THE HERALD.

BY BATEMAN & McDONALD.

WESSINGTON SPRINGS, : : D. T.

JOHN TREVANION'S STORY.

They have laid him to-day in the churchyard old,
And I sit by myself in the twilight dim,
With thoughts going back to the earlier days
That I passed at the school or the playground with him.

Over half of a century memory leaps,
And brings the young life into being again,
When we were a couple of barefooted boys,
And to him I was Jack, and to me he was Ben.

Young Benedict Brown was a shoemaker's boy;
My father, the wealthiest man in the town;
But boys are not sordid, and soon we were known
As Damon Trevanion and Pythias Brown.

The two of us went to old Morris's school,
And were constant companions when school work was done;
But, mark you, though he was at head of the class,
In fishing I always caught two to his one.

While chatting together one day when half grown
We talked of the future, and what we should do
When each came to manhood; I said I would strive
To double my fortune before I was through.

Quoth Ben: "You'll have money to further your plan;
I have nothing but firm, honest purpose, and I
Intend to read law, win a name and respect,
And be member of Congress and Judge ere I die."

I laughed. "'Tis a very good purpose," I said;
"You aim pretty high, Ben; but think, after all,
How rocky and rugged and steep is the road,
How high is the hill, and how far if you fall."

He answered: "Though rocky and rugged the road,
Its length may be traveled by one with a will;
And up to the House they call Beautiful, Jack
The Pilgrim must climb by the Difficult Hill."

His words brought the story of Bunyan to mind,
And the blood to my cheeks by my shame was impelled,
For I felt that the man with the muck-rake was I,
While he gazed at the crown by an angel upheld.

And I knew that, with honor and courage possessed,
He would follow the earnest career he had planned;
So I said: "Well, my comrade, whatever your aim,
Count on Jack as your friend;" and I gave him my hand.

I left him for college, and Ben went to work;
He sat on the shoe-bench and hammered away,
Made enough to support him and buy a few books;
The night gave to study, to labor the day.

'Twas but in vacations I saw him for years;
He was there, while I read at my college afar;
But a week ere my bachelor's honors I took,
Young Benedict Brown had been called to the bar.

I crossed the Atlantic, and roamed foreign lands;
Was gone for ten years; and, returning again,
I sought for old friends, and among them I found,
Ranking high among lawyers, my schoolfellow, Ben.

Not rich, but with comforts around him, and blest
With children and wife and his fellows' regard;
But he owned, as we sat after dinner and talked,
That the climbing of Difficult Hill had been hard.

He gained, in the end, all he aimed at and more—
Congress, Governor, then was Chief-Justice at last;
And as I had become, as I wished, millionaire,
We often recurred to our hopes of the past.

Our friendship ne'er checked; you may judge what I felt
When the telegraph flashed me a message to come,
If I'd see my old friend ere his bright eyes were closed,
And the silvery voice, thrilling thousands, grown dumb.

I stood at his bedside; his fast glazing eye
Lit when he beheld me; though dying, and weak,
His lips moved; I bent to the pillow my ear;
And he managed, in difficult whisper, to speak—

"I go to the House they call Beautiful, Jack;
I have done with all climbing on Difficult Hill."
Then he smiled, and a glory came over his face,
And the heart of the Pilgrim forever was still.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger.*

ON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

A "Genuine Case" and Its Unfortunate Results.

CHAPTER I.

The scene in Avranches, the time evening. Two men are sitting in the public gardens listening to the band, which is practicing for the forthcoming fete. But neither of them seems to have more than a cursory attention to give to Auber's overture.

"Is it a genuine case this time, Ernest?" said the younger one.

"Why say this time? Have I ever owned to a genuine case before?"

"No," replied Charles, "I can't say you have. It's unfortunate that the first time it is genuine; there are difficulties in the way."

"There is an English proverb about that," said Ernest. "'True love never runs smooth,' or something to that effect. Fate is against me, and always has been."

"My dear fellow, that is doing fate an injustice. You have had plenty of successes—more than your share."

