

Colonial Farmer

LUGRIN & SON, Proprietors.

POSTAGE PAID

SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 a year

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

FREDERICTON, N. B., FEBRUARY 25, 1878

NO. 73, WHOLE NUMBER 759

Miscellaneous.

SOOT TEA FOR ROSES.—Get some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used for fuel, put in an old pitcher, and pour hot water upon it. When you use it to water your plants every day. When it is all used, fill up the pitcher again with hot water. The effect upon plants, especially upon roses that have almost hopelessly deteriorated, is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thirty shoots, with large, thick leaves, and a great number of richly tinted roses. Never despair of a decayed rose bush until this has been tried.

BRINE TO PRESERVE BUTTER A YEAR.—Among the many devices for keeping butter in a manner that will preserve the fresh, rosy flavor of the new, with all its sweetness, is the following, from the *Duchess Farmer*, which is said to be entirely successful: To three gallons of brine, strong enough to bear an egg, add a quarter of a pound of nice white sugar, and one tablespoonful of saltpetre. Boil the brine, and when it is cold strain carefully. Make your butter into rolls, and wrap each separately in a clean, white muslin cloth, tying it up with a string. Pack a large jar full, weigh the butter down, and pour over it the brine until all is submerged. This will keep really good butter perfectly sweet and fresh for a whole year. Be careful not to put upon ice the butter that you wish to keep for any length of time. In summer, when the heat will not admit of small jars, use large ones, and, using the same brine, allow it to cover the butter to the depth of at least four inches. This excludes the air, and answers as well as the first method suggested.

GRAFTING WAX.—This is the formula for making Lefart's liquid grafting-wax. It was kept a secret and sold at a high price for a long time. All who have used it speak of it as being the best preparation for covering wounds in trees that has ever been discovered: Melt 1 lb. common resin over a gentle fire, add 1 oz. beef tallow, and stir well; cool a little and mix with it a tablespoonful of spirits turpentine, and then add 7 ozs. of ninety-five per cent alcohol. The alcohol will cool it so rapidly that it will be necessary to put it again on the fire, stirring it constantly, and with the utmost care to prevent the alcohol from getting inflamed. To avoid it, the best way is to remove from the fire, when the lump commences to melt, and stir and repeat until the whole is a homogeneous mass, similar to honey. After a few days' exposure to the atmosphere, in a thin coat, it becomes as hard as stone, and impervious to water and air. It should be put on with a painter's brush.

HEALTHFULNESS OF MILK.—If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken before retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones. Although now-a-days we see a good many fleshy fellows, there are many lean and lank ones who, for the fashionable measure of plumpness and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their figures be rounded with good, solid flesh. Nothing is more coveted by these women than a full figure, and nothing will rouse the fire and provoke the scandal of the "clipper builds" as the consciousness of plumpness in a rival. In cases of fever and summer complaint, milk is now given with excellent results. The idea that milk is "ferveish" has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to serup the milk pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milkman, have large-sized, well-filled milk-pitchers on the table each meal, and you also will have sound flesh and save doctor's bills.

WHAT OATMEAL DOES.—Liebig has shown that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheat bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Prof. Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both the arms and loins of the students of the university—a very numerous class, and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them, the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years with at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge. Speaking of oatmeal, an ex-

change remarks that a very good drink is made by putting about two spoonfuls of the meal into a tumbler of water. The western hunters and trappers consider it the best of drinks, as it is at once nourishing, unstimulating and satisfying.

