

Life.

If life were one dance in a torch-lit hall,
If life were sweet music and that were all,
It would be gay as a summer day,
But music ceases and lights die out,
And what of the darkness and night without.

If life were but lover and lady gay,
No armor to wear and no riding away,
It would be bright as a wedding night,
But morning bugle and honor calls,
And, oh! the silence of widowed halls!

One rare brief moment they fight, no more,
The sailor is home from the distant shore,
Away so long! and rest but a song
Begun by a bride in the dead man's ears,
And lost in the tempest or shock of spears.

Morning and Evening.

The bright sea flashed in the morning sun,
The sky laughed out in her lovely pride,
And a boat with her journey fair begun
Went out with the morning tide;
A child was at play on the sands white-spread,
While the sea-gulls circled o'er her heads
The long waves sobbed to the lonely shore,
The dancing boat was lost to sight,
The sky of the morning laughed no more
In the purple evening light;
A child lay on the white sands dead,
While the gray gulls screamed as they flew
O'er her head.

A Holiday in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the months of July and August one is constantly assailed with questions as to when and where he intends spending his holidays. If you asked a working man the question in Glasgow his reply would be "doon the watter at the fair time." "Doon the watter" is very well, if you can get far enough "doon" to be out of reach of the cheap trips, but to my mind no place can equal the Highlands, in this country at least. It may be more fashionable, and more expensive, to rush to Switzerland, but I shall never grumble, so long as I can get a few weeks among the "brown heath and shaggy wood" of the Highlands.

Pertshire forms the fairest portion of the northern kingdom, as is true now as when Scott wrote those words years ago. I have just returned from spending three most enjoyable weeks at the small village of Moulin, about one mile from Pitlochry, in Perthshire. Moulin is a very old village, while Pitlochry is comparatively new, as it has been nearly all built since the Highland Railway was opened. There are many places of great interest within easy walking distance, and I shall attempt to describe a few of these. Moulin is a very small place, and can only boast of an inn, a branch post office, and one church. In the latter respect, it is very unlike the majority of small places in Scotland, as they usually have, in addition to the established church, a Free, and a United Presbyterian church, regardless of the fact that any one of the three would hold every man, woman, and child in the place, to say nothing of the dogs. In the church yard there is one interesting monument, erected to the memory of Duncan Cameron, one of the Cameron Highlanders, who was killed at Tel-el-Kebir. He was the first man in the trenches, and the second to fall. He was a native of Moulin, and, while his bones are resting amid the sands of Egypt, memory of his deed is kept green in his native village. Near the village are the ruins of an old castle, Caisteal Dubh, or the Black Castle. Very little is known about it, but it is supposed to have been built by Sir John Campbell, on lands granted to him by Bruce. Very little remains of it now.

Within a few hundred yards of these ruins stands the farm house of Anchusbyle, who celebrated missionary, Dr. Duff, was born here. He was the first missionary from the church of Scotland to India. A cross has been erected to his memory in the church yard at Pitlochry.

The village of Pitlochry is a much larger place than Moulin, and contains a good many fine houses. These are mostly used in the summer only, being let furnished to the visitors. It contains two large hydrothermal establishments. During the summer months it is very full of people, to my mind, too full to make an ideal holiday place. I prefer to be "far from the madding crowd," where one can wear his old clothes comfortably, without fear of running against fashionable acquaintances.

One of the sights of the neighborhood is the Black Spout, which, in rainy weather, is a very pretty waterfall. This year it was seen to perfection, as we unfortunately had more rain than we wished for. About half a mile to the north of the village stands a small hill, Craigower, from the top of which one can obtain a fine view of the surrounding country. At the foot of it stands Fascal House, near the meeting of the rivers Tummuel and Garry. If you look up along the course of the former you see Loch Tummuel in the dis-

