## **NURSERY RHYME FOR TOURISTS**

Oh, we are little children Who love to go and play On that great play-ground over there, Three thousand miles away!

They have such pretty dolls there, All dressed like kings and queens; French horses running races And puppets making scenes,

Who stamp and scratch and bellow That they know best of all Their playmates how to manage The game of kingdom bail.

Then pops Nurse Fate out, crying: They make her head go round; And she gives each lord a whipping Quite mistress of the ground.

There are marioneties climbing mountains Which make them look so smail; And up they go in spite of The way they break and fall,

Sometimes there's a big army Of funny little things That goes and fights a smaller About two bran-stuffed Kings.

Sometimes a fire-cracker Explodes when no one sees, Because some dolls won't answer When others scold and tease.

When we go to this play-ground We have a jolly ride In such a crowded steamboat With little holes inside

Where we play sleep and comfort: And then pretend to eat Some sand and shaving provender, And call the Captain sweet.

This play of "going to Europe" Makes us all feel so grand! Because we cross the water Instead of crossing land. -Rose H. Lathrop, in N. Y. Independent

## The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

COPYRIGHT, 1839. CHAPTER VIII.-CONTINUED.

A fortnight after parting from Arthur s note was handed her by a servant. It was from her lover, and stated that be had perfected his plans for leaving for the mines, and that he would be at the entrance to the park from the highway with a carriage for her on the morrow. "In the afternoon, dearest," he had written, "I will come; there is no need of me asking you to be punctual in meeting me at the iron wicket near the chase at three o'clock, as I know you will not fail."

Fail! No, not for worlds, yet a strange yearning for the dark old Hall, a longing to be reconciled to the gray haired father, took possession of her. But more bitter than the waters of Mara came the promptings of pride and wounded filial affection. It is utterly useless to grow morbid over impossibilities. She must how to the rod of a heartless destiny, and go unpardoned and unloved.

The morning dawned at last that closed the long nervous sennight of waiting.

Miriam woke from a terrible dream of leath, and in an agony of doubt and terror she sprang from her couch. "It was but a dream," she said, smiting faintly to her scared reflection in the mirror what a dream." Yet she could not help but think that even dreams were significant sometimes. She dared not mention it to Peggy; for that credulous creature would, with her Irish propensities for the mysterious, Serpret a terrible revelation, no doubt. nd the yawning mines, the black pits, and the black-covered hearse of her nightvision would be all but dire realities by the time Clarkson would be done with them. She must not dwell on this; she must prepare for her flight. Her face assumed an ashen hue and her eves

dilated as she thought of this the last day for her within the hall as its heiress. Disinheritance would be her doom. That was what had fallen to the others; those that had gone before her, and whose portraits she had so often seen in the

gallery. Oh! yes. She must needs pay a visit to her kindred of the silent room, doubly her kindred now, for the day had arrived at last that another child of the Percivals was ready to depart from the frowning shadows of Heatherleigh. How many sad hearts had gone from beneath its roof, with the day of wrath treasured up against them.

"If it must be, it must," she said, bitterly, as she walked the shadowy, silent length of the low gattery alone an hour before ber departure, taking a last view of the reversed faces, hung in line "like so many gibbetted souls," she murmured. "I can not help being that 'eldest child,' neither am I to blame for the curse of an ancestor falling to hapless posterity. Ah! you dear, proud one," she exclaimed, with a tremor



of anguish in her tones, as she turned the last portrait of the doomed to the light. "You were a youngest child, poor Allen! and where are you to day? Ah! my fair, noble-browed relative, I fancy some one will stand here some day and ask that same question concerning me; perhaps not so very far hence, either.

"Alas! alas! that I am one of you!" she exclaimed, wildly. "What a thing love is; into so-called mesalliances, bringing down | the faint sunset light showing purple-tinted hereby the wrath of our fathers and dis- on the sky above.

"Ah! good-bye- no! farewell to you all: I am doomed also, and must be going!"

