THE EXAMINER.

VOL. XXV. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1874. NO. 38.

CLOSING AND ARRIVAL OF MAILS,

AT THE

POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND,

AFTER MONDAY, 11th MAY.

MAILS.	CLOSE.	DUE.
Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, New Br'nswick and United States,	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m. Mond., Wed., & Frid., 9 p.m.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain via Halifax,	Every alternate Friday, commencing on Friday 15th May at 9 p. m. Supplementary mail every alternate Sunday, 2-30, p.m. commencing Sunday 17th May.	About every alternate Saturday, commmencing Saturday, 16th May, 10 p. m.
Great Britain, via Quebec,	Monday, 9 p. m.	Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Great Britain, via United States,	Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 p. m.	Mond., Wed., and Friday, 10-30, p. m.
Newfoundland and West Indies,	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.	Same as Great Britain, via Halifax.
Summerside and intermediate offices,	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Georgetown and intermediate offices	Daily, Sunday excepted, 9 p. m.	Daily, Sunday excepted, 2 p. m.
Western — Tignish, Alberton, &c.,	Wednesday, Saturday, 9 p. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 2 p. m.
Eastern—St. Peter's, Souris, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 7 p.m.
Southern—Murray Harbor Belfast, &c.,	Monday, Thursday, 9 p. m.	Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m,
Belfeque—Tryon, Crapaud, &c.,	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 9 p. m.	Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 2.30, p. m.
Brackley Point—Covehead, &c.,	Monday, Thursday. 8 a. m.	Tuesday, Friday, 9 a. m,
Pisquid—Johnston's River, &c.,	Friday, 12-30, p. m.	Friday, 10 a. m.

Letters to be Registered must be posted by 8-30, p. m., both postage and Registration fee must be prepaid.

The Postage on transient Newspapers, and on letters for City delivery must be prepaid.

Letters may be posted in the Letter Boxes on mail Steamers up to the time of their departure.

A. A. MACDONALD, Postmaster.

Post Office, Ch'town, P. E. I., 9th May, 1874.

ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER, 1874.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quar., 3d Day, 0h. 43m., a.m., S. E.
New Moon, 10th Day, 1h. 58m., p.m., S. W.
First Quar., 18th Day, 7h. 52m., p.m., S.S.W.
Full Moon, 25th Day, 6h. 55m., p.m., E.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rise	SUN sets	MOON sets	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		H M	H M	H M	H M	H M
1	Tuesday	5 25	6 34	A 57	A1 52	13 8
2	Wedn'sd'y	27	32	2 20	2 44	5
3	Thursday	28	30	3 26	3 52	2
4	Friday	29	28	4 28	5 21	12 59
5	Saturday	30	26	5 12	6 53	56
6	Sunday	33	24	5 44	8 3	52
7	Monday	35	22	6 9	8 54	49
8	Tuesday	37	21	6 22	9 37	46
9	Wedn'sd'y	37	19	6 44	10 14	42
10	Thursday	38	17	6 59	10 44	40
11	Friday	39	15	7 14	11 14	37
12	Saturday	41	13	7 29	11 43	34
13	Sunday	42	11	7 47	M	30
14	Monday	43	9	8 7	0 12	27
15	Tuesday	44	7	8 30	0 42	24
16	Wedn'sd'y	46	5	9 2	1 17	21
17	Thursday	47	3	9 44	1 54	17
18	Friday	48	1	10 46	2 40	14
19	Saturday	50	5 59	11 44	3 42	11
20	Sunday	51	57	M	5 0	7
21	Monday	53	55	0 56	6 31	4
22	Tuesday	54	53	2 16	7 47	0
23	Wedn'sd'y	54	51	3 39	8 45	11 59
24	Thursday	55	49	5 2	9 31	55
25	Friday	56	48	6 25	10 13	52
26	Saturday	57	46	7 44	10 51	49
27	Sunday	59	44	9 15	11 29	45
28	Monday	6 1	42	10 20	A 9	41
29	Tuesday	1	40	11 59	0 51	39
30	Wedn'sd'y	6 2	5 38	A1 20	1 38	11 38

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,
BROKER
AND GENERAL AGENT,
CHATHAM, - NEW BRUNSWICK.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Aug. 8, 1874.—4m

MR. C. BYRNE,
F. V. M. A., &c.
Veterinary Surgeon,
OF
LONDON, GREAT BRITAIN.