"It is that I complain of," said Ernest. "Had I been accustomed to disappointments, I might bear this one. I have had successes, when I have not cared a straw whether I succeeded or not; now that it is a matter of life and death I am doomed to have my wish unfulfilled."

Charles gave a light laugh.

"My dear boy, do you call a woman's love a matter of life and death?"

"It often has been," was Ernest's reply.

"Oftener to the woman than the man."

"Because it is the woman who is most often the disappointed one. In this case it is the man."

"But even supposing that fate is against you for once, is it wise to stake happiness on one thing?"

Ernest shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Charles, it is easy for you to be philosophical. You do not love Suzanne."

"I will if you wish," retorted Charles, lightly.

"Let us go back to the hotel," said Ernest, shortly.

Charles put his hand on his arm.

"Forgive me; I spoke stupidly. I can feel for you, though I talk lightly. Is there anything I can do to show my sympathy?"

"Yes," said Ernest. "Let us get away from here; that band is too loud, and the people are getting thicker every minute."

He took his friend's arm, and they wandered slowly down the road that leads to the sands.

There was no one to interrupt them; the only passers-by were tired laborers on their way home, or an occasional carriage full of tourists, being dragged up the hill by the weary horses.

"I will tell you what you can do for me," said Ernest, speaking gravely and earnestly; "I want a friend now more than ever I have done before. I mean to see if you are one."

"You may take it for granted," was Charles' reply.

"I will. Suzanne, as you know, loves me; I love Suzanne more than life. Do you know why I can not marry her?"

"I've never heard the whole story. She was betrothed before you stepped in, was she not?"

"No; this the truth about it: Three years ago my elder brother, who was an officer, quarreled with her father. There is no doubt whatever that my brother was in the right; the quarrel was forced on him. A duel followed, and Suzanne's father was killed."

"I never heard of that," said Charles in surprise.

"No, it was hushed up, and my brother went to Algiers, where he died last year. Scarcely anyone knows the real cause of M. Devriere's death. You can easily imagine the two families saw little of each other afterward. It happened, however, that Suzanne and I met in Paris; she was ignorant of the whole story. I was loth to act as if there where any cause whywe should not meet on friendly terms, the more so as I was greatly charmed with her. In a week the mischief was done. I was in love with her and could not leave her."

"And she?"

"She was not indifferent to me. But her aunt came on the scene, saw what was going on, and demanded an interview with me. I granted it, of course. She told me that either I must break off all intercourse with Suzanne or tell her the whole story. I naturally refused to do either. The result was that she told Suzanne herself."

"Why could she not hold her tongue?" asked Charles angrily. "It was no good to spoil more lives."

"She was the dead man's sister. I can not blame her. She told Suzanne, and ordered her never to see me again. But we had one more interview. I spent the most terrible hour of my life then."

Charles said nothing. Ernest recovered his calm, which he had for a moment lost.

"She confessed her love for me, but refused to marry me. Her aunt threatened that if she ever saw me again the whole world should know she was going to marry the brother of the man who killed her father. She could not face that."

"Poor girl!" murmured Charles.

"I don't blame her," continued Ernest. "It would be a terrible thing to do. So we have separated."

"Do you think her aunt meant to carry out her threat?"

"I am certain of it. I left Paris the day after I saw Suzanne; a few weeks later I heard that she was betrothed to M. Courtin. I know she detests him; she has often told me so. They are to be married next Monday."

"There is, then, no hope for you?"

"I suppose not," was the sad reply; "yet there is always a chance. She may be braver than she imagines. I shall not despair finally till she is married. If she breaks it off I shall know the reason, and nothing shall separate us then."

"What is it that you wish me to do for you?" asked Charles, bringing the conversation round to practical matters.

"This," said Ernest. "I start tomorrow for England. I can not stay here; I must travel—do something to try and get rid of the horrible monotony of my ordinary existence. I want you to send me word directly the marriage is over, or, better still, will you put an advertisement in the English *Times*? There is a column for that sort of advertisement. Berthin can tell you all about getting it in. Put it ambiguously, so that no one but I can tell what it means. Wherever I may be I shall be able to get a copy of the *Times*, I should think—especially if I keep where I can get one," he added, with a smile.

