K MEN CURED!
DISEASED VICTIMS.
EED OR NO PAY!
ak or debilitated; tired mornings; no am-
er; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable;
ed; pimples on face; dreams and night
ose; piles; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat;
d; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of
OU!
OD BY DRS. K. & K.
CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.
THOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.
—"I was one of the countless vic-
ne home, end at 15 years of age. I
and spent $200 without avail.
The crises on my spine as were
of as well as my sexual not physician
on as a last resort to consult
I commenced their New Method
was a new man, with new
for years ago, and now I
I can recommend these reliable
AY.—CONFIDENTIAL.
Syphilis, Emissions
Varicocele, Cured.
CHAS. POWERS.
ss, Nervous Debility, Seminal
ntary Discharges, Self Abuse,
O CURED. NO RISK.
hose? Are you contemplating mar-
ood? Have you any weakness? Our
ice for others it will do for you.
write for an honest opinion Free
Golden Medical Benefactor" (illustrated), on
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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.

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A. Lefaur.

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The Grey Review.

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THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh that the things which have been
were not now
In memory's resurrection! But the past
Bears in her arms the present and the
future."

Bailey.

Of course it is quite impossible to hide from Clarissa Peyton that everything is going wrong at Sartoris. Georgie's pale unsmiling face (so different from that of old,) and Dorian's evident determination to absent himself from all society, tell their own tale.

She has, of course, heard of the uncomfortable gossip that has connected Ruth Annersley's mysterious disappearance with Dorian, but — stanch friend as she is—has laughed to scorn all such insinuations; that Georgie can believe them, puzzles her more than she cares to confess. For a long time she has fought against the thought that Dorian's wife can think aught bad of Dorian; but time undeceives her.

To-day, Georgie, who is now always feverishly restless, tells herself she will go up to Gowran and see Clarissa. To her alone she clings,—not outwardly, in any marked fashion, but in her inmost soul,—as to one who at her worst extremity will support and comfort her.

The day is warm and full of color. Round her "flow the winds from woods and fields with gladness laden;" the air is full of life. The browning grass rustles beneath her feet. The leaves fall slowly one by one, as though loath to leave their early home; the wind, cruel, like all love, wooes them only to their doom.

"The waves along the forest borne," beat on her face and head, and half cool the despairing thoughts that now always lie hidden deep down within her breast.

Coming to Gowran and seeing Clarissa in the drawing-room window, she beckons to her, and Clarissa, rising hastily opens the hall door for her, herself, and leads her by the hand into another cozier room, where they may talk without interruption.

It so happens that Georgie is in one of her worst moods; and something Clarissa says very innocently brings on a burst of passion that compels Clarissa to understand (in spite of all her efforts to think herself in the wrong) that the dissensions at Sartoris have a great deal to do with Ruth Annersley.

"It is impossible," she says, over and over again, walking up and down the room in an agitated manner. "I could almost as soon believe Horace guilty of this thing!"

Georgie makes no reply. Inwardly she has conceived a great distaste to the handsome Horace, and consider him a very inferior person, and quite unfit to mate with her pretty Clarissa.

"In your heart," says Miss Peyton, stopping suddenly before her. "I don't believe you think Dorian guilty of this thing."

"Yes, I do," says Mrs. Branscombe, with dogged calmness. "I don't ask you to agree with me, I only tell you what I myself honestly believe." She has given up fighting against her fate by this time.

"There is some terrible mistake somewhere," says Clarissa, in a very distressed voice, feeling it wiser not to argue the point further. "Time will surely clear it up sooner or later, but it is very severe on Dorian while it lasts. I have known the dear fellow all my life, and cannot now begin to think evil of him. I have always felt more like a sister to him than anything else, and I cannot believe him guilty of this thing."

"I am his wife, and I can," says Mrs. Branscombe, icily.

"If you loved him as you ought, you could not." This is the one rebuke she cannot refrain from.

Georgie laughs unpleasantly, and then all in a little moment, she varies the performance by bursting into a passionate and most unlooked for flood of tears.

"Don't talk to me of love!" she cries, miserably. "It is useless. I don't believe in it. It is a delusion, a mere mockery, a worn-out superstitution. You will tell me that Dorian loved me; and yet the very early days before our marriage, when his so-called love must have been at its height, he insulted me beyond all forgiveness.

