The next two days were days of torture to Felix. How he passed them he
never knew. On the third came a
letter in the well-known handwriting, with the faint, familiar
odor of violets. He knew it was
Violet's answer, and though he was
a strong, brave man, he trembled to
open it. Within that folded paper
lay the words that might affect the
whole of his future life. Either Violet
had written to say that for his sake
she would give up wealth, luxury and
magnificence, or she had decided on
giving him up to retain that to which
perhaps her heart clung. perhaps her heart clung.
"It was the only test," he said, as he took the letter in his hand.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHAPTER XLVII.
This was Violet's response to Felix Lonsdale's request about dead Sir Owen's well his.

'My Dear reix,—I have thought wed over the matter recently discussed by us, and I have decided. I know that I am weaker than a woman—but I can not give up my fortune. It seems to me such a toolish thing to do. After being accustomed to every luxury I could not give it up. I love you, and shall always love you, but the test was too hard. I have pictured myself back in the old scenes, leading the old. in the old scenes, leading the old life and I could not undergo it. I would most cheefully share all I have with you, put I can not give it up for you-do you think it was

autic right to ask m6?

"I do not suppose I shall ever be blappy—but you will. I am not noble enough for you; and, if you had married me, your disappointment would have been great. You will meet some day a noble woman married me, your disappoint would have been great. You will meet some day a noble woman whom you will love and marry. I know that in saying 'Good-bye' now, I say it forever; but forever I shall be your unhappy "Violet."

"Violet."

'He laid the letter down and tooked at it. He had almost expected such an answer, yet his disappointment was great, and his eyes filled with tears. It had been very sweet and very dear to him, this precious love-story—and the end was sorrow; still he could not be surprised.

"She has chosen that which she floves best," he said; "and I can not blame her now, I must try to forget her."

forget her."

He did it bravely, as he had done it before. He threw his whole beart into his work, and fought inch by inch with the great master-passion of his life.

For some time after that it was rumored in Lilford that Lady Chevenix was not well; that she had lost her color and her spirits; that she was ill and saw no one. Then quite

was ill and saw no one. Then quite suddenly she sent for Darcy Lons-dale, and told bim that she had come to the conclusion that the air of Garswood did not suit her; that for the future she intended to divide her the future she intended to divide her time between London and Paris. To his urprise she added that the Mar-quis of Renmore had offered to buy the Garswood estates, and that she thought of selling them to him; but It would be only on condition that he retained Darcy Lonsdale as his

agent.
After some months, during which
Lady Chevenix and Felix never met,
this was accomplished; but her ladythis was accomplished, but her lady ship's removal was prevented for a time by the sudden death of Francis Haye. Then Mrs. Haye sold The Limes and went away with her daughter. So it came to pass that before six months were over the mo longer to be found in the county.

Great had been the surprise. The whole neighborhood was stirred. It was much to be regretted that such

a change should take place.
But Lord Arlington and Captain Hill sald gravely that it was the best thing Lady Chevenix could do. She had suffered much at the Hall—she would probably begin a new life in an unfamiliar place.

new life in an unfamiliar place.
The new occupants of Garswood—
the Marquis of Renmore, with his
two maiden sisters and a large two maiden sisters and a large bousehold of servants—gave more satisfaction to the public in gen-eral than the wealthy baronet had done. It was an excellent agency for the Lonsdales, who by dint of Industry and perseverance, were rapidly amassing a fortune. Darcy was growing old, and did not go so often to the office. The "small were rapidly growing up army" were rapidly growing up. Everything was prosperous and happy where so many trials had once seemed to threaten general destruction. Kare was one of the leading ladies in Lilford—and very army" much she enjoyed the position.
Time had softened Miss Lestes,
while Eve had grown more beautiful and spirituelle.
Felix worked on steadily. He still

made his home with his father; but Kate, in speaking of him, said, with tears in her eyes, that some day Providence would reward him for his goodness to them, and that he would find a wife worthy to be his partner for life.

He went to see Evalor when he

his partner for life.