She turned the face of the hapless Allan to the wall again, and waving a sad adieu with trembling hand, while tears of anguish bedimmed her vision, she teft the long, nely gallery, shutting the door gently as f on the beloved dead instead of on so many ortraits only.

whispered with prophetic lips, "the last time | neath a cloud and seemed the seal of

So it happened that after having sought her father in a last hope of reconciliation and failed, insomuch that the ending proved to be but a stormy interview and wrathful parting, Miriam stole quietly out through the park to meet her future husband

The dull gray afternoon seemed surcharged with an oppressive silence, and an evil seemed lurking in the very air; or was it but a nervous fancy lending a miserable influence?

Miriam put her hand on the wicket opening out toward the highway at a quarter to three o'clock with a sigh, and found she was a little early.

Her face had been white and drawn with grief and pain, and her beautiful eyes had in their depths such a wild, despairing look when Peggy Clarkson met her in the hall directly after the interview with Sir Rupert; but now her face glowed with satisfaction, and the fine eyes had a pleasant light as she stood bidding a silent adieu to tne dear, familiar grounds.

Ah! what an iron will upheld the fair girl; truly she had the indomitable spirit of the Percivals.

A sound of wheels coming slowly toward the chase, and her heart throbbed wildly with expectation. She stepped outside and crossed the common. "Yes, there he comes," she said, and in a flutter of delight she flew back to the place of meeting. 'Dear Arthur," she murmured, "I have never known but two friends, mother and you. She has been taken from me, and I have only you left," and the pearly tears of memory dropped on the trembling hand on the gate. "Poor mother!"

But the carriage drew up and Arthur Fairfax alighted, smiling happily to find his beloved Miriam punctual. He kissed her where the tear-stains showed plainly on the fair cheek. "Why these tears, dear-

est!" he asked, tenderly. "I was thinking of-of mother," she answered, and he understood, for his vision was misty with emotion as he held her for moment in silent caress.

Peggy Clarkson came up with numerous bundles and faltering step. This was to her sorrow greater than that she felt for the dead mother.

But she bore up bravely for the sake of the beautiful girl before her and whom she oved as her own. Her own! Ah! yes; away across the channel, in the mother country on the shores of Killarney, resting peacefully, was Teddy. Dear little Teddy, who closed his blue eyes to this world in his third year, and was laid away forever, with his flaxen curls clinging to his white

baby brow. Poor Peggy! Many sorrowful days had gone over the cycling arc for her, but this one seemed to her the hardest to bear. She wiped her tears away as she came up with her bundles and tried to appear cheerful. All unconscious of treachery, Sir Rupert was taking his accustomed afternoon nap, and while his only child was leaving her home forever and caring but little for his gray hairs, he was dozing the hours away in

his quiet apartments. "Perhaps father may relent," ventured Miriam, as her lover handed her into the

"Oi doubt it, me darlint," sobbed Peggy, wiping the tears away from her dim old eyes in order to get a last sight of Miriam. tect ve. onvwav."

son," said Arthur, "if Sir Rupert never forgives us. Surely you can trust Miriam with me, and feel that she will be happy,

"An' you're livin' roight, me mon, Oi kin thrust the childer wid ye; an' far be it from me to help ye on in yer runnin' away, sir, if Oi couldn't." "Thank you kindly," replied he, taking

her trembling hand in a last good-bye. "Cheer up; you shall hear of Miriam frequently. Have a care, Peggy," he added, in a lower tone, "that Sir Rupert doesn'tever dream of your being mixed up in this leavetaking, or that you were aware of Miriam's going."

The old housekeeper answered him by an affirmative nod, and turned away to hide ber tears.

With a final good-bye, away they whirled. Miriam waved an affectionate adieu with her handkerchief as the turn of the road shut them forever from the park and the tearful Peggy at the wicket.

"Och hoon! and me ould heart is broke intoirely," moaned she to the silent land scape, while the clouds lifted and a ray of sunshine shot athwart its culiness.

