THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

[This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.]

OUR VINE INDUSTRIES.

For a number of years past there has been a discouraged feeling in reference to viniculture and wine-making. This feeling succeeded the time when most of those who had been cultivating vineyards had learned, by a number of years' experience and efforts at wine-making, that this part of their business had proved a failure. At one time every vineyardist imagined that to make money out of his vineyard he must make up his grapes into wine. At the time this opinion prevailed there was some reason for it, from the fact that there were then but few wine-making establishments in the country that were in condition to buy the grapes and make them into wine and wait for the ripening of the wine made to realize on the investment. The vineyardists had practically no market for their raw grapes, except for a few that could be disposed of as table grapes, and they could find no market for the wines made by themselves for the reason that in most instances these wines were good for nothing. As a consequence many a vineyard that had been planted and cultivated up to a good bearing condition, and that had cost in cultivation and rent, or want of use of the land for other purposes, more than the land itself was worth, has been dug up within the last six or eight years, and the land it occupied devoted to other cultures—as wheat growing, general orcharding, etc. By degrees, however, wineries have grown up in almost every district where the amount of grapes grown would warrant.

These establishments have been by degrees extending their capacities for wine-making till now they are prepared to buy and manufacture large quantities of grapes into wine, so that within reasonable distance of nearly all vineyards in the State there is now established a winery, making a sure market for all wine grapes. These wineries have been improving their modes of manipulating and taking care of their wine till most of them are turning out a good merchantable article of each of the popular styles of wine. They have been able generally to dispose of sufficient quantities of their produce to keep up running expenses, and have been holding on to some of each vintage as an experiment to determine the effect that age would have upon it, and in the meantime what has been put upon the market and disposed of has been gradually winning for itself favor with consumers. During these years of trial and waiting and experience among vineyardists and wine-makers in California, the wine-growing countries of Europe have been going through a much more trying and discouraging time. The little vine-pest, the phylloxera, has been steadily and surely destroying their vineyards, and year by year shortening their crops. To keep up a supply for demands made upon them, the old cellars have been drawn upon till their old wines are now nearly exhausted, and their resources in every way have about given out, and the world is now realizing the fact that it can no longer depend, with any certainty, upon Europe for its wines and brandies. Hence it is that California is looming up as a wine-growing country—the future France in this important branch of industry. Hence it is that the value of all California wines has advanced fifty per cent. and more within the past year, and that California grapes have advanced in proportion. Hence, also, it is that there is such a revival in the wine interests generally in this State, and that old vineyards are being enlarged and new ones planted more vigorously this year than at any other time within the past fifteen years. Hence it is, also, that there is such a call for grape cuttings of approved kinds of grapes this season. For the past ten to fifteen years vineyardists have been throwing away their cuttings but now they can scarcely supply the demand. The history of the wine business has to a certain extent been repeated by the raisin business. Just as we have learned what kinds of grapes to cultivate for raisins and how to cure these grapes to make merchantable raisins, the ability of other countries to supply the demand has been to a considerable extent cut off and our products are in demand. We are pretty well satisfied that within ten years from date California will be the principal source of supply of the vine products of the United States, and within ten years more the world will be looking to her for both wines and raisins.

OUR RESOURCES.

There is a flattering prospect for this industry in our State, and while we would not wish to see any undue excitement over it, it becomes us to look about for our sources of supply. While we have broad acres of grain-lands in the valleys that would grow good vineyards and make good wines and raisins, we have a much larger area of country in the foothills of our two ranges of mountains that is much better adapted to these industries; and while the valley lands are worth fifty to one hundred dollars per acre for grain-raising and cultivation in other products, and cannot be bought for less than these sums, the lands in the foothills are worth comparatively but little for the uses that the valley lands are worth the most for, and can be bought for from one and a quarter dollars to five dollars per acre. Our resources then are abundant and within the reach of all. In making a vineyard in the foothills money would be a great convenience, just as it is in starting any other enterprise or undertaking, but money can be dispensed with in making a vineyard to a greater extent than in beginning most any other agricultural operation. The land in the foothills will cost but little and the balance of the capital may be invested in the shape of labor and perseverence. Skill will come by experience and observation, and success will follow much sooner than it will be looked for if these factors are faithfully applied.

SHEEP ON THE FARM.

