

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"What occasioned the trouble, I wonder?" said the young man, bending down to examine the stain.

"Here is a screw loose in the rubber-pad," and he pointed to it as he spoke. "I must report this to a steward at once, or someone else will be repeating your experience."

He kept beside Florence until she reached the landing, for after her conscious blush beneath his look, she had grown very pale again, then, politely doffing his cap to her, he went in search of a steward to report the accident.

The man immediately gave the matter his attention, firmly re- placing the offending bit of steel in its place, and then made a careful inspection of all the stairs, to make sure that no other screw was likely to jeopardize the life and limb of someone else.

Florence did not meet her deliverer again that day, although, while she was at dinner, she chanced to glance down the table, to see a sitting opposite at the farther end.

She found his eyes resting upon her with the same curiously intent gaze that she had observed in the morning, and which again, when she was talking, with a perplexing emotion, and once more caused a vivid blush to suffuse her cheeks.

"A faint smile curved the lips of the gentleman, as he observed it, then suddenly became absorbed in his dinner and did not again allow himself to be caught watching her.

The next morning, while Florence placed the table, she chanced to see the gentleman, looking very handsome in his becoming ulster and nobby cap.

Florence gave him an involuntary glance and nod of recognition, and then flushed to her brows at the breach of etiquette.

Instantly his eyes came off and he bowed with the utmost respect to her, then passed on.

"Who is that good-looking chap, Floy? Someone who has fallen an early victim to your charms?" queried her guardian, bestowing a fond look upon her glowing face.

"He is the gentleman who saved me from falling down stairs yesterday," she explained, as she remembered how she had swung like a pendulum in mid air, "we did not go through the ceremony of exchanging cards yesterday. We were both of the moment to think of introductions and the formalities of polite society."

"Well, well, sit down here for a minute," said Mr. Seaver, leading her to the seat that ran around the deck. "I'll go and overhaul him, tender my thanks, find out who he is, and if he appears to be O. K., as the boys say, I'll bring him around and introduce him to you. It might be a trifle awkward for you to meet him every day for a week and not feel at liberty to recognize the thief who left her as he ceased speaking, and presently encountering the young man on his return beat, courteously accosted him.

"Excuse me," he began, "but my wand, the one which you saw at a moment ago saluted, informs me that you saved her from a bad fall yesterday, and, naturally, I want to thank you in my own behalf."

"That is not my business," said the young man returned and again lifting his cap. "I was only too glad to be able to render her the assistance she so much needed."

"It was very fortunate you appeared upon the scene just as you did," Mr. Seaver remarked. "And now, may I inquire to whom we are indebted?"

"Certainly, sir," and slipping his hand inside his ulster the stranger drew forth a card which he presented to his companion, with another deferential bow.

"Admission to Merrill, New York City," Mr. Seaver read.

"Thank you, Mr. Merrill," as he again bent a shrill, searching glance upon him. "My name is Robert Seaver and I perceive that you also are a New Yorker," he concluded, with a second look at the card in his hand.

"Yes, sir—it has always been my home. I am now going abroad to execute a commission for my uncle, Adrian Merrill, who is a wholesale druggist on Broadway. Possibly you may know him," said Mr. Merrill.

"Yes, yes, I know him—that is, by hearsay," returned Mr. Seaver, in a satisfied tone, for he knew that the druggist referred to was a man of high standing, both in the business and in the social business. "So you are going abroad on business for him?"

"Yes, and upon pleasure as well, for my uncle has given me a general commission to do all the business of the world before I return. He has appointed the young man with a commission."

met the look of unmistakable admiration and pleasure in his eyes. The three stood chatting together for several minutes, then Mr. Seaver excused himself, remarking that he would go and see if Mrs. Seaver needed anything, thus leaving the two young people by themselves.

Mr. Merrill proved to be a very agreeable companion. "This was his third trip abroad, he said, consequently he was able to converse fluently regarding the various countries which he had visited, and the pleasures in prospect for his fellow-voyagers.

The time passed very swiftly and pleasantly until both were startled by the sound of the gong for lunch. "Can it be possible?" cried Florence, laughing out musically. "I had no idea it was so late, and I had not once thought of being hungry."