tance, and still further on can be seen a faint shimmer of light falling upon Loch Ronnoch, with the towering heights of Sebhichollion rising near it. From Loch Tummuel, the course of the river is through a beautifully wooded valley, and among the trees can be seen the turrets of Bonskeid House, the property of the Barbour family. The lands of Bonskeid were granted to ancestors of the present owners by Bruce, in recognition of hospitality shown him after the battle in 1306. A short distance above the junction of the two streams, the Falls of Tummuel may be seen indistinctly, and the roar of them heard. These falls are not of any height, and might be strictly termed rapids. They are very pretty when the stream is full. If we now allow our eyes to follow the valley of the Garry, we find it runs down through a much narrower and wilder gorge than the Tummuel. This is the famous pass of Killiecrankie. Behind us we can see many mountain peaks, Ben Vrochie, or the speckled mountain, which is about half a mile from Moulin, and further north the high bare peak of Ben Macdui. Looking south we can follow the winding of the rivers after their union, past Pitlochry for about five miles, where they meet the Tay near Bolinbing. The valley is beautifully wooded in places, and we notice the grain is just beginning to ripen. The yellow color of the harvest fields forms a striking contrast to the deep purple of the heather on the hills shutting in the valley.

Let us now descend from Craigower, and take an excursion through the pass of Killiecrankie to Blair Athole, a distance of about eight miles. After following the post road for a couple of miles cross the railway by a foot bridge and we descend a bank to get on to the bridge of Garry, from which we have a fine view up the pass, and down towards Fascal House. The steep banks of the pass are beautifully clothed with trees of various sorts, which are now in full foliage. The river Garry beneath is deep, black, and silent at some points, where salmon and trout lie hidden in the pools, while in the more shallow, rocky places, it foams and roars as it rushes on. We now take a private path leading up the pass, paying a small sum for the privilege. About half way up we come to the soldier's well, where the body of a poor fellow was found after the battle, sorely wounded, he had dragged himself to the well to quench his thirst and die at its brink. Near the head of the pass the railway crosses, part of it on a high viaduct. I remember, some years ago, having a very fine view down the pass from the train as it crossed this viaduct. It was during a heavy snow-storm, and the sight was truly grand as the snow swirled among the leafless trees, and the sullen Garry foamed and roared beneath. To-day it was very different, as the sun was shining brightly on the foliage. At a turn in the pass, near the viaduct, we come upon the huge rocks of the Soldier's Leap, situated on either side of the river, which is here very narrow. Tradition relates how a Highlander, who had joined the royal forces before the battle, fled down the pass hotly pursued, and, to save his life, sprang across from one rock to the other, and then, turning, dared his pursuer to follow. It is needless to say he escaped. It is a fearful leap, not so much on account of the great distance as from the precarious footing on the rocks. The distance is really only eleven feet, but it looks much greater. It has recently been jumped by an athlete, who had no such incentive to urge him on as a gleaming claymore in the hands of a pursuing foe. Near here we get the finest view of any in the pass, called the Queen's View. On the height above the Soldier's Leap we see a picturesque cottage among the trees—Killiecrankie Cottage. Leaving the private road, we pass through the small village of Attgairne, and see the station of Killiecrankie. Just beyond this we come to the Urrard House, in the grounds of which the battle was fought.

The Battle of Killiecrankie was fought on July 27th, 1689, by the troops of William and Mary, under General Mackay, against the Highlanders, under Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, in support of James II. The royal forces numbered 4,000, while Claverhouse only had 2,500 Highlanders. It only lasted about 15 minutes, as the impetuous charge of the Highlanders carried all before them. Claverhouse was killed while leading on his men, and died in the moment of victory. Tradition says that the bullet that killed him was made of a silver button, as he was supposed to bear a charmed life. He richly deserved his fate, and one cannot help wishing that a bullet of some kind had long before found its billet in the heart of the Bloody Claverhouse, when one reads of the inhuman acts of cruelty practised by him and his minions on the Covenanters.

A few years ago, when some repairs

were being made on the Urrard House, a strange secret was brought to light. A secret passage was opened up, and in it were found two smouldering skeletons, with rusty swords by their sides. It is supposed that two foes had met in this passage and fought to the death. If those silent walls could speak, what a tale they would tell of that strange duel in the dark between those men. A large stone, standing in the midst of a field of grain, marks the spot where Claverhouse fell. As one gazes on the waving ripening grain, it is hard to realize that the field once bore such a ghastly harvest of dead men. Let us not stand moralizing, but hurry on, as we have four miles further to walk before we reach Blair Athole.