The brambles and the heath by the way side were tinged with a beautiful flush of autumnal scarlet, and leaves tinted with the faintest gold went flying hither and thither in the breeze. The sunshine which struggled through the gray canopy and cast a ray of promise across the day for Peggy, lay glinting on the sea for Miriam

and her lover as they neared Hastings. Through the lanes, past the hedges where the blackberry briars formed a dense barrier, with their browning leaves and luscious clusters, all familliar nooks and old friends, who seemed to say "good-bye! good-bye!" past all these they had come, and the downs, the sea and the cliffs were uncommonly beautiful in the setting light. The sea-breezes blew up across the country, refreshing and sweet, the wind-mills on West Hill were whirling their great arms, and the old castle near by caught the western glow with a peace-ful contentment, which seemed to say: "I am glad to be left to picturesque ruin and

forgetfulness." The quaint little church at Fairlight was the destination, but they had taken a circuitous route to avoid trouble, did the master of Heatherleigh determine on following

Miriam's heart went out to the grayhaired, feeble father whom she never expected to see again, and with whom she never could be happy. She revolved the possible scenes of wrath and, perhaps, sorrowful regret that would transpire when he should be made acquainted with her flight. Then her thoughts turned affectionately to Clarkson, who was so "detarmint to help the childer away unbeknownst," and her heart ached for the old housekeeper when she should fall under the interrogative vengeance of her master. And a great many other things connected with the Hall floated before her mental vision; some of them coming like reproachful reminders, while others were so distasteful that she drew a sigh of relief to find them really turning like a bad chap-

ter in the history of the past. Ehe looked about her. Ah! would she ever stand here again and look far away to High Wickham and the sea! They were passing gaunt, grim Minnus rock now, and to win us all away from our ancestral halls | the sea lay a dark strip in the distance with

> For answer the breeze swept by with a low, mournful music, and died away in the dusks of eventide.

Arthur, partly divining Miriam's speculations by the pensive look on her sweet face. drew her to his heart with a fond careas saying: "Never mind, dearest, I will try hard to make all this up to you. Be happy. on the beloved dead instead of on so many ortraits only.

"This is my last visit to the gallery," she the setting sun gleamed brightly from be-

"Yours was a beautiful home," he continued, as she looked up with a smile of trust and confidence, "but you were not happy—perhaps never would have been-within its fateful doors."

"No," she answered, in a positive tone, "that I think were impossible, but I shall be happy with you."

Then the dreary weight left her soul and and the joy of assurance beamed on he

Behind them were desolate Beechwood Terrace, which might never more welcome the one, and ivy-crowned Heatherleigh, which could not, would not ever again open its doors to the other. Before them was the quiet, unpretentious wedding ceremony in Uncle Earle Fairfax, who was to serve a delightful little dinner just after the wedding and just before their departure for their future home in his pretty villa over there.

Was that all that was before them? No, not by a great deal. There lay a beautiful sea of happy sailing for the two hopeful hearts, but beyond its narrowed limits broke the billows of a dark and mouning flood. Happy for them, as for us all, the future is vailed from our inquisitive hearts; else we would go down into the depths of despair sometimes ere the battle of life

But with hope for the anchor and love at the helm, their ship had spread sail for the untried waters, which looked fair and serene in the offing.

Ah! here was the chapel at last, in the dusk and silence, open to receive them. Uncle Fairtax and a few friends waited them in the dimly-lighted chancel.

Miriam paused a moment in the shadowy porch for a little whispered prayer and then passed down the narrow aisle on the arm of a friend to where Arthur and his



NATURE SZEMS TO HAVE PUT ON MOURNING FOR US."

uncle awaited her. A soft, sweet light shone from her dark eyes, and the marriage service was responded to in low, clear ones, without hesitancy.

On thearm of her newly-made husband Miriam left the chapel, but there were none to strew flowers in her way. All was si-"Oi doubt it, but may the blissid Vargin pro- lent and gloomy without, and the dream of the previous night recurred to the bride as "Do not feel so badly, I pray, Mrs. Clark- she crossed the church-yard. The headstones gleamed through the darkness like mile-stones of the past, and Miriam Fairfax shuddered. He noticed it and asked: "What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing!" she answered, "only this is a gloomy wedding night. Nature seems to have put on mourning for us, Arthur." "Why! why, little wife," he said; "I am

so happy I do not seem to remember aught of shadows. As to the gloom, dearest, I had not thought of it. Surely you do not regret-'

"Hush! Arthur, that were impossible. when I love you so."

But the light and warmth and happy reception at Uncle Fairfax's superb home brought back the smiles to Miriam's face, and Uncie Earle's blessing settled like a holy benediction on their heads. Forgotten were all the shadows and gloom of All Saints in the well wishes and Godspeeds showered after them as they started for their home near the mines.