We have frequently called the attention of farmers to the practice of keeping sheep on the farm as an adjunct to the general farming operations. We took occasion a few years ago, when sheep were begging for buyers at from fifty to seventy-five cents each, to advise farmers to buy a few then, and told them that it would be but a few years before sheep would be worth more than double what they were then offered at. Sheep have gone up now, but not more than wool has, and except the advantage of the rise in the price of sheep, all the advantages are still open to the farmer in investing in sheep. The grain raiser cannot make a better start toward breaking up the one crop plan of his operations than by purchasing a few sheep. He never will need to lay away any hay for them, as his straw will, in the severest winters we have ever experienced be amply sufficient and good enough, together with what grass they can gather, to carry them through the winter in good condition. There is scarcely a wheat-farmer in the State that could not keep a flock of sheep on his farm with actual advantage to his land, and without a cent of outlay. The number should of course be in proportion to the size of the farm and other circumstances. But the idea we wish to convey is that farmers could increase the income from their farms without in the least increasing their expenses, and the sheep would clean their fields of weeds, and in their place spread manure on the soil. This proposition must be plain to any practical farmer that will give it a few moments reflection. Aside from the income from the wool it would be a great item in furnishing the farm with fresh meat. When paying off their butcher's bills out of the annual income from the wheat crop, farmers are generally in the right frame of mind to realize the meat view of the case, and if they will make a practice of taking these bills down from the hook once a month and foot them up perhaps they may be able to work themselves up to action in the premises. We think the examination of these bills will have more influence in the right direction than anything we can say on the subject.

BREED UP.

Breeders of domestic animals should make it a rule at all times to breed up their stock—that is, to keep it on the improvement. Every cross should be for the better. This idea can be carried into practice most certainly and economically by the exclusive use of thoroughbred sires. It is a well-known rule in breeding that the sire is more potent in establishing the characteristics of the offspring than the dam. This is more certainly so if the sire be a thoroughbred and the dam a cold-blooded animal, or part cold-blooded. The first cross between a cold-blood and a thoroughbred produces a half-breed. Sometimes these half-breeds have almost all the characteristics, apparently, of thoroughbreds, and farmers are so well pleased with their first effort that, if it be a male, they are induced to stop their breeding up right there and use the half-breed as a sire. We care not how fine in appearance a half-breed may be, he is after all but a half-breed, and his get with a cold-blood can only be a quarter-breed. With such a sire the cold-blooded dam is very likely to have the most potency in shaping the characteristics of the progeny; so that, in all probability, more will be lost in the second cross than has been gained in the first. On the other hand, a cross of a thoroughbred with a half-breed produces a three-quarter-blood, and thus, by continuing to use a thoroughbred sire with the progeny of a thoroughbred, the process is continually upward, or towards the thoroughbred. Breeders of horses and cattle, if their aim be improvement, should use only thoroughbred sires.

AGRICULTURAL SELECTIONS.

SUGAR-CANE CULTURE.—It is pleasant to note the reviving interest which is manifested in various parts of the State in the cultivation of sugar beets and sorghum for the manufacture of sugar. The introduction of any new industry or cultivation of any new product in any of our neighboring counties deserves the applause and encouragement and best wishes of the whole sisterhood, for they tend to increase the wealth and resources of the entire Commonwealth. But here in Kern county the genuine article can be successfully cultivated. Mr. Bernard, the County Treasurer, has on exhibition in his office a stalk of real sugar-cane about five feet long, which he says is equal to the best grown in Louisiana—and he ought to know, for he came from that State. This specimen matured on his place in Sumner, from seed obtained in New Orleans. Mr. Bernard thinks the climate and soil of this locality are both favorable, and there need be no more trouble attending its cultivation than that of corn. It is well worth trying more generally, for if successful such a product would make Kern the banner county in a respect in which no other could compete, and it would enhance the value of its land ten-fold. Every farmer should get some of the seed and plant it. If he put in only a half or a quarter of an acre it would be a good beginning—would not cost much and would determine whether its cultivation could be made profitable. The cost of a machine or press to crush the cane for the purpose of obtaining the syrup or crude sugar, Mr. B. says, would not cost much. One might serve for an entire neighborhood, while the stalks, after having gone through the mill, make excellent fodder for cattle.—[Kern Californian.

HOW TO PROTECT BIRDS.—Dr. Brehn of Berlin, in a speech made at the Vienna Congress, thus answers the question, "What measures are to be taken for the protection of birds useful to the land culturist?" in a precise manner, referring only to such means as promise real success. He places as the most prominent measures to be adopted, the following:

1. General instruction in the nature and influence of native animals and birds.
2. Promotion of instruction in natural history by the introduction of an exhaustive manual of zoology and botany in the educational course of public and high school.
3. Promotion of an active interest in the efforts of societies for the protection of animals.
4. Dissemination of useful knowledge in this direction, through gratis distribution of good books by the Government and societies for the general weal.
5. Especially the distribution of a popular, compendious, well-illustrated manual and hand-book of native animals and plants to all foresters, village school-teachers, rural clergymen and other persons of local influence.
6. Establishment of small collections in schools for the purpose of object teaching.

He adds: "And then, if all schools possess a collection of animals and birds of the district, results will be accomplished surpassing the boldest expectations." First, then, after a knowledge of ornithology has been acquired, is the protection of the useful kinds possible? Then, to induce the winged visitors to become localized, habitations must be provided for them, not alone in nest-boxes, but in trees and hedges and thick underwood, which must be cultivated for them if not there already.