"That is more in your old style," said his companion. "Do try and pull yourself together; it's a bitter pill, but all isn't lost because you fail for once in your life."

"You are talking about what you don't understand," was Ernest's reply. "Let us go back."

There was very little conversation during the walk home, but when they were once more at the hotel, seated on a bench outside the salon enjoying cigars and coffee, Charles took up the talk at the point at which it had been dropped.

"Can't you make up your mind definitely where you are going?" he asked. "If you will, I will try and run over myself and bring you the news, and then, perhaps, we can see something of England together."

"You are very kind, Charles, but I won't trespass on your kindness to that extent; I shall not be the sort of companion any man could stand. Beside, I really don't know where I am going."

"But how about your business? Aren't you going to have your letters forwarded?'

"No."

"Will no one know your address?"

"My dear Charles, if I don't tell you, do you think it probable I shall tell any one else?"

Charles saw it was no use to press the point; he acquiesced with a shrug.

"And now, my dear fellow," said Ernest in a lighter tone, "let's have a game of billiards. I've bored you enough for one evening. Come indoors, and I'll promise you that you shan't have to complain of me any more to-night."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Charles rose at nine and came down to the coffee-room to have his cup of coffee and roll. His friend was not there, but at that he was scarcely surprised, for they had sat up late the previous night.

"I half hope he won't take this mad journey, after all," said Charles to himself; "he was all right last night after we came in—quite his old self again."

However, Ernest did not come down, and Charles finished his breakfast alone. Just as he had finished a waiter brought him a note. It was from Ernest.

DEAR CHARLES:—I am off for England. Don't forget your promise.
Yours, ERNEST.

Charles was thunderstruck. But there was nothing to be done; he found that Ernest had started early in the morning, taking a carriage in order not to have to wait for the diligence to Pontorson. There were nothing for Charles to do but to pack up his things and prepare to return to Paris; his little holiday had come to an untimely end.

Meanwhile, Ernest Dumont was approaching Pontorson, where he intended taking the diligence. His only luggage consisted of a small valise. He was silent during the journey, to the great satisfaction of his blue-bloused driver, who was taciturnity itself. He neither demanded a pourboire nor gave any thanks when he received one.

Although Ernest had time enough on his hands, he yet was feverishly anxious to get to his destination, although he only vaguely knew what that destination was. The great thing was to get out of France. It would be easier to endure his anxiety when far away.

The boats and trains fitted well, and the same day that saw him leave Avranches saw him safely installed in a quiet hotel near Charing Cross. He entered his name as Eugene Dubois.

Once alone he entirely belied the assumed gayety which he had shown when last with his friend. He threw himself into a chair and seemed utterly and entirely miserable.

Now that he was far from all his friends he began to feel the want of them. He had voluntarily expatriated himself; he had intentionally cut himself clear from all his old ties. Not a soul on earth knew where he was. Few, he thought sadly enough, would care. He was alone; it had been his wish to be so for weeks past, and now that his wish was fulfilled he was more miserable than ever.

However, he had enough sense left to know that the only way to prevent time from dragging along interminably was to occupy himself. He had only been in London once before; suppose he were to have a solitary ramble? Surely in so busy a city there must be something to distract his thoughts.

He took his hat and passed out to the landing. Half unconsciously he began to descend the stairs. Not watching his footsteps carefully enough he thought he had reached the landing when there was another stair; the consequence was that he fell head foremost into the arms of an Englishman who was ascending.

The shock carried them both over, and Ernest received a hard blow on the head in the fall. He was half stunned for a minute; when he recovered his senses completely he found he was in the stranger's room.

"Hope you're all right?" said the Englishman.

"Thank, you, yes; a little dizzy, that's all."

"Confoundedly dark staircase," said the other, pouring out some brandy and offering it to him; "it's a wonder people don't break their necks."