"You are making yourself wretched about nothing," says Clarissa, kneeling beside her, and gently drawing her head down on her shoulder. "Don't, darling—don't cry like that. I know, I feel all will come right in the end. Indeed, unless Dorian were to come to me and say, 'I have done this hateful thing,' I should not believe it."

"I would give all the world to be able to say that from my heart," says Mrs. Branscombe, with excessive sadness.

"Try to think it. Afterward relief will be easy. Oh, Georgie, do not nourish hard thoughts; tear them from your heart, and by and by, when all this is explained away, think how glad you will be that without proof you had faith in him. Do you know, unless my own eyes saw it, I should never for any reason lose faith in Horace."

A tender, heavenly smile creeps round her beautiful lips as she says this. Georgie, seeing it feels heart-broken. Oh that she could have faith like this!

"It is too late," she says, bitterly; "and I deserve all I have got. I myself have been the cause of my own undoing. I married Dorian for no other reason than to escape the drudgery of teaching. Yet now"—with a sad smile—"I know there are worse things than Murray's Grammar. I am justly punished." Her lovely face is white with grief. "I have tried, tried, tried to disbelieve, but nothing will raise this cloud of suspicion from my breast. It weighs me down and crushes me more cruelly day by day. I wish—I wish"—cries poor little Georgie, from her very soul—"that I had never been born, because I shall never know a happy moment again."

The tears ran silently down her cheeks one by one. She puts up her small hands to defend herself, and the action is pitiable in the extreme.

"How happy you were only a month ago!" says Clarissa, stricken with grief at the sight of her misery.

"Yes, I have had my day, I suppose," says Mrs. Branscombe wearily. "One can always remember a time when

'Every morning was fair,
And every season a May!'

But how soon it all fades!"

"Too soon for you," says Clarissa, with tears in her eyes. "You speak as though you had no interest left in life."

"Yes, I have," says Georgie, with a faint smile. "I have the school children yet. You know I go to them every Sunday to oblige the dear vicar. He would have been so sorry if I had deserted them, because they grow fond of me, and he said, for that reason, I was the best teacher in the parish, because I didn't bore them." Here she laughs quite merrily, as though grief is unknown to her; but a minute later, memory returning, the joy fades from her face, leaving her sadder than before. "I might be Irish," she says, "emotion is so changeable with me. Come down with me now to the village, will you? It is my day at the school."

"Well, come up-stairs with me while I put on my things," says Clarissa; and then, though really sad at heart, she cannot refrain from smiling. "You are just the last person in the world," she says, "one would accuse of teaching Scripture, or the Catechism, or that."

"What a very rude remark!" said Georgie, smiling naturally for the first time to-day. "Am I such a very immoral young woman?"

"No. Only I could not teach Genesis or the Ten Commandments, or Watts to save my life," says Clarissa. "Come or we shall be late, and Pullingham Junior without Watts would, I feel positive, sink into an abyss of vice. They might bark and bite and do other dangerous things."

* * * *

Mrs. Branscombe (with Clarissa) reaching the school-house just in time to take her class, the latter sits down in a disconsolate fashion upon a stray bench and surveys the scene before her with wondering eyes.

There sits Georgie, a very fragile teacher for so rough a class; here sits the vicar with the adults before him, deep in the mysteries of the Thirty-nine Articles.

The head teacher is nearly in tears over the Creed, because of the stupidity of her pupils; the assistant is raging over the Ten Commandments. All is gloom! Clarissa is rather delighted than otherwise, and, having surveyed everybody comes back to Georgie, she being the most refreshing object on view.

At the top of the class, facing the big window sits John Spriggs (aetat. ten) on his hands. He has utterly declined to bestow his body in any other fashion, being evidently imbued with the belief that his hands were made for the support of the body,—a very correct idea, all things considered.

He is lolling from side to side in a reckless way, and his eyes are rolling in concert with him, and altogether his behavior is highly suggestive of fits.

Lower down, Amelia Jennings is making a surreptitious cat's cradle, which is promptly put out of sight, behind her back, every time her turn comes to give an answer; but, as she summarily dismisses all questions by declaring her simple ignorance of every matter connected with Biblical history, the cradle progresses most favorably, and is very soon fit to sleep in.