SONOMA COUNTY OPIUM.—The culture of opium has actually been initiated in our valley with success. A. V. La Motte two years ago obtained the seed of the genuine white and black poppy (*Paparar Somniferum*) of the Orient, and planted two acres of the seed. By careful and intelligent experiments he readily mastered the art of cultivation and incision, and succeeded in producing opium beyond all anticipations. The soil and climate of Sonoma is peculiarly adapted to this culture, a sandy or delta soil being preferable. The seed is sown by drilling, and requires no further cultivation. The plant is annual, and produces sixteen capsules when planted in the fall and four when planted in the spring, according to La Motte's experiment. He generally preferred lateral incision in the unripe capsules, these to be made in the morning and the exuding juice gathered in the evening, as the sun will evaporate the water, leaving the exudation in the form of a resinous substance. Specimens of the opium thus produced were submitted to our inspection, together with the black and white seed. Submitted to an experienced chemist, it contained twenty per cent. of morphine, but little inert residue, and is of superb quality.—[Sonoma Index.

WHERE THE COLD WAVES COME FROM.—Meteorological observations have now become so extended that evidence is rapidly accumulating to enable us to determine positively the source of the cold aerial waves which sweep across our country during the winter season. The indications are that we owe them to the great area of high barometer in northeastern Siberia, where the pressure sometimes exceeds 31.50 inches, and the temperature falls as low as 76° below zero. The pole of greatest cold is in the neighborhood of Yokutsk, on the Lena, where the average thermometric reading in January of 41° below zero, and where the severest cold exceeds by 10° that experienced by explorers in high arctic regions. This is also the region of the highest barometric pressure known in winter; and from it, doubtless, proceed the waves of intense cold which play so large a part in our winter experiences.

GENERAL ACTIVITY.—In the farming line we have to record general activity among farmers throughout the entire valley. The week has been a very favorable one for plowing and seeding the land. In the direction of Blanco the fields are covered with teams every day, and much land is being turned over and seeded that last year was idle. We notice that, as a general rule, the farmers are putting into practical effect the motto of the Grangers', to "plow deep," and in order to do this are, in some instances, running as many as four horses to a single plow.—[Salinas Index.

VERMIN—Parties wishing to rid their henroosts of vermin should put two ounces of sulphuret of carbon in a bottle, leaving it open at the mouth, and hang it in the henhouse. The bottle should be refilled at the end of eight days. This is said to be an infallible remedy.

CROP PROSPECTS.—The condition of the crops in this vicinity is exceedingly promising. In some few instances grain sowed just before the late heavy rains is said to have been injured, but all the early sown wheat is in better condition than at this period last season.—[Amador Times.

Tommy had finished saying his prayers the other night and was sitting on the bed with his hands clasped around his knees, when he interrogated his nurse in this wise: "Mary, why do we always say 'a men?' Why don't we sometimes say 'a sheep,' 'a dog,' 'a horse,' 'a cow?'" He was tucked in with the remark that curiosity led to the fall of our first parents.

By blowing across the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun you can produce strains as soft and tender as those of a harp. There will also be an inquest and a funeral. —[Detroit Free Press.

[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRAVEN," ETC.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE LEGEND OF THE SILVER ISLE.

PART I.—THE SIN.—(*Continued*).

They resumed their journey over the stony ranges, upward and ever upward. He made no effort to turn her from her purpose. Side by side they walked, treading in dead footsteps. The lower world grew less, and the lights in the isle so faint that they could now scarcely be distinguished. The unknown world was before them.

"Your brother and you," said Evangeline, "did not walk this road in silence last night?"

"We spoke of many things, of many persons, chiefly of you."

"Of none other?"

"I have said, of many."

"You had a mother who died years since, and whom you loved. Your brother has told me of her, and friends who knew her have mentioned her name to me with tenderness and reverence. Did she find no place in your converse?"

"You are torturing my soul with your questions!"

"Are you pleading to me for pity? I believed you to be bold and heroic. No man in the isle could cope with you in daring. What should turn you back when once you had resolved? Fear? You had not, then, your brother's nature. Be silent if you choose, and leave me to find my way alone."

He continued, in a set, stern voice: "We spoke of our mother, and recalled all the tender reminiscences of the past, commencing at our childhood's days. The stream we used to bathe in; our woodland rambles; our dreams; our fancies; our vow to live our lives together, to share each other's joys, each other's woes—a vow repeated when our judgments ripened and we were men. We dallied with sweet memories. Hold!" he cried suddenly. "Take not another step forward? It is death! On the edge of this precipice we kissed, and parted."

"At whose desire?"

"At his. He wished to be alone."

The crescent of the moon rose over the snow mountain, and by its light Evangeline saw that they were standing upon the brink of a narrow precipice, which shelved sheer down into an awful chasm, formed by the splitting of the rocks on either side. No man's eye could pierce the gloom, and no man's foot could tread the perilous descent.

