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THE·MYSTERY·OF·THE INN·BY·THE·SHORE

BY Florence Warden,
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Now the intention of the two conspirators, who were conspiring, without Clifford's knowledge, to cure him of his infatuation, was to keep this luckless adventure from coming to his ears. But it leaked out in spite of them, and one evening, when they were enjoying their pipes in the rooms they shared together, they found themselves confronted with King himself, in a state of boiling indignation.

It was in vain they tried to prove to him how laudable their intentions had been, how much for the good of the young lady herself it would have been if they could have cleared up the ugly mystery.

"If you could have cleared it up, no one would have been more thankful, more grateful than I," retorted Clifford, whose face had grown haggard with anxiety, with unhappiness on Nell's account. "But to send a young fool, without tact, without delicacy, like Lowndes, spying about, and making a thundering idiot of himself—why it was more what you would expect of a couple of schoolboys than of two full grown men out of Hanwell!"

"As to that," replied Conybeare, mildly, "I don't know that Lowndes has less tact than anybody else. I must say that, in the circumstances, I should have acted very much as he did; at least as far as following the woman to the room and through the window was concerned. One doesn't stand upon strict ceremony with a thief, even a female one."

"Nell Claris is not a thief!" cried Clifford, with excitement. "I would not believe it if all the judges and magistrates in England told me so!"

"Ah, that's it! You will not believe. But, my dear fellow, do you think Lowndes had anything to gain by telling a story which showed him in such a ridiculous and unflattered light?"

"I think that if he had been a man of more judgment and tact he would have found out something worth finding out, and not have made an ass of himself during the proceedings."

"Now, my dear Clifford, you are unreasonable, as all persons suffering from your ailment are," said Conybeare, rising, and standing in a judicial attitude in front of the fire. "Because you admire this young woman, you think she is incapable of a crime which has, in my opinion, been traced clearly home to her. If the woman whom Lowndes saw and followed was not Miss Claris, how was it that she made, when pursued, straight for Miss Claris's room? Could Miss Claris have a bedfellow—there was only one bed in the room—without knowing it? If she had a bedfellow, would not some person in the house have been acquainted with the fact, and would not the sudden disappearance of this person arouse suspicion even in the innocent mind of Miss Claris?"

"But I don't believe a word of the whole story. Lowndes had too much whisky before going to bed, and having his mind full of tales you had told him, he dreamed that he saw a woman in the room, and started in pursuit of a wholly imaginary figure. You know he admits he had nothing stolen. The only part of the story which I do believe is his own idiotic flight through a door and a window, and the bath in the river which sobered him."

"All right," said Conybeare. "It's no business of mine whether you believe Lowndes or not. Let us drop the subject."

But to Clifford there was only one subject in the world, and as he could not talk about that he would not talk about anything. He sat moodily silent for ten minutes, paying no heed to the conversation of the other two, and then abruptly took his leave.

As soon as he had gone Conybeare showed great excitement.

"Look here," said he, with determination, "that fellow's being ruined by his infatuation for this little jade. If we don't manage to bring matters to a climax he'll be beforehand with us by going down and marrying her, or some such folly. We've tried sending down an amateur detective, and it's been a failure. Let's try a professional one."

But Willie hung back.

"I don't quite like to do that," objected he. "Supposing the girl didn't do it, after all, you know? It would make us feel rather small, wouldn't it? And then, of course, Clifford would be more madly infatuated than ever. He would rush down with a license in one pocket and a ring in the other, and she'd come back 'Mrs. King' in the twinkling of an eye."

"Well, and why on earth shouldn't he, if the girl's all right?" said Conybeare, composedly. "I should have nothing to say against that."

"But I should," persisted Willie. "If you hadn't persuaded me to think her a thief I should have liked her to be 'Mrs. Jordan.' And if she does turn out to be innocent—"

"She won't," replied Conybeare, placidly. "I am not in love with the girl, and I can see with clear eyes. But she's so preciously artful that it would take a clever chap to bring her to book. I shall call round at a detective agent's to-morrow."

