#### OLD SERIES, VOL. 15 NEW SERIES VOL. 5.

## FREDERICTON, N. B., DECEMBER 10, 1877.

NO. 62, WHOLE NUMBER 795

## nevespathuens

For the Colonial Farmer. RURAL TOPICS.

QUESTIONS ABOUT POULTRY.

A correspondent, who has had bu little experience in keeping poultry says that he is desirous of going into the husiness of poultry-raising; and he "questions everybody on the sub ject, but the advice of one counteracts keeping of poultry as a money-making business, is attracting great interest all over the country, I will try to throw a little more light on the sub ject, by answering the questions that my correspondent asks, as follows:

1-" What breeds are best?" answered this question in a previous article.

pure breed, for eggs and dressed poultry. If you will cross a Light Brahma cock on Dorking, Leghorn, or Houdan pullets, or on any really good breed smaller than the Brahmas. you will have better fowls than the pure breeds of the kinds crossed, as you will lessen the size of Brahmas, retain their hardy qualities, and get as many, or more, eggs as you would if the pure breeds were kept. Large fowls are not desirable, because they lay generally fewer eggs than smaller ones, and are poor sitters, often breaking their eggs, and killing the chicks by their great weight as they hatch out. If you keep the small breeds pure, as Leghorns and Hamburgs, they are non-sitters, and very poor fowls to sell dressed. Don't go be yond the Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Leghor and Hamburgs, as these are the best breeds that exist, unless you desire to cross your fowls, and in that case von had better not look for any other but Dorkings. The Houdans, Crevecours, Black Spanish, but my advice is, bave nothing to do with them. The next

One or two hundred fowls should have, at least, an acre of land with a part or all in grass

as aids in the formation of eggs.

extensively, makes the fatal mistake what is true of onions or beets, is true, beyond the capacity of his farm to Evergreen Boughs for Brotection, of giving his fowls too little pure air in a greater or less degree, of all carry them. He now proposes to give in their roosting houses; and the result other kinds of farm produce." is diseases, and in the end a failure.

fumigation with sulphue, Melt it. If sowed in a bed, they should be dug

and dip rags in it, which set on fire in up whe onen year old and reset, the

a kettle, with the house closed as tap-roots being cut off to cause them

been my experience; but if your fowls attach them to the homestead." do have the roup, romove the sick fowls immediately to a separate. yard where they can be nursed. Let them of water, and inject a little three times

has ever been discovered. take to fatten them, what should they of the digestive organs. Take of water, and should they be picked without scalding?" Keep them in a rather dark place and as quiet as possible, with no open run, and they will frequently, but all to be of the mos nutritious kind, and as much as they will eat. Corn alone may be sufficient, Farmers' Convention at Presque if the fowls will eat it freely. They require pure water. When you kill your fowls let them eat no food during the previous 24 hours, so that their crops be empty Kill them by opening the veins in the neck with a sharp p ssible and not boil, and pick immediately. The intestines should not be