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of P. E. I. that he intends to practice in this country, and trusts that by prompt attention and moderate charges to give satisfaction to those who may entrust him with the treatment of their sick animals.
Charlottetown, June 22, 1874.—3mo

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

JAMES BRENAN,
House, Sign, and Carriage Painter,
Paper Hanger & Glazier
SOURIS WEST.

Orders will receive prompt attention.
July 7, 1873. 1y

H. R. MUHLICS'
Kitchen & Galley,
Furnishing Depot.
ALSO, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Ship Work,

SCUPPERS and Water Closet, Pipes, Lead, Figures, Deep-sea and Hand-Leads, Lead Cisterns made, and Water Closets fitted up at the shortest notice.

CREIGHTON STREET,
OPPOSITE UNION HOUSE.
PICTOU, N. S.
Ch'town, June 1, 1874.—1y

VULCAN FOUNDRY
GEORGETOWN.
STOVES, wholesale and retail. WINDLASS and MACHINERY CASTINGS in general always on hand, or supplied at the shortest notice.
Cash Paid
FOR ALL KINDS of OLD & SCRAP IRON.
J. A. RUTHERFORD & Co,
June 2, 1873.—1y Georgetown

St. Lawrence Marine Insurance Co. of P. E. Island.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, Esq., *President.*
JOHN F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
ARTEMAS LORD, Esq.
RALPH B. PEAKE, Esq.
P. W. HYNDMAN, Esq.
THOMAS MORRIS, Esq.
W. D. STEWART, Esq.
Risks taken daily at their office, Exchange Building.
FREDERICK W. HYNDMAN,
Ch'town, March 16, 1874.—1y *Secretary*

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILLIAM JAMES HENEY,
AUCTIONEER, GENERAL BROKER,
AND COMMISSION AGENT,
DEALER IN CHOICE
FAMIL GROCERIES, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS,
PRINCE ST., COR. OF DORCHESTER,
Charlottetown. - - - P. E. Island.

ARCHIBALD LADNER,
Commission Merchant,
AUCTIONEER,
Insurance and General Agent,
37 Queen Street,
Charlottetown. - - - P. E. Island.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

F. M. CAMPBELL.
General Merchant
COMMISSION AGENT,
AUCTIONEER & BROKER
TRINITY CORNER, GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.
AGENT FOR THE
Standard Life Insurance Co.
Sept. 1, 1873. 1y

JOSEPH CREAMER,
Physician & Surgeon,
CITY HOTEL,
CHARLOTTETOWN,

Patients attended to at all hours; and consultations given to poor gratuitously on MONDAYS, from 1 to 4, p. m.
April 20, 1874.—tf.

BANGOR HOUSE,
PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON
North Side King's Square,
St. John, - - - New Brunswick.
J. H. RUSSEL, PROPRIETOR.

HERMANS & SON,
Bell-Hangers, Gun and Tin-smiths,
QUEEN STREET,
OPPOSITE WATSON'S DRUG STORE,

BEG to return their thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to them since their commencement in business, and ask for a continuance of the same. They keep constantly on hand:—
A NEAT ASSORTMENT OF
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS
&c. &c. &c.
All orders in the above business will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fitting, &c., &c.,
We are prepared to sell them at Rates as Low as can be had in the city, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.
To a generous public we would say, that all orders in this branch of our business will be attended to with despatch.
A lot of First-class WATER COOLERS on hand. **Sayer's Crystal Blue** sold cheaper than ever. [Nov. 11, 1871.]

Commercial College.
WELSH & OWEN'S BUILDING,
Queen Street. Charlottetown.
EATON, FRAZEE & REAGH, PROPRIETORS.
DESIGNED TO
Educate Young Men for Business

BOOK-KEEPING in all its branches, both by SINGLE and DOUBLE ENTRY and Collateral subjects, thoroughly taught and practically applied by means of a
Complete Course of Actual Business,
engaged in by all the students. Particular attention given to
BANKING ARITHMETIC,
BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE,
SPELLING, &c.
Having obtained the necessary instruments,
TELEGRAPHY will be Taught
hereafter, in addition to the other branches.
Eaton & Frazee's ARITHMETIC (revised edition), Eaton & Frazee's BOOKKEEPING and Blanks to accompany same, constantly on hand. A liberal discount to the trade.
Business men and others interested are cordially invited to call and examine our system.
HOURS—9½ a. m. to 12 p. m., from 2 to 4, and 7½ to 9½ p. m., until the opening of the Evening Class, October 1st.
Circulars containing full particulars will be sent free to any address, on application to
T. B. REAGH, Principal.
Ch'town, Jan. 5, 1874.—tf

POETRY.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

September strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color:
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now, with many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is earth so gaily drest?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
On some blue morn hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not with boyish laughter.
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen may seek again,
But never more a maiden!