"And then?" whispered Evangeline. "And then? Proceed. There is more to tell."

"I walked slowly away. Had my will been in my own control, I should have fled in haste, but a demon held me in his power. My feet were as heavy as lead; I could scarcely drag them on. Exhausted, I was forced to stop and rest; and when I would have continued my path to the valley, an unseen force pulled me to the spot where I had left my brother. My feet were free now; I hastened quickly back. I found him here lying on the ground, kissing a love-lock you had given him. The madness of jealousy, suddenly aroused to action, fell upon my soul and blinded me! The air was thick with phantoms! Voices cried to me: 'Here lies he who bars your way to heavenly happiness! What deed is too terrible for dear love's sake?' I raised a mass of rock and hurled it forward. It thundered down the abyss. When sight was restored to me, I saw not my brother!"

The girl inclined her body towards him, and gasped in horror:

"Not a sound? Not a cry? Gone, without a sign!"

He scorned to lie.

"A wail rose from the abyss. Your name—Evangeline!"

"His last word! His last thought! Oh, God be praised that he was mine in death, as in life!"

She knelt swiftly upon the brink of the precipice. He held her tight so that she should not fall over. The moon's light had grown stronger now, and she could see more clearly. Her eyes searched the ground with feverish eagerness, and found what they sought—stains of blood upon the rocks, the life-blood of her lover, lying dead in the black depths below. She pressed her lips to them, and kissed them again and again, with sobs and cries of love, and presently, when her paroxysm was over, she rose, and with a sudden and violent effort, twisted herself from the grasp of the man who held her. The movement was so unexpected that he had no power to prevent it, else it were an easy task for him to have borne the slight and fragile girl to a place of safety.

"Stand where you are!" she cried. "Move but a hair's breadth towards me, and I fling myself into this dread chasm!"

They were separated by more than an arm's length, and he dared not stir. The girl's voice convinced him that her life hung upon his slightest movement. Firm and still as the rocks around them he stood, with his dark eyes fixed upon Evangeline; and she, like a white specter in the light of the moon, faced him with steadfast look.

"Have you more to say?" she asked.

"I have told you all. I have darkened your life; but a star shines for you and me—my love, my deep, unutterable love for Evangeline!"

"What would you have of me?"

"The redemption of your pledge."

"I do not understand you."

"In life you were his; now, you are mine. I have made you so by crime! I claim you!"

"It is true," she murmured. "I am his, or yours. But if I were dead—— Do not stir! There is danger in it!—— If I were dead——"

"I should follow you to the other land."

"Who, then, would claim me—you, or your brother? To whose arms should I fly?" Slowly she unwound the girdle of roses round her waist, and dropped them into the abyss. "There is but one hope of salvation to you—to live, when I am gone, and endeavor to expiate the crime which has blasted the happiness of three lives. If you do not this, my hate shall follow you through the life beyond the grave, and with my hate, his who lies below awaiting me! I have no feeling but sorrow for you now; I pity you from my heart. May God pardon you, as I do! But before you meet us in the hereafter, you must wash the blood-stains from your soul! I charge you to live and perform this work of repentance for my sake, whom you have destroyed, for your brother's, whom you have slain. This is my bridal night—here is my bridal couch! Farewell!"

She allowed herself to fall backwards into the abyss, and the man stood alone upon the brink!

PART II.—THE EXPIATION.

At sunrise the following morning the islanders went to church to seek Evangeline. It was already known that she had not passed the night in her home. In the church they found only the tablets left by Evangeline upon the altar, and written on them these words:

None but I am guilty. The sin is mine, and mine only, and I go to atone for it. Be merciful to me, as God will be! If you can think of me with tenderness, I shall be glad. I shall know, for my spirit will live forever in this dear isle.

EVANGELINE.

The sin was hers? What sin? They gazed at each other with questioning looks. Evangeline, the pure, the spotless maid, the child of their hearts, gone from among them with a sin upon her soul! They would have scorned themselves had they for a single moment allowed the belief to linger in their minds.

Whither had she gone? The last that was seen of her was when she was standing on the hights, the previous night, she and the brother who had remained with her in the church. Their forms could be but dimly distinguished from the valleys, for mists were on the mountains, and there was no moon; but it was observed that she and the brother were at peace with one another. Their attitudes proclaimed it.

Her spirit would live for ever in this dear isle! Was she, then, dead? They dared not give utterance to the thought. But they mourned for her as for one lost to them.

"She has gone from us," they said, "our sweet Evangeline, in the flower of her youth."

Old men and women wept as they would have done at the death of a beloved daughter, and the younger ones went about their duties, oppressed with a heavy weight of sadness. They had lost more than a friend; they had lost a child, a sister, in whom their brightest hopes were centered. Every household felt the bereavement. Truly their hearts went out to the hapless Evangeline.