Both men were full of apologies, for each had been careless. The Englishman, whose name was Seymour, saw at a glance that Ernest was French, and as he knew the language well he used it. Ernest was more glad than he would confess to find a sort of compatriot in the first man he had addressed on equal terms since crossing.

The two men chatted for some minutes, till Ernest said he had no further excuse for trespassing's on the other's kindness, as he was quite recovered. However, they found they were both going out, so they left the hotel together.

The streets were crowded and conversation was difficult. To add to their discomfort it began to rain. They discovered that neither had any fixed object for his stroll, so they adjourned to a cafe for a little shelter and a chat.

They talked for some time; each was in need of a companion. Seymour was on a visit to London from the North on business; Ernest wanted something to keep his thoughts away from himself. He was afraid to be alone now that he had come so far to be so.

The rain ceased, the clouds parted, and a white moon made the wet roofs and pavements glisten with a magical light. It was an enchanting scene, and the young men felt its beauty. There was no need for them to hurry home, so they strolled along the silent Embankment arm in arm. At last twelve o'clock struck, and they mounted the steps by Waterloo Bridge, preparatory to returning to the hotel.

"Come on the bridge and see the moon and the lights in the water," said Seymour. "It's a wonderful sight."

They strolled to the massive bridge, deserted except for an occasional passenger or a late cab. As they passed one of the recesses Seymour noticed a man leaning over the parapet.

He was quite still, gazing at the water intently. Seymour did not feel comfortable when looking at him, but did not consider himself justified in speaking to him. When he had passed him he looked round to see if he were still as motionless as before. To his surprise his companion leaped from his side and rushed to the recess. He was too late. The man was gone. A dull splash in the dark waters below told what had become of him.

In horror Seymour raised a cry for help. Fortunately, it was at hand; a police boat was passing, and the wretched would-be suicide was rescued and brought to land.

When he was in safety Seymour returned to his companion, who had watched the scene with peculiar interest.

"Let us go back," said Seymour; "that horrible affair has upset me."

"Is that the way you manage these matters in England?" asked Ernest.

"I'm sorry to say that isn't the first fool who has jumped off Waterloo Bridge, and I'm afraid it won't be the last. Don't imagine, though, that as a nation we are given to that sort of thing."

"I hope not, at all events in that way," said the Frenchman. "It is ridiculous, or would be so, if there were not a touch of tragedy in it. Why did he throw himself into the water when there are so many ways out of existence?"

"Perhaps he half hoped he might be saved after all."

"He had his wish in that case," replied Ernest. "What will become of him now?"

"I suppose he will go before a magistrate. The police have him in charge."

Ernest smiled.

"A romantic ending to a terrible story, is it not? We manage these things, at all events, better in France. I heard of a case the other day: A lover lost his mistress; he opened a vein in his arm and died quietly during the night without a soul being any the wiser. You say we are a theatrical nation, yet it is you who throw yourselves off bridges, while we—"

"For Heaven's sake, man, do stop your horrible stories! Let us get on to some pleasanter subject than that of leaving this world."

"As you wish. Here we are at our hotel. Will you come up to my room for an hour? I won't talk of suicides, I promise you."

Seymour was anything but inclined for bed after his recent adventure, so he gladly accepted.

Ernest sent for some refreshments, and it was past three before they separated, each delighted at having found a pleasant companion.

During the next three days they saw a great deal of each other. Seymour discovered that there was some mystery about his new acquaintance. He had apparently no object in being in London, had no friends, did not care an atom about the sights. Besides this, he had occasional fits of intense melancholy, and was often feverishly anxious for time to pass.

Nevertheless, he was generally an agreeable companion, and at his worst he was an interesting study. Seymour spent as much time as he could with him, especially in the evening. They seldom parted till the small hours.

One morning a small nephew of Seymour's came to see him, and greatly amused the two friends by his precocious ways. Ernest seemed to brighten more than he had done before, and laughed outright once at the youngster's grief at the fact that his father could not give him a watch yet. Seymour was delighted to see the melancholy Frenchman with so much life in him.