Nature, perhaps, foresees that spring
Will touch that seeming bosom,
And that a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom;
Ah! these forests do not know—
Or would less brightly wither—
The virgin that adorns them so
Will never more come hither!

LITERATURE.

KATHARINE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER V.

Upon Mr. Grove, the tenderness, patience and dutifulness of his lost child had made a strong impression. The respectful submission which, faulty as he was, she had ever shown to his wishes, and the earnest, though gentle opposition she had vainly made to the journey which had ended so fatally—his neglect of her entreaties to be taken home, and deafness to Katharine's urgent representations of the danger of delay—his own ill-employed absence on the night of her death—all oppressed him now, and with a strange kind of remorse, he sought to atone for all by conveying the inanimate body back to that home which, in the last days of life, the spirit had been so loath to leave. In vain were all His wife's remonstrances against the expense and uselessness of this plan; he had taken a dogged resolution, and if it had cost him half his fortune, he would have persisted in it.

After much unbecoming discussion, therefore, the body was removed to Birmingham; and when it arrived in Great Charles Street, Mrs. Grove became at once reconciled to the whole proceeding by finding a letter from Mrs. Jollis expressing a wish to defray all the cost, and a request that the funeral should be delayed another day, to enable her to be present.

In the satisfaction and hopes excited by this welcome letter, all grief for the loss which had occasioned it seemed banished and full of schemes and plans, Mrs. Grove set busily to work to prepare for the due reception of the important guest.

Harrassed and worn out by bodily fatigue, as well as the deepest grief it was possible for so young a girl to endure without sinking, Katharine, for the first time, was unable to obey the spur of her aunt's unceasing demands. It was not, however, until the last night—the one preceding that upon which Mrs. Jollis was expected, that Katharine suffered herself to complain. She had been working hard all day, faint though she was for the want of the nourishment she was too exhausted to take, and sick from the agony of an intense headache. She bore up bravely, however, until evening, when, refusing with a taunt her entreaty to be allowed to lie down, her aunt desired her to finish the bombazine frills Jane had relinquished.

'I cannot, aunt; indeed, I cannot! I do not say so from idleness; but I cannot see. My head aches so badly, that I can scarcely hold it up.'

'Oh, nonsense, tie a wet cloth round it then. My head has ached all the week bad enough, and my heart too; but I've gone on, and so must you. Here, take the work.'

'Indeed I cannot do it. I would not refuse if I could; but I cannot to-night, I should only spoil it. I am very sorry.'

'Sorry won't hem the frills, and hemmed they must be, so you'd better take them at once and get on; the sooner you'll begin, the sooner they'll be done.'

Scalding tears of pain trickled down poor Katharine's pallid cheeks, and her eyes burned with a blinding agony. She really could not see, and as she extended her trembling hand to take the work, she upset her aunt's well-creamed cup of tea over the bombazine.

'You careless, good for nothing, lazy thing!' cried Mrs. Grove, starting up and shaking the drops from the frills; 'you deserve to be made sit up all night for your wickedness. First you pretended to be ill, to get off doing what you're told and when you find that won't do, you try to spoil the work out of spite. But I'm not to be cheated in that way; you shall work till the things are finished, I'm determined.'

As she spoke, she turned sharply round, and became aware of the presence of a lady, who stood a few paces within the door.

'Your servant announced me,' said the stranger, advancing; 'but you were too much occupied to hear her. My name is Jollis!'

'Mrs. Jollis!' stammered the horrified tormagant.

'I am sorry to have taken you by surprise; but leaving Scotland some hours earlier than I had hoped to do, I arrived this evening, instead of to-morrow, and being of course very anxious to see you, I merely took some refreshment at the hotel, and came on at once. Is my brother at home, and how is he?'

'Very bad, poor man—he frets himself to death; but I think he's at the factory to-night, though I'm sure he wouldn't have gone out on no account if he had known of you coming. Run down Katharine, and send for your uncle—look sharp, now!'