Now although both the friends were careful to keep the fact of this determination from Clifford's ears, the young barrister was shrewd enough to guess that, having gone so far unsuccessfully, they would feel bound to take some steps to vindicate their sagacity.

So fully convinced was he that they would make some fresh attempt to fix the guilt of the robberies on Nell that he went down to Courtstairs at the end of the week, and on the Sunday morning walked over to the Blue Lion with the intention of warning her that she and her uncle would probably be subjected to more annoyance of the kind from which they had recently suffered.

His ford lay past Shingle End, and as he approached Colonel Bostal's house he overtook the old gentleman and his daughter on their way back from church.

The colonel, recognizing Clifford, as the latter merely raised his hat and would have passed, called him to stop.

"No, no," said he, good-humoredly, "we don't get so many visitors down from London at this time of year that we can afford to let you go by like that."

Miss Bostal, however, was less cordial. She did not offer to shake hands with him, and she eyed his tweed suit and low crowned hat with open disfavor.

"I am afraid," said Clifford, "that Miss Bostal thinks I haven't brought enough of London down with me."

The colonel laughed, and said they would overlook that. But the prim little lady said icily:

"I know that young men take things easily, nowadays. It is the fashion. But it used to be thought rather shocking to see a gentleman on Sundays without a frock coat and a silk hat. I am old-fashioned and prejudiced, I suppose, but—"

Her father interrupted her.

"Good gracious, Theodora, if you are old-fashioned, what ought I to be? And I should think Mr. King very foolish to walk along a country road in his Bond street get up on Sunday or any other day."

"Oh, it is I who am foolish!" retorted Miss Theodora. "I suppose the clergyman didn't mind; he gets too much used to that sort of thing nowadays. But in my young days a visitor would have felt himself insulted if any member of the upper classes had appeared at service in such a costume."

Even the colonel, who was presumably accustomed to his daughter's vagaries, was astonished at her acrimonious tones. Clifford, who was hardly prepared with an answer, was much relieved when she made an excuse of preparing dinner to leave him with her father.

As the spare figure, with its curiously old-fashioned dress of fifteen years back, lifted up its skirts with both hands, in the ancient manner, and disappeared into the house, the colonel laughed silently.

"I need not apologize for my daughter, I suppose," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Women forgive more quickly than we do, you know."

"I really began to feel rather frightened," said Clifford. "I was speculating as to what would happen if I should let slip the fact that I hadn't been to church at all this morning."

"She knew that as well as we did, I imagine," said the colonel. "The vicar gave us an hour and ten minutes of it this morning, so I suppose she felt bitter."

"I don't see why she should have vented her feelings on me," murmured Clifford.

But the old gentleman suddenly stopped short. He had been walking on with Clifford in the direction of the Blue Lion.

"I have it!" he exclaimed with conviction. "It's on account of Nell Claris, her little protege. My daughter is very indignant about the way in which the girl has been persecuted lately, and I suppose she thinks that you have had something to do with it."

"Then indeed she is wrong!" cried Clifford, hotly. "Nobody is more angry that I am about it. And you will believe me when I tell you that I have come down on purpose to ask Nell, and for the second time, to be my wife."

The old gentleman listened with vivid interest.

"Come back with me! do come in side the house with me for one minute," he said, with as much excitement as the young man himself had shown. "Theodora will be ready to embrace you when she hears."

But Clifford, who was in no hurry to be embraced by Theodora, excused himself. He had so little time, he said, he was afraid he should hardly be able to get back to Courtstairs before dark.

"Tell Miss Theodora," said he, "that I am very grateful to her for believing in my darling girl. I call her mine, although she won't give me the right to do so. But I haven't given up hope, and I shall not do so, even if she refuses me again."

Still it was with very little confidence in his immediate chances of success that Clifford, after taking leave of the colonel, walked briskly on to the little inn. He had written to Nell three or four times, without receiving a single line in answer. She had not returned his letters; she must have received and had probably read them. If there was anything to hope for in that fact, he might hug the thought to his heart; but, considering the terms in which he had written, the warmth with which he begged her to let him come down and see her, there was very little encouragement in that.