But was she really dead? If so, they must find her body, and bury it in the sweetest spot in their beautiful isle, where flowers would bloom and birds would sing above her grave. The performance of this last sad office was a sacred duty.

By the aid of the bridal flowers which were scattered on the road they tracked Evangeline up the hights. Their search was vain—they discovered nothing. Beyond a certain point all traces were lost, and naught remained to direct them farther. They returned to the plains in sad perplexity. Every flower they found was treasured, and distributed among Evangeline's dearest friends. For long, long afterwards the faded yellow leaves were shown by the old people to their grandchildren, and Evangeline's mournful story told, with tearful eyes and in tones of tenderness.

Later in the day, wrath was mingled with sadness. A guilty deed had been perpetrated—a dread mystery was in their midst, and the clue was in the hands of those who held aloof from them. Where was the bridegroom who had brought desolation and death to Evangeline? Where the brother, to whom, but a few hours since, they had intrusted the unfortunate girl?

At the end of a fortnight he suddenly appeared among them. The news spread from one end of the Silver Isle to the other, and the islanders ran out to meet him. They gazed upon him with wonder. He had grown twenty years older in less than that number of days. His hair and beard were gray; his eyes were wild with inward suffering; his cheeks were furrowed with deep lines, and the corners of his lips were drawn in. He looked like one whose mind and body had received a shock from which it was impossible to recover.

The islanders received him with sincere compassion, deeming him crazed at the tragedy which had visited those who were near and dear to him. But when they approached him, he shrank from them, and gazed at them now vacantly as he would have gazed at strangers, now fiercely as he would have gazed at enemies. They held consultations among themselves, and decided that it was necessary they should ask this man certain questions, and that he should answer them. The honor of the isle was at stake. It might be that he was the only human being in whose power it was to give them information of the fate of Evangeline and her lover.

He strode past the houses in silence, and the islanders confronted and questioned him. He shook them off savagely, and took no notice of their words. He had come to the plains with a purpose in his mind, and he walked straight to the house of the priest.

"Land, and cattle, and grain, are mine," he said to the priest, without preliminary. "Sit you down, and take reckoning of them from my lips."

The priest obeyed him, as in the past all men had done, and noted every particular furnished him by the unhappy man, who then in simple words dictated a deed of gift of all his property, to be disposed of in the service of the poor and of God. Even in the Silver Isle there were men less fortunate than their fellows.

"I come to you," he said gloomily to the priest, "because I know you to be a just man. I dispossess myself of all worldly wealth. Dispose of it in such a manner as may bring happiness and comfort to some."

"I will hold it," said the priest gently, "in trust for you. In a little while, when your mind is calmer, you will resume your place among men, chastened by the grief which afflicts you."

"I have lost my place, and can never regain it, shall never strive to regain it. You have known me from childhood, and have never known me to waver. I shall not waver now by a hair's breadth"—he shuddered as the words escaped his lips, for they had been spoken by Evangeline when they stood together by the abyss which was now her grave—"from the resolution I have formed. I have sworn a solemn oath never, after I quit these plains, to visit them again, and never again to speak to mortal man. To break this oath would further imperil what is already imperilled—my soul! My business with mankind is at an end, and the words I speak to you this day are as irrevocable as the laws of nature. I deemed it right to come once more among you, and make this disposition of my wealth. It is done, and I stand naked before heaven. Look upon me as a dead man, and waste no thought upon me."

He turned to go, but the priest with gentleness detained him.

"My son," he said, raising his hands, "let me bless you."

"God forbid," cried the man, "that I should be so base as to bend my head! Priest, I am not worthy of a blessing; nor will man's prayers avail me. What remains for me to do rests only with myself."

He would have departed without another word, but was not permitted. The chief men in the isle had formed themselves into a tribunal, and they demanded that he should appear before them. For a moment he debated whether he should obey the order; assuredly it depended upon himself, for it was scarcely likely violence would be offered him if he refused; but he attended without resistance, and folding his arms, stood before the chiefs of the Silver Isle, erect as of old, with steady eyes and haughty demeanor. They were assembled on a platform built in the center of an open space of ground, within which, at stated times of the year, athletic games were indulged in by the youth of the isle. On those occasions the platform was occupied by the judges of the games. Around the platform were gathered at least a couple of hundred of the islanders, men and women.

"Have you constituted yourselves my judges?" asked the brother; "and if so, for what am I to be judged?"

"We are your friends," said the oldest man there, "as we have ever been, and we desire to soften, not to harden. We know your iron will, and how indomitable you are in your resolves. But no man is infallible and immaculate. Human judgment, under the influence of passion, is but a will-o'-the-wisp, leading us too often astray in matters of great moment; and if, suffering as you are suffering—for it is plain to all of us that your soul has been wrought—you have resolved to depart without a word of explanation regarding the events which have thrown the isle into mourning, I ask you, in the name of justice, to pause and reflect. You and your brother were ever just. You have lived among us, honored and revered. We have submitted ourselves to you in matters of life and death, and your will was law. We look now for justice at your hands."