Arthur had invested what money he had in buying shares, under the supervision of his uncle, who had great experience in this matter, and who owned much mining stock. He was not going to the mines as a laborer, but sent in the interests of the company; he resolved to be faithful, and hoped to rise to positions of more importance, and double and treble his finances.

And when this was accomplished he would leave the mining districts and retire to comfort and happiness in some beautiful home near the sea, as his uncle had done. Then Miriam should be happy in her elegant home, and he-well, he would be the proudest, happiest husband in England.

Together the happy couple planned the future, as they occupied the pleasant, quiet compartment carrying them to Bradford. "That seems a koinde of happy omen,

though," mused Peggy, watching the sunshine checker the dancing shadows at her feet. "Koinde o' happy, but me heart is broken for a' that," and she wrapped her withered hands in her linen apron and crept along stealthily toward the Hall.

"But the swate misthress is boun' to have love and gude thratement where she's goin', an' that's more than she would win from the masther, the darlint."

Through the clustering oaks she passe in fear of being seen by Sir Rupert, notwithstanding he was pretty sure to stay in his own apartments the remainder of the day. "An' conscience makes cowards av the whole av us," she muttered, slipping through the shrubbery like some guilty

thing bound for a friendly covert. Poor old Peggy! She had parted with all that was left her to love of the proud family which had known her as house keeper for years.

The bonnie brown hair that Ancil had praised so much had grown white in the service of the great Hall.

She dragged herself into the servants quarters, where old Arcil was waiting her return in great trepidation, and sat down, mouning and rocking herself to and fro in the extravagant manner of her countrywomen, expressing her inconsolable grief. Ancil said nothing, but his bearded lip quivered as he sipped his ale, and his little blue eyes filled with tears as he looked at his wife.

Sir Rupert, feeling weary and somewhat indisposed, had his dinner served in his own apartments, and never did James serve at a quieter hour.

Sir Rupert said but a word or two, and those were low monosyllables; the servants, knowing of Miriam's flight, went steathily about their several duties, as if they feared the very walls would cry out and implicate them.

James came and went like a thief fearing detection, and whenever his master looked his way be grew pale with fear; but as Bir Rupert asked no questions he was glad that the revelation had not been his to make, and that the austere father remained in ignerance as yet of his daughter's flight and subsequent marriage.

"Oh! the disclosure," muttered he, as he and Canada for \$500,000.

came down stairs with the trencher, and he shivered in anticipation of the morrow.

CHAPTER X. "Howly mother! an' we'll put it off till

the crack o' doom if we can," Peggy ejacu-lated later, when Sir Rupert had retired, and the servants had all huddled around her in the west wing to hear the details of Miriam's departure. Nothing suited a wave of happiness, as brightas the circlet of western gold, swept aside all misgivings her better than to entertain them in her graphic way and impassioned manner with weird and strange recitals of fortunes possible and impossible, and often she had held them spell-bound until the great clock of the central hall warned them of midnight.

"But ye all know full well," she reflected "that the masther will be knowin' uv it termorrer by some manes, an' mark ye," movthe little chapet of All Saints; near by also | ing her right index slowly around the circle like the finger of destiny, "mark ye, there's not a mother's son of ye knows a single wurrud of the runnin' away whin the masthur's wrath runs hoigh." And all promised with one accord to faithfully keep their knowledge a secret for the "Swate childer's sake," Peggy said, while her auditors knew full well that it was for her own sake as much, and more, than for Miriam's that they were enjoined to such

"An' we must kape the saycret for the loife uv us," supplemented the housekeeper once more, as they were about to separate for the night; "ye know if ye don't we'll be whooped out o' the Hall quickern' a wink; ony way, maybe we'll be kilt roight on the spot, an' which is wurrust uv the two Oi'm not to say."

At breakfast the next morning Sir Rupert settled himself in his accustomed seat and looked about him; he would wait for Miriam, something he scarcely remembered of having to do, she being an habitual early riser.

