

THE MIDDLETOWN.

...the dull and brooding night ... the beam of light ...

...the beam of light ... the beam of light ...

...the beam of light ... the beam of light ...

...the beam of light ... the beam of light ...

...the beam of light ... the beam of light ...

A SPANISH STORY.

The ancient city of Aalborg, in Jutland ... the "fattighus" (almshouse) built upon a commodious plan ...

It is one of the show places of Aalborg ... and a story is connected with it which never fails to interest visitors.

Thinking it may prove equally entertaining to those of my readers who may never visit the quaint old city ...

Imagine a city with three sparkling streams of water running through it, and with houses whose balconies and windows seem to be bursting into blossom ...

The home of pretty Mette Jensen was a quaint, picturesque old building, which would catch the eye of a tourist, from its oddity, even in that time of inconspicuous architecture ...

It was a two-story building, with a high, peaked roof, and embraced by a wide, open gallery, which of late, at a certain hour, had grown to be much frequented by the young mistresses of the household ...

But when the time drew near for the handsome young merchant to pass on his way to business, Mette was sure to be where she could exchange a smile and nod with him ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

life. If you will give your pretty Mette to me, I promise I'll take the best care of her.

Now, Jens was the richest young man in Aalborg, and Kuno knew it. But he was also very free with his money, and that was not in accordance with the old man's views. Still, he hardly found it in his heart to turn his back upon such a wealthy son-in-law, so he said:

"And if I say 'Yes,' what provision will you make for my daughter? For one who is such a spendthrift as that, will surely end his days in the almshouse."

"So," answered Jens, with unruffled good humor, "you wish to secure my wife from going there with me? Well, that is as it should be, and I will settle the Almshouse belonging to me upon her, and also a snug sum of money in addition to it the very day we are married!"

The Almshouse of which he spoke was a very large and commodious edifice, finished in the style of the Renaissance, and had cost an enormous number of dollars. It was the wonder as well as the admiration of Jens' townspeople, and was the show building of the place.

Kuno had it in his mind when he made his ungracious answer; for to him it seemed the height of folly and extravagance to waste so much money upon the carrying out of an idea. What mattered he thought, if the foundations were firm and the walls slightly, whether or not one part was in the style of one century, and the rest of another. It was mere nonsense, this talk about harmony of detail and design.

Thus had he talked about the Almshouse all through the time of its erection, and also had unadvisedly with equal frankness about the owner. It almost took his breath away from sheer surprise to now hear this generous offer of Jens to settle upon his Mette—a little girl, whom he had hardly thought capable (until very lately) of managing his own large household, and that too under his sharp and constant scrutiny.

At last he said: "If Mette proves to be of the same mind with regard to you as you declare yourself to be about her, I will not say 'No' to the marriage. But you will do well to take heed to my advice and hold the purse strings a trifle tighter."

"So as not to reach the goal you so kindly predicted," interpolated Jens, "Thank you, I'll try hard to disappoint you in that particular. When may I see Mette?"

"Call to-morrow, say about this time, and I'll arrange the interview, unless the doctor says at once before you go."

"Jens's face lengthened visibly. He had hoped to have one more glimpse of the sweet, shy face which he so loved and cherished in this very morning; but, thankless as he was, he would forego it, and the promise to see Mette in the afternoon, and press for a sight of his lady love sooner than the specified time—so he went his way.

That night his dreams proved to be a strange compound of pleasure and pain. Mette's blooming face smiled at him for a moment, then was lost amid a crowd of other, palid, sorrow marked visages—clad in the high-crowned caps, and sad-looking garments which composed the costume of the unfortunate who had been forced by poverty to accept the tardy and cold charity meted out to their class by the city government. So when he sought the presence of her in the morning, he found a woman who with a range unrelenting of sympathy for his suffering fellow-beings, which was a new element in his prosperous, easy-going life.

Old Knud's words had opened up a train of thought in his mind which was destined to bear fruit at no distant day. But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

But he was too wise to broach it until the time was ripe, and he waited until the time was ripe ...

When Mette was his wife, and she had had to hold for richer or poorer ...

When she was not of the bourgeoisie class; but it is no unusual thing for caste-prejudice to be laid aside by the power of maidenly charms ...