He went to see Evelyn when he had an hour to spare; they were the best of friends. Years afterward he saw how she had guided him without ever seeming to advise -how she had influenced him without ever seeming to use her influence; and when he began the great battle of political life she was his right hand. The time that had been foreseen and prophesied had arrived. The bornerity of Oldstone was yearst.

borough of Oldstone was vacant, and through the interest of Lord Arlington, Felix had been returned. It was no surprise, for every one land prophesied. Genius must and

and now indeed Kat

and now indeed Kat

"I shall be the Dowager Lady
Lonsdale, she said to Eve, with a
Lappy Laugh. "There has been only
one mistake from the beginning.
Felix ought to have chosen you
from the first."

"It shall be the Dowager Lady
Lonsdale, she said to Eve, with a
Lappy Laugh. "There has been only
one mistake from the beginning.
Felix ought to have chosen you
from the first."

"It is sufficient," returned Eve,
"that he has chosen me now,"
She asked him one day
"Why do ""Why do ""

"Why do """

"The properties of the properties of

crowd, and spend a quiet hour with Evelyn. How she rejoiced with him! How she exulted in his success. How wise and sweet she was in her counsel. It seemed to him as though his soul had found one more than a friend.

"My foot is on the first step of the ladder. Eve, how high shall I climb, do you think?" He never forgot the beautiful, earn-est look on her fair face as she

"As high as heaven, I hope."
And those few words, spoken by
the tender lips of a noble woman,
were to him like an eloquent sermon. From that hour his life seemed to have higher and better aims;
and into it came no dream of woman's love, until one day, Kate,
having some leisure, had a long conversation with him.
"Can you understand an allegory,
Felix?" she asked him.
"Yes, I think so," he replied. Try
me, madre." "As high as heaven, I hope."

"Yes, I think so," he repiled. "Try me, madre."

"There was once a man," began Kate, "who stood with his feet firmly planted upon the earth, and his eyes very often looking up at the clouds. At his feet lay! a most beautiful pearl of priceless value, and at a distance lay a worthless piece of shining glass. This man of whom I speak trod upon the pearl until it was almost hidden in the dust, while he went eagerly in search of the bit of glass. Do you understand, Felix" she asked, after a few minutes.

"Only very vaguely, madre. I am

of glass. Do you inderstand, resiste asked, after a few minutes.

"Only very vaguely, madre. I am the man. I recognize the bit of shining glass, but not the pearl."

"Not the pearl!" repeated Kate. "Well, that proves what I have often thought, that, while men may be clever and keen and intellectual, they may, at the same time, be blind as bats. That pearl has been under your eyes for many years. Ah. I see you do not understand!"

Nor did he. Kate went on talking to him.

ing to him.
"You will be a man of mark, Felix "You will be a man of mark, Felix—every one says so. But you will be like all other men; you will want a good wife. If the facts could be got at, it would be found that some of the greatest men of the day owe much of their fame to the wise guidance of a wise wife."

"I believe that," he replied; "but—ah, we need not talk about it, madre. I suppose a man's fate is settled for him."

"A man's fate is just what he

settled for him."
"A man's fate !, just what he
likes to make it," declared Kate
"When you're inclined to marry, never
mind beauty; look out for a noble
woman—noblilty of character is far

better than beauty."
"The world is full of noble women,"
Kate continued. "Look at Eve Lester. Where would you find one ter. Where would you find one sweeter, more gracious or noble? She is true and tender and earnest; she has a fund of clear commonsense; she has a vivid, bright imagination, a quick, poetical fancy; and, as for beauty, I see more in her sweet fair face than in any face I have ever seen."

I have ever seen."
"Eve Lester!" he cried. "Certain.

"Eve Lester!" he cried. "Certainly no woman could be nobler. Oh, madre, is she the pearl?"

"Yes, you most biind, most dear, most obtuse of good boys! She is the pearl, and you never saw, her in your hurry to pick up the worthless shiping colored giam."

less shining colored glass."