'No, no!' cried Mrs. Jollis, stretching out her hand to impede Katharine, 'I can wait. Pardon me for contradicting your orders,' she said, turning courteously to her astonished hostess; 'but I should be grieved if you distressed this young lady on my account, and I am sure,' she added, looking steadfastly into Katharine's blanched face, 'she is suffering too much already, to be able to make any greater exertion than that requisite for going to bed. I will wait my brother's return with pleasure.'

'Oh, I couldn't think of such rudeness! You're very good, but Katharine's nothing else to do just now, and she'll go in a moment. She's not ill, only a little headache—go, Katharine.'

'Not on my account,' said Mrs. Jollis, rather sternly, as she caught the menacing glance directed by her sister-in-law towards her niece, and clasped the burning, trembling hand she had taken, 'I am an old woman, and so spoiled by having my own way always, that you must indulge me in it now. Let this lassie go to bed, and then you and I can surely endure each other's company alone until my brother comes in. We have much to ask of each other,' she added, sorrowfully.

'Aye, that we have,' said Mrs. Grove, taking the cue from her visitor, and sighing deeply, 'and I shou'd be glad to oblige you, I'm sure, and send the girl to bed, but she's something to do that must be done tos night.'

'Those frills? Ah! well, never mind! They sha'l be ready in time, if you will trust to me.'

'But——'

'I have a single needle in my pocket that works wonders,' interrupted Mrs. Jollis, 'You may safely trust to it, only let the lassie go; and if, as I begin to think, she's the good Katie who nursed my darling, whatever is lacking from her neglect, I will pay for, and get done, twenty times over.'

As she spoke, she drew Katharine to her, and while the tears coursed rapidly down her face, kissed her solemnly, saying—

'Good night, Katie, God bless you! I will not ask you anything to-night; to-morrow we shall both have much to hear, and a few hours rest will be good for each. You will let her go for my sake—will you not Mrs. Grove?'

'Oh, of course, if you wish it; only mind you're up early in the morning.'

With a grateful heart Katharine left the room; although the intense agony she was suffering seemed to have dulled her faculties so much that she scarcely knew how her release had been effected, or who the powerful visitor was.

The next time they met was by Mary's coffin. It had been opened at her aunt's entreaty, and when Katharine went to the room as usual, unconscious that any one was there, or that any change had been made, she found Mrs. Jollis kneeling and weeping by the dead.

A terrible shock, as the uncovered face she had thought never again to see on earth met her eye, thrilled through Katharine. For a few minutes she could neither speak nor move; but at last, with a sudden burst of tears, she threw herself upon the coffin, and sobbed bitterly.

'Poor Kate,' murmured Mrs. Jollis, tenderly, 'I did not mean you to have seen this; you have borne a great deal already, poor child, and this addition should not have fallen upon you. You were very kind to her,' she added, weeping.

'Oh Mary, Mary!' sobbed Kate, unheeding, 'Why did you leave me—what will be come of me now? Oh, that I could die too.'

'Hush! Kate, hush! such wishes are sinful; we must bear patiently, and work earnestly, that in God's good time we may go to her.'

'But I cannot be patient! She was my only friend, the only one who loved me; and now that she is gone, I have nothing left.'

The tone of desolation in which these words were uttered pierced the listner's heart, and, rising from her knees, she strove to comfort the poor broken-hearted girl, whose sorrow seemed so much greater even than her own.

For a time the words of unusual kindness only increased Katharine's tears; the floodgates of her misery were unloosened, and not being terrified into silence, her grief was poured forth unrestrainedly. After a while, however, she became calm, and was able to answer with tolerable composure all the anxious inquiries made by her companion. Every circumstance relative to Mary's illness, almost every thought and hope she had expressed, were dwelt upon with a loving earnestness which touched Mrs. Jollis deeply; there was no concealment of anything until the history of the last night came, and then she observed that Katharine became cautious and reserved in her replies.

This struck her be more, from Katharine's previous openness, and the remembrance of Mrs. Grove's remark of the preceding evening.

'Katharine knows more about that robbery than she chooses to tell, I'm certain; but after to-morrow I'll find a way to make her speak, she may depend upon it.'

To look in Katharine's ingenious face, darkened though it was with sorrow, and suspect her of collusion with thieves, was impossible; and yet suspicion, once suggested, there was something singular in the evasiveness of her answers. There was no reason, of course, why she should know more of the robbery and robber than she told; but if she did not, why did she so evade the subject? and when questioned upon it, so hurry and curtail her replies? It was strange; and Mrs. Jollis, hoping to obtain a satisfactory explanation, wisely deferred all further interrogations until the thoughts and minds of both were calmer. She had taken a strong fancy to Katharine, both for Mary's sake and for her own; and seeing how unkindly she was treated, resolved to take her back to Scotland, if the careful watch she should keep upon her actions was satisfactory. Of these intentions, however, she said nothing.