Mrs. Branscombe, having gone through the seventh chapter of St. Luke without any marked success, falls back upon the everlasting Catechism, and swoops down upon Amelia Jennings with a mild request that she will tell her her duty to her neighbor.

Amelia, feeling she has no neighbors at this trying moment, and still less Catechism, fixes her big round blue eyes on Mrs. Branscombe, and, letting the beloved cradle fall to the ground behind her back, prepares to blubber at a second's notice.

"Go on," says Georgie, encouragingly.

Miss Jennings, being thus entreated, takes heart, and commences the difficult injunction in excellent hope and spirits. All goes "merry as a marriage bell," until she comes to the words "Love your neighbor as yourself," when John Spriggs (who is not by nature a thoroughly bad boy, but whose evil hour is now full upon him) says audibly, and without any apparent desire to torment "and paddle your own canoe."

There is a deadly pause, and then Amelia Jennings giggles out loud, and Spriggs follows suit, and, after a bit, the entire class gives itself up to merriment.

Spriggs, instead of being contrite at this flagrant breach of discipline, is slightly elated with his victory. No smallest sign of shame disfigures his small rubicund countenance.

Georgie makes a praiseworthy effort to appear shocked, but as her pretty cheeks are pink, and her eyes great with laughter, the praise-worthy effort rather fails through.

At this moment the door of the school-house is gently pushed open, and a new comer appears on the threshold; it is Mr. Kennedy.

Going up unseen, he stands behind George's chair, and, having heard from the door-way all that had passed, instantly bends over and hands the notorious Spriggs a shilling.

"Ah! you again?" says Mrs. Branscombe, coloring warmly, merely from surprise. "You are like Sir Boyle Roche's bird: you can be in two places at the same moment. But it is wrong to give him money when he is bad. It is out of all keeping; and how shall I manage the children if you come here, anxious to reward vice and foster rebellion?"

She is laughing gayly now, and is looking almost her own bright little self again, when lifting her eyes, she sees Dorian watching her. Instantly her smile fades; and she returns his gaze fixedly, as though compelled to do it by some hidden instinct.

He has entered silently, not expecting to find any one before him but the vicar; yet the very first object his eyes meet is his wife, smiling, radiant, with Kennedy beside her. A strange pang contracts his heart, and a terrible amount of reproach passes from his eyes to hers.

He is sad and dispirited, and full of melancholy. His whole life has proved a failure; yet in what way has he fallen short?

Kennedy, seeing Mrs. Branscombe's expression change, raises his head, and so becomes aware of her husband's presence. Being a wise young man in his own generation, he smiles genially upon Dorian, and, going forward, shakes his hand as though years of devotion have served to forge a link likely to bind them each to each forever.

"Charming day, isn't it?" he says, with a beatific smile. "Quite like summer."

"Rather more like January, I think," says Dorian, calmly, who is in his very worst mood. "First touch of winter, I should say." He laughs as he says this; but his laugh is as wintry as the day, and chills the hearer. Then he turns aside from his wife and her companion, and lays his hand upon the vicar's shoulder, who has just risen from his class, having carried it successfully through the best part of Isaiah.

"My dear boy,—you?" says the vicar, quite pleased to see him. But in bad time: the lesson is over, so you can learn nothing. I don't like to give them too much Scripture on a week-day. It has a disheartening effect, and——"

"I wish they could hear you," says Branscombe, with a slight shrug.

"It is as well they cannot," says the vicar; though I doubt if free speaking does much harm; and, really, perpetual grinding does destroy the genuine love for our grand old Bible that we should all feel deep down in our souls."

"Feeling has gone out of fashion," says Dorian, so distinctly that Georgie in the distance hears him, and winces a little.

"Well, it has," says the vicar. "There can't be a doubt of it, when one thinks of the alteration they have just made in that fine old Book. There are innovations from morning till night, and nothing gained by them. Surely, if we got up to heaven up to this by the teaching of the Bible as it was, it serves no cause to alter a word here and there, or a sentence that was dear to us from our childhood. It brings us no nearer God, but only unsettles beliefs that, perhaps, up to this were sound enough. The times are not to be trusted."

"Is anything worthy of trust?" says Dorian bitterly.

"I doubt I'm old-fashioned," says the dear vicar, with a deprecating smile. "I dare say change is good, and works wonders in many ways. We old people stick fast, and can't progress. I suppose I should be content to be put on one side."