wenty-five or fifty fowls ought without running in debt, the cause annual Conventions. to have a quarter of an acro at least. must be that he does not know how to 3-" How should they be fed?" manage a farm. L'annex a communi Caribou, (the terminus of the N. B. & a harry. Take your time. You can't Simply on a variety of grain, as corn, cation from an an agricultural paper! C. R. R.) on Wednesday and Thurs. hasten results, in chicken raising. GOING BACK TO THOSE I LOVE. Mark Haggarth, told how she loved refused to give him up. He had Like a mist the vision vanished, and oats, buckwheat, etc., with some cook- "one man sows a crop of beets. He day, December 12th and 13th, 1877. Nature must do her perfect work in ed food in winter, as boiled potatoes dosen't know much about raising An invitation is extended to every this, and nature always "takes her Tender dreams are in my heart, mixed with meal, fed warm, and a them, but thinks he will try it. He farmer, and any one, who may be time." You may be successful in a little red pepper mixed with the mash. gets barely others have done, and interested, to attend. Each subject single year. But this is rare good Don't buy the quack "egg-foods" that how they succeeded best. He adds will be opened by able men, who are fortune. There are few real secrets in are advertised in the papers, unless their experience to his own, and selects successful in that particular branch of the business, but there are more or less you have money to throw away. Feed the best seed, sows it at the proper farming. your fowls three times a day with season, the right distance apart, and The first day in forencen a paper got to study, and experiment, and regularity, not all they will eat, but covers it the proper depth in soil will be read by M. R. Keep, on Rural manured and prepared in the best Retirement. Afternoon a paper by fowl, when they get no other food. In manner. He does not stop here. He C. P. Allen, (a graduate of Maine the winter season a little cabbage cut begins early to cultivate, weeds thor- State College of Agriculture and Meup and given to them is beneficial. It oughly, hoes often- and harvests chanic Arts,) on Progress in Agriculis often said that fowls must have seventy tons to the acre. Does this ture, to be followed by a paper on suit, who have been hard at it for Going back at last to find fresh meat in winter to make them pay for knowing how and doing his Breeding and Winter Care of Farm years. So, don't be in a hurry. lay. That is not so, as my 40 years' work in the best manner? The man Stock, by Geo, A. Parsons. This subexperience has fully proved; yet enough to pay for his labor, and ject will be discussed by E. E. Park- ter up well. Study out this thing when one has any cheap meat, as concludes it doesn't pay to raise beets, hurst, H. Morse, J. D. Teague, C. carefully, and make haste slowly. sheep's heads or otherwise, it is well Another man kno 's all about raising Hayford and other stock raisers. In There is nothing very difficult in the to give it to his fowls. But the most them. He has not himself tried every the evening a paper by B. S. Brown, cultivation of poultry to acquire. But important matter is to keep before the variety, nor every kind of manure and on Sheep Husbandry, followed by T, it needs patience, judgment, good fowls, under cover, ashes and sand culture, but he knows what who sows M. Richardson, Wm. Houghton and taste, a little capital, some brains mixed, and put into a shallow box for onions without learning the best way, others. Second day forenoon, the good courage, and attention to its many the fowls to wallow in to keep them gets the wrong seed, puts it in ground opening paper will be by A. T. Mooers, details in manipulation, to keep, raise, free of lice; also a supply of gravel, that is not suitable for it, sows it at on Fruit Raising, followed by H. and breed good fowls nowadays. old mortar and ground oyster shells, the wrong season, doesn't sow it thick Tilley, F. Hayden, D. G. Cook and You will find the occupation a plea-4-" How should their roosting- much, doesn't sow it evenly because ward Wiggins, on Intellectual Culture lize its greatest benefits, you must houses be constructed?" A house he cannot afford to buy a seed drill, among Farmers, after which there give to this work time and thought about 8x20 feet will suffice for 50 to covers it unevenly-and his crop is a will be an auction sale of thoroughbred and care, as you would to any other 75 fowls. Let it front the south, or failure. The man who has taken the Shorthorn Darham cattle, by E. E. calling or profession in life. So you southeast, and have a large window to trouble to find out how to raise onions Parkhurst, consisting of ten head, six will be successful; so you will enjoy let down from the top; and otherwise and what kind to sow, raises one cows and heifers, and four bulls, a it; so you may make it an object to to be so arranged that the house in thousand bushels per cere. So it pays select lot of the best in his herd. As enter upon its prosecution; and so will summer may be ventilated almost as in farming to know what to do and Mr. Parkburst has been breeding for profit by it, in the end, as hundreds much as the open air. Nearly every how to do it, and to make the best use a number of years, and sold but few and thousands have done before you. one who goes into kepping poultry of the experience of others. And cows or heifers, his herd has increased