Eve Lester. How blind he had been! He looked up at Kate. "Do you know, madre," he said,
"she has been so much part of my
life—all my life—that I have never
thought of her apart from mysek." A wise woman always knows when she has said enough. Kate turned the conversation; nor could he per-suade her to say more about Eve. But the idea had taken hold of him; and

the idea had taken hold of him; and Kate smiled softly to herself on seeing how deeply he was engrossed in thought during the remainder of that evening.

Fellx had never realized until then what Eve was to him. He went back over all his life. She had been his adviser, his counselor, his friend. She had aroused all noble thoughts in him, all great desires. She had in him, all great desires. She had fired his ambition she had show him his road in life. He had never dreamed how much he owed to her influence until he thought all this

He remembered how, in the darkest hour of his father's life, when earth was all cold, and the heavens seemed made of brass, she came to his house like an angel of light and consolation. She had offered him her all, and was honestly grieved be-cause he would not take it. As Felix

cause he would not take it. As Felix sat thinking of her, he recalled a thousand instances of her sweet wisdom and goodness.

"It is true," he mused; "we are cometimes perfectly ignorant of our greatest blessings. I should never have known all that Eve has been to me until I lost her."

Under this new light, he said to himself that he must see her, he must go over and talk to her, he must discover what she really was to him,—how dear, how needful—and he would do it at once; there should be no delay.

He went the next day, and the re-

he would do it at once; there should be no delay.

He went the next day, and the result of their conversation was that he did not leave her until she had promised to be his wife; for he found out that she loved him, and had loved him only all her life—he found that he had been blind and foolish, for she was really the one great treasure of his life.

The engagement afforded the greatest of pleasure to all their

The engagement afforded the greatest of pleasure to all their friends; there was not one dissentient voice. And now indeed Kate Lonsdale was happy.

"I shall be the Downger Lady

There could have been no happler marriage. Felix had a beautiful hodes prepared for his wife—not the pretty cottage orne where his golden-haired love had stood and decided that it was not good enough for her, but a fair and pleasant mansion, standing in the midst of sunny grounds—a home that a princess might have envied because of its artistic beauty and bright aspect.

It was a quiet wedding, but Eve would have it to. She would have neither carriages nor a train of bridesmalds, nor children strewing flowers, nor any of the teremonies that attend a country public wedding. She walked quietly to the dear old church at Lilford, looking very fair and sweet, with the light flush caused by the morning air on her face. The sunlight streamed in at the windows as

the morning air on her face. The sun-light streamed in at the windows as she plighted her faith to the only man she had ever loved, and whom she was to love forever. Then Felix took her away to the lakes, and they were very happy. They were sitting one day on the border of Windermere, when Eve raised her sweet face to her husband and said:

border of Windermere, when Eve raised her sweet face to her husband and said:

"Felix, you love me very much

"Yes, my pearl-more than you know," he replied.
"Do you-do not be cross with me because I ask the question—do you ever think of Violet?"
He took her hands in his own and kissed them.

kissed them.

And they talked of other things, while the sun shone over the lake and the birds sung their sweetest.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Five years had passed since Fellx took his fair wife home to Eden House—he would call it "Eden" because it held its Eve—and Eve was now one or the happiest women in the kingdom. For in the room where she spent her mornings—a bright sunny room looking upon a beautiful world of trees and flowers—stood a little. cot, and in this cot slept a baby—Eve's baby. He was, his mother said, the lovellest, the finest, the most intelligent in the whole world, and Felix laughed as she defied anyone to produce such another, Felix wanted Eve to accompany him for the parliamentary session. She looked longingly at the baby, and then longingly at the baby, and then longingly at him. "How can I possibly leave little Lester?" she said. "Aunt Jane would take great care of him, but she says he wants reforming—and I should not like to have him reformed."

"Bring him with you, Pearl, and he can assist the legislature of the ration," repiled Felix, laughingly.

can assist the legislature of the ration," replied Felix, laughingly. And Eve was only too pleased to

No happier household ever set-No happier household ever set-tled for a time in the modern Baby-lon. Felix took very nice apartments, where his wife could enjoy London to her heart's content. Eve was wise in one respect. She never marged the wife in the mother. She never ne-glected her husband for her child. She was so discreet and wise in the management of her time that, while she was one of the most devoted the was one of the most devoted mothers in the world, she was at the same time one of the most devoted wives. Felix never felt, as some husbards do, that he had a rival in his own child.