"Next day, however, all gayety had disappeared. He was feverishly anxious. It was Tuesday. He had gone out before breakfast to buy the *Times*.

There was nothing in it to interest him. He threw away the copy as soon as he had glanced down the column which was to contain the advertisement from his friend Charles.

That evening Seymour could do nothing with him. As a last resource he suggested a game of cards. Ernest instantly accepted, and urged high play; Seymour acquiesced against his will. Finally, the Englishman lost a few pounds, which Ernest refused to accept. He had only played for the excitement. Seymour, however, naturally insisted on paying his losses.

Although they sat up late, Seymour could hear Ernest pacing up and down his room long after they parted. Their rooms were adjacent. Ernest did not go to bed that night.

By daylight he was in the street. He knew now where to get an early copy of the *Times*. His first glance told him all. Suzanne was married.

He crushed the paper in his hand. For a minute or two he stood motionless; then, with a start, he began walking to the hotel.

There was nothing remarkable about him when he came down to breakfast in the coffee-room, unless a quieter demeanor than usual might be deemed so. He spoke to Seymour when he entered, and hoped he did not disturb him by his early rising. Seymour did not know he had risen.

"Yes; I went out for a stroll to Waterloo bridge. By the by, I hope you will let me give you your revenge this evening; that little game last night pulled me together wonderfully. I've been feverish the last few days."

"I'm not anxious for my revenge," said Seymour; "I don't often play."

"Nor I, and I am never comfortable until I lose. You will do me a favor if you will give me a chance. It calms my brain; it's as good as medicine to me."

Seymour laughed and promised. He saw nothing of Ernest the whole day, but they had appointed to meet at ten o'clock.

Ernest spent this afternoon in going through his possessions. He had nothing with him to declare his identity. His linen was only marked with initials, which stood equally well for his real and assumed names. The few letters in his pockets he tore up, with one exception.

This was in a lady's hand. He read it through slowly and carefully, kissed it, and then burned it to ashes. He then wrote a couple of letters, which occupied him till his visitior was due.

At ten o'clock Seymour arrived. Ernest welcomed him more gayly than usual.

"Have you seen little Tom to-day?" he asked.

"No; I'm going to see him to-morrow."

"Will you give him a little present from me? He wants a watch—do you think this will do for him?"

He held out his gold timepiece, with a chain attached. Seymour looked up in astonishment.

"You won't accept it for him? You must! I will not keep it. It was given me by a man who had just tried to kill my best friend in a duel; if you won't take it for little Tommy I will smash it with my boot, and then drop it into the river. Will you take it?"

Seymour made some ineffectual protests, but at last was forced to take it. He made up his mind, however, that his possession of it should only be temporary; the whole affair was absurd.

They began to play. Ernest had the luck at first; but it soon turned. Seymour won, and by midnight had more than recouped himself. In another hour he refused to play any more; he calculated he had won over twenty pounds.

"You won't go on?" asked Ernest. "Then I must fulfill my duty. I am a good loser, you see."

He handed over notes and gold amounting to over £40. The money included several napoleons.

"I have not won all this," said Seymour. "You have made a mistake."

"Oh, no; we were playing for the same stakes as last night."

"I did not understand that."

"But I did, and as I lost it is for me to decide. You taught me last evening to insist on paying my losses."

Seymour protested; but Ernest insisted. Seymour resolved to lose it to him again at the first opportunity.

Three o'clock struck as they parted. Seymour crept quietly back to his room, tired out, as he had had a hard day. He determined to have a good night's rest.

Ernest did not come down to breakfast next morning. Seymour waited about some time, hoping to see him, and at last told the waiter to go and call him, as it was nearly eleven.

The man was some time in returning. Obtaining no answer to his knock, he had opened the door to take in the hot water which was standing outside. On the bed he saw the Frenchman lying, his throat cut.

The waiter was a man of sense. He locked the door on the outside, put the key in his pocket, and went to tell his master what he had found.