PLANTING TREE SEED. Don't force your hens to lay in cold Farmers would generally find the few head at their own price. This weather, as they require rest, and growing of certain trees profitable, will be a vare chance for any farmer, must have it. Gia them no artificial as the locusts for fence posts, a thous- Grange or Agricultural Society to heat, but otherwis were them warm, and perhaps to the acre. "Locusts care thoroughbred Shorthorns, and 5- What remedy is there for lice seeds may be planted in fall, or kept we hope the opportunity will not be on poultry?" First, the ash box in the house and planted in the spring. lost, but that the farmers will avail above referred to; second, whitewash If put into the ground in the spring, themselves of the privilege of attendthe entire inside of their roosting they must be scalded before planting, ding both the Farmers' Convention houses, perches and all; third, keep a to soften the shells which are so hard and Sale of Stock at this time. quantity of crude petroleuss oil con- that but few would grow, unless both tinually on hand, and if any lice ap- water is poured on them. The frost pear on the perches apply this oil eracks them if left in the ground all freely, filling all the cracks in them. winter. All trees of the kind we Fourth, sprinkle a little flour of sul- have mentioned, may be grown in phur in their nest boxes, and change beds in the garden, but as they throw the straw or hav in them occasionally out such strong tap-roots and so few in warm weather. Lastly, if the lateral rootlets, it is best to plant the house is badly infested with lice, try seeds where they are wanted to grow

tight as possible, and t at will "fix to throw out roots nearer the surface Your correspondent wishes to ten- The English ivy, the rhododendrous, the long hairs of his auburn moustach, 6-"Can you give a cure for the covering. The yellow locust is the respects to the people of the Province iferous tribe, are more safely guarded you, and from my heart I curse the A sigh escaped her heart, and while roup?" A preventive is said to be best variety; as they grow up they through which he sojourned last sum- by a protection that affords filtration hands that sent you on your blighting she looked down upon the sleeping "b tter than a cure" If you will give may be thinned out for fence stakes mer and where under the folds of the to the wind, than by one absolutely mission. Cely," and here his eyes water, Mark Haggarth glanced about fled to the station, and caught the your fowis a good ventilation at night, will last a lifetime and so will the old Union Jack he found "peace and close. The ivy is not unfrequently fell to the name appended to the brief them. give them pure water, and not allow posts. A nut grove on the farm will repose, a Briton and a friend," and smothered by the compact straw- communication, "you dare to sign Not a living person was in sight, in the bustling city, three hundred drink foul, stagnant water go a long way towards making home hopes sometime to renew their ac- matting which is put to its shelter your name in the terms you have and the sinking day-god was throw- miles from the scene of his crime. manure heaps, you will have more attractive to the boys and girls, quaintonce and friendship, though in a with a damaging excess of care. The signed it in the days gone by-when ing long shanows from the west. p nor any other contagious dis. and around it will cluster endearing different role than that of a one-armed wattled branches of fir or pine make I was foolish-when I loved you, the The beautiful shadows of Cicely's one came to accuse Mark Haggartin. base among your fowls. That has associations and memories which will pedlar. To my old friend Mr. Owens safer protection, and a very easy and journeyman miller's daughter. Per- face fell upon his bosom, but her corse

stable all the year through, and eshave clean, dry quarters, and so for pecially when they have no change from the other fowls that the con- or variety of food, but only hay and agion cannot spread to them. Wash oats, are very apt to get indigestion the heads of those affected with castile or derangement of the stomach or soap and alum water rather weak. At bowels, in the form of want of appthe expiration of two days bathe the etite, feverishness, quick breathing head and nostrils in whisky or d luted colic, gnawings of old wood, &c., &c. pirits of camphor, and give cayenne When a horse falls off in flesh, or in (red) pepper to the fowls in a warm, appetite, or has any of the above cooked mash; also put a little pepper symptons the most natural and simin their water. As an injection for ple mode of management is to change the throat, make a solution of sal-soda his food, by giving him roots, or corn in water, about an ounce to half a pint stalks or green fodder, or turning him

bad symptoms, do not veild to the embid deposits around the head and beak ployment of some such change of All of these may fail to effect a cure, diet, the next best thing to do would as no certain cure for roup in all cases be to make use of the following powders, which have been prescribed by 7-" Should fowls be kept up closely | Dr. Nadd for a case of this kind, with be fed on, should they be allowed Powdered Gentian...... ounce

Mix thoroughly, and divide into

food night and morning. For the Colonial Farmer.

eight equal parts. Give one with the

pertaining to Agriculture, such as cognizant of. breeding and care of farm stock, the each subject was open for general discussion. The meeting was fully

the farmers of Aroostook and New Brunswick the privilege of buying a

C. HAYFORD. H. TILLEY, Committee of H. MORSE. Arrangement. Presque Isle, Nov, 26, 1877.

Notes from Grand Lake Stream

Stripes, he proposes to send you some a covering that affords free access of beautified the soft, pink paper. more notes from Grand Lake Stream, air.