MANURE FOR ORCHARDS.—Wood-ashes are doubtless excellent for orchards, but instead of being put around the trees they should be spread over the whole land. But where are the ashes to come from in this region? We have little or no wood, and of course little or no ashes. In our limited experience we have learned one thing in regard to orchards as well as fruit-trees of every kind that we have cultivated, and we believe the principle can be applied pretty much to everything that grows upon the earth, which is that the application of manure benefits them all. Ground occupied by fruit trees should be manured as liberally as are other portions of the land used for the raising of wheat and corn. It is the neglect to do so, in connection with the general negligence with which orchards are treated in many sections, that makes them unprofitable and to be worn out prematurely. And as to the kind of manure with which orchards ought to be treated: While any kind, almost without exception, will prove of advantage, there is none in the world to be compared to stable or barn-yard manure. A liberal application of this only every third year, with careful pruning, scraping and washing of the trunks of the trees, will make a prodigious change in an orchard. This top-dressing can be applied at any time when the ground is not frozen, and if not bestowed in too heavy lumps so as to injure the (orchard) grass, will yield, in addition to the fruit, a couple of tons of good hay. We have known three full crops of grass to be cut from one orchard.—*Germania Telegraph.*

PUMPKIN PRESERVE.—A lady writes:—For the past three years pumpkin preserves has been one of the principal sweets used in my house, and is greatly relished by us all, so much so that I would rather have it to any made from common garden fruit. As an adjunct to boiled rice or plain puddings made from that grain, it is simply delicious, as it is likewise for tarts or indeed any of the many uses to which it serves as put. To make good flavored jam that will keep, the pumpkin should be full grown and perfectly mature, a condition they are generally in by the end of September. When quite ripe the skin of the mammoth gourd assumes a warm reddish yellow hue, and the flesh when cut into is almost as solid as a *Swede* turnip, to the color and texture of which it bears a close resemblance. In preparing the fruit for preserving it should be cut up in thick slices for the purpose of being peeled, and after that is done and any soft spongy part in which the seed is embedded taken away, the solid portion remaining should then be cut in square pieces about the size of dice and weighed. To every pound of the pumpkin add three quarters of a pound of lump sugar, and for flavoring divide either an orange or a lemon and boil together for one hour to an hour and a half to evaporate the watery matter and to get the jam to thicken properly, keeping well stirred to prevent it sticking to the bottom and becoming burnt, which, from the time it has "boiled," it is liable to do. One orange or a lemon is sufficient for five or six pounds of fruit; but more or less may be used according to taste, or a few drops of essence of ginger or any other flavoring matter that happens to suit the palates of those likely to consume it. In using either oranges or lemons they should simply be taken out before putting the preserves in jars; otherwise, if mixed up in it, the rind is too strong to be pleasant.

Book Farming.—Occasionally we hear of a farmer who turns up his nose at agricultural books and papers, and I think that he can learn nothing by reading them—he knows too much already. The sooner he gets over that fallacy the better it will be for him. If Jones has paid particular attention to wheat raising for twenty-five years, he will be considered by men of sense to know more about raising that cereal than a man who never raised a half dozen crops in his life. Smith may have had some experience in herding and feeding sheep. Yet Moses Stocking's ideas of sheep raising would be a surer guide to success than Smith's. Brown may claim to have a good idea of fruit-growing, but we should rather trust to Governor Furnas' say-so; he has made it a study, and has been careful to note everything that presented itself to his mind for the past

twenty years. A good lawyer never learns so much law that he quits reading the reports and finding new ideas and new decisions. A sensible preacher never gets through finding new ideas from reading the Bible, but continues to unearth new beauties on each page of God's Holy Word. So it really is with farming, and nothing but an egotistical ignoramus can say else. New ideas in agriculture, and new and valuable discoveries are being made daily, that the farmer, who wishes to be successful, must be early familiar with. New qualities of seeds are being annually introduced, and new species of fruits and farm products are continually being brought before the public. In order to know the experience of others, and at all times to know the best varieties of these different agricultural products, is the business, and should be the desire, of every man that is in any way dependent upon tilling the soil for a livelihood, and we know of no other way to get posted than to include a few good agricultural papers and books in your catalogue of family periodicals. There is not an agricultural paper in America so poor that you will not learn enough from it to amply repay you the amount paid out for subscription.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

Renovating Worn-out Grass-Lands.

