### CARA'S BRAVERY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH. "For whom did you want the house

young lady?" "For myself, sir."

Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so youngnot more than eighteen, and so pretty -golden-haired and blue-eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to rent Thistle Cottage herself. But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

"The house is in good order, sir." "It requires a few repairs, only," said the young physician, rather stiff.

He had begun to thing he was throw-

ing his time away.

"And those you will make?" "If I let the cottage-yes."

The young lady mused a moment. "I think I will like it," she said

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clarke-?"

"Yes." "Do you quite understand the sit-

uation?" "I think I do. The house thought to be haunted, and the rent is merely nominal to anyone who will live

there." "Yes. But- How are you situated in regard to family, my dear young

lady?" "I have the care of two younger brothers-twelve and fourteen years old. I have only a limited income, which I eke out by embroidery. I am anxious to get my brothers out of the city and there is a good academy here. I am not afraid of ghosts,"

with a faint smile. "We shall come." Her words and manner were not at variance with her delicate beautyall was so petite and yet so self-pos-sessed and dignified. Dr. Leignton's experience in girls did not seem to outgrew that you sent to my Bobbie; serve him at all in this emergency. He recollected that his sisters, Maud and no mother's hand in the hour o' Bess, always regarded the outer walls of Thistle Cottage with an apprehensive gaze, and could not be persuaded to pass it alone after dark, and here was this girl, no older than they, proposing to live there, with two children!

"You have no parents?"

"Relatives?"

"None to rely upon. I depend on myself entirely, Dr. Leighton; I am glance into the young man's counte-

"I hesitate only on your account," he hastened to say. "It is no fable that a man was killed there. He was murdered by a son of unsound mind, after a quarrel about money. The estate was owned by my father. It is now mine. It long ago fell into ill- though nothing has ever harmed us. repute on account of the murder, but But as soon as I fall asleep I start up it is a very pretty place and has been kept in repair. I will walk over it Cara was with you again and make any changes you may find desirable," thus tacitly consenting to the young lady's pro-

What her words failed to do, her clear blue eyes had succeeded in accomplishing. They had won the confidence of the owner of the cottage.

"She can but try since she wishes," he said to himself. "I am close by at our house. If she gets trightened out she can come to us."

When they had gone over the house again, the girl asked, quite coolly: "What became of the murderer?"

"He fled from justice-is probably dead. He has never been heard from. and his ghost is said to haunt this spot. If you can prove that it does not, I will give you five years rent here free."

The young girl made no reply, only smiled brightly. "What a brave little creature!"

thought Dr. Leighton. A week later Caroline Clarke and her brothers were settled at the This-

tle Cottage. Dr. Leighton did not fancy the boys. He told his mother that they were "whelps that wanted licking in-to shape." But when he saw the gen-But when he saw the gentleness and tact used by their sister

in managing them, when he saw her patience, her charming smile in encouragement of their simplest welldoing, he was ashamed of his intoler-"My father," she hesitated, "did not set his boys a very good example. They were much away from home be-

fore he died. They will do much better here away from harmful associations," she said. "That's a good girl—a rare good girl, Lee," said old Mrs. Leighton. "I

only wish Maud and Bess had half as much character. But Cara, as the boys called her,

did not trouble her neighbors. She

was an exquisite housekeeper; she had a piano-an old one but of mellow tone; she did much work with crewels and flosses. In the evening she assisted her brothers with their studies. They were fond of her under their roughness and selfishness. They shoveled snow, when it came, took care of the poultry-she encouraged them in their ambition for prize chickens-and kept in wood water. There was not and was not home in the brighter little village. Cara had finished the rooms herself with pretty artistic touches. On the pale buff paper of the sitting room she had painted, here and there, a bunch of red Bergundy roses. She had gilded the cornices and hung before a doorway a crimson curtain. As for guests-when people queried her, she simply answered: "No, I

have not seen any." But perhaps the air of the mountain village did not agree with Cara Clarke, for she grew pale. She was always sweet, but sometimes she had | Leland was the half crazed boy who a little wearied air. Dr. Leighton asked her if she did not work too five years before. But want and He wondered sometimes, with a secret of an old man.

disquiet, if she had not somewhere a sweethear, who did not write to her.