"Thank you, Miss Richardson—though perhaps I am presumptuous in doing so," said young Merrill, as he smilingly lifted his cap to her for her indirect confession that the time had passed agreeably to her in his society.

He smiled at the telltale color once more mounted to her temples, but she regarded his thanks as presumptuous, she did not chide him for them. The waves were running rather high and there was considerable motion to the vessel, and the gentleman begged his companion to take his arm while he conducted her below.

She frankly accepted his support, and they had just reached the companion way and were about to descend when they met a gentleman coming up.

He could not have been any older than Mr. Merrill, and Florence thought his face looked unusually refined and noble. She also observed that he was very pale, and walked with difficulty, as if he were weak and ill.

The young people stood aside to allow him to pass, and as he reached the top stair he bowed his thanks and glanced into their earnest faces. As he met Addison Merrill's eyes, a look of blank astonishment came over his features, and he started violently.

Merrill also appeared to have received a sudden shock, for he lost color and muttered something that sounded like an imprecation. Then the stranger passed on and the young couple went below.

Mr. Merrill, from that day, continued to be very attentive to Florence—was the first to greet her in the morning and the last to leave her when she retired to her stateroom at night.

Occasionally they would encounter the stranger who had been ill; but no sign of recognition had passed between them after that first meeting. To Florence he had become an object of singular interest.

She had learned that he was registered as "W. L. Carroll," and, somewhat to her surprise, she had become attracted to him as well as the man.

One morning Florence rose early, and, nastily dressing, she ran lightly up the two flights of stairs to the hurricane deck.

She had just reached the topmost step, when she heard a rich baritone voice break forth into that spirited song:

"A life on the ocean wave, A come on the rolling deep," etc., when she paused where she was, an entranced listener.

The singer had evidently been well trained, for he seemed to have perfect command of every tone, and, leaving himself to be utterly alone, he abandoned himself to the pleasure and freedom of the moment.

He was not a dozen paces from Florence, and as she turned and glanced at him, she found that her companion was—Mr. Carroll.

A gleam of amusement flashed in his eyes as he saw her, and noted the color and the flush that leaped to her temples at being discovered.

She half turned to fly, when he removed his hat with easy grace and came toward her.

"May I not let me frighten you away, Miss Richardson?" he observed, his face lighting with pleasure at the pretty picture she made, standing with one small hand resting upon the railing and one foot, just in the act of stepping down. "I did not dream I had an audience, or was amusing anyone save myself."

"It was more than amusement, Mr. Carroll," Florence responded, as he paused, and quickly recovering herself, though the flush still lingered in her cheeks; "it was lovely—I never so thoroughly enjoyed that song before; at the time, the place and the rendition have given it a charm I shall not soon forget."

"Thank you," said her companion, with an appreciative bow and smile. "I have seldom received a compliment which I prized so highly. I suppose, however, you are changing the subject, that you, like myself, are here to see the sun rise. I have had that delightful privilege every morning, save two, since we sailed."

He led her to a spot where they could face the east, and, after seeing her comfortably seated, he took a place beside her.

They sat chatting upon various topics for several minutes, when, suddenly lifting his eyes from her face to the eastern sky, Mr. Carroll observed:

"Watch now, Miss Richardson, if you would not miss his majesty's appearance." He continued in low, musical tones that held her spellbound: "The east is blooming; yea, a rose, Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss, Sweet as the presence of woman is, Sweet and reaches and widens and grows."

Right out of the sea as a blossoming tree." Softly his voice ran on, and as he quoted the remaining lines the color upon the horizon grew in vividness and intensity—the whole east becoming flecked with brilliant streaks and shafts of light, until, at last, the king of day flashed into sight,

then, upward bounding, cleared the line, where sea and sky blended into one, and soared onward with stately march and grand.

Florence, who had been thrilled to the depths of her being by the rich and musical tones of her companion, and the mystical influence of that moment, was actually trembling when he ceased, and he was a little startled to find how deeply she had been moved.

Then he led her to talk of other things, drawing her out little by little, by his own peculiar charm of manner, until they conversed as freely as if they had been friends for years; and thus the time flew, and the other began to come on deck and the freedom of their interview was interrupted.

"Will you take a few turns with me, as an appetizer, Miss Richardson?" Mr. Carroll inquired, as he glanced at his watch; "and then, as the gong will soon sound, I will conduct you below to breakfast."