Before a single person in the hotel knew what had happened a detective had the affair in his charge. The waiter told Seymour that M. Dubois was in bed and would be able to see no one. Seymour was obliged to go out to keep a business appointment; when he returned in the evening it was to find that he was arrested on the charge of murdering M. Dubois.

CHAPTER III.

After the first shock of surprise and horror was over, Seymour began to recognize his position. He sent for a solicitor, with whom he was acquainted, and told him the whole story. Mr. Fuller listened attentively. Fortunately for Seymour's peace of mind, he was entirely convinced of his client's innocence, though he did not hold out many hopes of being able to prove it easily.

"Appearances are terribly against you," he said. "You are known to have been on intimate terms with Dubois. You are found to have his watch and his money; there was absolutely none found on him. Assuming that he was killed for his money, it is to you that suspicion must point."

Seymour groaned.

"I was afraid sometimes that he had something on his mind," he said. "I see now why he gave me the watch and made me win his money; he recognized that I had been kind to him, and wished that what he had of value might benefit me."

"I wish to goodness he had found some other way of doing it," said Mr. Fuller. "I'm afraid a jury will not see things in their real light. Does any one know you played cards with him? If so that would help to account for your possession of the money, and we might suppose that he committed suicide because he lost so much to you."

Seymour was obliged to confess that no one had entered the room on either night that they played. Worse than that, it appeared that the waiter had seen him returning from Ernest's room on the night of his death, at three in the morning. The room in which they had played was a large one, with a bed in the corner; the rest of the room was furnished as a sitting-room.

Of course, every care was taken to gather every particle of evidence in Seymour's favor. The razor was Ernest's—a small point, perhaps, but worth nothing. Then there was no sign of a struggle. The natural answer to that was that Ernest was asleep. It unfortunately happened that there was not an atom of circumstantial evidence in the prisoner's favor which could not be met, while, on the other hand, were some of the most convincing facts that ever sent a man to the scaffold.

Perhaps the points on which Seymour's lawyers chiefly depended were his inexplicable conduct, supposing he were the murderer, and the hope of discovering who the dead man really was. It was to the latter point that Mr. Fuller bent his attention.

Seymour had lived in France a considerable time, and had numerous friends in Paris. Some of these were written to, and, as more than one had considerable influence in literary circles, paragraphs appeared in several journals detailing the mystery of the Frenchman's death. Advertisements were also inserted which, it was hoped, would bring some result.

However, more than a week passed, and nothing happened. Ernest had but few relations, and, as he was of a retiring disposition and reserved in his habits, they were not surprised at receiving no letters from him. Moreover, he had intimated his intention of passing a month in Normandy and Brittany, and that time was not yet up.

There was, however, one man who was on the lookout for news, and that was Charles. Unfortunately called to Germany the day after he had inserted the notice of Suzanne's marriage in the *Times*, he was, for more than a week, out of reach of French newspapers. The first that he saw on his return contained an account of Ernest's death.

He had not a moment's doubt that Dubois and Ernest were the same. If he had not jumped to that conclusion a letter which he found waiting for him on his return home must have dispelled all doubt.

It was dated, but bore no address. The post mark was London. It ran thus:

"I must thank you for keeping your promise. Suzanne is married. She is dead to me, as she has shown that she wishes never to see me again.

"I have nothing now to live for. As you know, I have few near relations, and dislike those which I have. No one will regret my exit from this life, except, perhaps, you and a few more. You will soon forget me. I am glad, however, to be able to do you a slight kindness. The inclosed paper will transfer to you my house in Paris.

"You see that my mind has been made up some time. I do not falter in the least. Before you receive this I shall be no more.

"I have not been alone in London as I anticipated. I have made a friend. He has charmed me by his kindness. To-night we meet for the last time, though he does not know it. I have a plan for making him easily console himself for losing an acquaintance of a few days' standing. From what he has told me he will soon be married, and I fear his means are not too extensive. So, when we play ecarte to-night he will rise a winner of sufficient to pay for his honeymoon, at all events. This is not generosity on my part. Of what use is money to me?