Castle Blair is the flower of interest to be seen here. Not knowing where the entrance to the castle grounds was I asked a message boy if he could tell me. He must have been endowed with a very large amount of Scottish caution, as his answer was, "I dinna ken," although we were then within 200 yards of it, and the greater part of his life must have been spent within sight of it. Without his aid, however, I found the gate, paid my shilling, and, being the only visitor, had the guide, a stalwart Highlander in full garb, all to myself. A magnificent avenue of lime trees, about a mile long, leads up to the castle. The castle is an ugly building, but the oldest residential castle in Scotland, and is one of the earliest places mentioned in Scottish history. It was built by the Comyn family, and one of the square towers, part of the original building, is called the Comyn tower. It has seen many stirring times, as it was occupied by Montrose in 1644, by Cromwell in 1653, by Claverhouse in 1689, previous to the battle of Killiecrankie, and in 1746 by the royal troops, when it was besieged by Lord George Murray and nearly taken by him. The present Duke of Athole and his family spend a good deal of their time there. As the family was at home we could only take a look at it from the outside. We turned down a beautiful broad avenue of turf in front of the castle, and continued through the grounds. This is known as the Hercules walk, from a very ugly statue of Hercules that stands in the middle of it. As we passed down it, the guide drew my attention to a piece of mistletoe growing from the dried trunk of an old rowan tree, a very rare thing to see so far north. The gardens are at the side of the walk, and combine the useful and beautiful together, as vegetables flourish side by side with beautiful flowers. This garden is the scene of the capture of Rob Roy, so my guide informed me. Near here are the ruins of a church, in which is the burial vault of the Athole family. The vault also contains the bones of Claverhouse, as he was buried here after the battle. Continuing our walk, we passed many magnificent trees, both of larch and Scottish fir. Some of these larches were planted over 150 years ago. We soon reached the banks of the River Tilt, which runs down through the picturesque glen, Tilt. About a mile up we came to the very pretty Falls of Fender. There are really five separate falls. From these falls water is carried by means of pipes to the railway station, over a mile off, to supply the engines. Fortunately, the pipes are buried, so the artistic eye is not offended, but the drain of water lessens the beauty of the falls very much. Lower down the glen we come to a sort of grotto, where a fine echo is heard if one stands on a certain spot, while a foot on either side of this particular spot, it is quite inaudible. As I had now walked about eleven miles, I was anxious to catch a train back to Pitlochry, especially as rain was threatening; but, on consulting my watch, I found the train was due in three minutes, and I was a mile from the station. Knowing the trains, as a rule, are half an hour late, I hurried on, and was gratified to find I was in ample time, in fact, I had to wait nearly half an hour. This was one of the most interesting excursions. I hope, on some future occasion, to give some of my mountaineering experiences.

JARDINGEER.

THOUSANDS OF DEAD.

Terrible Work of the Floods in Spain.
MADRID, Sept. 15.—News comes slowly from the flooded districts, but, though the gale continues, the strongest efforts are being made to repair railways and telegraph lines.

Fresh floods are reported in Almeria, Valencia, and Bandajoz.

In the province of Toledo the rush of water from the Consuegra river was so sudden and unexpected that hundreds of people were drowned in their beds. An estimate places the total of the death list at 2,000. Large numbers of corpses still rest where they were found. Unless they are soon interred an epidemic of fever is feared. Many of the bodies found show

that they must have been washed from their beds, or else, in the hurry to escape, must have jumped in night dress from the windows of their houses only to meet death in the swollen waters.

Five hundred houses are in ruins in Consuegra, and the occupants are buried under the debris.

Four hundred bodies have been recovered and at least 100 corpses can be seen floating on the swollen rivers.

Many gloomy scenes are witnessed at Consuegra. Carts are kept going from house to house collecting the dead.

Survivors give harrowing accounts of the onset of the flood. Mothers were seen struggling in the water to hold up children and finally succumbing to the rush of the torrent. Others were confined in rooms, with no hope of escape until the collapse of the walls opened a refuge. One man who was caught on a wooden bridge saw hundreds of persons float past, crying piteously for help.

The bodies of sixty persons were found in a public hall, where they had been overtaken by the flood in the midst of a wedding feast.

The floods have been general in the south of Spain. Several railroad trains have been derailed and railroad tracks and roads are everywhere washed away.

The towns of Urda, thirty-two miles from Toledo; Villa Franca, twenty miles from San Sebastian; Camunas Yebenes, twenty-one miles from Toledo, and Vera have suffered heavily.

Unhappily, the worst is not yet known, and months of terrible privation and extreme suffering are before the utterly impoverished survivors. The crops are gone, the cattle swept away, houses and household furniture ruined, and all that would enable them to earn bread has vanished beneath the torrents of water which have rolled over town, village, field and farm. Thousands of families are homeless and starving.