The locust seeds require but a thin der his warmest thanks and best or a half hardy evergreen of the con- that covered an imperial. "I hate said, unpityingly.

taking in all about 2,000,000 eggs, place in every farmer's garden. rendering them unfit for further use-

### Miscellaneous.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

"The world was not built in a day." We must learn to walk before we can run. The business of raising poultry advantageously and to profit cannot poultry. be learned in a single season, by the Last March, the farmers of Northern new beginner at this work. And Presque Isle, and for two days and rightful knowledge of our humble 'art' evenings discussed various questions can be attained that, so far, we are

We are continually being asked, "What is the quickest way we can subject was opened by a paper or arrive at such and such a result in and succe-sful farmer in that special the shortest space of time get a good branch of agriculture, after which paying flock of fowls in operation, attended by the farmers and others, laying hens and and a dozen cocks, close, when the enthusiasm was so I to begin to realize fairly upon them, whether in belts or in boughs .- N. Y. great, that they decided to hold semi | from their product?" etc.

We must answer these quories, if at The next Convention will be held at all, in plain, frank torms : Don't be in outs" to be considered. You have attend to your business faithfully-or you will not prosper as you wish to You cannot jump into the work at the months with your elders in this pur-

Begin moderately. Read the mat-

enough because the saed costs too others. Afternoon, a paper by Ed. sant one from the outset. But to rea-

there are reasons against an unctuous winter mulch from the born-yard since the manure may convey wood and grass seed; nor, indeed, does the strawberry like any such heavy, close May we, though shadows shroud the beting as shall be impervious to free admission of air. The plants of this crop want breathing space even in winter, else they would not have been provided with leaves that outlast the coldest weather. Loose-lying pine needles, or forest leaves or clean straw make the best protection; and manure is best applied in shape of HE LEAFY crown of the nut. some concentrated fertilizer, mixed with fine mould, early in the spring. What we have said about the straw-As your fugitive correspondent has berry suggests the further remark not sent you any "Passing Notes" that winter protection for all plants over the border under the Stars and throughout the year, is best given by

I wish to be spoken kindly of, also to good shelter for rhododendrous is haps I was happy then-Oscar Bellew not. I ween he did not see it. the Editorial Staff and "devil" of the made by simply thrusting into the tells me I was; but I do not believe often caused sorrow to the inexperi- recent transfer and strange situation, boughs I stand." enced pedestrian who unfortunately may not be able to cope with the He cast his eyes upwards as he the lindens by the old mill?" she ask- Mark Haggarth and Ellen Van Loos gets mired in a mud heap or tangled storms of the first winter. A tender finished, and a moment later he had ed, in an altered tone. vine, too, upon a north wall-whether thrust the letter into his pocket.

other waters, but not so well for the in this way, if good exposure be sex has been torn from her heart." people here whose fish he robs of the chosen, and proper attention be paid Then Mark Haggarth secured the and told her of your heart." she said gree, haggard. People had said that spawns naturally belonging to these to the efficiency of the shelter. An letter more firmly in his bosom, fear calmly, but with great determination. this came of too close attention to waters, putting back only a meagre out-lying trench of celery may often ful that it might be lost among the per cent. and handling the fish like be kept in the best possible condition sear and yellow leaves, and buttoned when being fattened; how long will it a view to the restoration of the vigor sticks of wood, either killing them or up to January by a well-arranged his coat tightly over it. The narrow or hemlock branches upon the ex- all was still. In silence the birds intend to save her. posed sides. This, too, has a far seemed to mourn the last days of the neater appearance than banks of year, for they hopped from branch to in tones of mingle's reproach and des- peace. The imaginings of a guilty