Mette's round eyes grew wide with surprise at hearing such words from the lips of her husband ...

A Scene in Ireland. At the usual fortnightly petty sessions held recently at Dublin—the presiding magistrates being Sir Stansfeld and T. D. Wilson—three young men named Corbett and a man named Sena were charged with having murderously assaulted a process-server named Sheehy.

Patrick Sheehy deposed that he resided at Carrick-on-Suir, and was process-server. On Thursday, the 29th of December last, he got a number of writs to serve on the tenants of Mr. Seally. The writs were for rent dues. In the discharge of that duty he proceeded to Ballynally, and served some of the tenants with writs.

"While you were serving these writs did anything happen to you?" "Yes."

"What was it?" "I had then all served but two—one for Mrs. Shea and another. I got as far as Shea's house, and as I entered the farm house, Shea, the prisoner, met me. He said: 'Sheehy, I never thought I would see you at this dirty work.'"

"Did anything happen to you then?" "Yes, I heard voices in the kitchen, and I became frightened, and turning ran; but before I got 20 yards I was dragged by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen."

"Were the writs taken from you?" "After you were taken to the kitchen did anything happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the writs taken from you?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"You say that you were knocked down by three or four persons and dragged back into the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"What?" "As soon as they shouted, 'Show them down the stairs,' I pleaded for mercy; but it was no use, and one of the party who was taking the writs, and I was held down until I swallowed it."

"Were the prisoners all in the kitchen?" "Yes, they were there in the kitchen."

"Did anything else happen to you?" "Yes, I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!' and 'Show them down the stairs!'"

Will you please sit down and wait a few moments till mother comes? A friend in sending us a German "scrap," says: "It is sent by a personal friend (from Frankfort on the Main), attached to a fair wood cut of octavo size, from some serial, as I suppose, but the picture shows good composition on the part of the artist. The group has Luther and Catherine kneeling, as its central effect. As I never studied the German language (to my great regret) I have only arrived at the general sense of the article. But this occurred to me: I describe it even not new as to facts, may still be a new recast of an old subject, and so the scrap will possess interest for all Lutherans."

The German scrap which our accomplished correspondent sent us, contains an account of Luther's marriage, taken from Dr. Keestlin's celebrated Life of Luther. Although that book is in the hands of many of our readers, and others may soon procure it in English translation, and the facts given may be found in other biographies of Luther, it may interest some of our readers if we here, with a few translations, give:

"When Catherine von Bora escaped from the convent she found a home in the house of Reichenbach, city clerk of Wittenberg, who treated her like a father. Luther invited the painter Lucas Kranaich and his wife, Dr. Apel, professor of jurisprudence, Bugenhagen, and Justus Jonas, to meet him at Reichenbach's house, on the evening of June 15, 1525. Before these witnesses he was married to Catherine. They were specially selected for this purpose from the number of his friends. Bugenhagen and Jonas were the foremost clergymen of Wittenberg; Kranaich was one of its most distinguished citizens, and prominent office-bearers; Dr. Apel, a professor of law, and especially canon law, who had accepted the Gospel, and who had also married a nun. It may be that Kranaich and his wife sustained special relations to Catherine, and may have had something to do with the betrothal."

"Doubtless Dr. Bugenhagen called upon Luther and Catherine to say 'yes' in the customary way, and then pronounced them man and wife. The question was put in that ancient form which occurs in Luther's marriage service: 'Hans will you have Greta for your wedded wife?' In regard to the rings which were exchanged on this occasion we have no certain data.

"Upon the union thus formed a solemn blessing was pronounced in the church at a regular public service. This was the way in which the church at that time took full part when a man and a woman entered into a state of matrimony. Luther's marriage therefore was consummated in strict conformity to the usage of the church. A formal, public marriage ceremony was held on the 27th of June, so as to give an opportunity to invited friends who lived at a distance."

Here then we have first, the marriage in the house, by Dr. Bugenhagen; secondly, the public recognition of it, and by the church, by a solemn invocation and benediction, at a public service; and thirdly, a marriage festival, dinner, supper, or reception, to which many friends were invited.