"I hope you will be put on my side," says Dorian: "I should feel pretty safe then. Do you know, I have not been in this room for so many years that I am afraid to count them? When last here, it was during a holiday term; and I remember sitting beside you, and thinking how awfully jolly glad I was to be well out of it, when other children were doing their lessons."

"Comfortable reflection, and therefore, as a rule, selfish," says the vicar, with a laugh.

"Was it selfish? I suppose so." His face clouds again; a sort of reckless defiance shadows it. "You must not expect much from me," he says, slowly; "they don't accredit me with any good nowadays."

"My dear fellow," says the vicar, quietly, "there is something wrong with you, or you would not so speak. I don't ask you now what it is; you shall tell me when and where you please. I only entreat you to believe that no one, knowing you as I do, could possibly think anything of you but what is kind and good and true."

Branscombe draws his breath quickly. His pale face flushes; and a gleam, that is surely born of tears, shines in his eyes. Clarissa, who, up to this, has been talking to some of the children, comes up to him at this moment and slips her hand through his arm. Is he not almost her brother?

Only his wife stands apart, and, with white lips and dry eyes and a most miserable heart, watches him without caring—or daring—to go near him. She is silent, distraite, and has altogether forgotten the fact of Kennedy's existence (though he still stands close beside her),—a state of things that young gentlemen hardly affects.

"Has your class been too much for you? Or do other things—or people—distress you?" he asks, presently, in a meaning tone. "Because you have not uttered one word for quite five minutes."

"You have guessed correctly: some people do distress me—after a time," says Mrs. Branscombe, so pointedly that Kennedy takes the hint, and, shaking hands with her somewhat stiffly, disappears through the door-way.

"Oh, yes," the vicar is saying to Clarissa, in a glad tone, that even savors of triumph, "the Batesons have given up the Methodist chapel and come back to me. They have forgiven about the the bread, though they made a heavy struggle for it. Mrs. Redmond and I put our heads together and wondered what we should do, and if we couldn't buy anything there so as to make up for the loss of the daily loaves, because she would not consent to poison the children.

"And you would!" says Clarissa, reproachfully. "Oh what a terrible admission!"

"We won't go into that, my dear Clarissa, if you please," says the vicar, contritely. "There are moments in every life that one regrets. But the end of our cogitations was this: that we went down to the village,—Mrs. Redmond and I—and, positively, for one bar of soap and a package of candles we bought them all back to their pew in church. You wouldn't have thought there was so much grace in soap and candles, would you?" says the vicar, with a curious gleam in his eyes that is half amusement, half contempt.

Even Georgie laughs a little at this, and comes nearer to them, and stands close beside Clarissa, as if shy and uncertain, and glad to have a sure partisan so near to her,—all which is only additional pain to Dorian, who notices every lightest word and action of the woman he has married.

"How did you get on to-day with your little people?" asked Mr. Redmond, taking notice of her at once,—something, too, in her downcast attitude appealing to his sense of pity. "Was that boy of the Brixton's more than usually trying?"

"Well, he was bad enough," says Georgie, in a tone that implies she is rather letting off the unfortunate Brixton from future punishment. "But I have known him worse; indeed, I think he improves."

"Indeed, I think a son of his father could never improve," says the vicar, with a melancholy sigh. "There isn't an ounce of brains in all that family. Long ago, when first I came here, Sam Brixton (the father of your pupil) bought a cow from a neighboring farmer called George Gilbert, and he named it John. I thought that an extraordinary name to call a cow, so I said to him one day, 'Sam, why on earth did you christen that poor inoffensive beast John?' 'John?' said he, somewhat indignantly, 'John? Why wouldn't I call him John, when I bought him from George Gilbert?' I didn't see his meaning then,—and, I confess, I haven't seen it since,—but I was afraid to expose my stupidity, so I held my tongue. Do you see it?" He turns to Dorian.

"Not much," says Dorian, with a faint laugh.

(To be Continued.)

NO MORE TREATING.