They went to London when Parlia ment opened, and when May came round the great city was in its fair-

round the great city was in its fairest dress.
They sat at breakfast one bright morning, with 'the unequaled baby, as Felix called him, rolling on a thick rug at her feet, when a letter was brought addressed to 'Mrs. Felix Lonsdale, 13 Upper Park Gardens': and as he placed it in his wife's hands Felix recognized the delicate handwriting, while he smelled a faint odor of violets.

Eve opened it quickly, and them pale and breathless, looked up at her husband.

"Listen, Felix," she said, after a few seconds; and she read:
"We been Eve J should like to

few seconds; and she read:
"My Dear Eve,—I should like to see you and Felix once more. My busband is not well, and the doctors have ordered him to go to the South of France or Italy—we think of going to Florence—and it may be years before I re-turn. Let me see you both before I go. When I read your names among the arrivals it seems to me that a breath of Lilicord air passed over me. You will seems to me that a breath of lift ford air passed over me. You will not refuse me the last favor I shall ever ask from you? Call at Rokely House at two o'clock to-day I shall wait for you. Ever your friend, Violet Rokely."

Eve looked up again. "Rokely!" she said. "Why, Felix, violet married again?" "She married again?"
"She married the Duke of Rokely three months ago," replied Felix. "I said nothing to you about it. She has married one of the wealthiest dukes in England."
"She was beautiful enough for a duches." said Eve. gently

duchess," said Eve, gently.

She is not so beautiful in my eye as you, my pearl," rejoined Felix—and there was truth in his voice. His wife imiled. 'What about the haunted cham-

ber?" she asked.
"It is swept and garnished," reglied. Site smiled proudly.

"When I heard what you said about it, I made a resolution that would get into the haunted cham-ber," she told him. "Some one sail that blonde women were all insipid, and weak of purpose. It is not true, is

"No," he replied.
"Now," said his lovely wife, "if I looked into that chamber, what should I see?"

"Your own image," he answered, and she believed him.
"We wil go and see Vlolet, Duchess of Rokely," she said, "if you are willong. That is not the letter of a thrung woman."

tappy woman. She understood why he was so anx lous about her toilet—why he insisted that she should wear the fashionable trait she she will and the pretty Parisian bornet. He kissed her when she stood ready dressed.

"I am so proud of you, my darling."

"And those few words brought a lovely flush to her fair face and made her fairer than ever; then they drove off together to Rokely It was one of the finest ducal munsions in London. Eve was struck as the great hall door open-ed and she saw the great liveried might have benefited the palace of

"and I shall use no other." But he never told her why. The past conversation between Kate and himself remained a secret.

There could have been no happler marriage. Felix had a beautiful hote-prepared for his wife—not the next. Rokely was at home, and awaited them.

Violet had grown even more beautiful. Her superb figure was more fully developed: Her fair face had something in it haughtler and colder. Very proud the looked as she stood there, dressed in her favorite colors, blue and white—a dress of blue velvet relieved by trimmings of white silk. In one hand she held a priceless fan; the other white and jeweled hand lay upon the table.

Her lovely face grew white even to the lips as Eve and Felix entered the gorgeous room—but she advanced to meet them; she took Eve's hands in her own, and looked at Felix.

"I am so glad to see you. It was so kind of you to come. I longed to see you both before I went away. Sit down and talk to me—tell me all about Liliford. I shall never see it again."

Very soon Eve had told her all she knew; and then, as Liliford—to her—meant the baby, she entered into a description of his charms. Was she mistaken, or did she really see tears shining in the proud eyes?

"I am so glad you have a little son. Felix. I hope he will grow up

mistaken, or did she really see tears shining in the proud eyes?