Surely no one could say that Dr. Martin Luther and Catherine von Bora were not properly and fully married!

Exiles began to be sent to Siberia soon after its discovery, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The first Czar who sent exiles there was Alexander Michaelovitch in 1658. It was not at that time regarded as a punishment in itself, but as a means of getting criminals, who had already been punished, out of the way. The Russian criminal code was then incredibly cruel and barbarous. Men were hanged and beheaded for crimes which would not now be regarded as capital in any country; they were flogged, branded and mutilated and suspended in the air by hooks passed under two of their ribs until they died a lingering and miserable death. After undergoing all these punishments but deriding itself, Siberian exile was resorted to as a quick and easy method of disposing of criminals. The criminal code has since been ameliorated, and the progressive development of Siberia itself gradually brought about a change in the view taken of exile to that country, and the Russian government now looks upon it as a means of populating and developing a new and prosperous part of its territory. At the close of the seventeenth century several ukases were issued abolishing personal mutilation and substituting banishment to Siberia. In the eighteenth century the great mineral and agricultural resources of Siberia itself began to attract the serious and earnest attention of the Russian government. Exile as a punishment began to extend to a large number of crimes which had previously been punished in other ways—desertion from the army, assault with intent to kill, and vagrancy, when the vagrant was unfit for military duty.

In 1762 permission was given to all individuals and corporations owning serfs to hand them over to the local authorities for banishment to Siberia whenever they chose. Capital punishment was abolished in Russia in 1773, and all criminals who would formerly have been condemned to death were condemned to perpetual exile with hard labor in Siberia. In the reign of Catherine II, the demand for laborers in Siberia by more and more imperative by reason of the discovery of the important mines of Ekaterinburg, and again the list of crimes was lengthened which sent offenders to Siberia. Jews were exiled for refusing to pay taxes, peasants for cutting timber without permission, and army officers for minor offenses. Exiles were then furnished with good seed, agricultural implements and horses to enable them to begin life anew as farmers. And in the present century the exile sys-

tem has undergone a gradual and steady amelioration. The old features which contained cruelty have been done away with; the arrangements for the transportation of exiles have been regulated and improved; houses have been built for their accommodation; along the road, compulsory labor in the mines has been restricted for the most part to criminals whom we would imprison for life or hang; flogging; with the knout has long been abolished; letters and chairs are no longer scarce, and upon the occasion of every new Emperor thousands of exiles have been wholly pardoned.

At present men and women are sent in exile for all kinds of crime, from murder to larceny; and from twenty years with hard labor, which is the maximum sentence, down to simple banishment for four years. The severer sentences involve the deprivation of all civil rights, forfeiture of all property, which descends to the criminal's heirs as though he were dead; and the severance of all family relations, unless his family voluntarily accompanies him to his place of abode. If a criminal's wife and children choose to go with him they are allowed to do so, and the Government furnishes them with transportation, if not, the authority of the criminal over his family ceases with the exile. Exiles can only be sent to Siberia now by courts, after trial in accordance with law. From 1827 to 1857 the number of exiles sent across the Russian border was 250,755, of whom 25,440 were women; 33 per cent. were exiled for vagrancy, one-fourth of them for burglary and 14,000 for murder and homicide. One would think to read the articles written to day on the subject that nearly all the exiles were sent there for political reasons, and that they were "high born men and women." Such is not the case. Of the 160,000 sent in the twenty years mentioned, only 443 were exiled for political offenses, and of the small number nearly two thirds were nobles, which would seem to show that the common people are little disturbed by the political offenses. About 1,000 exiles escape every year and return to Russia. Nearly 12,000 persons are exiled annually; less than one per cent. are political exiles, the remainder being common felons; only eight per cent. are condemned to hard labor, the rest being simply banished as free colonists. Every 1,000 men are accompanied by over 900 women and children, who voluntarily at the government's expense. All the exiles are sent to the fertile zone of South Siberia, in places which lie one or two degrees south of their native towns. A criminal, therefore, has rather a better home than before he was exiled. The celebrated convict settlement of Nerchinsk, lies eight degrees south of St. Petersburg, and fourteen degrees south of Moscow, and corresponds in latitude almost to that of Berlin. It is not true that the exiles are sent to a bleak, desolate, uninhabited Arctic waste. Take for instance the Siberian province of the Trans-Baikian which contains two of the largest of the exile mining settlements—the mines of Nerchinsk and the mines of Kara. It has an area of 10,000 square miles and a population of 130,000 of which, 106,000 are Russians. It has 677 towns, villages and settlements, and 334 churches, colleges and places of worship. The inhabitants own 180,000 horses, 240,000 cattle, 450,000 sheep and 3,500 camels. In one year there were grown 300,000 bushels of grain and 7,000 pounds of tobacco.