He was luckier than he had ventured to expect. For as he came over the little bridge which spanned the river he saw Nell herself approaching the house from the opposite direction. She had her prayer book in her hand, and was evidently returning from Stream, where she had been to church.

She saw him as soon as he saw her, stopped, turned pale, and ran a few steps to the left, evidently with the hope of escaping into the fields behind a group of cottages which stood between her and the inn. But Clifford was too quick for her. She saw by the pace by which he approached that it was useless to try to avoid him, so she gave up the attempt, and came steadily on with her eyes on the ground.

"Miss Claris! Nell," said he, in a low voice, as he came up to her.

She raised her eyes to his face for a moment only, and he saw that a great change had taken place in the girl since he had last seen her. There was in her face a sullen expression, as different as possible from the childlike openness of face and manner which had seemed to him her greatest charm. And his heart sunk for him as he thought that this change had been brought about, though unintentionally indeed, by him.

"You are not glad to see me. I can see that," he went on, hurriedly, as he turned and kept pace with her. "Of course, I had no right to expect that you would be, but still I had hoped."

She made no answer.

"You get my letters?"

"Yes," answered Nell, in a tone in which he was surprised to detect a tremor.

"You know that I asked you to let me come down?"

"I did not write to say that you might, though."

But her tone was not angry, he thought.

"Well, I did wait as long as I could, but, Nell, I was too miserable to wait any longer. And now that I see you, and see that you look changed, and think that it is my fault, I feel as if I could hang myself."

He hoped she would say something, but she did not. After a few moments' silence he saw that a tear was falling down her cheek.

"Oh, my darling!" broke out Clifford, unable to restrain himself any longer, "won't you let me marry you and take you away? You have known me long enough now, haven't you?"

But Nell shook her head.

"I would never marry any one till this affair of the robberies was cleared up," answered she, firmly.

"And can't you help us to find it out?"

At this her face clouded. She looked up at him with an expression of angry defiance.

"That is what you came down for, then—to see whether I could tell you anything, and satisfy your curiosity without your having the trouble of coming any more detectives down?" she cried, uttering the words with breathless rapidity, while her frame shook from head to foot. "No, Mr. King, I don't know anything, and if I did I wouldn't tell you. You have begun by prying into this business your own way; you may finish it you own way, too."

"Nell, surely you don't think I had anything to do with that wretched business! You can't think so—you can't! Why, it is to warn you that I have come—to warn you that some one else may be sent. Mind, I don't know this; I only guess it, but I thought it right that you should know."

But instead of seeming grateful for the information, Nell evidently took it as a fresh offence.

"Why should you warn me?" she asked, and the pallor of her face gave place suddenly to a red blush of anger. "Is it that I may put a check to my larcenous proclivities until he has gone away again?"

"Nell, Nell, how can you? You would not if you knew how horribly it makes me suffer!"

"Suffer! Ah, it does matter when you suffer, doesn't it? But when it is only a country innkeeper's niece who suffers, who cares? And yet one would have thought—she would have thought—"

She broke down completely and burst into tears. Clifford was at least as unhappy as she, and there was moisture in his own eyes as he tried in vain to comfort her. He did succeed at last, however, in making her confess that she had never believed that he had any share in the sending from town of the amateur detective, Jack Lowndes. As for the fresh arrival which Clifford told her to expect she shrugged her shoulders about it when she had grown a little calmer.

"Let them send him," she said, recklessly. "I shall not even advise my uncle to refuse to let him stay, even if I guessed who he is. It must all be found out some day, and the harder they try the sooner it will all be over."

As she was now quite calm and dry eyed, Clifford made one more attempt to get at her own real views of the mystery. She had grown kinder to him, and had acquitted him of all blame. For her own sake he must make use of the opportunity.

And again when he put his question there came into the girl's face that curious look, as if a vague, haunting memory had disturbed her mind.

"I will tell you seriously, I have no more idea than you have you will," said she. "I will confess now that I had a sort of horrible sort of fancied before—"

To be Continued.

AGRICULTURAL.

Salsify and Parsnips.