By a vote of 38 to 8 the Ohio Legislature has passed the Anti-treating Bill, introduced by Representative Omar P. Norris. As will be seen by the vote it met with little or no opposition, and Mr. Norris says he has been assured that it will pass the Senate and then become a law. The law reads that whoever treats or offers to treat another person to an intoxicating drink, or whoever gives or offers to give to another person an intoxicating drink in any place where intoxicating liquor is sold, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than one dollar nor more than three dollars and the costs of prosecution for the first offence, and for the second offence he shall be fined not less than $3 nor more than $5 and the costs of the prosecution, and for the third offence he shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $20 and the costs of the prosecution. One-half of the fine goes to the informer.

OUR GOLD MINES.

Encouraging Report From the Jack Fish Bay and Rat Portage Districts.

Mr. D. F. Burk of Port Arthur was in Toronto, the other day, and had much to say about the activity in mining circles up there. "The Empress mine, near Jack Fish Bay is progressing famously," he said. "Machinery for a ten-stamp mill was taken into the mine on the snow during the winter, and carpenters are now at work preparing the timbers for the building. They expect to be in full operation by the first of June. The Canadian Pacific Railway is now erecting new coal docks at Jack Fish, which will be used instead of those at Ross Port, and this, combined with the mining boom will make business brisk. The Sultana and Regina mines, near Rat Portage, which were sending out about $2,000 worth of gold a week a short time ago, are now shipping to the mint gold bricks of the value of over $4,000 a week. Work on the Seine River is also promising. At the Foley Camp a couple of shafts have been sunk to a depth of over 100 feet and Mr. Foley states that they are now in a position to put up a 30-stamp mill."

AN ANOMALY.

Agitator—Don't you know, sir, that in this country the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer?

Patrick—Then it's rich Oi must be fur Oi'm a mighty sight better off than Oi waz when Oi landed.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

Customer—A friend of mine has a big diamond which he wants to sell.

Dealer—Big diamonds cost moneys. I puy von last week, und I bay dree tousand tollars. Is your friend a bank president, eh?

No; he's a hotel clerk. What will you give?

Haluf a toller.

MORE FUN NOW.

Aunt Jane—In my young days, Evelyn, girls amused themselves with a spinning wheel.

Evelyn—But, aunty dear, you ought to see my wheel spin!

THE TRAITOR'S FATE.

BY NICKOLAUS NORENSKI.

The scene is the private office of General Garashinin, the chief of the secret police of St. Petersburg.

The general has just been questioning one of his spies, Peter Radovitch, a young student of twenty-four, who has given him information regarding a coterie of nihilists, he himself being one of the coterie.

"And what do you say your numbers are?" asks the general.

"Twenty-two, your excellency, myself included."

The general took the paper handed to him, and silently compared it with one in his desk.

"Bardin, Loubanoff, Solotin—I was not aware of these last. You have done well, Radovitch, and you will find that the Czar's government is not unmindful of those who serve it well. Your recent action will atone for your past errors, and merit reward, besides."

"My life will not be worth a day's purchase if it is known, that it is I who have furnished this information."

"You should have thought of that before joining their society. I see you have something to suggest. What is it?"

"That when the arrest by the police takes place, no distinction be made between me and the others."

"Of course you will be apprehended with them."

"And tried?"

"Yes, if you wish it, and condemned, too, for that matter. Anything further?"

"And pardoned along with the less guilty of the others, so as to avoid all suspicion?"

"I quite understand you. Rest assured you will have no reason to fear in that respect."

The chief of the secret police smiled to himself as the spy took his departure.

That very evening the police raid took place. Taken as they were by surprise, and unconscious of any treachery on the part of one of their number, the little coterie of students, artists, and young doctors found themselves bagged without a single exception. They indignantly denied the charge of conspiring against the government. But General Garashinin's agents merely shrugged their shoulders deprecatingly, perhaps incredulously.

In a month the trial took place. Radovitch was not called to give evidence, but took his place among the accused.

At length the whole twenty-two were judged guilty. Twelve were sentenced to Siberia, but not to the mines, as the clemency of the Czar provided. It was with a thrill akin to horror that Radovitch heard himself sentenced to death, along with the other nine men, though conscious that it only by formed part of the arrangement that he himself had suggested to General Garashinin.

"Sentence to Siberia would have served the purpose equally well," he muttered to himself, and, turning to look at his companions, he found himself wondering if his own face was as deadly pale as each of theirs.

"To be shot at the glacis of the fortress at sunrise to-morrow morning," he kept repeating to himself, though assuring himself that the words could have no reference to him, for the Czar must keep faith, even with traitors, or none would be found to serve him in future.

