth appear about the scar, touch up with potash as before, and the animal will grow up as thoroughly polled as if he had been born in that condition.

THE GREY REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY Thursday Morning.

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