A bleak and lowering day dawned that of the funeral; like the oozing of great waters, the slow rain dripped unceasingly—the leaden sky was unbroken by a single gleam—and even the wind was still. Within the damp, dark church the pent heavy air wrapped the mourners as in a shroud, and the foul smell from the opened vault, unable to escape through the thick atmosphere, made those who breathed it shudder.

It was a terrible day in Great Charles St.—even Mrs. Grove was subdued and tearful, while the children, awed by the first solemn visit of death among them, were silent and nervous; and Mrs. Jollis and Katharine, if not mourning with those who have no hope, yet sorrowed bitterly.

This mutual grief drew Mrs. Jollis and Katharine still closer together; and upon the evening of the second day after the funeral, Mrs. Jollis determined at once to resolve all her doubts of her favorite's integrity; and if she found that she deserved her confidence, make her the offer of a home with her. Mr. Grove's family had pained and disappointed her; in vain she had looked among them for a fit successor to Mary; rebellious, selfish, insolent, and deceitful, there was not one of her sisters who bore the faintest resemblance to the dead—or whom, with any prospect of happiness, their aunt could receive as an inmate. This once ascertained, Mrs. Jollis would have left Birmingham immediately after the funeral, to escape her sister-in-law's broad hints and suggestions in favor of Jane or Lucy, but for her hopes of Katharine. She had sounded her brother upon the subject of her wishes, and felt assured of his acquiescence in any plan for improving his niece's condition; nothing, therefore, remained but to be satisfied of Katharine's integrity. In the hope, therefore, of establishing this, she took her during the evening into her own room, and when there, leading the conversation to the last night of Mary's life, she said, suddenly—

'I have a strange idea, Kate, that you know something more about that robbery than you have yet told us."

'Have you? Why?' asked Katharine, hurriedly, stooping to hide her confusion.

'Because it is the only subject I have spoken upon to you myself or heard others speak, on which you were not perfectly prompt, frank, and open.'

'I am very sorry——' began Kate

'Nay perhaps there is no cause for sorrow; only be as candid upon this matter as I think you are upon every other, and all will be right.'

'What do you want to know?'

'All that you do.'

'I have told you all that I can.'

'How can that be, while anything remains untold?'

'I can say no more than I have done; indeed I cannot.'

'Then you acknowledge there is more to say?'

Katharine remained silent, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. The expression of her face puzzled Mrs. Jollis, it was so resolute, and at the same time so innocent. That there was a secret, was evident; but that it was one for her share in which Katharine felt that she had no cause to blush, was, Mrs. Jollis thought, equally evident.

A long pause ensued; each was busy with her own thoughts. But at last the elder lady said—

'Mary told you the sad story of her secret, Kate; did she not—and its ruinous end?'

'Yes,' answered Katharine, in a low voice.

'And yet, with such an example before you, you still persist in following the same unhappy course! forgetting that, in misery of one kind or the other, the keeping of a sinful secret always ends! Do not think that I speak unnecessarily harsh words, Kate. I would not willingly do so. But what other than a sinful secret can that be, which is connected with the concealment of a theft?'

'All that I *can* tell you, I have told you,' replied Kate. 'Anything more, I have promised never to tell; and even in saying this to you, I have said more than I have to any one else—and more perhaps than I ought.'

'Ought? Promised? Katharine! what is the meaning of this? How came you to be leagued with people whose deeds require such promises? and if you are innocent of any share in their guilt, how dared you, with your poor cousin's example before your eyes, make such a promise?'

'I accept! Mrs. Jollis, what do you mean?' asked Katharine indignantly.

'Simply what I said. It may be painful for you to hear, but you must expect to hear that and a thousand times more, if you persist in keeping bad people's secrets. Katharine, you surprise and grieve me! I did hope to have found you so very, very different!'

The tone in which those words were uttered brought tears tears into Kate's eyes, and she looked mournfully at the speaker, who, moved by the singular beauty of her pleading earnest face, exclaimed—

'I cannot think you a bad girl, Katharine, however appearances are against you; and although I think that what is right should always be done from single, unselfish motives, yet we cannot always judge the temptations which lead others wrong—nor estimate truly the influence of example. I will therefore tell you what I intended, and still do intend to offer you, if you will give up this mystery.