The importance of preserving such an amount of vegetable matter in the inverted sod, in order to supply, as soon as may be, that material which is so much needed in our soils, will be apparent to all. The theory entertained and practiced by many farmers, for years past, to let the inverted sod remain without being disturbed in the subsequent cultivation of the land, and to re-seed as soon as practicable, I believe to be correct, and I also believe it is the surest and the quickest method of renovating our exhausted soils. When I commenced plowing my grass-lands early in the fall, and seeding them down again, I found two objections to the method. One was, that the grass would winter-kill in places; the other that I could not sow clover seed, as I wanted to. I also learned from this experiment, that where grass was sown on the winter-killed places, in the spring, the grass was as good as ripe when it was cut as where the seed was sown in the fall. I then tried the method of fitting my land, and sowing the grass seed just before the ground froze or the snow came, so that it would not start till the spring. In this way I avoided the winter-killing of the grass. In both of these ways of seeding I have always obtained good crops of grass. For a number of years past I have sown grass seed only in the spring. On such land as I wish to seed down without grain, I fit my land in the fall, if I can, as that saves valuable time in the spring; but, if I do not have time to perform the work in the fall, I fit the land as early as possible in the spring, then sowing the seed. On all lands that I seed down in the spring, I never covering the seed. I think where grass seed is harrowed, raked, or brushed in, much of the seed is covered so deep that it never comes up. Many persons think that grass seed sown in the spring will not make a crop of hay the first season, and that it requires two seasons to do it. This is an error. On all the lands that I have sown with grass seed in the spring, the grass has been ripe enough to cut in from ten to twelve weeks from the time the seed was sown, while I invariably get better crops of grass from such methods than I do when I seed down with grain. If the grain lodges, it will kill the grass, and if the weather is dry, the grass is liable to dry up; while in both cases the land will need reseeded, else weeds and foul grasses will occupy the soil. If grass seed is sown by itself, in the spring, it will generally get so good a start, that no ordinary dry or hot weather in the summer will injure the crop. When seeding land in this way, a sufficient quantity of seed should be sown, so that, if it all grows, the land will all be occupied with grass, thus preventing the growth of the weeds; also giving a larger yield, with better quality of grass, while forming a thicker turf to be turned under, for the enrichment of the soil when the land is again plowed. On lands which I have seeded in this way, the first crop of hay has averaged two tons per acre, while the second year I usually get two crops, aggregating, at least, four tons per acre. It is well known that in our cultivated fields, as the vegetable matter becomes exhausted, the soil packs down and becomes hard; hence, the crops suffer from dry weather. In plowing grass-lands, if the turf is turned under, and remains without being disturbed, it keeps the soil from

packing, it facilitates the free entrance of air, and water enters to a great depth, thereby benefiting the crops to a greater extent. Another advantage is that, when our lands need it, we can work them over more rapidly and more frequently. In my experience I have found that the same amount of labor and manure applied to the land in this way, will produce good crops of hay, and that the land will not need to be plowed so soon again as under the old method of treatment; and finally, the fertility and productiveness of the soil is increased.—*C. T. Alford in American Cultivator.*

HOW I THOROUGHLY BREAK A HORSE.

To stop a horse from rearing and striking, you must subdue him, and to do this, you first get a strap (a breast strap from your harness will do); put this once and a half around his left forward foot just above his hoof; bring his foot up and strap it up firm, so when he goes to step he cannot strike his other leg. Now you have him so he will not strike you when you are leading him out. Scatter straw or hay on some level place, and have it eighteen or twenty inches deep. Take a rope one-fourth of an inch in diameter, seven or eight feet long, and tie one end around his neck, the same as you do around a cow's horn, so it will not slip. Have the knot come half way from the corner of his jaw bone; stand on the near side of the horse, take hold of the rope in your right hand, with your arm over his neck, with the left hand put the rope in his mouth so as to have the rope from his neck alongside of his left jaw running through his mouth. By doing this way you learn the horse to take in his bits. Stand at his left side a little back of his fore legs; take the rope in the right hand as short a hold as you can get, the left hand holding firm to neck and mane; commence leaning lightly against the horse, then commence pulling on the rope with the right hand steady, and pull the horse's head to the right side of him; keep pulling harder and harder until you pull his head to his side and the horse nearly comes down on his left side, for his left foot is up and he has nothing there to support that side and he lays down nearly as naturally as he does when he lays down of his own accord. Remember and keep yourself pressed against the horse all the time, with your feet out from the horse as much as possible, so he will not step on your feet. As the horse comes down draw the rope across his neck half way from his shoulder to his head, or nearer to his head. By doing this you hold down his neck and head, and it raises his nose up, and it is impossible for him to get up while his head is held down by this rope. Now pat and stroke him gently with your hand; show him, if he will comply with your wishes, you will not hurt him. After holding him there, say five minutes, let him raise his head, and when he gets it up, draw on the rope and make him lay his head down again. Show him you are the master instead of the horse, then let him get up on his feet. He can get up on the three feet that are not tied. After he gets up pat and caress him.