The butler stood respectfully near, quaking in every limb, in dire anticipation of the impending storm about to burst over their unlucky heads, and perhaps sweep them from Heatherleigh like chaff. "Miriam is late," said Sir Rupert. "Call

the housekeeper." Clarkson was waiting in the next room and at a look from the terrified James came forward as if by magic, halting at a respectful distance, demure and innocent ooking enough to win the favor of anyone,

It was evident that she was in better trim for the emergency than her fellowservants were.

"Ask the maid if Miriam is ill." the master commanded, rather than said. Then he relapsed into a silence to be felt. He was thinking that perhaps the disagreement of the day before had unnerved the almost heart-broken daughter. Perhaps

he had been too harsh-ah! perhaps he had. Little did he dream when he asked for the maid that she had gone. Declaring that she would not stay to hear the anathemas sure to fall, little Mary Ferris had left only a few hours after her mistress went away: and, at the time the master of Heatherleigh called for her, she was relating again the instances in connection with the flight of Miriam to the dwellers of her father's vineovered cottage, some three miles from the

Clarkson went, without a moment's hesitation, in search of the girl, whom she knew to be far enough away. "Howly mother," she murmured, as she went upstairs, "defind us in swate marcy! The masther'll be for the killin' av us all in less an no toime. Oi feel it in me bones."

Opening the door of Miriam's room peeped in cautiously, as if fearing that the woeful tradition had taken form unto itself and was but waiting to slay the first intruder. Then, remembering the fair. proud face of its late occupant, Peggy went over to the bed and knelt for a moment in prayer, making the sign of the cross as she did so.

"Oh, me darlint, me swate mauvourn an' it's a towerin' pashun yer faythur'll

ITO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUEEN'S THOUGHTS. ophy of a Princess Noted for Forgiveness is almost indifference:

really loves does not forgive. A man in love is like an ostrich; he thinks he is not seen because he does not see

Maternal love is an instinct, but there are instincts of Divine origin. A woman does not become a mother; she is one from her birth. A numerous

family satisfies her vocation; it does not create it. A household without children is a bell without a clapper. The latent sound would be beautiful enough were there something

Jealousy in a lover is a homage; in a husband an insult. Friendship based solely upon gratitude is

ike a photograph; in time it fades. Friendship diminishes when there is too much happiness on either side and too much misery on the other. There is but one happiness-duty. There

is but one consolation—work. There is but one delight—the beautiful. Happiness when at a distance appears so great as to touch the sky. When it enters

our door it so dwindles that very often we no longer recognize it. Happiness is like the echo; it answers but does not come.

Seek consolation only in immortal things, in nature and in thought. The power of doing a good action is happi-

Misfortune may make us proud; suffering makes us humble. We are always the martyrs of our own faults.

Great misfortune lends greatness even to an insignificant person. There is a sort of instantaneous brother-

hood between victims of misfortune. When you have long been in mourning you feel attracted by every black cloak you

The respect people show you in your mis-

fortune diminishes long before you have begun to outlive it, and you are irritated at eing treated as before. One must indeed be unhappy to attempt suicide a second time. Suffering is our most faithful friend. It

often returns. Often it changes its garb and even its face, but we soon recognize it by its cordial and intimate embrace. When you are young grief is a tempest which prostrates you; at mature age it is simply a north wind which adds a wrinkle

to your brow and one more white hair to your head. Suffering is sensitive and clairvoyant. Happiness has firmer nerves, but not so true an eve.

A beast in pain seeks solitude. Man al makes a parade of his misery. When we have a sorrow which we do not wish to mention, we speak of others which we hid formerly. Grief is a hot spring; the more it is re-

ressed the more it spouts.—Carmen

A SYNDICATE of Philadelphia capitalists has purchased the graphophone rights fo all countries outside of the United States

Sviva, in London Life.

GARDINER'S ISLAND.

A Wilderness of Taugled Beauty and In-

Nowhere within one hundred miles of New York City can such a complete wilderness be found-a wilderness of tangled loveliness and grandeur-as is found in the vast forests of Gardiner's Island. The fame of the forests on this famous old island has gone abroad, and thousands of people have visited them this year.

