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"The Review."

"Merciful heavens! Is he wounded?"
 "No, mademoiselle," replied the orderly, with a peculiar smile. "The captain's health is in statu quo. But you'd better tell your papa not to keep the soup waiting for him."

"Isn't he coming to dinner?"
 "No, mademoiselle, he is going to have dinner at the White House inn, and he will sleep there afterward. I am to fetch his things, as soon as I have unsaddled the mare."

The dinner of the trio was most melancholy.

Bright and early the next day Raboteau sought out the landlord of the White Horse, who was much flurried by the presence of a dozen officers of all grades.

"Can you tell," the judge asked, "if the artillery captain who was quartered at my house—"

"He is in No. 8, judge. The captain is still in his room, for the manœuvres ended last night. Excuse me if I do not take you up myself. I am rushed to death."

Raboteau ascended the stairs, and strode down the long corridor, on which opened several white doors, all alike except for the large numerals painted on them in black.

He was just in the act of knocking at that which bore the figure 8, when suddenly he recoiled as if he had seen a tiger crouching on the mat. However, it was not a tiger that he had seen.

It was, by the side of a pair of top-boots, still armed with spurs, a little pair of bottles, lined with rose-colored satin; bottles of which one would say without fear of being mistaken: "The foot of a pretty woman was in that not long ago."

At that moment the key was heard to turn in the door of No. 8. The door was seen to open, timidly, just the least crack.

First a hand emerged, very small and very white, the hand that belonged to those bottles. Then the wrist appeared, round and slender, with a pretty bracelet.

Then a plump arm, which grew longer and longer. Raboteau had never in his life seen such an arm as that, and, if the other were like it, as all experience would indicate, this scoundrel of a Leconte was a very lucky scoundrel indeed.

However, the arm, the wrist, the hand and the bottles retreated in good order. The door was closed and the judge stood there, feeling very foolish, but there was nothing for him to do but to go back to his own house.

On the table the judge found this message:

I don't understand this at all. You pretend to have Leconte there with you. But he writes me that he has broken his leg, and that one of his comrades has taken his place in the manœuvres. Pray send me some word of explanation.

"This is too much!" cried Elodie's mother, "I called him M. Leconte all the time, and he never denied the name. If I were you I would write to the minister of war about it."

Enough, that afternoon the false Leconte knocked at the gate. But—climax of impudence!—on his arm was a young and very pretty woman—doubtless the lady of the bottles.

"Justine!" cried Mme. Raboteau, "do not open the gate! Tell these persons we are not at home."

At that moment Justine returned, carrying a card on which was inscribed: "Le Comte de Prebois, Capitaine d'Artillerie."

Beneath was written in pencil: A thousand regrets and a thousand excuses for having missed your company last evening. Mme. de Prebois came down and took me by surprise, and did not wish to seem inconsiderate by increasing the trouble my presence has caused you. It would have afforded her great pleasure to make the acquaintance of your wife and daughter. Allow me to express my sincere gratitude for your excellent hospitality.

Poor Elodie! She always was unlucky. —From the French.

New Postcards.
 A curious instance of the influence of public pressure upon official conservatism is afforded by the success of the demand in England for postcards not of government manufacture. For various reasons it would be a convenience to the public to be allowed to use its own cards affixing to them the proper government stamp. It is obvious that this would also be to the pecuniary advantage of the postoffice. It would profit by saving the cost of the postal card, for which it now makes no charge to the public, and it would lose only by the insignificant cost of making the stamp. As the existing postal cards could still be obtained by those who conferred them, it would seem that no one could possibly complain. The post-office, however, has sturdily replied to those who urged this concession that there were difficulties in the way of it which could not be overcome, although what these difficulties were it was impossible to find out. At all events, they have been overcome for the postoffice now announces that cards of the prescribed weight and size will henceforth be admitted to the mails when the proper stamp has been affixed. Since the expenditure of the department is increasing faster than its revenue, a saving effected without expense by yielding to a popular demand may not be unwelcome.—New York Post.

Wild Strawberries in August
 The Canadian wild strawberries, that most delicious of all fruits appears to be developing a penchant to bear at widely different seasons of the year. Recently while Messrs. U. H. McKinn, Joseph W. Bourke, Patrick Connors and Joseph Dow were returning from a fishing trip to Sheen Trout lake they arrived at Hayes' wharf sometime before the steamer Ottawa reached that point. While waiting they rambled around the grove, and quite near to the wharf came upon a patch of ripe wild strawberries, as bright and luscious as if the season had been late June. Each gathered some, and quite a number were brought home for friends. The above quartette of gentlemen had a successful time at the lake, having gathered in a considerable number of speckled beauties of large dimensions.—Pembroke Observer.

It Was Mutual.
 Pater (entering room)—Phurrr! What do you mean, sir by thus embracing my daughter? Ethel, I am surprised.

Ethel (bravely)—So are we, poppa, dear, so are we.—Truth.

DISCUSS.N' THE CIRCUS.

BREYER GARDNER PUTS A MOMENTOUS QUESTION TO THE CLUB.