Salsify and parsnips should be planted on a deep, rich soil. A fertile, light, loamy soil, when supplied with water holding humus, is the best. When the soil is not deep, it is better to hoe up in rows. But this renders the plants more difficult to work, and enables the moisture to escape more readily. Where drouths are common this is a serious consideration.

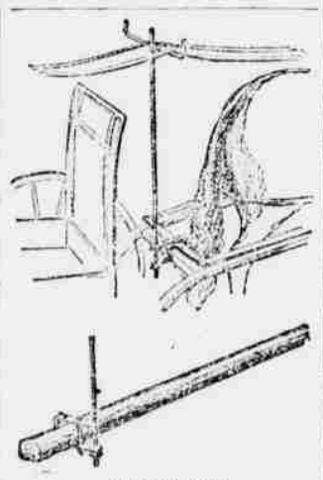
Plowing under well rotted manure to an increasing depth will soon produce a rich, spongy soil capable of growing anything you wish to plant, and this should be the condition of the garden. Half rotted manure should not be applied to these root crops. It has a tendency to cause their branching, which is, of course, very undesirable. Parsnip seed should be planted very early in southern latitudes that the ground may remain damp until the seed, which are very slow to germinate, come up. Some of the gardeners place the seed in a bag and put them in the ground or some damp place until nearly ready to sprout.

An excellent way to insure a stand of parsnips or other plants, when grown on a small scale, is to mulch the surface, after planting, with fine manure. This mulch will serve many purposes. It will furnish plant food for the young plants before they have been supplied with many feeding roots. It will also keep the soil light and damp, and will prevent the escape of moisture.

In family gardens where the ground remains frozen, parsnips and salsify had best be left where grown until wanted for use. Frost will not injure them.—Albert D. Warner, in New York Tribune Farmer.

A Rein Support.

A device which adds greatly to the comfort and safety of driving has recently been invented by Mr. W. S. Neal, of Alabama. It consists of a simple support which can be readily attached to a vehicle to prevent the reins from getting beneath the tail of the horse. The device also does away with the necessity of constantly holding the reins up, since the weight of the reins passing over the support will



REIN SUPPORT.

keep them taut. The driver is thus at liberty to rest his hands on his laps. The support comprises a rod, provided with a cross-piece at its upper end on which the reins are supported, and at its lower end it is threaded into a clamp which secures it to the vehicle. This threaded connection permits the device to be adjusted to any convenient height, where it is secured by lock nuts. When applied to a one-horse vehicle, the rod takes the place of the bolt which ordinarily holds the cross-bar and single-tree together. When applied to a two-horse vehicle, the clamp is slipped around the tongue, or it may be attached to the single and double trees of the vehicle in the same manner as applied to the cross-bar and single-tree of a one-horse vehicle.—Scientific American.

The Care of Chickens.

Young chickens must have careful attention, not a feast to-day and a famine to-morrow, but a regular course of treatment. This applies not alone to those under the care of a hen, but also to those reared in a brooder.

The first few days after hatching are the most important of all, and the slightest neglect will often cause the loss of an entire brood.

It is needless to say that the hen must be free from mites, otherwise the pests flock to the chicks, and we all know that chicks do not thrive when they have mites.

Let the hen and chicks remain in nest for at least twenty four hours after the last one has hatched. Then remove them to a dry, warm coop, under a shed if possible, where the sun will shine. The coop should be made of slats, four or five feet square, and two or three feet high. A box to roost in should be arranged in an upright in end, so that the hen may pass in and out at pleasure.

The chicks will need no food for the first 48 hours, but a few pieces of wheat moistened should be given to the hen.

The first feed for the chicks may be stale crackers, cornmeal or baked corn bread, the last named being preferable. Each should be slightly moistened, but never made wet. Fine grit should be scattered over the food, and fresh water given, but see to it that the chicks cannot fall into it.

Do not give much food, but give it four times a day for the first week, after which morning, noon and night will be often enough. When a week old remove the coop to a shady grass plot, but still keep the hen confined. The chicks will pass in and out, but return to the coop at the approach of danger. Move the coop every few days, so that the filth will not accumulate. Close up the front of roosting box at night, and if the dew is heavy keep the chicks confined until the sun has partially dried the grass.