Bardin and the others calmly accepted their fate, and after a hurried farewell to their more fortunate fellows, were conducted to their cells for the last time.

The long night passed all too quickly for Radovitch, who, every minute, expected a messenger from the chief of the secret police. He had seen General Garashinin in court from day to day, and once a gleam of intelligence, he persuaded himself, had passed between them.

At last a faint grayness began to manifest itself through the close bars of his cell. It was light, the herald of a new day, the last for the condemned man. And now Radovitch began to explain, in husky tones, that his conviction was all a blunder. The two jailers looked intelligently at each other, and pityingly upon the wretched prisoner, but said not a word.

In a few minutes all the ten were assembled in the court-yard to the prison, nine of them calm and collected, for the bitterness of death was already past, one a prey of fear and sickening terror, and evidencing it all too plainly in his trembling limbs and livid countenance. In the hurried adieus they exchanged with each other, Radovitch came in for more than his share of attention.

"It's all a mistake," mumbled the wretched man. "Where is General Garashinin?"

"He is never present at executions," replied the soldier he addressed. "He issued his final orders last night."

And then a melancholy procession began to move toward the glacis of the fortress prison. A priest led the way, holding aloft a large cross before the eyes of the doomed men, who followed in single file, their ordinary dress covered with a long robe of white linen, at once a covering for the living and a shroud for the dead.

At last they reached the place appointed. Five stakes had been driven in the ground near the summit of the long even slope of the rampart. To these they were bound in couples, facing the east, now kindling with the warm flush of the rising sun, whose coming was to be the signal for their death.

Ranged in front of them, at a distance of fifteen yards, was a company of soldiers with loaded rifles, whose captain, standing a little apart, held in his hand a white handkerchief, at whose fall sixty tongues of fire would leap forth and sixty bullets seek the hearts of the unhappy men.

There was still time for the last scene but one in the tragedy before the sun should rise. The cross was held before the lips of each man for a final kiss in turn. Then a dagger was broken over the head of each captive by a soldier detailed from the thousands drawn up to witness the vengeance of the Czar. At that moment the sun seemed to bound into space, and every heart almost stopped.

But the officer has not let the signal handkerchief drop. Instead, the retreat is sounded on a score of bugles, and the troops march off the ground. The prisoners are informed that the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant them their lives.

They are unbound, and, as in a dream try to realize all that has happened, and to congratulate one another ere the last couple has been reached.

One of these had fallen forward on his face as far as his bonds permitted. It was Radovitch.

"He has fainted," said the soldier. "Bring me some water quickly."

"No need to trouble," said the doctor, who had rapidly examined him. "He is dead. The fright has killed him."

It was too true. The chief of the secret police had carried out his promise only too literally. The spy had no longer any reason to fear his betrayed comrades' revenge.

THE IRON HORSE IN EGYPT.

The longest Egyptian railroad now extends to Girgeh, 326 miles from Cairo. It is soon to be extended to the first cataract, 710 miles from the coast. This means, of course, an ultimate railroad connection with the British possessions in South Africa.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

NUTS ON WAGON AXLES.