Florence unhesitatingly arose and laid her hand upon the arm he offered, when they walked briskly around the deck three times.

Then her companion led her to the stairway, when a tableau, which was fresh in the minds of all, was suddenly reversed as they unexpectedly came face to face with Mr. Addison Merrill.

As upon the previous occasion, both men started—though slightly this time—while Merrill turned a glance of anger and dislike upon Florence's companion, who, however, was apparently unmoved by it, and returned it with one of calm self-possession.

"Good-morning, Miss Richardson," said Mr. Merrill, lifting his cap to her.

She responded pleasantly to his salutation, while Mr. Carroll also acknowledged it by doffing his hat; then they passed on to the lower deck, where they encountered Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, who were searching for their charge.

Florence introduced her escort to them, and they all stood chatting together until the gong sounded, when they descended to the dining-room.

That evening, being the last one the voyagers would spend on board the steamer, an elaborate programme had been prepared for their entertainment, and Mr. Merrill, who was always active and efficient in such undertakings, had been appointed master of ceremonies for the occasion.

Among other things several tableaux, or "living pictures," were to be shown.

Several had been invited, upon several occasions, to assist in various ways; but she had always declined, as she shrank, sensitively, from becoming conspicuous before an audience.

That to-night, about an hour previous to the opening of the exercises, Mr. Merrill, who had been busy since dinner, sought her, as she was standing thoughtfully by herself on deck, and observed that he had come to ask a great favor of her.

"Florence smiled as she observed his eagerness. "What is it, Mr. Merrill? I always like to grant favors when I can," she cordially replied.

A peculiar expression leaped into the young man's eyes. "I have been greatly disappointed at having to change a portion of my programme," he explained, "and am obliged to add another tableau, and as I must have a blonde to take the character. The title of the picture is 'The Elopement,' and I want you to pose as the runaway bride."

He said, still regarding her intently. "A terrible shock went quivering through every nerve of the fair, sensitive girl at this startling announcement. Every atom of color faded out of her face, and she involuntarily grasped the railing beside her for support, as her strength seemed on the point of forsaking her."

"No-no," she cried, hastily and almost breathlessly. "I could not figure in such a tableau—I do not approve of elopements—I could not countenance anything of that nature."

A queer smile flitted over the young man's face at this agitated reply. "Well, since I cannot persuade you to personate my heroine I must try to find some one else," he said, looking at the watch. "I added, bending to look into her eyes with a tender smile, 'I think I would rather you did not—one like to preserve one's idea, immaculate, you know.'"

Then, hurriedly excusing herself, he left her to attend to his duties. The evening was a success, when, after finely rendered selection from the opera of "Carmen," the last tableau, "The Elopement," was announced.

Florence suddenly started at the announcement, and instantly turned her attention to the stage.

Slowly the curtain went up, and in a moment it seemed to the girl as if every drop of her blood in her veins had been transformed into a statue of stone, for she could neither move nor breathe during the few seconds that she gazed upon the picture before her.

For a scene, as real as the living experience had been, was the exact reproduction of that never-to-be-forgotten scene in the chapel at Rosedale, when she had believed herself being wedded to Walter Leighton.

The arrangement of the altar was identical; the dress and even the attitude of the clergyman; the maid enveloped in her white shawl; the bride with her golden hair, pallid face and drooping mien; the tall, manly figure on the right, in the act of putting the ring on her finger, his form clad in a mackintosh, his face concealed by its upturned collar, and the "best man" on the groom's right, were all pictured with a faithfulness of details that was marvelous.

It was so vivid, so intensely real, that it seemed to poor Florence as if she were living over that dreadful experience—as if she were suffering afresh all that she had endured in that scene which she faintly would have blotted forever out of her memory.

She was crouched, spellbound; she saw nothing, heard nothing, was conscious of nothing save those five figures, so effectively grouped upon the platform, and the story they told.

It seemed as if the curtain would never fall, and she suffered an age of torture during that brief interval of time.

Presently, however, the curtain slowly descended.

But she knew it must go up again—that, once more, she must look upon that humiliating figure.

Yes, slowly it was revealed to her sight; but now there was a strange whirling in her head, a sense of suffocation in her throat; a blue came before her eyes; those figures grew fainter and fainter, until they faded out entirely; and then all was blank.