Chicks under this management grow rapidly, and the hen will usually wean them and begin to lay in about four weeks. She should then be given her freedom, but the chicks will still return to the coop for food, and will roost in the box at night.—Home and Farm.

The Value of Silage.

Again it is charged that the feeding of silage is conducive to tuberculosis in cattle. This weird allegation is not a new one. About fifteen years ago on a certain large farm in New Jersey tuberculosis made its appearance among a herd of dairy cattle. As a noticeable silage had been used as a feed on that farm for several years, instead of assigning the right trouble the cause was charged up to the use of silage. This of course was an easy way of explaining the trouble.

Silos and silage have had foul friends ever since the subject was first broached in this country. The overzealous apes raised impossibilities for this feeding stuff. Naturally enough this aroused antagonism and opposition among the conservatives. Among other things farmers were told that silage would eat up the teeth of their cows and eat out the linings of their cows' stomachs. But the feeding of silage has gone steadily forward in spite of foolish claims and unfounded charges. In many parts of the Middle West, notably in Wisconsin, great numbers of silos are being erected. We are reliably informed that in the State of New York two years ago probably not less than 10,000 silos were built. Some dairymen have now fed silage as long as fifteen to eighteen years, and those who have used it the most freely and know best of its merits express themselves well satisfied with its continued use. Their herds are healthy and the young stock vigorous, showing no ill effects where the material has been rationally used.

Stockmen who find their cattle suffering for feed during the midsummer and early fall shortage of pastures and those who seek for a cheap succulent feed for stock of all kinds in winter should remember that the corn plant is the cheapest forage substance available in this country and placed in the silo at ripening time furnishes a vast quantity of feed which is compactly stored and available with all its succulence when most needed. The silo has come to stay in America and silage is now an important factor in feeding operations on tens of thousands of farms in this country. The foolish friends of the silo have about disappeared. It should no longer be subjected to charges that have absolutely no foundation, such as that in some way it is responsible for tuberculosis in cattle.—The Breeder's Gazette.

Top-Grafting of Fruit Trees.

If a fruit tree is a healthy grower but a poor bearer, or if the quality or season of its fruit is unsatisfactory, it can be reformed by top-grafting. The work can be done after the buds swell and before they burst into growth in the spring. The scions should have been cut in early winter, packed in damp leaves, and kept at a temperature only a degree or two above freezing, and their buds should be dormant at grafting time. The scions are best cut from bearing trees, as one may then know the exact habit of the variety grafted.

The operation is simple, but to be successful must be skillfully done. The tools required are a saw, chisel and mallet; a heading in the branches to be grafted, a sharp knife for shaping the scions and wax for covering the wounds. The branches of the tree to be grafted are sawed off where they are from one to two inches in diameter, the general symmetry of the head being kept in mind. Each stump is then split in its diameter with the chisel, the cleft being kept open with a wedge until the scions can be inserted. Make a wedge-shaped cut at the base of the scion, with a bud at the top of the wedge, the faces of the wedge about an inch long, varying with the diameter of the scion. Cut the scion three or four inches long. In the smaller limbs one scion is placed, and in the larger two, care being taken that the scion shall rest in the line of the inner bark of the limb, or between its wood and bark. The sides of the scion wedge should be considerably contracted by the limb when the scions are in place, the grip of the limbs will hold the scions securely.

The entire wound and the ends of the scions are then completely covered with grafting wax. When the scions have made one foot's growth, all the side branches below them should be pinned off, and the tree thus becomes changed to the grafted variety. If too many shoots appear below the graft the best retained, they should be thinned out. There are many cases. Either of the following is satisfactory:

1.—Rosin four parts, tallow one part. Melt together and pour into a pail of cold water. Pull and twist the hands and pull this way until it is nearly white. One of the best waxes either for indoor or outdoor use.

2. Melt six parts rosin with one part beeswax; remove from stove and partially cool by stirring, then add gradually with continued stirring—enough alcohol to make the mixture, when cool, of the consistency of porridge.—American Agriculturist.

Do Trifles.