"How shall I render it?"

"By satisfying our reasonable demands. Evangeline was our daughter, and her honor is ours."

"She is pure and stainless."

"Who dare believe otherwise? Our belief in her purity comes not from our hearts; it is in our conscience—a fixed faith—as is our faith in God. But our hearts are also bound to her by a feeling more selfishly human than our belief in a Hereafter and in the greatness of the Supreme. Look around you upon the women who have followed you with eyes of love and devotion as the embodiment of what is noblest and best in our erring natures. There are some more than old enough to be your mothers who often in their hearts have thought how full their cup of happiness would be if Heaven had given them a son like you. Your name was ever upon our lips; you were held up as an example. Shall you now, by an act which reason cannot justify, destroy the heroic standard you have created and set up in the isle? You will see how closely it touches us, whose aim it is to live honest lives. You will shake our faith in human justice and manly honor if you depart in silence from amongst us. Evangeline, an orphan, was left to our care; she was our daughter, our sister, our precious flower, who grew to womanhood in our midst with a heart as pure as the heart of a lily. She drew us nearer to Heaven by her sweetness. There is not a house, there beats not a heart in the isle, that is not in mourning for Evangeline. We seek knowledge of her, and you alone can give it. If, as many suspect, there is between you and her a secret which may not be divulged, we do not press you to divulge it. We stand only within our rights."

"Demand them."

"Where is Evangeline?"

"She is dead."

Prepared as they were for it, the answer came upon them like a new grief. Tears streamed down their faces, and sobs burst from many a bosom. Among them all the brother alone stood outwardly unmoved.

"Where is your brother?" they presently asked.

"He is dead."

This news also shook them, and it was many moments before they asked,

"Lived he on the morning he was to be united to Evangeline?"

"He died," was the reply, "before we met together in the church."

"And Evangeline knew it not—had no forewarning of it?"

"She knew it not. She had no forewarning of it. Think of her as she was on that fatal morning, radiant and beautiful, animated by life's sweetest promise, and ask yourselves whether it were possible she could have seen the cloud that was hanging over her."

By the manner of his answer he shifted a certain responsibility from his shoulders to theirs. The question had been hastily asked, and was immediately repented of. They derived a sad satisfaction from the knowledge that Evangeline's lover had not been false to her. Their faith in him was restored; he had played no base part.

"We sought Evangeline," said the spokesman of the tribunal, "and could not find her. We feared that she was dead, and desired to give her Christian burial."

"It is impossible. She died for love, and cast herself from the hights into an unfathomable abyss. Her body is lost. Only her spirit remains."

"On the altar of the church we found these tablets. They are yours. Knew you what she wrote on them?"

"I did not know."

They gave them into his hands, and he read Evangeline's last words to the islanders, and, as he read, his forced calmness forsook him. In a voice shaken by passion he said:

"She accused herself falsely. It was the only false action of her life. No sin lies at her door. Be sure of that. I speak with certainty of knowledge, and shall not, dare not, say more. There is a secret between me and her which may not be divulged. My presence here to-day is due to my resolve to rid myself of all worldly possessions, so that I may prepare my soul to meet its Maker—to meet Evangeline's soul in the world beyond this. I do not ask you to waste a gentle thought upon me; I do not ask you to hold me in affectionate remembrance. You can render me but one service—the service of forgetfulness. Blot me out from your memories from this day henceforth, for no man or woman in this isle shall ever again hear my voice—shall ever again stand face to face with me in friendly intercourse. Farewell for ever."

With head sunk upon his breast, as though ashamed to meet the sunlight that shone upon the land, he descended the platform and moved slowly away. They gave him ample room, and no man attempted to remonstrate with him or to persuade him to remain. Some terrible import, conveyed more by his manner than his words, caused them to shrink from him as from one accursed. Yet, in after times, a few, more tender than the rest, reproached themselves for not giving him one parting compassionate word or look.

He went from among them, and during the following few weeks built himself a hut in the most savage and inaccessible part of the range leading to the basin of snow. If, before he took up his residence there, that dangerous mount was avoided, it became now shunned by all, for in some mysterious way a suspicion of the truth stole into the minds of the islanders, which, growing stronger and stronger as they put together the links of circumstantial evidence, gradually settled into the belief that the wretch who lived upon that evil spot was a murderer, and had shed his brother's blood. With the weight of this conviction upon them, they were uncertain what course to pursue. Some talked of dragging him from his hut, and accusing him of the crime; and some, more violent, were for putting him to death without trial. These wild impulses were overruled by the elders of the isle.

"Justice must not be outraged," they said. "What proofs have we? and without proof, how can we condemn?"

They deliberated gravely, and called in the priest to their aid.