"Good-bye, my dear Charles. You will understand me, if the others do not. We have often talked of life together; you know my thoughts, and, though here they will attribute my action to insanity, you know it is the deed of a sane, hopeless man. Adieu!

"ERNEST."

Charles read the letter with mingled feelings. He did not, however, remain long without taking action. The paragraph in the paper stated that an innocent man had been charged with the murder of the unhappy suicide.

Charles knew little of English law, and for a moment feared that perhaps justice had overtaken her victim already. He ran to the telegraph office and even wrote out a telegram before he recognized that he did not know where to send it.

Sooner than not dispatch it, he addressed it to the Chief of Police, promising to come to England to explain it. It happened that he never glanced at the advertisement column of the paper, so that Mr. Fuller's appeal escaped his notice.

Thus it was that the first intimation that Seymour received of the possibility of proving his innocence was the entrance of Mr. Fuller with Ernest's letter to Charles in his hand.

The identity of the dead man with Ernest was easily established; the proof of Seymour's innocence was made abundantly clear. Before Charles returned to France he saw Seymour set at liberty.

One duty he had to perform before he left England, and that was to erect a memorial stone to his friend. Far from home and friends rested the remains of an unhappy man, whose very generosity to others seemed fated to bring them misery instead of happiness.—*All the Year Round.*

WHEAT AS FOOD FOR STOCK.

Directions as to How It May Be Profitably Used.

Commenting on the unprecedentedly low price at which wheat is selling in England, the London *Live Stock Journal*, in a recent editorial, advises the farmers of Great Britain to use it as feed for stock, instead of some of the grains ordinarily employed. A large quantity of English wheat has already reached the market, for a series of bad years has rendered money scarce among farmers. Those who are not in immediate need of funds are holding on, hoping for an upward turn in prices. But, says the *Journal*, if no appreciable advance should take place, what is to be done with the stocks of wheat? Is the grain, most of which is of exceptionally fine quality, to be sold at the very low figure offered for it, or can it be turned to better account in any other way? Wherever circumstances favor, it should be used in the fattening of stock. Wheat now occupies a very different position from what it did formerly. Sir J. B. Daws, in his well-known table relating to manurial values of feeding stuffs, places the average price of wheat at £14 per ton, that of barley at £8; oats, £7; Indian corn, £7, and linseed cake, £10 10s., per ton. So long as these relative advantages were nearly maintained, wheat could not be used profitably by the cattle feeder. But it is now selling at barley prices—34s. per quarter for good samples—hardly 15s. more than the average for oats! At this very low market value wheat may be advantageously substituted for the more costly foods which are purchased by farmers, notably, cotton and linseed cake. In comparison with barley also, it will be found, at the present relative prices, by far the cheaper food of the two, and, therefore, farmers should sell their barley and use in its stead wheat as food for stock.

Wheat contains about 12 per cent. of flesh-forming and about 68.50 per cent. of fat-forming matter. It exceeds, in these elements, barley by 3 per cent., oats by 4.50 per cent., rye by 5 per cent., Indian corn by 1.50 per cent., linseed cake by 7.50 per cent. and cotton cake by 7 per cent. Its manurial value is about the same as that of barley and oats.

It should, however, be used with caution, and never, under any circumstances, given to stock without being bruised. Its full fattening value could not be obtained if given whole, and its influence might even be destructive. Neither should it be substituted entirely for the feeding mixtures generally in use, as it has a heating and binding tendency. The allowance at the outset should be very small and increased as the animals take to it.—*Country Gentleman.*

—A machine has been invented to obviate the necessity of beating carpets. It is a polygonal drum, formed of wooden bars, and fixed on a shaft revolving horizontally. It is twelve feet in diameter, six feet in length, and is inclosed in a chamber and driven by an Otto gas engine of twelve-horse power, which also drives a fan for drawing the dust from the chamber. The carpets are placed in the drum, which is fitted with internal rollers and these turn the carpet over as the drum revolves. At twenty-two revolutions a minute, from 200 to 300 square yards of carpet are cleansed in an hour.—*Troy Times.*