It is the little things that tell. A man who is facing bankruptcy and dishonor with a courageous smile will fly into a passion when he can't get his collar buttoned.—New York Press.

GOOD ROADS.

The Cost of Bad Roads.

IT is estimated after thorough investigation, that ninety per cent of every pound of freight carried by rail or water has been on wheels and will be carried over the public roads of the country.

It is difficult to impress these facts on the public. The farmer does not calculate the wear and tear on his horses and vehicles in transporting his products from home and his purchases to his home. He does not charge for his time in traveling over the roads. He is generally in no particular hurry, and would as soon make two trips to town as one trip. How to impress on him and the public generally the cost of bad roads and the profit of good roads is a problem which Professor Earle, of the Purdue University, in Illinois, undertook to solve and it seems to have solved it. He laid down the proposition that permanent roads would benefit the farmers, and the communities in the form of taxes. He said they would:

Economize time and force in transportation between farm and market.

Enable the farmer to take advantage of market fluctuations in buying and selling.

Permit transportation of farm products and purchased commodities during long times of unpropitious weather.

Restore the wear and tear on horses and vehicles.

Enhance the market value of farm lands.

In order to be certain from the farmers themselves the facts upon which he would base his answers, affirmative or negative, to his propositions, he addressed to them the following interrogatories:

1. About what proportion of the public highways in your county are over good gravel roads?

2. Please estimate the average increase in dollars and cents in the selling price per acre of land throughout the county, as the result of such gravel roads.

3. If all the public roads in your county were converted into improved highways, how much, in your judgment, would it increase the average selling price per acre of land throughout your county?

4. What would be a fair estimate of the cost per mile of converting our common dirt roads into roads which would form good gravel roads, provided, of course, the work were to be performed economically under some competent, general supervision, and not hampered by local restrictions?

5. Supposing that your county were divided into different farms, and that the average distance of such farms from market were the same, what, in your judgment, would be the average annual cost in dollars and cents to each farmer of our improved highways?

In answering the fifth question please take into account the reduced loads, increased time, extra wear and tear, and loss in sales from inability to deliver products when the market is best.

Answers from forty counties in this State, from which he was enabled to approximate averages, were as follows:

1. The average estimated increase in the selling price of land due to existing improved highways is $9.18 per acre. The estimates from which this average is made refer in most cases to lands near the improved roads, but in a few instances they apply to all the lands of the county. The average increase, therefore, of $9.18 per acre is lower than was included for the lands near the improved roads.

2. The estimated average increase per acre that would result from improving all the public roads is $9.

3. The estimated average cost of converting the common public roads into improved highways is $1146 per mile.

4. The estimated average annual loss, per 100 acres, from poor roads is $762.8.

He then remarks, as a result of these figures:

If these estimates are even approximately correct they furnish a key to the satisfactory solution of the question of highway improvement from the money standpoint. On the basis of the last mentioned estimate the average annual loss per acre from poor roads is over seventy-six cents. In five years the losses would aggregate $2.42 for every section of land, and this sum would construct two miles at a cost of $1216 per mile, which is $70 per mile above the estimated average cost given by the farmers themselves. The present road tax, which under existing laws is largely thrown away, would, under a proper system of road maintenance, doubtless keep improved highways in perfect repair.

If the foregoing statements are a close approach to the truth, it follows that the losses and expenditures which farmers actually incur on account of poor roads would also secure permanent good roads. Can any sane mind doubt the wisdom of exchanging the losses, delays, accidents and vexation of spirit occasioned by bad roads, for the comfort and other advantages of good roads when the cost is the same?

From the investigations and labors of men intellectually and morally competent to make them, the extravagant cost of bad roads is indisputably proven. From the statements of prison officials and prison commissions, who have had practical experience in working convicts on the public roads, the opinion is unanimous that the convict thus employed is of more value to the public, is better treated, and interferes less with free labor, than in any other way.—Dallas (Texas) News.

THE MUSIC CURE.

Boston Exploiting a Novelty Old in Plato's Day.