Thus, with the right hand over his neck, with the left hand put the rope in his mouth the same as at first, then lay him down again. Now you find it harder to lay him down this time than you did at first, for he understands what to look for. Be sure and not forget to press yourself up against him before you commence to pull on the rope. By doing this you are not liable to walk back or forward and get out of your place—and make your left hand help hold you to your place. Do not leave the rope slack at any time when you are laying him down. Now you have laid him down the second time, hold him down with rope over his neck; let some other person come up and pat and rub him on his side, belly and legs. Be sure and rub him all over and get him accustomed to being handled all over. Take hold of his legs and work them forward and backward, sideways and every way. Pull on them, handle them in various ways, and show him that he can be handled in any way. Strike his feet with your hand on the bottom; after he will allow you to do this as hard as you can with your hand, get a stick or board and strike on the bottom of his feet with that. This is for the purpose of making him gently to be held when you take him to the blacksmith.

Now let him get up, and caress and treat him with kindness all the time, and at the same time be firm with him, and show him you can handle him as you wish. After you have laid him down five or six times, you will see he is willing to lay down without pulling very hard on the rope, and he will let himself down easily.

To prevent him from getting scared at objects of any kind, when he is laying down on his side, and you have hold of the rope over his neck, let some one with a coat, horse-blanket or umbrella, hold it up in front of him and let him see it. After he looks at it, shake it and fetch it up close to him. You must be cautious and not frighten him too much. If you see he is too much frightened at it, let it come up closer to him gently and let him smell of it and touch it with his nose, for the nose of a horse is the sense of feeling, the same as the sense of feeling is at the end of your fingers and thumbs.

After you get him gentled to this, then get a buffalo robe, and do the same with that. Throw it on him and over him, not hard enough to hurt him. After he becomes accustomed to these things let him get up and show them to him; shake them at him, put them on him, and over and under him. Now let down his foot and let him rest his leg. Before you drop his foot, put the rope in his mouth as you did to lay him down; then put in the loop around his neck, and then you have the Spanish halter, so-called, and the roughest bit you can put on a horse. After he rests awhile, strap up his foot again, and lay him down a few times. Then put on your Spanish halter, and jerk first to the right, then to the left, and as you say to the horse "Come here," and in a short time the horse will come to you before you can get from one side to the other, and pull on the halter when he becomes willing to yield to the bit good. By pulling at the side you then get in front of him, and pull on the rope, and command him to come to you. If he does not come by a good heavy pull, give him a few quick jerks. By doing this way you break him completely, and you can bit him in ten minutes better than you could to use that old, foolish rig of a biting machine for two weeks. You want to be sure and give him a good hitting with this Spanish halter. You can get him to follow you anywhere with the end of the rope over his neck or back in less than fifteen minutes, and he will never forget to lead good as long as he lives.