"To punish upon suspicion," he said, "would be to add crime to crime. Only out of his own lips can he be proved guilty. He has sworn a solemn oath never again to speak word to mortal man, and you can as easily compel the mountain to speak as compel him to break his vow. Leave him to God. Is he not already suffering the tortures of a lost soul? God be merciful to him, a sinner!"

So he was left in peace, to live his wretched, desolate life.

(*To be continued.*)

IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO.

If you love me, tell me so;
I have read it in your eyes,
I have heard it in your sighs,
But my woman's heart replies,
"I you love me, tell me so."

Should I give you, yes or no?
Nay, a girl may modest be
That her answer would be "yes"
To such questioning, unless
He who loves her tells her so.

If you love me, tell me so;
Love gives strength to watch and wait,
Trust gives heart for any fate;
Poor or rich, unknown or great—
If you love me, tell me so.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.—An important paper on the results of recent researches in animal electricity is published in the *Nature*. The author, Dr. L. Herman, states that the whole of the electrical phenomena of muscle and nerve may be readily deduced from a very few simple propositions. Irritable protoplasm responds both to destructive and exciting influences by an electromotive sign. The altered substance takes on a negative potential with respect to the unaltered. This, together with the doctrines of internal transverse polarization and of the polarizational increment of excitation, appears fully competent to explain all the facts hitherto observed.

INSTRUMENT TO DETECT COLOR BLINDNESS.—Herr Hirschberg has devised an improved instrument for detecting color blindness, which may be of interest, as the incapacity of many employes of railroads, steamboats, etc., to distinguish colors is attracting much attention in this country. His apparatus is an adaptation of the spectroscope to the requirements of the special case. The spectroscope contains a fixed and a movable collimator tube, so that one spectrum can be moved above the other. By means of a slide in the eye-piece any portion of the double spectrum may be presented to the eye alone, and will then constitute a good object for comparison.

INCOMBUSTIBLE AND IMPERMEABLE WOOD. M. Folbacci uses the following preparation: Sulphate of zinc 55 lbs, potash 22 lbs, alum 44 lbs, oxide of manganese 22 lbs, sulphuric acid of 60°, 22 lbs, water 55 lbs. All the solid ingredients are put into a boiler containing the water at 45° C. (113° F.), and as soon as they are dissolved the sulphuric acid is poured in gradually until the mass is completely saturated. The pieces of wood are kept about five centimeters (1.77 in.) apart, and after three hours' boiling they are dried in the open air. The natural appearance of the wood is not changed; to whatever heat it is subjected, it resists combustion, the surface being simply covered with a thin charred coating which is easily rubbed off.—[Ann. du Genie Civil.

ANTISEPTIC FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES. Prof. Klebs, of Prague, announces that the benzoate of soda is the best antiseptic in all infectious diseases. It acts, as the experiments of the author show, very powerfully. It is claimed that a daily dose of from 30 to 50 grammes to a full-grown man will render the poison of diphtheria inoperative. The benzoate is prepared by dissolving crystallized benzoic acid in water, neutralizing at a slight heat with a solution of caustic soda, drying and then allowing the solution to crystallize over sulphuric acid under a bell glass. Large doses do not appear to be absolutely necessary. Good results may be obtained by the daily administration of about 8 grammes.

THE CAMPHOR EDDIES.—If a small bit of camphor is laid upon water it begins turning and moving about with great rapidity. If a few grains of locopodium or other light powder have been previously scattered on the water they are drawn towards the camphor by eddies in an inverse direction. These phenomena were at first observed in 1748 by Romien, who attributed them to the difference of electricity between the water and the camphor. Subsequent investigators thought they might be due to the camphor vapor striking the water and producing a recoil. M. Cassamajor has resumed the study of the question and adopted the views of Romien. He instances the following crucial experiment: At the same time that the bits of camphor are thrown upon the water insert a glass rod which has been rubbed with flannel; the motion immediately stops. If the electricity is removed from the rod by rubbing it with tin-foil, it lessens its power of checking the eddies.—[Les Mondes.

THE COLORING OF AUTUMN LEAVES.—The green coloring matter of leaves has been recently re-investigated by M. Fremy, and his results shed some light on the cause of the coloration of autumn leaves, although further study is still necessary to account for the manifold brilliant tints to be found in American autumn foliage. M. Fremy's previous studies on chlorophyl tended to prove that it was not a simple coloring matter, but composed of two different substances—a yellow which he named Phylloxanthin and a bluish green named Phyllocyanic acid. His more recent investigations have had for their object to ascertain in what conditions these constituents of chlorophyl exist in the organic tissue, whether mixed or combined, suspended in the liquid or united with the cellular tissue. By means of experiments, he finds that they exist in the leaves as a mere mixture. It yet remains to ascertain whether the phyllocyanic existed in a free state or combined with a base or united with the cellular tissues by a sort of capillary affinity. Analysis showed the presence of a notable quantity of potassa. The green matter of leaves, then, can be considered as a phyllocyanate of potassa, mixed with phylloxanthin. "It has long been known," says M. Fremy, "that leaves in autumn lose their green appearance, changing to yellow, and also give off a large portion of their alkali. Now we know that this process depends upon the decomposition of the phyllocyanate of potassa.—[Ex.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and poetoffice address. The object of the department being to cultivate wit, encourage patient inquiry, and afford compensating mental recreation, contributors will receive the advice and assistance of the department, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to December 27th.