CHAPTER VIII. When Florence recovered consciousness she found herself out in the open air, half leaning against the railing, half supported by the scene as if that had been through a crowd of white, as she slowly lifted her heavy, white lids, she found herself looking up into a grave, anxious face that was bending over her.

"You are better," said Mr. Carroll, in a low, relieved tone, and the note of concern that vibrated through it sent a glad thrill through the fair girl's heart.

"Yes—but what has happened?" she inquired, and hardly able as yet to realize her condition.

(To be continued.)

HOW FRUIT GROWERS LOSE MONEY.

A strongly worded warning to fruit growers and farmers will appear in the September issue of the Canadian Horticulturist, which is the official organ of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, against selling their fruit crops to irresponsible buyers.

These buyers are those who do not live or own any property, or who do not buy their crops. The Horticulturist claims that tens of thousands of dollars are lost annually throughout Canada through the fraudulent methods practised by these buyers.

The first year they buy a few thousand barrels in one section and pay cash for them, thereby establishing their reputation with many growers as responsible buyers. The following year they take advantage of this reputation to contract for large quantities of fruit, but do not pay for it, putting the growers off with one excuse or another.

When some growers are suspicious, and demand payment, they pay immediately, but in the majority of cases, they manage to slip the net of detection without ever paying for it. Later they tell growers tales of losses and say they are unable to pay the full value of their fruit and offer to settle at 20 to 30 cents on the dollar.

Growers are advised by the Horticulturist, when dealing with buyers they are not thoroughly acquainted with, to demand security for their fruit, or only deal with local buyers, who have property or stake in the community. One of the best methods of avoiding danger of this kind has been for growers to cooperate and deal directly with large wholesale buyers. The case of the Ontario buyer, who two years ago defrauded the fruit growers of the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia out of \$30,000 to \$40,000 worth of fruit, is mentioned.

The Early Vegetable Industry. The fruit growers of Essex county who have this year forced vegetables for the early summer markets, have had a very prosperous season, as will be announced in the September issue of the Canadian Horticulturist. The shipments this year have been the largest on record, and it is probable that the demand for these vegetables are started under glass in the late winter, are later transplanted under cotton frames and finally grown in the open. This method enables the growers to place their products on the market at a price which is superior to the imported ones from the United States, which have in the past practically supplied all the demand. Owing to the satisfactory prices realized this year, it is probable that many growers will be induced to try this method of growing, and that ultimately Canadian vegetables may largely displace the United States importations.

A WISE MOTHER.

A wise mother never attempts to cure the ailments from which her little ones suffer by stupefying them with sleeping draughts, "soothing" preparations and similar medicines containing opiates. These class of medicines are responsible for the untimely death of thousands of little ones, though some mothers may not realize it. When your little ones are ailing give them Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine safe under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mothers who have used the Tablets always speak in their praise. Mrs. A. Johnston, Edystown, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets all you recommend to be. My baby was troubled with eczema, and was very cross and restless, but since giving her the Tablets she has become quite well and is now a strong healthy child." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Exercise for the Eye. One's sight can be educated and exercised just as truly as the hearing, the sense of touch or even the leg and arm muscles can, and the work, which can be easily converted into play, should be begun very early in life. Much so-called color blindness is not a radical defect of vision at all, but a lack of training in attention and recognition, and could have been avoided by any form of simple half play, half lesson with colored balls or skeins of silk in early childhood.

Matching colors is an excellent lesson. It can be carried on with silk, wool, paper or any other material in which it is possible to get many shades with the slightest gradations of color among the threads.

Rapidity of vision can be enormously developed. Most persons know the story of the conjurer whose father made him while a child play the game of naming the objects in some shop window passed at a quick walk. If one will try this he will be astonished at the way the number of objects seen at a glance will grow with practice.

LARGEST LIVE STOCK SALE.