"I am so glad you have a little son, Felix. I hope he will grow up like you, as good, as true, and as noble." Then Violets 'face flushed, and she bent her proud, charming head before them. "I may never see you again," she said; "let me say to you all the thoughts that are in my heart. I am glad, Eve, that Felix has found comfort in your love; love him always, love him truly, love him well; and—oh, believe me, Eve!—if you have little daughters, teach them that life holds no treasure like love, that wealth, fame, titles, honors, are the shadow, love the substance,"

"I shall be sure to love them so, for I believe it," remarked sweet, wise Eve.
"I was always wasker than a

for I believe it," remarked sweet, wise Eve.
"I was always weaker than a woman," declared Violet, with a proud, sad smile. "I flung a treasure from me and lost it. Now. I have everything that in my wildest dreams I ever longed for. I wear a coronet; the world lies at my feet; and with it all, when I wake sometimes my pillow is wet with tears; for my heart is lonely, and will be lonely until I die. Still I have made my own choice."

Fellx saw a beautiful Sevres vase

Felix saw a beautiful Sevres vase on the table near which she stood; it held a spray of lilac. "You retain your love for the old home-flowers," he said. She took the lilac from the vase

"I keep them near me always," she said, "when they are in bloom. Do you remember the lilac bush at home, Felix?
Yes, he remembered it—and how he had suffered the bitterness of death

while the wet branches waved above

Then she asked some question about their home and their home "You are very happy?" she said.
"Tell me that; it will be the pleasantest thing I can hear."
"Yes," replied Fefx, "we are very

happy."
She drew a costly ring from her

finger.

"Eve," she said, "wear this for my sake—it would grieve me so much if you refused. Now put your arms round my neck—you, the true wife of a true man—and kiss me. Say Good-bye, Violet." I never hear my own name now, and I am tired of titlee" titles.' Felix held her hand one minute in

the grouch crowd got into the car safely.

The doctor and Maude entertained the party, and incidentally the rest of the resengers, with an illustrated statement of the facts concerning the "nasty pig" who had kicked the lady's sore heel, and this topic kept the grouch alive all the way to the theatre.

There Harry joined them, and they took their seats at the end of the first act, Maude-refusing to walk down the asle to her seat while the curtain was up. This was not altogether from consideration for others, but mainly grouch. Seated in the theatre, the doctor and

grouch had been cured.

None of the party had the least idea

FROM THE GERMAN.

the Wife.

healthy

Be joyful.
 Be beautiful.

Ten Commandments for the Benefit o

4. Be frank and keen.
5. By yielding, without weakness.
6. Always have time for your husban

-but never too much.
7. Do not try to educate your husband-take him as he is.

-take him as he is.

8. Do not forget that a man hopes for understanding and appreciation as well as a woman—and give him these good things in small, rare, dainty doses.

9. If you wish to please your husband you must be able to please other mer

also.

10. Do not forget—only she is worth

of being loved who is strong enough to be happy without love.

Novel Trap for Thieves.

For some time the post office authori

ties in France have been much an noyed by an organized band of thieves who stole mail day after day out of the

letter boxes, but now they have discovered a contrivance which, they are confident, will put a stop to such thefts in future. It consists of a clockwork ar-

rangement which is fastened to each letter box and is so connected with the main post office that the moment any one attempts to tamper with the mail a bell rings and notifies detectives who are on the lookout for the culprits day and night.

and night.
When a letter is thrown into a box

or when a postman extracts the letters the bell also rings, but the sound is dif-ferent from that which is made when

Seated in the theatre, the doc

nis own.
"Good-bye," she said. "In the midst of your happy life do not quite forget me; try to remember me as you knew me vears ago—not as you know me now."

And they went away, leaving her, in the midst of her desolate splendor with the spray of lilac in her hand (THE END.)