> the Northeastern and Middle States, delicare member. still further the disposition on the essay, prepared by some intelligent chicken raising?" "How can I in prairies of the West, for belt-planting proaching from the village. Her eyes of evergreens. In both ways they were rivited upon Mark Haggarth, are admirable warmth-keepers. Na- and this is what her lips said as she as she has bewitched substance." upon premises built thus and so?" ture gives a long "shag" to the coat "How soon, with one hundred good of the polar bear. We do not make

#### Booten.

Going back to those I love: Care and I shall dwell apart. Pleasure follows where I rove: Down the old-time, sinless ways, Sweet as roses' breath in June

Floats a fragment on the breeze.

Joy has smothered every sigh, Bloom lit field and arching sky Once again a glory wear:

Where my feet ur wearied range; Hearts that know no chill or change.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Though cold without the bleak wind And desolation wastes the field Beside the hearth a Summer throws Around the heart a shield.

And yet the frosted window-pane The snowy path out from the door. Recall from Memory's gloomy train

The chill of Winters gone before. On friends of whom we were bereft. We think with pain these trying

the snow now lies where they were Amid the Summer flowers.

And much that gave the heart repose. Is frozen like a Winter breath. And stiffened with the falling snows, Or with the touch of death. Yet near the fireside's trusty glow, and with the last world he suddenly

We sit and sing our homely lays; gripped her hand, Without gleams white the cheerless Within shines clear the friendly

And as we wend our homeward way. 'Mid Summer's bloom and Winter's

# Blighting Shadow.

brown month lay on the dying not give me up?" Mark Haggarth stood in the wood, and amid the falling roice was a wail." "I cannot !"

leaves and alone. His right hand held a letter near his face, for quite a while, having again got and shrubs that carry their leaves and his hazel eyes flashed the light of tone. passion upon the chirography that "Little letter," he hissed through another."

earth around them and among them, it. I was foolish-all my letters to ing her eyes back to him-handsomer As to my old home, the village of well-developed branches of cedar or you, Cely Webster, prove it. First than ever in the passion that tortured her; she fell in of her own accord!" Grand Lake Stream, I find still the of firs. The same device is capital loves are silly things at the best; the his soul, and in the beginning of the same number of rocks, still the same for the protection of newly-planted present is my second love, and is as gloaming. crooked streets and paths which have evergreens, which, by reason of their strong as the oak beneath whose "And why cannot Mark Haggarth Ascension to witness the joining of

will profit greatly by such shelter as said in an audible tone. "I wonder if Mr. C. S. Atkins has been here and we suggest. So will the beds of sage, she will attend the festivities to-night? starting back; but he held her wrist. finished his annual catch of spawns, or thyme, which used always to have Her impudence certainly surpasses her wonted modesty. Cely was not a frowhat he considers a rich harvest. This Below the latitude of 28 o, or there- ward girl when I knew her; but she foolish I have been. You must give fore his dressing-stand, administering is very well for him and the men that about, it is quite possible to protect has battled with the world since that me up. I never loved you -as heaven the finishing touches to his wedding he ships the eggs to for the benefit of the lettuce plants of the hardier kinds day, and the inherent purity of her this eve, is my witness."

strawy manure, and is far less likely branch, without a chirp, and their lit- pair; and with his name on her lips, conscience had never left him, and be disturbed by investigating the feet shook many a dying leaf to the she fell from the log, and the broken they, not his application to business.

Deeply engrossed in thought, Mark use of evergreen boughs will not Haggarth walked along with bowed justifiably. "She fell in of her own and the pages of the ponderous ledger greatly advantage those who have no head, oblivious to everything occurring accord, and heaven will not hold Mark he had seen the blighting shadow of such wood growth at command. But about him. He did not hear the foot. Haggarth responsible for her end. I words already italieised by my pen. the cedar and pine and hemlock, have fall that broke the brittle leaves before wonder why she does not come to the Suddenly from the mirror, that a pretty general establishment over him, nor see the petite possessor of the top?" and he looked down upon the night, he started back.