The Circus of To-Day is not Satisfactory To the Colored Man, and He Has Made Up His Mind to Take in the Dime Museums Instead—The Cake Walk as a Stupendous Rival.



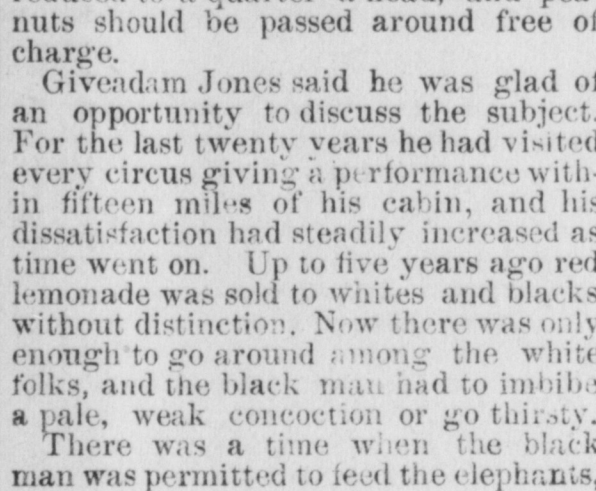
EAR FREN'S said Brother Gardner as he slowly rose up and removed the hatpin which he was using in place of the top button on his coat, "I have received a letter from the Secretary of State of Delaware axin dis quesun: 'Am de cull' man sa' ished wid de circus as he finds it to-day? De quesun am one dat I should like to har discuss, an' I darfo' call upon Sir Isaac Walpole to gin dis club his opinyon."

Brother Walpole's solemn countenance took on a look of sorrow as he rose and said that owing to a stiff knee and the necessity of practicing rigid economy he had not attended a real circus for twenty-five years. In a reckless moment he had paid the sum of 15 cents to enter a sideshow and gaze on a fat woman, a box constrictor and a sweet young girl from the Cannibal Islands, but as for taking in the circus and menagerie he had stood appalled at the expense.

As far as he could learn from others, however, the colored man was getting ready to rise up and demand lower prices and greater privileges. In his opinion, the price of admission should be reduced to a quarter a head, and peanuts should be passed around free of charge.

Givenad Jones said he was glad of an opportunity to discuss the subject. For the last twenty years he had visited every circus giving a performance within fifteen miles of his cabin, and his dissatisfaction had steadily increased as time went on. Up to five years ago red lemonade was sold to whites and blacks without distinction. Now there was only enough to go around among the white folks, and the black man had to imbibe a pale, weak concoction or go thirsty.

There was a time when the black man was permitted to feed the elephants,



poke the hyenas, twist the tails of the camels and make faces at the lion, but let him try it nowadays and some circus man would seek his life. In the years ago it was the invariable practice to offer any colored man 50 who could ride the trick mule three times around the ring, but of late only white men were allowed to enter for the prize. In one season he rode three trick mules to the pinnacle of success and thereby won \$15, but the good old days had gone forever.

He wasn't at all satisfied with the circus of to-day and had made up his mind to take in the dime museums instead. In the latter the colored man was not only made welcome at the door as he dropped his ticket in the box, but the armless woman, the legless man, the glass eater and the living skeleton put themselves out to make his stay pleasant and encourage him to call again.

Waydown Beebe was considerably excited as Brother Gardner asked if he had any remarks to make. He had been very well satisfied with the circus up to last year, when something occurred to open his eyes to the fact that the colored man wasn't getting a fair show. In his hurry to get into a circus performance he had taken a short cut and crawled under the canvas. As he rose up inside an employee of the concern struck him on the neck with a club manufactured from hard wood and called him a "doublet nigger."

He could feel that blow and hear those insulting words yet. In fact, the blow had produced a swelling on his neck which obliged him to wear a No. 48 paper collar, and whenever he had a sore throat it took a pint of gargle to reach all parts.

No, the colored man was not satisfied with the circus as it is. He was being shoved on to the back seats. His lemonade was being diluted. The clown made fun of his heels. The man in charge of the hyenas wouldn't stir them up for his children to gaze at. There were many other reasons for complaint, and he had fully and firmly made up his mind to buy an accordion and learn to play on it and start a circus of his own.

He was followed in his remarks by Shindig Watkins, Samuel Shin, Elder Toots and others, all expressing themselves in the same spirit, and Brother Gardner finally announced that enough time had been given up to the subject and added:

"It was my own personal opinyon dat de cull'd man had heaps o' reasons fur not bein' satisfied wid de circus of to-day, but I wanted to know how de rest of yo' felt about it. Fur ober forty y'ars I was allus on hand when de ticket wagon opened."

Way back in 1878 I begun to notice a change. When I went to foudle de rhinoceros, I felt sunthin' hit my coat-tails hard. It was de cowhide bute of a circus man. When I axed de zebra keeper if de stripes was painted on, he hit me in de eye. De climax had come. From dat day on de cull'd man has b'in losin' his circus grip, an' to-day he fully realizes dat de circus am not for him."