'I am, as you know, childless, and the place in my home which Mary filled is now vacant. I came here hoping to find among her sisters one whom I could love and adopt, but I cannot see such a one. You were her chosen friend, and I owe you much for the tenderness and unselfishness with which you nursed her, therefore I offer you the home which I believe she would have wished you to share. You know how she lost it—how she earned her sad and early fate—be warned then by her fate, and reflect, Katharine, that as I could not pardon deceit in her whom I loved so well, neither shall I in you. I will not ask you for your answer or confidence now; think over my proposal to-night, and give me your reply in the morning.'

Oh, what a host of thoughts and feelings chased their shadows over Katharine's face during this speech! Hope, fear, doubt, astonishment, joy, and bitter disappointment, alternately appeared and vanished, until at last the the former died out, and left the eager eyes and countenance blank and sad.

Mrs. Jollis watched the changes with a painful interest. Until this obstacle was thrown in the way, she did not know how much her own heart was bound up in the proof of Katharine's innocence—how much she had begun to love her. Nothing, therefore, could exceed her mortification when the young girl said, in a low and husky voice.

'Thank you for what you have said, and believe me, that although I cannot comply with your conditions, I am neither so ungrateful nor so unworthy as I may seem.'

'Oh! Katharine what madness is this! Why will you persist in doing wrong against your better judgment?'

'Because I have no alternative—I have promised!'

'But an evil promise it is a sin to keep; nothing can excuse or justify it. Oh, Katharine, think what you are doing, think what you lose, persisting in this obstinacy.'

The poor girl buried her face in her hands, while the tears oozed from between them; and Mrs. Jollis, pursuing her advantage, went on eagerly—

'Oh, Kate! think what you will exchange,—a life of toil, dependence and misery, for one of love, happiness, and peace—a home in which you will be cherished and beloved, for one where you are wretched—a——'

'Tempt me no more!' cried Katharine, springing up hastily—and in her agitation almost throwing off the hand Mrs. Jollis had laid upon her arm.

'I have sworn—I have promised, and right or wrong, while I live I will keep my word.'

'All is over then,' said Mrs. Jollis, coldly.

'I can urge you no more—you must take the consequences of your own act; but I warn you that they will not end here; evil seeds bear no healthy fruit.

And, with a gesture that struck poor Katharine to the heart, she waved her hand to the door.

To be continued.

AGRICULTURAL.

WINTERING CABBAGE.—To keep cabbage through the winter, pack in sawdust in the barn, and allow the whole to freeze, the sawdust being such a non conductor of heat that once it becomes frozen through, it will not thaw out until well into April, and cabbage will come out almost as nice as when put in.

SMOKE FOR GRASSHOPPERS.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, speaking of grasshoppers, says:—'It was no use to fight them, but I discovered that a little smoke drove them away. It is not a large fire, but smoke sends them off. Had I known this four days ago I could have saved $500 worth of plants and fruit. It is not practicable on a large field, but is on a few acres.'

MARK YOUR TOOLS.—You can easily mark your name upon steel by a process called etching. Coat over the tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow, by first warming the steel and rubbing on the wax, warm until it flows, and let it cool. When hard mark your name through the wax with a graver and apply by aquafortis (nitric acid); after a few moments wash off the acid thoroughly with water, warm the metal enough to melt the wax, and wipe it off with a soft rag. The letters will be found etched into the steel.

SALT AS A FERTILIZER.—An inquirer of the New York *Tribune* wants to know how much salt can be used per acre with benefit, to which Prof. S. W. Johnson gives the scientific answer as follows:—"As to the quantity that may be applied per acre, that depends upon the crop and the climate. On asparagus several hundred bushels may be used without harm. On sugar beets and tobacco, large applications will often promote growth, sometimes wonderfully; but the beets will not yield their sugar, and the tobacco will not make good smoke. On grain crops, five to fifteen bushels per acre, and in England larger quantities have been used. More can be safely employed in moist climates or seasons than in dry. Ten bushels is perhaps the happy medium adapted for an experimental trial.'