When the Queen received the news at San Sebastian she sent the superintendent of the palace to Madrid, and thence to Consuegra, to distribute money, clothes, and provisions among the sufferers, and she herself gave \$30,000 to start a relief fund. A national relief fund has been opened, and the troops and a corps of citizens are doing their utmost to succor the sufferers.

The Bank of Spain has subscribed \$6,000 and other contributions are coming from all quarters. The members of the editorial staffs of all the newspapers will make personal collections in the streets of money clothing and food.

Relief trains are being despatched to the scenes of the disasters.

Two thousand kilos of bread have arrived in the flooded districts, and the commissariat corps of all the military divisions are working day and night to supply provisions to the starving people.

Pertis of the Trailing Skirt.

The outcry of the sensible against the folly of long skirts for street wear seems to spend itself upon empty air or deaf ears for feminine fashion gives no sign of hearing or heeding the protest of the minority which has to console itself with knowing its cause to be just. The model (!) dresses for autumn widen markedly from the waist down, and are made to stand out at the lower edge by means of an inner stiffening of grass cloth. Not only are they cut long in the back, but the summer "dip" has lengthened into a positive demitrain.

"The truth is," says a New York authority, "that a larger proportion of women dress sensibly than ever did so before, and yet a proportion overwhelmingly larger will sweep the streets with even greater thoroughness this autumn than they have been doing since spring." That the long skirt fad has a decidedly unsanitary bearing, probably has occurred to but few of its thoughtless retainers. We are assured by physicians, however, that a short walk in our dusty streets, in a gown which trails upon the ground, is sufficient to gather up in the accumulated dirt and soil of the street enough germ life to destroy a whole family. Not only has this professional opinion been voiced in this country but in Vienna where the Supreme Sanitary Committee as a measure of safety for the protection of the public health has levied a tax upon each and every wearer of a trailing skirt, as scattering and disturbing the disease germs which are latent in the dust. In view of the fact that the Viennese authorities have thus felt called upon to protect the commonwealth from the results of feminine inconsiderateness they probably will not be inclined to look with any particular favor upon the demands set forth by the woman's right convention which recently assembled there, asking among other things for parliamentary suffrage and a share in the management of political affairs. Of course it is somewhat a descent in dignity for women to be told to attend to the length of their skirts, when they wish instead to attend to the affairs of a nation, but they must learn that as a class they must prove themselves sensible in small things before they are made rulers over great.

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting
and red,
Tried tonics, exlirs, pain-killers and salves
Though grandma declared it was nothing,
(but "nerves.")
The poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favourite Prescription" she happened to try.—
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak;
She grew better at once, and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of female weakness, yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of women. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles. Guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

He Did Not Die in the Park Place Disaster.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—At the time of the Park place disaster Sherman Cummin, a compositor on the Mail and Express, disappeared, and as he was known to be a patron of Peterson's restaurant, located in the ill-fated Taylor building the conclusion was reached that he had perished.

His wife at length identified one of the recovered bodies as that of her husband. It was buried without ceremony, and Mrs. Cummin received \$1000 from the Mayor's relief fund.

Yesterday she received a message from Halifax, announcing that her husband was alive and well there, and was coming home as fast as steam could carry him. It seems that on the day of the disaster he started for Peterson's restaurant, but entered a saloon instead, and was soon in a condition in which he neither knew nor cared what he was doing, and when he came to his senses he found he had shipped on a sailing vessel for Halifax, which place he reached yesterday.

The Difference.

The following anecdote, which we have received as authentic from the lips of a clergyman, sets forth in a very pleasant way the folly of reproaching preachers as hirelings, merely because they receive temporal support from their congregations.

At the meeting of a church in an eastern state, it fell to the lot of one of the ministers to be quartered with a man belonging to a denomination that does not allow of salaried preachers. He was accosted by his host as follows:

"What is thy name, friend? I mean the name thy parents gave thee?"

"John."

"Has thee any objections that I should call thee by that name?"

"Certainly not; my mother always calls me John."

"Well, John, I understand thee belongs to the class of hireling preachers."

"You are greatly mistaken, sir; I do not belong to that class."

"I mean thee is one of those preachers who receive pay for preaching."