A beautiful girl, with lustrous blue eves and a sea of golden hair, was aphurried down the path:

"I'll walk the log and meet him vond the brook. I knew I would find him somewhere in the woods, and I wonder what he will say when I ask right bank of the brook and pursued scene. Two young people stood behim for, perhaps, the last time."

There was a tremor, not unburdened with anxiety, in the girl's low tone, thought of Cicely Webster, the girl of the couple. The maid was Cicely and the look which she fastaned upon who, because of the purest love, had Webster; the man he knew not.

waters run deep." Forest Brook, as the stream was called, boasted of a depth almost increditable, and the superstitions denizens of Laceland had learned to look upon it with fear, for innumerable hobgoblin stories were connected with its placid waters, and their weird imaginations had peopled its banks with ghosts and banshees

her presence. Then he was called to and with eagerness he turned saids the knowledge of company by the de- and broke the delies to seal. he looked up with a sudden start.

opposite bank, was watching her with started back, with ghastly eyes revit. cold lips, and without a word.

hazel eyes.

"Mark," she sald, when but midway over the brook, "I am so glad have found you. I feared that-" She paused abruptly, for he had started foreward, and was on the log. "And I am as glad that I have found you," he hissed with emphasis,

"Mark, Mark, what do you mean? she cried, noting the develish expression that peeped from his eyes,

" Surely, Mark, you still love me." " Love you, Cicely Webster!" and he followed her name with a laugh. "Love you," he repeated, you whose dowry is a sack of flower? Girl, you have never thought that I loved

You have told me so. Gh Mark-You have been dreaming, girl, he interupted her. "Indeed you have been dreaming, I say.

"No, No, Mark!" "Yes, Oicely Webster. Will you have remembered.

"Give you up, Mark?" and her "You must !"

"I love only you. I can never

"And I can never marry you!" he reader has seen, triumphed over the country rival.

"Because he has placed a ring on versation in the fashionable quarters As to news I scarcely know what to the vine be deciduous or evergreen- "I'll return to the village now," he a hand fairer than Cicely Webster's." for many weeks, and their wedding

"Years have changed you."

"I will, unlessshelter of leaves and pine boughs. A path into which he stepped led to the the next moment she was tottering lands. That night semething tortured farmer's cellar, which may be sub. busy occidental village of Laceland, over the water! Once she tried to him. He was restlessly nervous, and jected to frostiness in extreme weather, and the falling of the leaves enabled clutch the arm which he outstretched started at the slightest sound. may be sa ely protected by pinning him to catch glances of the whitened in devilish mockery, and the gleam of down two or three close layers of pine steeples. About the handsome man his hazel eyes told her that he did not

"I didn't push her," he said, self- On the walls of his counting-room waters, which had resumed their Pictured upon the glittering surface wonted tranquility. "Aha! The of the glass, he saw two scenes.

whitches of Forest Brook have taken A forest; a beautiful girl facing a

of the world, Mark Haggarth leaned faces-his and Cicoly Webster's. towards a belief in the supernatural. The interior of a village church

his way towards Laceland. taught her to love him, and, true to in its stead the blighting shadow of a teachings, she had cherished her sentence came to the mirror: heart's adoration when he was false.

And when he thought of her he you would not!"

"I didn't push her: she fell in of

Ab! Mark Haggarth, while she man killed with horror. tottered on the log you could have saved her, but you would not!

And the wages of sin is death ! Straight to the villiage postoffice walked Mark Haggarth, and the Cicely Webster-for it was she of official gave him a letter stamped whom we have lately spoken—gained with crest and monogram. His eyes who had heard her groanings beneath the fallen oak that bridged Forest glistened when they fell upon the the hollow banks of Forest Brook, and

seent of a piece of bark which Cicely's The letter was from the woman for dress had dragged into the water, and whose inheritance and Cloopatrian Loos sent a message to Mark's room. beauty he had deserted Gicely Wet-The girl was crossing the creek, and ster. Hastily he scanned the femi-Mark Haggarth, having halted on the nine tracings, and all at once he ed upon the bottom of the last page. There was a world of hatred in his For there, as plainty as he saw his of Boston, Publishers of the Atlantic

shadow of these words; " Murder ! you could have saved her,

but you would not !"