A CHEAP WELL.—A correspondent of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* writes:—"Having been troubled with toads, bugs, worms, leaves and most everyihing else in my well, I thought I would try a new plan for a well. I dug a well about eight feet across the top, and twelve feet deep, that being as deep as I could get, on account of a ledge. I then took a section of cement pipe, two feet in diameter and three feet long, this I placed on the ledge, and filled it in on the outside with cobbles, as high as the top of the large pipe. I then covered the pipe with a flat stone in the centre, the size of a three-inch pipe, and piped it to the top of the ground, then filled the dirt back again. I then put in a common deep well pipe; the whole costing me when done just thirty dollars. I now have the cleanest, coolest, and cheapest well about here."

FEEDING VALUE OF RYE.—The *Maryland Farmer* says:—"The use of growing rye for feeding sheep, cows and calves, may be very advantageously availed of when it is necessary. It would be well to give the crop full chance for fall and winter growth, but towards spring, when the ground is dry enough, it may be moderately grazed until the 10th or 15th of April. The manure of the stock if fed to any extent with grain at the same time, would amply atone for any diminution of the mass of green crop. The value of an early supply of green food for stock of every sort is not generally appreciated, except by professional graziers. They well know that a few weeks of green feeding in early spring tells largely on the profits of the whole year's grazing. In the raising of spring lambs especially, the value of such pasturage to give to the ewes a full flow of milk will be apparent."

WINTER STOCK FOOD.—The *Prairie Farmer* says of winter stock food:—"Reports from most portions of the Northwest represent the outlook for winter food for stock as anything but promising. Fortunately the reports from different sections are not 'all one way,' else there would be great cause for alarm. As a rule, however, upland hay, including the product of wild and cultivated grasses, is light, while the product of the low lands, the bogs and marshes is very much below the average of former years. The season is now too far advanced, and the ground is too dry to expect any improvement. There is little hope of a crop of aftermath from 'meadows brown and sear,' as most of them are. The same causes that have resulted in a short crop of grass have caused the straw of spring sown grains to be also light. In most sections the extreme dryness of the season prevented the ordinary amount of Hungarian and millet from being sown. Corn lacks length of stocks and fulness of foliage."

IMPROVING WHEAT SEED.—A writer says: It has been my practice for the last sixteen or eighteen years to run my wheat intended for seed over a very coarse seed screen, so as to sow none but the very largest kernels. By so doing I have improved my wheat so that I have sold nearly all my wheat at home for seed. But in 1872 I hit upon a new plan. I had a piece of Treadwell wheat that was injured by insects in the previous fall and killed by freezing in the winter so that there were spots not worth cutting. After harvest I observed a few scattering heads of unusual size. It occurred to me that there was wheat that had withstood the ravages of the insects and the rigor of the winter. I gathered enough to sow one rod square, from which I realized twenty pounds of wheat, of unusually large even berry, which was at the ratio of over fifty bushels per acre; last harvest I had twenty bushels which weighed sixty-six pounds per bushel. It is my opinion that we realize the best crops from the best and most perfect seed in the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom.

VALUE OF BROOD MARES.—A paragraph in a late number of this journal mentioned the fact that E. Dillon & Co., of Normal, Ills., had sold four colts, the produce of one brood mare, for $5,500; and we now allude to it for the purpose of stating that this is not, by any means, an exceptional case. On the contrary, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that it is scarcely possible for the general farmer to keep any kind of stock on his farm that will prove so uniformly profitable as a good brood mare. Instances are numerous where a single brood mare, well and fashionably bred, and coupled for a series of years with popular sires, has, by her produce, made a handsome fortune for her owner; and in almost every neighborhood can be found mares of more that average value. The prudent, wider awake farmer will be on the look-out for such mares; and whenever he can purchase them at reasonable prices he will not fail to do so. Such an investment can not fail to do better than money at compound interest, if the mares be coupled with the right sort of stallions. Good horses always find a ready sale at high prices—the scrubs are only a drug in the market—and a colt can be raised as cheaply as a steer. To make horse breeding profitable, you must start right. Horses are not sold at so much per pound in the market, like cattle or hogs, it is the quality that determines the price, and quality is a thing of inheritance, derived from the sire or dam, or from both. If the foal, when dropped, has not inherited those characteristic which give value to a horse, no amount of after care and attention can compensate for the lack of organic quality. It costs no more time or money to raise a good colt than a poor one, excepting, perhaps, in the original investment—the difference in cost of a good brood mare and a poor one, the service of a first class stallion and a scrub—and herein lies the secret of success.—*Live Stock Journal.*

FAINTS IN BUTTER.—A New England agricultural journal calls attention to the prevailing carelessness in the manufacture of dairy products among the rural population of the Eastern States, especially butter. These remarks are applicable in the west as well as the east:

We have had occasion lately in visiting farm houses in different localities, to inspect the accomodations for the dairy, and in very few instances, indeed, were proper means taken to secure a proper ventilation and security of the production of sweet and marketable butter. In several cases the milk was set on shelves in cellars in which heaps of decaying roots and vegetables were lying, and the odor which arose from them was anything but agreeable.