It was a Third Avenue street car, and he was a new driver. "What did you stop for?" inquired the conductor.

"Begorra, sir, the driver's notice up there in the car say the driver shall stop when he sees a gentlemen raising his hand or foot." "What? Don't you see you are blocking the line up?"

"Why, you blockhead, he never raised his hand to stop the car; he is only holding on to the awning rope."

"Sure, an' the notice doesn't say what he should be holding up his hand for."

"Oh, drive on, Pat."

"Divil a bit I will drive on; the notice doesn't say I shall drive."

"But I stop you must."

"What a notice! The notice says I shall stop if I see a gentlemen raise his hand or his foot, but never once did it say I should start on again. Go ride the notice yourself."

"But don't you see you are blocking the line up?"

"Aisy, now! Aisy, now! It's not me that will be disobeying the rules on me first."

"And so conscientious was Pat in the discharge of his duty that a policeman had to drag him off to the station, while the conductor drove the car to the stables. There must be some conditional clauses to that notice."

By attaching a pump, propelled by the wind to a well, you can supply a basin from 10 to 20 feet deep with water sufficient to raise several thousand carp or other fish. The cost of this pond and apparatus need not exceed fifty dollars.

The salmon and other fish are hatched thoroughly. When the basin is complete place in it a small quantity of brush or floating weeds. If you intend to raise carp, do not place other fish of a predatory character in the pond. The spawning will occur during the spring months; the female laying from 50,000 to 600,000 eggs. The eggs will adhere to whatever they touch, and will soon hatch. The green color of a fully-staged pond is fine food food for the young fish. Mud in the bottom of the pond is a fatal foe. The fish will feed readily on kitchen-garden refuse, such as cabbage, leeks, lettuce, hominy or other substances. Water seldom becomes too warm for these fish. During freezing weather they bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of the pond. While in this condition they should not be disturbed. In a pond of the given dimensions several thousand fish have annually been taken. If weeds and grass grow profusely about the borders of the pond, so much better for the fish. In two years time you can have an abundant and constant supply of sport and food, and the advantage of a pond to assist in beautifying your home.