After you have given him a good, lively biting, you then get him on the straw and take the end of the rope out of the loop around his neck, and lay him down again—and do this until he gives up completely. After you have him thoroughly subdued, let down one foot, and pick it up and tap on it with your hand, and then get a hammer or stick and strike on the bottom of it, as the blacksmith would do when shoeing him. Be sure and handle every one of his feet, and when you take him to the blacksmith shop to be shod, you will find him to stand as well as any old horse. Now tie his foot up again, and then put your arm over the horse's back and press down; hold yourself up from the ground; then lay yourself across the horse's back, and then slide off; get on again and sit a straddle, and start him up and ride him round a little; then get off, let down his foot, get on again, and put on a bridle so you can guide him. Let him walk at first, then let him trot or pace. Then get back to your straw and tie up his foot again, and lay him down a few times; then put on his harness, and be gentle with him at first; take it off and put on a number of humps. Now you learn him to stand quiet while you put the harness on. When you have the horse laid down you want to rub your hand on the under side of his tail where the crupper comes. Then, when you put your harness on, it will not tickle and frighten him any, or make a kicker out of him.

When you get his harness on and backed up to fit him in every way, be sure and have the collar to fit him good. Lay your toes firm to the breeching on both sides. This is to learn him to press in to the collar and hold back on the breeching—just what he has got to do when you hitch him to a wagon or buggy. After you have the tugs tied to the breeching, run the lines through the brace straps of breeching; get behind the horse with the lines in your hands and start him; hold your hands down low, so the lines will not slip over his hips. You can guide him to the right and left, by having the lines in the breeching, you turn his head in line with his body, and he never learns to turn his head to his side and let his body stand still. Drive him round a short time in this way. Then it is best to drive him in a pair of shafts at first, for you have the horse so thoroughly subdued that he will not try to do anything but what you command him to do, and you break him to drive single; and when he is in the shafts you can guide him to guide him, I must generally turn him round at first to the right, then to the left, and in all kinds of ways; stop and start often, to teach him; make him walk at first, then trot. I never drive very far. He has plenty of exercise without driving much.—*Exchange.*

That Wife of Mine.

CHAPTER I.

'I declare to the tocsin!' 'Charlie' exclaimed my little wife, breathlessly, springing to her feet. 'Lissa,' said I, with equal vehemence, 'it must be that the Emperor of all the Russias is dead, and I am summoned to write his obituary in "The Regulator."'

'I should think somebody was dead—such a peal as that!' and my wife thrust her sewing into her work-basket, and turned to the door as it opened.

'Why, what is the matter of it, Jo?' 'What is it?' and Lissa, subsiding into her pretty broken language, as she always did when startled or nervous, addressing herself to a face that at that moment looked in.

'A baby,' said Jo, in an awful voice. 'A what?' cried I, rising up, in consternation, as my sister by degrees introduced her whole body, and stood with speculative face inside the door. 'Why, somebody has left one on the doorstep—a sweet and helpless infant,' continued Jo, shaking the one pensive ringlet in the middle of her forehead.

'Oh, dear me!' said Lissa, turning to me, 'is it not strange? I don't want it; do you, Charley?' 'Of course not, my dear,' was my answer. 'I've no predilection for any thing that don't belong to me. What is it, Jo? Where was it left? and what have you done with it? Was that the reason of the violent ring that just now sounded through the house?'

'Yes, brother Charlie. Tiddy was busy setting the table for tea, and I was taking out the preserves, when we heard the bell. Tiddy went to the door. "Vow to my rest!" cried Tiddy. "Come here, Miss Jo. If that ain't an affliction of Providence!" Then I saw the baby. It was fast asleep, a pretty little thing.'

'I'll send it to the poorhouse forthwith!' I exclaimed. 'Somebody has been playing an infamous trick on me.'

Lissa, my little wife crept closer and closer. She now stood with her slight fingers upon my arm, looking into my eyes.

'Charlie,' she whispered, 'I have been thinking. Don't send it away. That's just how I was left,' she added softly.

'What, at some man's door?' 'No, no, but alone—all alone—fatherless, motherless; who to take care of me but one poor lad? Oh, I feel a pity for the little one; for I was so young, so helpless, when my mother died.'