"No, sir; I receive nothing for preaching to my people."

"How then," said the interrogator, evidently surprised and disconcerted, "dost thee manage to live?"

"Why, I work for my people six days, and then preach for them on Sundays for nothing."—Yankee Blade.

Cranberry and Hop Cultivation.

Mr. Schofield, of Aylesford, expects to raise about eighteen barrels of cranberries on a quarter of an acre of bog this season. He has also started a hop plantation. Many of our farmers have places on their farms on which they could advantageously engage in the culture of cranberries. Large quantities of this useful berry, raised along the Annapolis Valley, were sold in Windsor last season, and were of excellent quality. There is no reason why any of our money should be sent abroad for cranberries, when we have soil and climate so favorable for their production. Hop raising, too, can be engaged in with profit, when properly understood. A Mr. Harris, civil engineer, and also an enthusiastic agriculturist, some years ago purchased the Vale farm, near Bathurst, New Brunswick, and by persevering labor has now a productive and remunerative hop plantation, which gives employment to a large number of hands, and brings in a good revenue to the enterprising and gentlemanly owner. The hops are kiln dried, and packed on the farm. Mr. Harris must have made well by his hops last year. We were informed when in the county last fall, that they cost him, when ready for market, nine cents per pound, and were sold for twenty cents, or a profit of over one hundred per cent. Is there any other branch of agriculture which offers better results than this. There is surely an opening in this country for such an enterprise.—Hants Journal.

ALL SORTS.

Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The very act of life, consists of fortitude and perseverance.

Silence is golden—especially if your front teeth do not exactly fit.

A woman mourns over her vanished youth; a man over his vanished opportunities.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself out.

When a man revolves anything in his mind it invariably comes round to his own opinion.

The man who sits down to wait for somebody's old shoes will need a cushion on his chair.

The man who boasts of his war record howls the loudest when he is wearing a mustard plaster.

People are generally what they are made by education and company between the ages of 15 and 25.

"Money represents trouble," says a philosopher. But it is surprising how few of us want to borrow any of the latter.

The boy who resolves to do one thing honorably and thoroughly, and sets about it at once, will attain usefulness and eminence.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of her tongue.

Machinery says that very little activity is being manifested in the crank industry. Probably the cranks are not dead but sleeping.

He who is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left to him does to his father's care.

The annual Government grants to elementary day schools in England and Wales rose in the last year from £1,263,341 to £3,326,177.

There is a goat in West Chester U. S. which is addicted to tobacco chewing. The local tobaccoists find that it is being demoralized into a first class thief.

Some men are so constituted that they would rather make a pound by some sharp practice, which is in reality a piece of swindling, than to make ten times as much honestly.

Be cautious and brave. It requires a great deal of will and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much to keep it.

George Bradley, a well-known citizen of Mendota, Mich., recently celebrated his sixth marriage with great eclat. George seems to be a philanthropist in his own peculiar way.

There seems to be some reason in the plea of the man who was convicted at Liverpool the other day for stealing a dozen umbrellas. He said that he was putting by for a rainy day.

Short people may comfort themselves. A miracle-worker has arisen to make them tall. This genius advertises "invisible elevators," which are fitted to the boots at a cost of 5s 6d per pair.

"Speaking much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in his words is niggard in his deeds." It seems that there were Coobs, Campbells, and Seymour Keays even in Sir Walter Raleigh's time.

A St. Louis young man is said to be able to stop a brass band by sucking a lemon before the players. It makes their mouths water. This thoughtful young man is certainly entitled to the grateful thanks of a long suffering public.

There is no accounting for the domestic and culinary tendency of the mind of the average man may possess. A Maine martyr of four weeks wants a divorce because his newly married wife refused to make flapjacks according to his receipt.

The power of sunlight in promoting the fragrance of flowers has been investigated by Herr Rogell, who finds that when a plant is kept in the dark the flowers are scentless. If the flower-buds alone are kept in the dark, the flowers proved to be fragrant. Even flowers which bloom at night lost their scent when the plant was deprived of light. On reaching the light, however, the flowers recovered their scent. Respiration has also an influence upon their fragrance. For example, a plant of nyceterina enclosed in a bell-jar with oxygen gas, behaved as it would have done in air, whereas one enclosed in hydrogen did not open its flower-buds, and these had no scent.

K. D. C. Its merits prove its greatness, send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.