Potemkin assembled all the troops of the empire along the route her majesty was to travel. He ordered great public works to be commenced, at which the workers toiled day and night; he repaired the dilapidated mansions of the nobility at the places she was to sleep, gamming them at his own expense with the richest furniture, and even presenting their owners with plate and linnen, that Catherine might be impressed with the wealth and prosperity of the dominions under his care. Crowds of people were deported from the outlying provinces and brought to line the route and after they were hurried forth to greet her with a similar welcome at a later stage of the journey. "I thought," said she, "that I was coming to a desert, but here I find the true springs of my empire in all their vigor and activity." By fates, pyrotechnic displays, each one of which cost 40,000 roubles, splendid hospitalities such as only the imagination of Potemkin could conjure, he turned the royal progress which was to work his discomfiture into a series of triumphs. At Kiev her majesty embarked to sail down the Dnieper as far as Kaydak, where the thirteen cataracts begin, rendering navigation impossible for a space of sixty verst. The distance her majesty had to sail was 450 verst, and the bed of this part of the river Potemkin had leveled at an enormous outlay of money. A magnificent fleet of fifty galleys, the rooms of which were hung with silk, each ship having on board an orchestra of twelve musicians, carried Catherine and her suite down the river. The banks of the Dnieper were dotted with cities, towns, villages and hamlets, which had grown up as Jonah's gourd to disappear as quickly. In many cases the distant buildings were simply shanties facing the river. The wharves of the towns were littered with huge bales labelled "silk," etc., but which, when opened, were found to contain straw; shopkeepers in bona fide townships were ordered to pack up their stock-in-trade and build it round the doors. At Kaydak, where she disembarked, Potemkin conducted the carina to a large mansion which had just been built; behind it lay an English garden, into which, says Segur, "the magic Prince Potemkin had caused trees of extraordinary size to be planted—a cheering prospect, varied by wood, waters and flowers." Here her majesty reviewed the troops—forty-five squadrons of cavalry and a numerous body of infantry all newly armed and equipped. From the town, also, the deluded lady wrote to her ministers in St. Petersburg, expressing her satisfaction with the condition and prosperity of Potemkin's Government, adding, "I beg you will tell this to the unbelievers, and make use of my letter to put an end to the evils of the ill disposed. It is high time that an entire justice should be done to those who devote themselves to my service and that of the State with so much zeal and success." After visiting the Crimea, where the theatrical genius of Potemkin devised new surprises at every halting-place, he majesty began his homeward journey. The curtain fell at Pultawa, where a mimic repetition of the great battle fought there in 1709 by Charles XII, and Peter the Great was produced for Catherine's delectation. The *opéra de théâtre* was over; Potemkin returns to his Government loaded with presents; the carina, welcomed, fêted, hymned, made her way via Moscow the capital, after the most wonderful royal progress the world has ever seen. She left St. Petersburg on the 14th of January, 1787; she entered it again on the 22d of July. Recalling the marvels and romance of the journey, the French ambassador speaks of "fleets suddenly created; squadrons of Cossacks and Tartars coming from the remote parts of Asia; illuminated roads; mountains on fire; enchanted palaces; gardens raised in a night; temples of Diana; delightful harems; wandering tribes; domed cities and camels; dethroned princes of the Caucasus and Georgia; saying their homage and addressing their prayers" to the Light of the North, as her father called her. Remembering that one mind planned it all and attended to every detail of the comedy, we are forced to confess that whatever we may find Potemkin's qualities as a statesman or soldier to be, he was at least born to be a courtier or a showman.

There has been much talk pro and con, upon the subject of clipping horses, that is, the shearing of the hair close to the skin by means of an implement made for the purpose. The farmer has no business with horses that have been clipped. They must be blanketed in the stable, and doubly blanketed out of doors when standing. No man owning horses should ever allow them to be clipped, except that class who use them for light work, and who can of course afford to take the best care of them in and out of the stable. Coach horses or any other horses left standing in the cold should never be clipped. In this connection a word upon stable management may be in place.

There is economy in a blanket for every horse doing work in the stable, and out when standing at rest. The cost is but little, and this cost will be saved in one winter in the saving of food, to say nothing of the comfort to the poor dumb brutes, the most faithful as they are the most useful of our four-footed servants. Do not, therefore, listen to interested parties. Those of our patrons who keep horses in villages and other suburban localities, should have blankets, one set for the stable and one set for the street—and use them. There is economy in a blanket for every horse doing work in the stable, and out when standing at rest. The cost is but little, and this cost will be saved in one winter in the saving of food, to say nothing of the comfort to the poor dumb brutes, the most faithful as they are the most useful of our four-footed servants. Do not, therefore, listen to interested parties. Those of our patrons who keep horses in villages and other suburban localities, should have blankets, one set for the stable and one set for the street—and use them. There is economy in a blanket for every horse doing work in the stable, and out when standing at rest. The cost is but little, and this cost will be saved in one winter in the saving of food, to say nothing of the comfort to the poor dumb brutes, the most faithful as they are the most useful of our four-footed servants. Do not, therefore, listen to interested parties. Those of our patrons who keep horses in villages and other suburban localities, should have blankets, one set for the stable and one set for the street—and use them.

There is economy in a blanket for every horse doing work in the stable, and out when standing at rest. The cost is but little, and this cost will be saved in one winter in the saving of food, to say nothing of the comfort to the poor dumb brutes, the most faithful as they are the most useful of our four-footed servants. Do not, therefore, listen to interested parties. Those of our patrons who keep horses in villages and other suburban localities, should have blankets, one set for the stable and one set for the street—and use them.