"Every now and then one hears of a wagon wheel coming off through the loss of a nut, and an accident of this sort is apt to be attended with further injury to the vehicle or its load. If the latter is heavy the end of the axle is liable to strike the ground abruptly enough to break off a portion, or at least to spoil a screw thread. This thread, by the way, is righthanded at one end of the axle and lefthanded at the other, so that the nut if going on turns in the same direction that the wheel does when the wagon is moving forward. If the wheel exerts any influence on the nut through friction, therefore its tendency would be to tighten the nut. It would only be in backing, apparently, that the nut could be loosened from that cause. It is surprising, perhaps, that such a thing would happen at all, but it does, and a good many people, farmers and blacksmiths, have wondered how it could best be prevented," says the Tribune. "A generation or two ago some carriage makers put a pin through the nut and axle top. This, of course, would serve well enough for a while, but after the nut had been removed several times, in order to allow the axle to be greased, the thread would be worn a trifle. Hence, if the nut were tightened up properly with a wrench, the hole would not be in the right place for the pin. A subscriber recommends a slight improvement on that plan. He fixes a coil spring in the aperture in the nut into which the pin is inserted, and the spring tends to thrust the pin into place when the nut is on. But the improved plan does not seem to meet the objection just mentioned. Another scheme which has been tried with great success on fine carriages for many years is to have two nuts, one going on after the other, and each screwing in a different direction. A pin ties the two together, and the double nut is thus perfectly locked. The patent on this idea ran out long ago, and there are several makers of this style of axle. But one must pay an extra price for it. This is the most efficient plan in use, probably; but it has been suggested that nuts, not only on axles, but also on the bolts through the ends of the springs, might be kept in place by using spring washers, such as are now employed in certain parts of a trolly car gear, and as nut locks for railway track bolts. Again, a wonderful grip is secured in one of the track bolts lately introduced by cutting the thread in a peculiar way. The same scheme ought to work on a wagon axle. However, there are plenty of country wagons and city trucks, some of which are used in hauling enormous loads over rough highways, which are provided with no special means of securing the nuts, and yet which never lose one. The secret of this, probably, is that the nuts are well fitted and are closely watched. If the nut pinches tightly enough and if the screw thread is kept free from grease when the wheel is off, no accident of this sort ought to happen. But when the nut is worn by long service and goes on too easily, there is always a certain amount of risk, especially if a man is careless in greasing the wheels. And man, too, will probably neglect to examine the nuts occasionally and try to tighten them with a wrench."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON DAIRYING.

As a general rule, dairymen keep too many cows for their pasture. This is a great mistake that tells largely on the profits of the dairy and may leave it without profit at all. It is often said that a cow is a machine to convert grass, hay and grain into milk. Other machinery is necessary to convert the milk into butter or cheese. In order to run this cow machine to advantage, we must have plenty of raw material—grass, hay, roots and grain. In the summer time plenty of good grass, with water and a little salt, is sufficient. With these the machine will turn out milk to the satisfaction of the owner, and at the same time keep up repairs and motive power. But with poor pasture the result will be different. The motive power will be weak. The machine will get out of repair. The produce will be small, and of inferior quality.

The better a cow is fed the more profitable she will be to the owner. No more stock should be kept on the farm than can be well fed and attended to at all times. Scarcity of food will keep stock poor, its owner, too. The produce will be inferior, both in quantity and quality, and must be sold below the market quotations. We have frequently seen eight or ten milch cows in a pasture field where there was not to be seen a spear of grass more than about one inch above the surface, the poor brutes laboring hard to collect a scanty bite to mitigate their hunger. The owner will tell you that dairying "don't pay." He tells the truth, when it is conducted on his system. If he could keep four or five cows instead of eight or ten, the pasture would get a chance to grow, the investment in stock would be less, the produce would be larger and a better quality.

A certain portion of food must go to sustain animal life in the first place, before there is any for the secretion of milk or to lay on fat. If one cow be fed on what has been allotted to two, only half-fed, the amount required to keep up the system of one will be practically saved, and there will be double the amount to convert into milk or fat.

It is singular that some farmers do not see things in this light. They seem to think that the more acres of land they have and the greater number of cows on it, the richer they are. Some think that the more stock they keep on a farm, the sooner they will enrich it. This would be true if they had plenty of food for that stock to subsist on; but where that is not the case, it is a great mistake. Fields should not be pastured too bare. Stock should not have to work all the time to find enough to live on. They need rest in order to thrive. They need contentment also. A hungry animal is not contented, therefore cannot thrive. Neither will the owner thrive by having his capital invested in such stock.

TASTE IN THE BARNYARD.

A commendable and noteworthy feature in modern farm buildings is the improved and ample facilities provided for the feeding, watering, care and comfort of stock, the watering in winter being done under cover, and generally while the cattle stand at their stanchions. There are too many who still cling to the practice of compelling stock, regardless of the weather's severity, to drink from a hole in the ice, at an unsheltered trough, or at a brook some fifty rods from the stables. Such farmers rarely admit that farming pays. In the progress of improvements, it is to be regretted that provisions for enlarging and protecting the manure pile are not more generally made. Such improvements are excusable with those making a frequent application of the manure to fields; but it is still the practice of many to allow manure to lie fully exposed to the weather,—generally under the eaves—from one seeding time to another. Such negligence is often an offence against common decency, and what otherwise might be attractive surroundings is an offensive sight, as seen from the public highway.

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