"De secretary will darfo' be instructed to answer dat inquiry to de effect dat we am (by no means) satisfied wid de circus of to-day, an' dat de 7,000,000 cull'd populashun of dis centry has about cum to de conclusion to withdraw its patronage an' devote all its energies to makin' de cake walk a stupendous an' successful rival."

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS AND NEWS NOTES BOTH FOR CITY AND COUNTRY.

Original Articles and Press Clippings Which Have Been Prepared Especially for Our Readers.

A correspondent of Garden and Forest very strongly condemns too much pruning of apple trees. He says it would astonish any experienced orchardist to note the way in which the average farmer prunes his fruit trees when he is once convinced that something must be done in this direction. Before such conviction comes to him, he generally is of the opinion that to prune is to lose just so much fruit as the removed branch might be expected to bear for several years at least. But if some one in whom he has confidence succeeds in convincing him that there will be as much gained in size as is lost in numbers, and especially if his attempts to sell his fruit have been met with complaint at its small size, he may take up the saw and axe. In that case he may commonly be expected to use these implements with the fury of a Sioux brave on the warpath.

I have just been looking over an orchard which was pruned last year in this woodchopper's style. The remark of one of the neighbors after seeing the results, to the effect that the pruner must have been short of firewood, was a natural one. The trees were uniformly "pruned up"—that is, the lower limbs were taken off, and very little thinning done to let in air and light among the upper branches. When limbs were taken off by the saw, stubs several inches long were left, while with the axe the cut was just as it happened. In neither case was any precaution used to prevent a removed limb from taking with it a considerable strip of bark. The wounds were not painted or otherwise protected.

But what has surprised the owner most (and it puzzled me most at first) is that while the "remains" of this orchard in common with all apple-trees this year, bloomed very freely, almost no fruit has set, and the trees are now bare of anything but leaves. New branches are starting out everywhere from the ground up, and it is evident that all the vitality of the trees is being expended to repair the loss of wood. Since noting this, I have also observed a few trees in my own orchard, both pears and apples, which have dropped their young fruit, and in these cases it has been as a sequence of pruning last year, though it was done with moderation. This impresses upon me anew the importance of paying more heed to the proper forming of heads of the fruit-trees by pen-knife pruning and disbudding, followed up with judgment and care all through the spring and summer.

Shock is as pernicious to the vegetable organism as to that of men and animals, from the surgical point of view.

FARMING AT THE STATIONS.
 At the station at Brookings, S. D., they desired to know certain things about the feeding of wheat to hogs, and they began a series of experiments, and they claim to have learned:

1. That hogs averaging about 100 pounds weight can be bought near September 1st at \$4.50 per hundred, live weight, fed three months on nothing but wheat, water, ashes and salt, and sold December 1st, at \$5.50 per hundred dressed, and return 56 to 58 cents per bushel for the wheat allowing the manure to offset the labor of caring for the hog.

2. That wheat at present prices can be profitably fed as an entire ration, but it would undoubtedly pay better to mix it with some other food, particularly during the earlier stages of fattening.

3. Hogs fed upon ground wheat make a more rapid and uniform gain and produce pork of rather nicer quality, but they also consumed more food. The gain was about three cents a bushel more by feeding ground wheat, which scarcely paid the cost of grinding.

4. Ground wheat brought 58.39 cents, whole wheat 55.33 cents, peas 65.36 cents and corn 60 cents a bushel, on an average, for all the grain fed in 90 days, but there was not as much gain upon peas in the latter part of the test as during the first part, which would indicate that they were not as well adapted to a complete ration for a long period as either wheat or corn.

5. The quality of pork made from corn or ground wheat was about equal, and better than that made from whole wheat, peas or a mixed food, but that from the mixed food was the fattest.

6. The average daily gain on peas was 1.21 pounds, on whole wheat 1.12 pounds, on ground corn 1.40 pounds, on ground wheat 1.32 pounds and on mixed food 1.61 pounds.

7. There would have been a larger return for the food consumed if the hogs had been sold on October 28 instead of on December 1, particularly in the case of the lot fed on peas.

8. Probably better results would have been obtained if the change from mixed food and plenty of exercise to close confinement and a single article of food had been made more gradually.

FARM NOTES.
 Health is better than riches. The father who is struggling under the heavy load of a mortgage on his farm many sleepless nights.

You can always tell the prosperous farmer even though you are a stranger in the neighborhood, by the care taken in keeping up the buildings, the fences and ground.

When buying a run-down farm there is one thing to be avoided: do not try to make it yield good crops and improve in condition at the same time. Such a course will only make the land poorer. Build up the soil first, good crops will come in their own good time.

The reason there is not more double cropping of land is because the soil generally is not rich enough to warrant it. It pays in the garden, which on most farms contains more fertility per square foot than can be found anywhere else. It will pay with field crops if care is taken not to crop exhaustively, and to sow alternately some leguminous plant that will increase fertility instead of lessening it. Clover is generally sown with some grain crop. This in one sense might be termed double cropping, as the grain and clover grow together until the grain is harvested. But this is certainly not exhaustive to the soil, as a rule, it is best to have some crop growing on the soil all the time. When its surface is bare it is exposed to greater losses than when it is covered.

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