But Cara kept her own counsel. The fall and winter wore away without any revelation to him of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prospect of a vegetable garden with peas, potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill that the young physician felt called

upon to expostulate
"Cara," he said, "I want to speak
to you. You must have a change or o, no, I shall not she replied, in-

credulously. Your countenance gives token of mmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Cara, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I am your friend?"

"Oh, yes. It is nothing, only I do not sleep very well."
"Why?"

She made no reply, and seeing that his insistance distressed her, he ceasd to urge her confidence at that time, though more certain than ever that she had a painful secret. He was satisfied that she had no organic disease;

and her mind seemed to have no morbid tendency. But the colorless cheek, the hollow temples, the air of languor, betrayed that something daily and hourly sapped the young girl's

One morning, Willie, the younger boy, rapped at his office door. "Something's the matter with my sister," he said. "We can't wake her

up. Won't you come over.

Dr. Leighton found Carain a stupor Won't you come over?" and delirious, with every symptom of brain fever. He lost no time in getting assistance. Mrs. Hodgdon, the village nurse, was at Cara's bedside when she awoke.

Dr. Leighton had just left the room and was in the next apartment. He did not go in immediately, though he

heard the girl talking.
"Am I so very sick?" she asked. "No, dear. You was feverish and your mind wandered a little, and I was out of a place and told Dr. Leighton I could stay with you a day or two as well as not for my board. I hain't forgotten the jackets as Willie and I had feeling for a young girl with

"Oh," moaned the young girl, "I'm not sick, I'm worn out! Oh, this dreadful house! I have not slept soundly all winter."

"Why, dearie?"
"Oh, Mrs. Hodgdon, there is somebody in this house beside ourselves. Beside me and the boys, I mean. Somebody creeps about and I am always listening for that step. It is used to it. Would you like to let me killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I have Thistle Cottage?" with a steady did not mean to tell you, but I am so weak. Don't, don't say a word to Dr. Leighton. I must bear it, because its all the home we have, and the boys never had such a pretty, nice home before, and they are doing so well, and are so good. I was not afraid at first. I am not afraid now, only for them. There may be some evil about,

> Cara was begging the old woman not betray her confidence, when Dr. Leighton came into the room.

You must tell me the whole story, Cara!" he said. "You shall not lose anything by it," he added.

But Cara broke out, crying, in her weakness giving way to her emotions. and for a time the tumult would have its way. She was brought to listen to

reason at last. "It was two months after we came here," she said, "that I first heard those creeping, creeping steps. I tried to think it was the trees, or the wind, or the cat, but I heard them when there was no wind at all, and the cat was asleep on the foot of my bed, and the things were moved from their places about the house, and lately ! would not allow myself to believe that searched every spot and nook in this no stairs."

"Oh, Dr. Leighton!" groaned Mrs. spirits."

"Nonsense." Dr. Leighton contented himself with prescribing for the sick and overwearied girl, and after a few days of care arranged a drive for her in his new buggy, with her brother Jack as attendant.

"You are to take a nice long drive. and not be back under two hours,'

he said, smiling. The kindness and care surrounding the door in the brightness of the spring day, her trouble fell away from her like a nightmare, and the color came back to the pretty cheek.

in the house with Dr. Leighton. They the cellar. Every wall was tried, with space or passage. Nothing unknown ladder was brought, and the men as-

cended to the attic. It was only a hollow space beneath the center of the roof, quite unlighted. But enough light penetrated the place to show an unkempt figure rising from its liar of straw and rags in one cor-

"What's this? Are you after me?"

he said, in hollow tones. The men silently gazed on this object with astonishment, repulsion and It was a man, but so thick the mask of dirt and grim, so ragged the beard and hair, grotesque the costume of tatters from which fell feathers and straw, it seemed some unknown creature instead of a human being

"Great heavens! it is Simon Leland!" cried Dr. Leighton. This only added to the consternation of the other men. for Simon

murdered his father at Thistle Cottage

"I don't care what you do with cried the hollow voice, "Only

give me something to eat." "Come with us and you shall have all you want," said Dr. Leighton, not unkindly.