And I pause here to let the reader know something of this little wife of mine. Sweet Lissa had gone from me. I had mourned her for three long years. At first, after I laid her head on its cold pillow, I felt that life was no longer endurable. The home so bright held still the charm of her presence; but it was nothing that I could clasp in my arms, and kiss; it was nothing that I could sit beside, and feel the glance of gentle eyes upon me, as I read during the long winter evenings; it only threw a chill over my very soul from its lack of love and life. Consequently I gave up my home. I went abroad as special correspondent of "The Regulator" and other papers. I travelled all over Europe and Wales on foot. I went to Germany, and was pursuing the same course there.

One day, in an odd little straggling town in the south of Germany, I met with an accident. My horse did not throw me in some picturesque spot with my head on a pile of rocks, for somebody to find after a romantic fashion; for I had no horse. Neither did I chafe of diligence or coach break down. I simply jumped carelessly, and hurt my foot.

'Then you shall come over to my house,' he responded. 'Can you walk if I help you, or shall my sister come to give aid also?'

I managed with his arm to get to the house. It was a curious little home, the lower flat all one room, with a shining brown floor. Just outside the window I saw a kind of open kitchen, in which a brisk old woman whose face was the color of parchment, under a glorious wealth of silver-white hair, moved about round the fire, preparing the evening meal. Beyond that was the garden, just glooming in spots, but still bright and rich with color, full of fruit trees from which pears and apples hung, the trellises and the walls loaded with vines whose clusters of grapes looked to me something marvellous. It was a quaintly and beautifully coloured picture; for still farther beyond were rocks from which stood out bold ledges like ruined and forsaken castles, and these caught the wonderful colour of the far setting sun, and threw the warm tones like drifts of sparkling nebulae back upon the garden.

'Lissa!' called the man, after he had settled me to my lying; and then I saw a fitting figure far down the long old yard, that stood for a moment in strong contrast with the white-washed trellis. It was clad in a red petticoat, white, loose, large-sleeved blouse, and had a pretty cap perched upon its head. The skirt was short, showing beautifully moulded ankles; and the feet, which I was sure were small and pretty, were incased in wooden shoes.

'Yes, Conrad,' answered back the voice; and a soft, low, musical tone it was, such as I had never heard since Elsa left me. Then she came quietly along the middle and flagged path, her queer shoes clinking at every step.

Heavens and earth! what was there about the child-woman that brought my Lissa before me? She was a little creature; and for Elsa's sake I love these dainty, tiny women, the fern-leaf and blossom of humanity. I could have taken her straightway to my heart, as if she had been of kin to me, and kissed her on the forehead over which hung light rings of glossy golden-brown hair, almost in the exact fashion my darling had worn when I first knew her. Curiously I wondered if she was like Elsa in other respects—the sunny temper, the sweet, forgiving disposition, the quick, clear intuition, almost like a gospel to the both of us. Conrad spoke a few words in German, which I understood; and the girl turned her face towards me, a little clouded with pity, and immediately ran out in the kitchen, soon re-appearing with a basin of warm water and a soft sponge, carrying also a long-necked bottle of some dark solution. Then the girl-servant came in, and bathed my foot while I reclined on an old yellow settee; and Lissa, from whom I could hardly keep my eyes, lifted a square slab from the side of the wall, covered it with a snowy cloth, and presently the table was set, the board spread with fruit, a black loaf, pats of yellow butter, milk, cheese, and tea. They drew the settee up with me on it, and I supped deliciously.

Then I learned that Conrad was a teacher, called there professor; that he was in reality an exceptional genius, deeply read in sciences, a traveller who had made much of his experience; and that with all this he had taken the sole charge of his sister from the time she was a year old, saving that at certain periods Mrs. Gretchen, the old family servant, had superintended her domestic education.

After a delightful evening, I found that with some help I could get up stairs, where Conrad gave me his own room. He himself slept out in the quaintly carved balcony, which he said he often did of warm nights. Glorious days succeeded, in that pleasant German household. I was placed in Lissa's care; and she and I had long and cheerful talks, for she knew English imperfectly, but so that I could understand her, while I filled to make my German translatable. I told her much of my past, of my Lissa; indeed, she always brought the conversation round to Elsa, and there were so many points in which I traced resemblances, that it is not wonderful if I felt in a vague way, that the sweet woman's loss was almost made up to me.