## HOT WEATHER DANGERS.

from each and every one never to go More little ones die during the More little ones die during the hot months than at any other season. At this time stomach and bowel troubles assume their most dangerous form, and sometimes a few hours' delay in the treatment means the loss of a little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to averant these troubles. in the world to prevent these troubles or to cure them if they attack the little on insomma, sore eyes, adming teeth, and as injured foot; a grouch which might have been disposed of at the start with a laugh, but which grew and grew until it enveloped five persons in a fog that was only dispelled when the momentary separation enabled two of them to see from a little distance how ridiculously savage it made the others.—N. Y. Sun. one unexpectedly. Every mother should have a box of these Tablets in the house — their prompt use may save a child's life. Mrs. Arthur Cote, St. For-tunat, Que, eays: "My little one was greatly troubled with colic and bowel tunat, Que, says: "My little one was greatly troubled with colic and bowel trouble, but since using Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared, and she is growing nicely and has good health." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates, and are safe for a new born baby or a well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. William Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## STORY OF A GROUCH.

Started from a Trivial Cause, but Grew Till it Enveloped Five Pers

This is the story of a grouch.
To begin with, the Doctor was first affected. His eyes had bothered him for some time; his patients were slow in paying up, his apartment wasn't so com-fortable as it might have been; and so one morning he woke up out of sorts with himself and all mankind as well

and the grouch was born.

Harry, who managed the apartment house, was the next to succumb. His eyes didn't bother him very much, but his teeth did; his debtors were slow in paying, while his creditors were entirely too energetic in their assaults on his bank account for his piece of mind. The heln in the place was a nuisance he had to fight against and put up with, and when he and the Doctor got together that dismal morning he was in the best of shape to be infected with the dread disease. teeth did: his debtors were slow in

For the grouch there are several re medies, and most of these were tried. None of them proved successful, and finally they settled down to a steady commiseration, cussing afterno

afternoon of commiseration, cussing, highballs and cigars.

Harry's better-half, Maude, bore up more bravely. Neither her eyes nor her teeth annoyed her; and although she had a very sore foot, which made it impossible for her to wear an ordinary shoe, she bravely applied herself to the task of jollving Harry and the Doctor, in the hore of enging the grouph. an ordinary erself to the the Doctor, the Doctor, trouch.

wauld have the Dell also rings, but the sound is different from that which is made when a thief is at work, and therefore there is no danger that the detectives will aver be led of on a wild goose chase. the hope of curing the grouch.

succeeded; but before she had made much impression in came Addie and her sister Grace. Now Addie, who is the Doctor's sweetheart, has a nice disposition, but is easily affected by her surroundings, and Grace is "so contrary that she won't do what she has a mind to," as her mother used to say.

In less than no time the gloom that had settled on the party was so thick it could have been shovelled away, and no relief was in sight. People must eat, however, in spite of grouches, and late in the afternoon Harry bestirred himself to think of dianer. Apparently the smell of cooking brought joy to his stomach and his heart at the same time, for in a moment or two, after leaving WHY COVER CROPS

Are Valuable-Controlling Soil Mois-

Are Valuable—Controlling Soil Moisture—Improving the Soil.

At the conference of Dominion fruit inspectors recently held at the Central Experimental Farm, Professor Shutt gave a very clear and scientific explanation of the value of cover crops to the orchardist, of which the following is a synopsis:

"Among the many advantages to be derived from the system of orchard culture which includes the growth of cover crops, we may cite as the two most important: The control of the soil moisture, and the improvement of the soil.

Conserving Soil Moisture — Speaking generally, it is desirable that the soil moisture should be conserved for the orchard trees during the earlier months of the season. Up to, say, July 1, the tree is making new growth and is transpiring through its leaves large quantities of water. Further, the swelling fruit is making its demands for water. For every pound of dry matter of leaf or wood or fruit, the tree uses at least 300 pounds of water. Hence, in districts where droughts may prevail in the spring or the rainfall be scanty, the importance of surface cultivation is marked. By this means an earth mulch is produced, and thus evaporation checked or prevented. The cover crop system allows of surface cultivation in the spring and early summer months.

Some Experiments—Experiments have stomach and his heart at the same time, for in a moment or two, after leaving the party, he returned and said;
"Say, Doc., let's all go to the thea; tre to-night."
"All right," said the Doctor. "Where shall we go? You go ahead and get the tickets, and we'll all be ready."
Then Maude's grouch, which had been under cover up to that moment, broke out. out.