"Where? Down there, where the fire and the light and the girl is?" asked the wretched being, and when they nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung himself down before them. But he was so weak he staggered, and they were obliged to help him down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mrs. Hodgdon, shaking with excitement and consternation, placed food upon the table from which he snatched it, without any pretence of eating from a plate, devouring it like a half-famished animal. When he had filled himself, he would have laid down on the floor and gone to sleep, but that the unaccustomed plenty sickened him, and he began to groan and roll about, In a short time, the sheriff, who had been sent for, arrived, and he was taken away. No one believed that the poor, underwitted, half-dying creature was a fit subject for punishment, but the county jail was a clean and comfortable refuge for him in his destitution. Here he remained until consigned to the almshouse. No reliable account af his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in its desertion, and existed miserably there a great while before discovered. He had prowled about at night searching for food, of which he found a scanty supply, stealing from corn bins, pigs and poultry, and rob-bing hen roosts, eating the flesh of the fowls raw. It was the occasional discovery of his miserable figure which had called into existence the story of the place being haunted by his ghost. But so reduced had he become he would probably have died in his lair but for Dr. Leighton's discovery of

Dr. Leighton kindly saved Cara from witnessing so much misery. She never saw Simon Leland. Her nerves had already borne much, and that she had been willing still to suffer in secret for the sake of preserving a good home for her young brothers was a fact which became known and endeared her to many hearts. Her friends multiplied, and, when she accepted as a life companion, Dr. Leighton, the oldest friend of all, hearty kindness surrounded her and warm wishers for her happiness danced merrily at the wedding.

### "PAYING ATTENTIONS."

Evils of Premature Cossip About Love Affairs. Harper's Bazar.

As it is obviously a young man'sdu-

ty to pay attentions to some young woman, considering that this is really the chief motive of social intercourse, it is rather hard upon him that he no sooner begins to fulfill his mission, and calls, and drives, and dances more or less boldly with one damsel, than all the match-making women to whom a love affair, anybody's love affair, is precious and entertaining, interchange ideas upon the subject and report that young Crayon is in love with Miss Coupon; and although he may never have thought of love in relation to Miss Coupon, and although he may possibly have drifted into a genuine affection sooner or later if nobody had meddled-since proximity is a dangerous factor, and brings about more marriages than match-making-the premature report has a very damaging effect; he begins to see that unless he is serious in paying attentions he is compromising not only nimself, but the young woman, and keeping other suitors at a distance; and although have missed food. That's since I he may not know whether he has any positive designs or no, and his emoa spirit haunted the place. I have tions may be in a state of evolution, and he may not entirely understand house. There is only the space above his own designs, yet he is put upon the scuttle in the roof, and there are his guard, the cordial relation between the two cools, and he earns the name of being a heartless trifler, or is forced Hodgdon, "then, of course, it's into a hasty declaration before he is ready to make it. Naturally the looker on says that he ought to know his own mind; that he has no business to devote himself to a woman whom he does not love. But love is not an instantaneous affair, like being struck by lightning; it is a growth. And now prithee, is a young man to know whether he loves or not if he may not live more or less in the companionship of that "not impossible she?" if he may not have opportunity to Cara was new and very pleasant to observe and study her? To be sure her. As the wheels rolled away from Miss Coupon may object to being made a study of, to being placed under the microscope, and then by and by turned aside as an inperfect specimen. But she has the same privilege herself. Five minutes after her departure and would be sadly shocked if from Thistle Cottage two men were any one supposed that she would accept a lover without some knowlwent rapidly through it, beginning with edge of his qualifications. One might ask if she, on her side, had serious the idea of discovering any unknown and matured designs when she answered his notes, accepted his invitations, was developed. At length a short his bouquets and confectionery, if she were not also attempting to discover if he were her ideal. We do not dispute the fact that there are men who flirt maliciously, so to speak-who do not mean to fall in love-who have themselves well in hand; but they need not be confounded with those who are simply trying to discover

> Mesers. L. W. Habercom, Louis Schade, Simon Wolf and Rev. L. H. Shleder, of Washington, addressed the House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic in op-position to the bills to provide for a com-mission of inquiry on the liquor traffic and for prohibition in the District of Columbia.

their heroine.