From her I learned such facts as gave me that exalted estimation in which I have always since held the professor Conrad von Raab.

'Do you know,' she said (I will not give her broken English, which would not be music to your ear as it was to mine), 'I have never known any protector, any father, any mother, save in my brother Conrad. When I was left a little babe of only one year, he would give me up to nobody. He was only eighteen then, and just

through with his studies at the university; but he took all the care of me when he was at home. And when I was quite grown, about nine, and I had become famous for his genius, and an old uncle had left him some money, oh! it seemed a great fortune. Then he took me with him wherever he went, and would let nobody watch me or teach me but himself. We left good old Gretchen in this little house, which belongs to Conrad, and we travelled, oh, all over the world; and Conrad made friends in the universities, and studied hard, and wrote lectures; and I helped him; sheathed, her beautiful face all aglow.

'And how did you help him?' I asked. 'I carried his hammer and his bag, and labelled his specimens—you should see his microscope—and I copied his lectures sometimes; for, do you know, he says I write a beautiful clear hand. And everywhere we went, people made much of us, so that at last it seemed strange to come here and settle down. But we are going to move again, and where do you think?'

'To some other town?' I ventured. 'Oh, no!' she said, clapped her hands gleefully—'to America! to your own country—to the land where you were so happy with your Elsa, and where you left her, as you said, with your poor heart all crushed.'

I told her then, almost in a whisper, that she looked like Elsa, that her voice and her ways made me think of her; and the child listened with cheeks aglow, and eyes shining, and—and then followed a beautiful idyllic season; and it came to pass, after a few months' sojourn, that I held a second Elsa close to my breast, and kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips, for she loved me, and Conrad gave his glad consent. So we were all to go to America together.

And that is how I won my precious wife—a wife careless, positive, whimsical, loving wife, endowed with a thousand freaks, humours, and oddities, but charming in every one of them, and who makes me exclaim, sometimes with frantic vehemence, sometimes with frowns, sometimes with laughter—

CHAPTER II.

We were married in the little German house, the birthplace of my bride, and set off directly for America. Lissa took a comical leave of all the surroundings—the old settee in the balcony, in which Conrad had rocked her to sleep so many times; the precious relics of her dear mother, which she could not carry with her; the garden, smug with the memories of her seventeen bright years. The tears were in her eyes, and in mine too; and when the carriage came, and we missed her all suddenly, and there was not a minute to lose, everybody was seized with consternation.

'Lissa!' cried Conrad. 'Lissa! school in every corner and cranny of the house. Up flew one to the garret out flew another to the garden. It was my good luck to find her at last, weeping over some pet kittens in a room above the barn, where also was stored a collection such as my eyes never gazed upon before—the playthings of a motherless child. These were made up mainly of broken material, cast-off relics, torn books, muddled plaster images, a stuffed dog in the last stages of incineration, a swing, and two cyrcles dolls, which must have owed their existence to the awkward hands of some nobbyte in wood-carving and as I learned afterwards, the work of the indefatigable Conrad.'

'Elsa,' I said, 'the carriage waits. "Send it away," she said imperatively. "I can't go." I stood petrified for a moment, not knowing what to say.

'Do you think I am going to leave everything for ever and ever, everything that I love for you?' and the accumulated force of her overwrought feelings made her smooth voice sound like the voice of a soid, peevish and shrill, as she sobbed.

'Why don't you speak? Don't you see I repent at the last moment? I'm not a bit like Elsa; you needn't tell me that, I see it in your face. Where are you going?'

'To order the carriage back,' I said gently. 'She sprung up, and made a passionate gesture with her hands across her eyes. 'There! that's the last of Lissa von Raab. Don't you know you never should mind when I ask such unreasonable things—you, a great, strong man? Conrad has spoiled me, but I am only his sister; and I am your wife, and I said I would obey you.' She held out her hands, forming as pretty a picture of angelic womanhood as I ever saw, and of course you know how it ended. There was a little smothered sigh, and a little smothered