Some four or five years ago the Territorial Cattle Breeders' Association initiated an annual auction sale at Calgary, in order to develop a market for pure-bred cattle produced in the west, and to encourage the increased production of such stock. Secretary C. W. Peterson says that this sale now enjoys the distinction of being the largest individual auction sale of pure-bred stock in the world. The sale last May was most encouraging to breeders, who contributed from every portion of the Northwest Territories—from Prince Albert to Okotoks, and from Moosomin to Morley. The future of the stock industry of the west very largely depends upon the quality and number of pure-bred sires available there, and, consequently, any encouragement extended to local breeders of pure-bred stock will begin in a good cause. The directors of the Cattle Breeders' Association are careful to conduct the annual sale in the most scrupulously honorable manner, so that purchasers may always feel assured that any animal bought at the sale is obtained at a price only slightly above what other breeders were prepared to pay, a feature of purchasing by public competition, which will appeal to most buyers.

It may be of interest to note that association auction sales of live stock were first advocated by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, and that the establishment of the sale at Calgary is due to the efforts of Mr. F. W. Hodson, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner. This annual event draws breeders and stockmen from all over the west, and since its inception the production of pure-bred cattle in the Territories has increased by at least 400 per cent., due to the fact that an annual remunerative cash market for pure-bred stock is now available.

Another Sale for Port Perry. The Seagov Agricultural Society and the Port Perry Board of Trade are arranging for another district combination sale of live stock, to be held at Port Perry, on Oct. 15th, under the rules and regulations drafted by the Live Stock Commissioner, F. W. Hodson. Secretary J. H. Brown states that their previous sale, held on June 16th, was very satisfactory, both in price and attendance. A large number of people were present, and a great many of them were buyers. Both sellers and buyers appeared to be well satisfied, and the management committee considered the sale a great success. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

FRUIT REPORT FOR AUGUST.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch. The Fruit Division, Ottawa, reports as follows regarding the prospects for the fruit crop:

Apples—Prospects have not changed materially since the last report. In southern Ontario the fruit will at least equal the crop of last year in quantity and quality. In the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario district everything points to a medium crop, cleaner than usual. Nova Scotia is developing considerable fungus. Prince Edward Island reports no appreciable change.

Other Fruit—Reports of all sorts are a light crop. Plums are a total failure in more than half the orchards, and only a light crop anywhere. The prospects for peaches have not improved. Fifty per cent. of the growers report a total failure. Black rot has injured the grape crop materially, in the larger vineyards, but the crop will still be fair.

Foreign Markets and Crops—The first American apples sold in Glasgow at 12 to 14 shillings. The British and continental crop fill the market at present, but the fruit crop is lighter than was anticipated, though still a good crop. American apples are 75 per cent., peaches 60 per cent., and grapes 90 per cent. of a full crop.

RAW FOOD FOR LABORERS.

Uncooked Ration to be Issued to Those on the Panama Strip. Chicago is the location of the head of a cult which is endeavoring to popularize an uncooked diet, and the members of the movement are just now greatly elated over the fact that the United States government has adopted a raw food ration for its laborers on the Panama canal. It is asserted that raw food is not only more convenient to transport and prepare but it contains more nourishment and maintains the body in a superior condition. It is claimed that the eating of one of the worst sections of the meadow to the east of that city. The work was done by a machine at the rate of one cent per running foot, and the ditches were six inches wide by thirty inches deep. Within forty-eight hours the area covered by a ditch was dry, and no surface water remained later in the season for more than twenty-four hours. In the spring of 1904 the ditched area showed not a larva, and could be crossed in slippers. On the other side of the ditch, however, the water was needed and wrigglers were in countless numbers. The object lesson was startling, and for 1904 the city had arranged to have its entire marsh area drained.

Deep narrow ditches are advocated because the no vegetation develops in them, and they remain open for years, though the top may be overgrown and almost closed. During the severe winter of 1903-4 the machine ditches on the Newark meadow remained open while the shallow, broader ditches were frozen solid. The object in salt-marsh work is to facilitate the escape of surface water, whether it comes from rains or occasional high tides; and these deep ditches, on a soft marsh, drain from thirty to fifty feet on each side. Sometimes series of little breeding holes occur in an area otherwise safe, and these it is easier to fill than to ditch. Again, it occasionally happens that there is a more extensive depressed area surrounded by a ridge, or requiring an unusually long ditch to drain; in such a case the depressed area is drained to the centre, where a permanent pond is formed and stocked with "killies."—Prof. John B. Smith, in the August Booklovers Magazine.