A general court martial at Fort Missoua. Mont., sentenced Private Thomas Mc-Evily, Company B, Third infantry, charged with desertion, to be dishonorably dis-charged from the service of the United hard. "It is not that," she answered. misery had given him the appearance and be confined at hard labor for three States, forfeit all pay and aflowances due

## A COOL CUT-THROAT.

Bandit Vasquez InspectsHis Coffin With Much Interest and Dies

San Francisco Examiner.

I saw Kernaghan's neck stretched one Friday, and it recalled another hanging of thirteen years back-that

of Tiburcio Vasquez. The little brigand, who had robbe and slaughtered with his band through Santa Clara, San Benito, Fresno, Tulare and the whole Southern country, until he had achieved a notoriety as high as that of his great predecessor, Joaquin Murietta, was sitting absorbed in a newspaper when the reporters leave his cell and take the freedom of the asphalt-paved corridor. His chair was fashioned from a dry goods box, and his lamp stood on the equally rough table, where there were also pens and ink. He had been writing his last letters.

Vasquez rose and nodded pleasantly to his curious visitors. There were half a dozen of them, and each presented him with a cigar or two, so that he had a handful.

"I'm afraid," said he with a smile, "that I shan't have time to smoke all these." The fellow was a gentleman. He

showed it not only in his politeness, but in the cool courtesy with which he faced his dreadful end. "I would rather talk of something

else, if it is agreeable to you, gentlemen," he said, when the reporters fell to business, and questioned him about the state of his mind. "I am to be hanged to-morrow

Very well. I don't like it, but I have no choice. See?" Sheriff Adams appeared, and the Mexican retired into the shadow with him. They whispered together and the officer retired with a deprecatory

showing of his palms. Soon there was a tramping of feet without, the key turned, and the doors were thrown open, clanging. Two men bearing a coffin, and followed by a black-coated undertaker with a pair of trestles in his hand, came in. The coffin-a fine one, studded with silver-headed nails-was placed on the trestles, and the brigand, cigar in teeth, stepped up and inspected it with lively interest. He half squatted and ran his hand along the side.

"It's too short," he said, with surprise, looking at the awed undertaker, who assured him it was all rightthat it should be measured at the top not near the bottom.

"It's high," cried Vasquez, with a wave of his hand, pleased at the quality of the coffin, which had been provided by his friends. The undertaker thought he referred to the lid, which was rounded, and said it was the fash-

ion to make them that way. He put his hand inside, felt the padding, pressed the little pillow, and with an upward flirt of his cigar observed:

"Well, I shall sleep there very well forever. On the morrow he walked out into the sunlit jailyard, climbed the steps of the scaffold and threw a wistful

glance beyond the walls at the blue hills, on which he had ridden on many a fray with his cut-throats. They sought to unbutton his cost and collar. He waved them aside politely and did it himself. He assisted the hangman in adjusting the straps and rope, glanced down to see that his feet were precisely on the crack, kissed the cracifix held out to him by the priest, and bore himself with patience and dignity while they drew over him a white shroud and placed on his head and shoulders a great black hood. "I am ready," he said

serenely, closing his eyes. And that was the last of Vasquez-

# He Had His Sphere.

The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the Religious Herald of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist association recently how necessary it | cause his parents he would have gone was to enlist the active services of home. In spite of his larks there was every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What sic. are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and, having found it, put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"Taint no use askin' me," he said, "I can't do it," Suppose you start the next hymn,

'Can't sing either." "How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that? "Nop. I'm a bad hand at getting round. Better git some one else." Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking stick, an idea was

Well, brother, do you think you are able to keep out the dogs?" You bet I air," he confidently re

suggested.

plied. Then taking a seat at the door he battled with the brutes through out the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation were followed home by yelping curs with bruised limbs.

Every man has his sphere of useful-

The inscription on the Gambetta monument opposite the Louvre, Paris, will be 'Frenchmen, raise your souls and your resolutions to the height of the perils which weigh on the fatherland. It yet depends upon you to show to the universe the spectacle of a great people that will not perish."