What had brought Mark Haggarth to Laceland no one knew. He had avail themselves of this opportunity to long been a city man, and the village procure it. The price of the portrait was an inane place, with nothing either to all subscribers or purchasers of the

attractive or pretty about it. ter, begging an interview, drew him Mr. J. E. Barker, one of the best crafrom the metropolis to the commission you artists in the country. The Atlanof a deed at which his better nature tie itself presents a most attractive

and encountered Ellen Van Loos, Cicely

By and by the light of truth broke

But alas little Cicely trusted too abtained by subscribers or purchasers, love much to her powers. Ellen Van Loos is desired, for One Dollar each, addihad woven a strong net, and, as the tional.

But let me return to my story. From the post-office Mark Haggarth evening express, which set him down

Four months passed away, and no

"They think that she fell into the stream and was drowned," he had " Well!" he said impatiently, call- often murmured, and he would supplement his words with, "I didn't push

One night a fashionable assembly filled the grand Cathedral of the keep his word, given long ago under two hearts for life. The nuptials of had been the absorbing topic of con-

"Oh, Mark Haggarth!" she cried, promised to be the event of the winter. While the elite of the Metropolis were pouring into the magnificent "Yes, they have shown me how sanctuary, Mark Haggarth stood be-

"Not until I have sought her out His face was pale, and, to some debusiness, yet Mark took much exercise-long drives with Ellen Van Loos, He suddenly released her hand, and frequent sailings to the High-

Reader, let me tell the truth. Since the hour when the accusing shadow appeared on the letter in Lace-"Mark, Mark Haggorth!" she cried, land, Mark Haggarth had known no

had paled his cheeks.

her to their abode, and by and by stern man on a log, over a still, deep Cicely Webster will bewitch shadow stream; the fair one tottered and fell into the water, while Satan laughed Despite his learning, his knowledge in the man's eye. He recognized the

After a while he crossed to the embraced the locale of the second fore an aged minister, who joined their Once or twice, perhaps oftener, he hands in wedlock. He saw the faces

"You might have saved me. but With startling look and a wild cry,

Mark Haggarth staggered from the spectacle, and sank to the floor, like a There he lay motionless, while & thousand people waited for the bride-

True to the life was the mirrored Webstan stood before a happy alter,

And she was happy, for she loved him as she had once loved Mark

By and by the impatient Ellen Van Opening the door, the messengers

Messrs. H.O. Poughton & Company, lown trembling hand, he beheld the Monthly; have just issued a fine life size norbait of John Greenleaf Whittier, the beloved and honored Quaker coet, whese name is a household word in tens of thousands of homes, and He closed the letter, and fled from wherever the English language is the office-from the accusing shadow spokes. The fact that Mr. Whittier completes his 70th year in December. makes the publication of bis portrait at this time peculiarly appropriate and we are sore that there are many of our readers who will be glad to Atlantic Monthly is but One Pollar. and the picture, which is of unusual Perhaps a letter from Cicely Webs- excellence and finish, is the work of programme for the coming year -serial stories by W. D. Howels, Henry Fairly be promised to make Cicely James, Jr., and W. H. Bishop; show a bride, and the girl had trusted bim. stories by T. B. Aldrico, Rose Ferry He loved her then-his heart told bim Cooke, Constance F. Woolson, J. W. so; but when he returned to the city De Forest, and others; frequent essays and skatenes by Mark Twain and Charles Pulle; Warner, the two best Webster was entirely forgotten; in: American humorists; descriptions of deed he forgot everything he should foreign life and travel by the sculptor Story, T. B. Aldrich and C. E. Norton poetry by Whiteer, Longfellow, and Holmes; and many other good things upon Cicely's heart, and I know that -all for \$4.00 a year; and the pubfrom her boudoir, containing many lishers will moreover send the Novemgifts from him, she sent more than hav and December numbers free to all one entreating letter to the estranging new subscribers. Beautiful life-size portraits of Longfellow and Bryant similar to that of Whittier, can also be