The Gardiner's Island forests occupy a large portion of the interior of the island. They are composed chiefly of gray oaks and gum trees, standing at such distances apart as to have permitted them to grow to great size, while the ground is covered with fine sweet grasses. Many of the trees are heavy with Florida moss and festoons of poison ivy and wild grape vines, lending to the landscape an especially tropical effect. At one point in the center of the forests the paths come together before a stile of rails. Here, in a dark, leafy glade is a directory of this year's visitors to the forest Hundreds upon hundreds of cards are stuck into the chestnut fence rails and steps everywhere. In some places the leaf of a note book bears the name of a whole party. In the collection are names from all corners of the United States.

The woods are literally full of game birds and animals, but hunting them is not permitted. Passing over a narrow table land from the shore to enter the forest a reporter scared up an immense flock of quail, which whirred a few rods away and dropped in the grass only to dislodge another flock of similar proportions, and a great flock of cooing wild pigeons broke out of the edge of the forest as he entered. Midway in the forest are the blackberry swamps, the resort of reed birds, bobolinks, and blacksnakes. The latter are as thick as hail there, but the island colonists say they will not hurt any one, although last year a large blacksnake gave one of the farm hands a severe flogging. Further on the tree limbs are piled high in places with dead sticks and leaves, and great gray birds are circling high in the air overhead, crying wildly. They are fishhawks. The stick piles are their nests in the trees. Gardiner's Island is one of the breeding spots for the osprey on the North Atlantic coast, because the Gardiners would never allow their nests to be pillaged. The original Gardiner directed that all game be protected from ruthless invaders, and it has been. Fat woodcock and lazy rabbits barely rolled out of the reporter's way. A raccoon was sighted, then a wild cat.

and finally a deer. Nearly all of the eleven proprietors of this magnificent entailed estate have been buried on the hill overlooking the manor. The first one, Lord Lion Gardiner, was interred at Easthampton on Long Island. John Lyon Gardiner, the present proprietor of the island and manor, who is said by his dependents to possess all the virtues of his ten predecessors, has made an interesting addition to the Easthampton cemetery, in the recumbent figure of his remote ancestor. The Knight, in complete armor, lies on a sarcophagus in a Gothic marble chapel surrounded by a low iron fence. It was designed by James Renwick, the architect of Grace Church and of St. Patrick's Cathedral. On the sarcophagus is inscribed in Old English:

"Lion Gardiner, an officer of ye English Army and an engineer and Master of Works and Fortifications in ye Leaguers of ye Prince of Orange in ye Low Countries. In 1835 he came to New-England in ye service of a Company of Lords and Gentlemen. He builded and commanded ye Saybrook Fort. After completing his term of 509, he died in this town in 1663, venerated and

A red cedar bar on two posts of the same material marked Lion Gardiner's grave for over two hundred years, until the present monument was erected. Before this work was done, as there was some doubt as to whether the first proprietor of the island was buried there, the grave was opened. Seven feet below the surface the workmen found a layer of stone, beneath which was a skeleton nearly perfect in preservation. A physician examined it and found it to be a man's frame. The skull was white and hard, the jaws square, the teeth good, locks of brown hair were found, together with five of the coffin nails and a bit of cedar wood. These relics established the fact that the grave was that of the first lord of the manor. They were put back, covered with cement and stones, and the monument was raised to his memory.-N. Y. Tribune.

## Will Carleton's Ready Answer.

A story of Will Carleton which shows the popular poet's aptness for making a ready answer. He was recently the invited guest at a public dinner of jolly book-sellers and stationers. Upon rising to recite one of his poems he was exceedingly annoyed by the loud talking and laughing of a group at one end of the table who had indulged too freely in the beverages served. Seeing that a steady glance did not prevail the poet said: "You will pardon me if I wait; it would scarcely be polite for me to recite while those gentlemen over there are talking." At this the most boisterous of the group shouted across the table: "Go ahead, old fellow, we're going 'over the hills to the poor-house.'" Quick as a flash the poet answered his interrupter with: Yes, and to the asylum, too." The diners shouted at the neat rejoinder, the boisterous member was crushed. and the poet proceeded to the rendering of one of his best poems. —W. J. Bok, in Boston Journal.