#### He Supped With the President. From the Atlanta Journal.

In the early years of this century. when log houses were good enough for the average Georgian, a certain doctor

presided over Franklin College. The simple habits of their dignified sires did not prevent the boys of those days from having their fun-indeed. they carried on an amount of devilment which the college boys of these times would consider respectable.

The boys thought that anything was fair which would make one of the laculty the victim of a joke, and on one occasion they laid a dark plot to rob the doctor's poultry yard and entered. He had been permitted to afterward celebrate the event by a midnight banquet.

The doctor's chickens were the pride of his domestic establishment, and he had built for their accommodation a log house. The logs was "notched down" at the corners and held in place by their own weight and the

At a late hour the boys repaired to the hen house, armed with a fence rail. It was an easy matter to insert the rail between two logs and pry up those above, so as to make opening through which a man could crawl. A dapper young fellow, who had visited the doctor's daughters, went in and began to pull the chicken's off the roost and wring their necks. While he did so the boys outside kept their weight on the rail, and so kept the crack open for his escape. The nice young man, whom we will call Bob, had dropped about a dozen chickens outside, and the whole crowd was in high glee over the prospective banquet. Just then a big old rooster crowed.

Look out, Bob; break that roester's neck and stop his noise.' Sh! What's that?"

There was a low growl. "Boys, you have let these logs down too low lift them a little, so I can get

out. Be quick about it!" At that instant there was a loud bark and a big dog bounded into the poultry yard. The boys on the outside for an instant stood their ground. They dropped the rail and grabbed chance weapons to beat off the dog, but before they could disable him the door of the doctor's residence opened and his tall figure appeared. The boys scattered, all but one.

The logs had come together again and Bob was a prisioner. He crouched in a corner and held his breath, hoping that he would be overlooked, but the dog told where he was.

By this time the doctor had come up and other members of the family came out, eager to see who was caught in the man trap.

'Why, it's Bob." "Who would have thought it?" The exclamations were heard in the house and echoed by the young ladies. Then the door of the log house was opened and the young man was sent to the dormitory. He was called before the faculty the next morning. The poor fellow would have sold himself for a song, and expected to be peremptorily expelied and perhaps prosecuted.

Meantime the doctor had thought the matter over. He was a man of piece of wild mischief which might not be meanness. He resolved to give the | doctor to do you this service matter such disposition as would put a soher head on the young man. Accordingly, when Bob appeared, looking like a criminal, the doctor lectured him severely, but in a fatherly way and told him that such an offense must not go without a severe punish-

Bob expected the sentence of his expulsion. With measured tones, like a Judge pronouncing the death sentence, the doctor said:

Mr.---, I will expect you to take supper with me to-night, and, as you show a fondness for chicken, the fowls you took off the roost last night will be on the table.' Bob would rather have been expelled. But for the distress it would

good stuff in Bob, and with a tremendous effort he resolved to face the mu-It is impossible to describe the mental agony Bob went through that

the doctor presided with courtly dig-1 more courteous to an honored guest than she was to Bob, and her daughters treated the young man as cordially as ever. Not a word was said about the affair of the night before, but the large dish of chickens was like

a mountain in the poor man's eyes. It was the refinement of torture when the doctor, with the utmost countess of - keeps her oath." suavity, helped him to the choicest pieces.

The situation, which under ordinary circumstances would have been ludicrous, under the doctor's composalmost to the pathetic. It was a lesson written on Bob's

#### ~ Very Pathetic Thing. Two young women in a confidential

never forgot it.

mood were overheard by an unsympathetic man as they were discussing some of the topics dear to feminine analysis. The first speaker, who was evidently from the West, was enlarging upon the theme of the surplus of the female population in Massachusetts, and described the State as a barren region fit only for a starting point of female emigration. Her compauion seemed slightly disturbed at the criticism of her State, and when the Western girl asked in a sweet manner, "Now, how many chances have you for marriage?" replied with asperity, "I never had any and I haven't any now." The Western girl's countenance had a most pitying expression, and she said sympathetic ally, "Now, that is the most pathetic thing I have heard in New England.' -Boston Journal.