In one case a tub half filled with dirty clothes was standing in the cellar in close proximity to the milk shelves, and in another cellar was a petroleum or kerosene barrel which sent forth its peculiar odor very perceptibly. Of course the milk absorbed these taints with which the air was burdened, and the consequence was that a poor, almost unmarketable quality of butter was churned when a good sweet product might with proper care have been secured.

Farmers often speak, sometimes sneeringly of 'gilt-edged butter,' meaning that which brings the highest market prices, but complain when perhaps a third or half of the gilt-edge price is offered them for theirs. The high price is simply the return for the exercise of proper care and attention on which they in preparing their butter, failed to give. There are many more customers in town and city who will pay almost any price for the best quality of butter that can be supplied, and there is no excuse for the production of an inferior quality.

SAVE YOUR OWN SEED.—Every intelligent tiller of the soil admits that "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If one sows or plants inferior seed, he cannot expect a bountiful crop of either root or grain. Small and half-matured kernels of wheat, oats, rye and corn, cannot be expected to yield large panicles and ears filled with plump and heavy kernels. If one plants the seeds of carrots, parsnips, turnips and cabbage which grew in small pods, and the half matured panicles on the slender stems, he cannot produce large roots, even if the soil has been brought to an excellent state of fertility.

This suggests the great importance of raising seed of the choicest quality. It will cost no more to raise one thousand bushels of beets or turnips, per acre, than three hundred, if plump and heavy seed has been properly saved.

In order to produce large, heavy seed of garden vegetables, select a few large carrots, a few turnips, parsnips and beets, and plant them in rich soil early in the growing season. They should be planted about thirty inches apart that the tops may have ample room to spread. When the blossoms begin to appear, clip off all the small side branches, leaving only four five central stocks, which will yield seed of a much better quality than one can usually purchase. Every kernel of such seed, when planted, will produce a large root. Turnips and carrots may grow in close proximity, but turnips and carrots designed for seed should be transplanted several rods apart. One cabbage will yield as much seed as one family will care to plant, unless a crop is grown for market. A superb head should be transplanted as it grew. The top of the head should be cut open, so that sprouts or seed-stalk may readily spring up through the centre.

As soon as the panicles of carrots and parsnips begin to turn brown, and when the the pods of cabbage and turnips begin to lose their green color, let the stalks be cut off close to the ground and hung up in some out-building. When the pods, leaves and stems are quite dry let them be spread on a clean floor, or on a large blanket, and the seed thrashed off either with a flail or one's feet.

In order to have large and early tomatoes the first ripe fruit should be allowed to hang to the vines until the seeds are fully matured. By selecting seed in this manner for a few years, tomatoes will come to maturity much earlier than in the ordinary way, and every stalk will be loaded with fruit.

The melon, squash, cucumber and pumpkin that ripen first should be left on the vines until the stems are quite dry; then when they begin to decay remove the seeds, spread them on a board or canvass to dry. The vitality of such seeds are frequently destroyed by too much solar heat, or by being scorched beneath the kitchen stove.

Flowers will be maturing their seeds at different periods through the entire growing season. The seeds of some flowers will ripen in June, while others will not ripen till September or October. It will require but a few minutes to attend to the cultivation and gathering of all the seeds one may need, if he will attend to the little matter at the proper time.

FLIES ON HORSES.—The *Journal of Chemistry* gives the following simple recipe for the prevention of flies:—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour to or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and next morning pour the whole into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquid, namely between and about the ears, the neck, the flanks, etc. Not only the the lady and gentleman who rides out for pleasure will be benefitted by this, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during hot weather.

Dean Stanley preached to the volunteers at Wimbledon, his subject being David's fight with the giant of Gath. In the course of his sermon the Dean remarked that what gave such a charm to Biblical incident from which he took his text was the fact that David, "a young volunteer, sneered at by the regular army, redeemed the honour of his country."

A SPELLING LESSON.—The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard and a fer