-The mouth of Calumet river, emptying into Lake Michigan, has moved east 2,800 feet since 1836.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-Poultry at certain seasons are sometimes over-stimulated by high feeding to make them lay. It must be remembered that fowls can be injured

-If a fruit tree is not bearing as it should, stir the soil well and apply a dressing of rotten manure. If, in a few days after, a dressing of wood ashes can be put on it will make it all the better. Prune well, especially when cutting out all the old, diseased

-Roasted ovsters: Take ovsters in the shell, wash the shells clean and lay them on hot coals. When they are done they will open, when the upper shell can be removed. Serve the oysters in the loose shell, with a little melted butter poured over each.—Boston Herald.

-Sandwich Dressing: One-half pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a little red or white pepper, a little salt, yelk of one egg; rub the butter to s cream, add the other ingredients, and mix thoroughly, set away to cool, spread the bread with this mixture and put in the ham chopped fine.

-Lawns, says the Country Gentleman, should be cut frequently, but not so short as to deprive the grass plants of their leaves and vigor. As a general rule, the grass should never be sheared nearer than two inches of the ground. A longer growth than is necessary during the summer should be permitted after the middle of au-

tumn to serve as winter protection. -It is well for the farmer to study the character of the weeds that grow upon his farm, for without a knowledge of their habits he can not successfully fight them. Each section of country has its weeds which are injurious to farm crops, and these weeds commonly differ in different localities, though some of them appear to be common to all. In weed destruction there is need of associated effort in every community in order to accomplish any thing.

-Corn is the best material with which to fill the silo, and it should be put in when the ears begin to glaze. Some farmers pick the prime ears, and ensilage the remainder. The more ears that are left, the better, of course, will be the ensilage. The silo need not be filled in a hurry. It is better to put in a layer of about two and a half feet and then let it ferment till the temperature rises to about 130 degs., and then add another layer, and so on, till the sile is full. In this way extra expense for help is avoided. - Dairy World.

ASHES AS MANURE. A Good Fertilizer When Applied in Lim-

Ited Quantities, It has been abundantly demonstrated by analysis and experience that ashes of mineral coal are practically of no value as fertilizers, although the use of these in finely sifted condition is frequently represented as beneficial. In such cases the benefits are due to the mechanical changes wrought on soils of a texture that required some such addition. It must be added, however, that this mechanical action of coal ashes is, in some soils, injurious.

With the ashes of wood the case is quite different, these being classed among the most valuable of fertilizers. The valuable ingredients of wood ashes are potash lime and phosphoric acid, potash leading in importance, according to the popular opinion. It is, however, sometimes difficult to decide to which of these ingredients the useful effect exerted by wood ashes in due, depending, as it does, on the service there, he moved in 1689 to his Island, of amount of each that may have existed which he was sole owner and ruler. Born in in the soil as plant food previous to the application of the ashes, for lime and phosphoric acid are as essential to plant growth as is potash.

The ash remaining from the combustion of wood and plants is very small in volume and weight compared with the amount of vegetable matter it represents, but it has been conclusively demonstrated that a plant can not grow in the absence of the substances found in its ash. The ashes of plants are, therefore, exceedingly valuable agents in their own reproduction, for, although they are not all identical in their composition, the ash of each class of plant differing in some respects from that of others, yet there is enough similarity existing in all to make their ashes generally useful. As they are among the most useful, so, where wood is used for fuel they may be pronounced among the most economical manures, and none should be wasted, but all be saved and applied to the land. Leached ashes, though less valuable, contain most of their original elements, except a loss in their potash and soda. They may also be advantageously applied, and will improve all soils not already saturated with the principles they contain.

In general it may be said that a dressing of from twenty to forty bushels of wood ashes will be beneficial on all soils reduced by cropping, neverertheless a continued yearly application of ashes without a corresponding use of vegetable or barnyard manure would eventually be injurious. For renovating orchards and for all plants having a woody structure ashes will be found useful. As a rule ashes will be found most profitable on soils deficient in potash and for crops that exhaust the land of this ingredient.

The relative proportions of the alkalies in the composition of the ash of a number of the ordinary crops is concisely stated by Johnson as follows: Cereals (grain), 30; Legumes (kernels). 44; root crops (roots), 60; grames in flower, 33. The above may serve to indicate in some measure the crops to which ashes may be most profitably applied.-N. Y. World.