The Boston papers are making quite an ado over the fact that music has been introduced ceremonially in all the hospitals of that city and surrounding towns as a cure for disease, and that at the Massachusetts General Hospital a fund has been provided for its use. As the income from the fund is so small that the patients and the benefit of the altered cure only on Christmas and Easter, and as in the other hospitals they have music on alternating Sundays only, the musical remedy cannot be of much account except as an occasional source of entertainment in more cases and discretion in others.

The most remarkable feature of the scheme is the impression which seems to prevail that music as a remedy for disease is something new, whereas from the days of Pythagoras and Plato and now it has been exploited as a cure not only for physical but for mental illness. The experiment has been tried over and over again for centuries, but without any practical results, or any practical remedy would have been adopted long ago. It has been introduced in hospitals for the sick and in asylums for the insane. In both it has been in the nature of entertainment, but it has not cured the sick in hospitals nor has it reduced the number of insane in asylums, notwithstanding the possibility of David driving the evil spirit out of Saul with his harp, mentioned in one of the oldest records of the universe.

A correspondent in defense of the scheme in Boston is the claim of its advocates that it is only a simple test, order of music performed by musicians and by professionals that and any avail. Amateurs and volunteers, who are not professionals are of no use. It is curious that church music is also barred not because of sympathy with hospital environments and we are gravely informed that those patients do not enjoy hymns, and upon one occasion one of them, "Nearer God to Thee," was "Nearer God Since She Died." It is insisted upon that the music must be performed in hospitals, therefore, in the insane asylums the patients need everything that makes a concert, from a symphony to a rag, and in Boston such patients are particular and will only have the best, which shows that they clearly fancy it. The musical enthusiasts demands street bands shall play in time and tune on some good only the higher music.

It cannot be denied that as a source of entertainment among the sick music is excellent in some cases, and may even be tolerated as "David Tempted Saul," while on the other hand, it is certain that very sick and aqueous patients are not entertained. But that cases should be freely explored, and a more wholesome treatment of nervous disease, experimentation such sweet compositions as music, too," is unintelligible to the uninitiated.—Chicago Tribune.

Treating in Fern To-Day.

First of all, when an Indian arrives to trade at a Hudson's Bay post, they fire in the ceiling. The second, silver fox worth $50 separated from cross fox and blue and white worth from $40 down according to quality, and finally common red fox worth less. The fur now is not in so common demand as it was in the Hudson Bay Company, because it is exchanged yearly 10,000 cross fox skins, 7000 silver foxes, 10,000 red, half a dozen silver. Now, red skins are in the fashion, unless particularly fine specimens of brown, Arctic and white Arctic, but it is a curious thing that for valuable skins. Against the small the longest wages war as against a pest that destroys other game and but for its skin. Next to mink, the most plentiful fur will be that of the rabbit or varying hare. Buffalo was also the staple of the hunter. What the buffalo was, the white rabbit is today. From it the Indian gets clothing, bedding, blankets, food. From it, the white man who is a speculator, gets furs gets gay fur, and stockings and sold in imitation. Every one year in seven, when a rabbit plague spares the land by eating down their food, the varying hare is plentiful enough to sustain the Indian.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Honoring a Noble Cock.

When Cornelius Jansen, a retired cook, died in N. Delft a few days ago his employer's place of business was closed in his honor, and later the funeral was held from the white man's mansion. These facts are cited by some of the South as proofs to show that the white people of that section are not hostile to negroes, merely because of the color of an inferior, but hate and punish them only when they exhibit lawlessness and insolence. This explanation may serve in part, but it does not take into consideration the fact that the cook refused to be induced for thirty-one years with the family which did her so honor when she died.

It is difficult for people who live in a Northern city to imagine such a thing as a cook staying for thirty-one years, and we are sure it will be generally agreed that the Nashville man did not a white man who gave his place of business and closed the doors and a gun fired. We doubt if he ever did any thing like that and never made for the purpose of perpetuating his memory.

The cotton would indeed be hopeless if the South could not overlook the white line in some cases of the sort we have cited.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Age of Senators.

One member of the United States Senate is eighty-two, two are over seventy and only seven are under 50. Of the 357 Congressmen in the Fifty-seventh House there are only fifty-seven under sixty. One was eighty, another seventy-six and another seventy one.