500. (1) Two and six-sevenths miles. (2) 15,600 cubic feet....501. Cowl, trump, boil, snail, shaft, wheel, scarp, scape.

502.
S
HUB
LABEO
HARMONY
SUBMARINE
BEORION
ONION
YNN
E

503. Opera, pinon, ennui, routs, anise.

504.
SOSO
SODA
DODO
ROMA

505. Bennet, De Foe, Edgeworth, Edward, Hawthorne, Schoolcraft, Eastward....506. Watts, Adell, Title, Telic, Sleek....507. Look before you leap....508. Time is money ....509. Castles in the air, and palindrome ....510. Swan, Wire, Arab, Nebo....511. Ada, Ethelind, Grace, Linda....512. Good-night....513. Milton, Dryden, thus: MonochorD, IdolateR, LapidaryY, TorriD, ObedienceE, NeptuniaN.

514.
L
ROD
ROVER
LOVENOT
DENSE
ROE
T

515. A kiss.

New Tangles.

529. Word square, by F. M. S.:

Victuals; an island; something beside; full of. (Four letters.)

530. Diamond, by Hattie Heath:

1. A numeral; an animal; an animal; the rest; vowel
2. A vowel; an egg; public; a verb; a consonat t.
3. In Sol Taire; a call; a measure; a serpent; in Blanche.

531. Charade:

When the glad sunlight comes with each blue morning,
Each moment glowing forth in fairer grace;
Alas! my first may come without a warning,
To dim the brightness of each lovely place!
When wealth is given to us in liberal measure,
How rainbow-hued and warm our lives become;
How swift our eyes and hearts pursue each pleasure,
Eager to bring each bright thing to our home;
Alas! hold lightly every earthly treasure—
My second even now is dimmisg some.
When heart meets heart, harmonious pulses keeping,
How bright the golden hours without alloy!
How long and sweet the waking and the sleeping,
When cheerful hope and love the heart employ!
Alas! that Love's bright days oft end in weeping;
My whole will cloud the faith and quench the joy!

532. Word square, by Amy:

Each or kind; false or to rest; to see or sight or decry. (Three words.)

533. Puzzles, by H. H.:

(1) A word of seven letters pronounced with three. (2) A word of eight letters pronounced with four.

534. Word squares, by Marius:

1. Depression of spirits; yes; fit (three letters). 2. The sixth part of a rupee and also a girl's name; a slave; the ninth; the southwest wind (four letters). 3. Also, current; to sharpen; mild of temper (four letters).

535. Diamond for Trinity, by May:

Across: Found in grain; to point at; the title of one of the native sovereigns of India; a movable piece at chess or draughts; found in Maine.
Down: The same reading.

536. Word square, by Amethyst:

Periods of time; a girl's name; a girl's name; a girl's name; to mock.

537. Three-letter rhomboid, by Trinity:

Across: A wooden frame; a proverb; a knob.
Down: A letter; a pronoun; sir; an abbreviation; a letter.

538. Enigma, by Augusta Blake; dedicated to Rose:

With Adam I was before he got his wife;
And with him I remained all the days of his life.
I was also with Abel the day he was slain,
And I afterwards wandered with his brother Cain.
I was in that structure called Noah's great ark,
And wherever I went I was placed in the dark;
But now I am in heaven; yes, and besid s all this,
With the angels I soar through the realms of bliss.
I fly with the lark and I swim with the whale,
I skip with the lamb and creep with the snail;
I leap with the salmon and run with the train,
So, come now, what am I, ye tanglers, be lively and explain?

539. Enigma:

I am a note
That's often wrote,
Likewise to you I tell
That I can frame
A Christian name
To every lad known well.
Upon my word,
On every bird
I always take my stand;
Now, lady fair,
I do declare
I'm known throughout the land.

540. Two hidden towns of California, by Gus:

They miss us; anvil nails; hammer and all; but this son o Ma is a man after my own heart.

541. Charade:

I am seen in the west, and felt in the east;
You will find me wherever there's pleasure or feast.
In the evening I'm present, and ready for tea;
With dinner or breakfast I always make free.
I am constant at chess, piquet, or ecarte,
Tho' you never will meet me at ball or at party.
A gentleman cannot be seen without me;
A sailor will find me whene'er he's at sea.
A schoo boy will catch me at cricket or race,
And at Epsom, or Derby, or Leger I've place.
Now, surely by this my name you can tell,
Unless, that like Truth