Had Reached Her Limit. (Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.) Sweet Young Thing (in bathing suit)—Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water? Aunt Margaret—Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing.

"In order fully to satisfy my own mind on this subject, in the spring of 1901, I accepted a position from the Santa Fe Railroad Company as pump engineer of a deep well pump at Pinta, Ariz., located on the banks of the Rio Perchito River—one of the most important water stations on this line of road between Albuquerque and Williams, Ariz. For a period of three months I screened and wheeled every day three tons of coal 40 yards to the engine house; the screenings I wheeled 60 yards and dumped, and besides did all the work proper connected with caring for a local stationary engine. And this I did notwithstanding the fact that I had followed a business career all of my life, and for a long time immediately prior thereto was a member of the Kansas City Board of Trade. My muscles at the start were soft and not inured to work. But notwithstanding these facts I was able to perform this work very satisfactorily to myself, and, also, I believe, to the company. One thing is certain, I demonstrated beyond any doubt that, living on raw food, a person could do hard physical work and enjoy better health than the average laborer who subsists on the devitalized cooked foods, who is engaged in the same work.

"In view of the experiences already noted, we have an easy argument to convince the most dubious mind that the most intelligent, the most beautiful, the strongest and the longest lived animals and birds live in the tropics. We might mention the elephant, for longevity, intelligence and strength; the deer, antelope and gazelle for beauty and symmetrical figure; and the gorilla, the strongest animal in all nature for its size, the one that most nearly approaches man in appearance and the one that all other animals fear."

Professor Tyler stated that his experience had shown that people in the tropics at present were addicted to eating a great deal of cooked meats and drinking an enormous amount of very strong coffee, which he declares is the principal cause of the sickness prevailing in those regions.

SILVER DOLLAR LEGEND.

Why the Eagle Claps Three Arrows in Its Claws. Perhaps there are few who know why there are three arrow heads on a silver dollar, or, for that matter, that there are only three. There is an Indian legend as to how they came there, which is closely associated with the flag from the Quapaw nation, now attracting so much attention in the Territory building at the World's Fair.

This flag is the property of Joseph McCooze. It has been handed down from his great-grandfather, Superneau McCooze. The flag was the one carried by Tecumseh in his long campaign and was taken from his dead body after the battle of the Thames. In this campaign there were allied with Gen. Harrison, the Peorias, Sankhankias and Piankashas, three nations that once helped rule Canada, New York and a part of Pennsylvania, the fragments of which are now gathered in the Quapaw nation and all told number fewer than 100.

It might be thought that a battle council was held. A man volunteered from each of these tribes, who took a solemn oath to kill Tecumseh the next day. The battle followed, and Tecumseh was killed. His followers attempted to take the boat across the river in a boat that night, but the three watched enemies were too alert and surprised the party. They failed to secure the body of Tecumseh, but succeeded in getting the flag, which was wrapped around his body. The boat was cut with many bullet and arrow holes.

This flag fell to Superneau McCooze, and has been handed down in his family ever since. The flag is of flannel cloth, made after the design of the British flag of the day; it is hand sewed and was made by the squaws of Tecumseh's tepee. According to the Indian legend, it was in honor of the three Indians who volunteered to kill Tecumseh that day, or die in the attempt, that the three arrows appeared on the issues of the silver coins after that date.—Kansas City Star.

WARFARE AGAINST THE MOSQUITO.

In the city of Elizabeth a campaign against the mosquito was started, and in 1903 the first work was done on the salt marshes, where, in 1902, I had located the principal source of supply for that city. The result was that in a territory where millions of mosquitoes developed in 1902, practically none developed in 1903. The effective character of the methods adopted was proved; and this was demonstrated to the Newark Board of Health, which, combining with the State work, authorized the ditching of one of the worst sections of the meadow to the east of that city. The work was done by a machine at the rate of one cent per running foot, and the ditches were six inches wide by thirty inches deep. Within forty-eight hours the area covered by a ditch was dry, and no surface water remained later in the season for more than twenty-four hours. In the spring of 1904 the ditched area showed not a larva, and could be crossed in slippers. On the other side of the ditch, however, the water was needed and wrigglers were in countless numbers. The object lesson was startling, and for 1904 the city had arranged to have its entire marsh area drained.

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