"I don't want to go to the theatre," she declared. "I won't go, Harry can go, if he likes. It will do him good. I don't want to go to any old heetre. I want to stay home and run things. I don't want to go, and I shan't," and she stamped her No. 2A on the floor so hard she hurt her heel, Immediately Addie and Grace declined and Grace soon went away. Then all the powers of persuasion of the other three were brought to bear on Maude. mer months.

Some Experiments—Experiments have

Some Experiments—Experiments have been made to ascertain the effects of cover crops and cultivation on soil moisture on the Central Experimental Farm for several years. Thus, May 6, 1901, we found that there was 131 tons more water per acre, to a depth of 14 inches, in cultivated soil than in the adjoining plot carrying a vigorous growth of cover. This means that the latter soil contained one-half the water in the cultivated soil. But grass sod is more exhaustive than clover sod. In 1902, from May to July, trials every two weeks were brought to beer on Maude.

She put up the fight of her life to have her own way, but was forced to yield to the combined eloquence and entreaties—she is fond of being coaxed—and it was finally determined that they should go. By that time it was too late rof Harry to go for the tickts, and so Addie had to face the storm for that purpose. Presently she returned with five tickets, three on one side of the aisle and two on the other, having had to take what was left at that hour.

Dinner was soon over, and Grace was sent for; and when Maude was finally induced to get ready, the party started. Maude, Grace and the doctor hustled off together, and Harry and Addie brought up the rear.

contained one-half the water in the cultivation on the other, having had to take what was left at that hour.

Dinner was soon over, and Grace was sent for; and when Maude was finally induced to get ready, the party started. Maude, Grace and the doctor hustled fit tegether, and Harry and Addie brought up the rear.

Harry had to turn back for his glasses, of course, showing that the grouch was still working, and in fact none of the party could have been called good natured at the moment.

At the corner they halted a car and hurried to board it. Some people were getting off at that particular corner, however, and one of them happened to kick Maude's heel, the sore one, of course, as he stepped from in front of the party.

This was more than Maude could stand, the physical pain adding the required spark to the magazine of her grouch. In a flash she turned round, and the doctor thought he was a "nasty pig."

For a second fight was in the air, and the doctor thought he was a "masty pig."

For a second fight was in the air, and the doctor wought he was a "masty pig."

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For a second fight was in the air, and the doctor of his glasses. However, Maude was too small for the man to hit, even had she been of his own sex, afely.

The doctor and Maude entertained the party, and incidentally the rest of the party, and inc physical condition of the soil. And, last-ly, the mineral matter s' ed up in that clover crop is finally set free in forms readily assimilable by the roots of the orchard trees."

WHICH SHALL IT BE? A rich man, who had no children, pro-A rich man, who had no chindren, proposed to a poor neighbor, who had seven to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

Seated in the theatre, the doctor and Grace promptly went to sleep, and Harry and Maude from across the aisle bombarded Addie, to her great disgust, with gites, offers of candy, etc., all of which amused them to such an extent that before the show was over two cases of the grouph had been cured. Which shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John, John looked at me, And when I found that I could speak, My voice semed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again what Robert said"; And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter: of what the play was about, or what the characters were doing, and the way home was enlivened with repeated promises

ar.ywhere with "that crowd" again.

And yet, they are all nice people; all good companions; all sociable, good natured—when the grouch is not working—and utterly free from anything like rudeness. Yet this is a true story of a grouch, founded on indigestion, nursed on insomnia, sore eyes, aching teeth, and as injured foot; a grouch which might the back to saven roung mouths to feeth. Of poverty, and work, and care, Which I, though willing, could not share I thought of seven young mouths to feed Of seven little children's need,

And then of this "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby, lightly slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said "Not her!" "Come, John," said I,

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of twilight shed,
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on James' rough, red cheek
A tear undried. E'er John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim. He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward som-Turbulent, restless, idle one— Could he be spared! Nay, He who gave Bade us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart could be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for her, "twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Acros her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, a thee.'

The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad, So like his father. "No, John, no! I cannot, will not, let him go." And so we wrote in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreams! Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in heaven!