## TERRIBLE VENCEANCE.

A Jealous Husband Has the Hand of His Wife Cut Off and Sent to

From a London Exchange.

At the restoration of Louis Phillippe to the French throne many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. One of them, a famous general, had a beautiful daugh ter whom he wished to marry rich, but who fell in love with a poor young man-an under secretary or something of that kind. She married, at her father's request, a rich count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed upon her eft hand, upon which she wors a ruby put there by her lover. Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand as his, he determined upon an awiul revenge.

One night as the celebrated surgeon, Lisfranc, was returning from a professional visit, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant palace, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. At last he found himself in a small chamber furnished with remarkable luxury, and half-lit by an alabaster lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed as well as the curtams of an alcove at the end of the room.

"Doctor," said the man with whom he now found himself alone, in an abrupt, loud voice, "prepare for your work-an amputation." "Where is the patient?" asked the

doctor, turning toward the alcove. The curtains moved slightly, and he heard a stifled sigh.

"Prepare, sir," said the man, convulsively.
"But, sir, I must see the patient." "You will see only the hand you are to cut off."

The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other said: Sir, you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance I shall do my duty without caring for or troubling myself about your sec-rets, but if you wish to commit a crime you cannot force me to be your accomplice."

"Be content, sir," replied the other, there is no crime in this," and leading him to the alcove he drewfrom the curtain a hand. "It is this you are

to cut off." The doctor took the band in his; his fingers trembled at the touch. was a lady's hand-small, beautifully modeled, and its pure white set off by a magnificent ruby encircled with

diamonds. "But," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; there is—"
"And I, sir! I say." thundered the other, "if you refuse I will do it myself," and, seizing a hatchet, he drew the hand toward a small table and seemed about to strike. The doctor arrested his arm. "Do your duty, then doctor."

"O, but this is an atrocious act," said the surgeon. "What is that to you? It must be great sagacity in the management of done. I wish it; madam wishes it alboys, and he recognized this freak as a so. If necessary she will demand it herself. Come, madam; request the

> The doctor, nonplussed and almost tainting under the torture of his feelings, heard from the alcove in a halfexpiring voice and an inexpressible accent of despair and resignation: "Sir, since you are a surgeon-year

-I entereat you-let it be you, -and not-oh, yes, you! you! in mercy!" "Well, doctor," said the man, "you or 17"

The resolution of this man was so frightful, and the prayer of the poor ady so full of entreaty and despair, that the doctor felt that even humanity commanded othim compliance with the appeal of the victim. He took his instruments with a last imploring look at the unknown, who only pointed to the hand, and with a sinking heart began the operation. For the first time in his experience his hand trembled, but the knife was doing its work; there was a cry from the alcove, and then all was silent. Nothing was heard but the horrid sound of the operation till the hand

evening when he sat at the table where | and the saw fell together on the floor. Lisfranc wore the ruby on his watch chain, where it was seen by the His elegant wife could not have been | young lover on his return to Paris, and out of it grew a duel that led to a disclosure of the infamous crime. The morning after the lover's arrival at the capital he was presented by a man in livery with an ebony box. Opening it he discovered a bleeding hand-Matilda's- and on it a paper with these words: "See how the

# Drainage and Fruit Trees.

The best way is to under-drain with tile laid from two or three feet deep. ure and his wife's tact, was carried Deep surface drains may carry off surface water, but low-land is generally kept wet by ground water rising memory in burning letters, and he from below. If tile are unattainable stones can be used, laid so as to leave a throat, the ditch partly filled with small stones, inverted sods over the stones, and then with soil. Where neither are accessible, three poles laid so as to leave a throat will sometimes answer for a few years. Fruit trees should be planted as soon as the ground will do to work in spring. Dig holes large enough to receive all the roots straightened out; cut off the ends of all broken roots smooth; trim the tops to correspond with lost roots; set the tree about the same depth it stood in the nursery; cover the roots with fine, rich soil tree from stones or clods; when roots are well revered tread down the soil frmly, till the hole and again tread or stamp down.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir ourselves up to greater fervor, and to say: "Help me, my God, in this my good purpose and in Thy holy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly .-Thomas a Kempis.