

The brave and simple-bearted sol-dier rould not comprehend why Lady (Theyenix had given up Felix Louische for Sir Owen. Some one gave him an explanation of it, and the ame back to ask Lady "I wish you would not ask me," "Sight rould if it is a story I do "Tour wishes are my law on "Your wishes are my law on ne arrived.

"Your wishes are my law on every subject," replied the major. "If you tell me that I' must not ask you, I will not; but I am deeply interested—and deeply interested—and I do not often interest myself in other person's affairs."

ther person's affairs." "I can only tell you what happen-"," she replied-for to no creature ving had Lady Maude ever betray-ting had Lady Maude ever betrayed one word of the confidence Felix had reposed in her. "The occurshe continued, "Is unfortunrence," she continued, "is unfortun-ately very common. Lady Cheven's, then Miss Volt Haye - teauth'I I Violet Haye,' she was called-was en-Vgaged to marry Felix Lonsdale. I believe that if Sir Owen had delayc his coming for three months longer-they would have been married. He came, and with his vast wealth and effusive in his greeting. He was de-lighted to see his guest; he hoped he would make himself quite at home, and enjoy himself as much as pos-Violet could not neip contrasting the two men as they stood for that one moment side by side—Sir Owen's awkward figure and coarse face with the grand beauty of Felix Lonsdale, the nobility of the untitled man came, and with his vast wealth and Line soon became the lion of this art of the county. How she broke or troth-plight, and why she broke

what excuses she made to her-elf or others mide for her. I can not that she went to London, and that Sir Owen followed and married her There can be but one explanation

-she must have given up her lover for the baronet," said the major; "huf I can not imagine any woman Sir Owen Chevenix to Fel-Lonsdale.

'You forget that Sir Owen had, as the old song says, houses and lands. while Mr. Felix Lonsdale has nothing but his brains."

The major was silent for some minutes, and then he asked :

"Is the world very hard on these ns, Lady Maude ?" "I de not know. I know that socienough to say so. sins "I do not know. I know that soci-ety receives Lady Chevenix with open

"And what do women call such sins?" ing in his heart that the yount lawyer was a simpleton for it, went haver was a simpl

he asked. "Mine is a plain, unfashionable term," said Lady Maude. "I call the woman who breaks her word to her lover a jilt, and I call the wrong she does by its right name of per-

Major Rawson admired the speaker all the more for ler frankness. And so Sir Owen's garden pirty rassel off well, everyone pralig the graceful, beautiful hostes; out no one saw her standing later on in the evening the victorious knight, had appeared, he had retired from the con-test defeated, and there was an end of it all. Ho considered that he had raised his wife so com-pletely above all her past life, that he had taken her so completely out with tears in her eyes watching the

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sir Owen had a nover idea-it was, when the June quarter-day came round, to invite the principal ten-ants to dine at Garswood. Such of her old sphere, that nothing which had interested her then could inter-est her now —he never pondered the fact that Felix Lonsdale, the rising ants to dine at Garswood. Such things were done by the great land-ed proprietors of the country, and lawyer, the man of promise, the most clever and skillful practitioner in the county, was his wife's old lover. So he lay down in perfect content while he sent his wife out in-to the lovely summer gloaming with her old lover ed proprietors of the country, and he was desirous of imitating them. This remnded him that there we everal other matters that required attention—some of the tenants' leases had fallen in, and to renew them would require a long and pa-tient search in the iron-room, where all decds and do um ats of va up we e

her old lover They walked on all three together, saying little but thinking perhaps all the more. They passed through the pleasure-grounds; they lingered among the roses and the illy blooms; preserved. There was another im-

"'It was only the deer that were Or light our sorrow with its starry And so regret is vain. "We should have seen it shine Long years beside us. Time and Death might try To touch that love divine, Whose strength could ev'ry other stroke defy, Save-only mine f with a smile. "No longing can restore Our dead again. Vain are the tears

our buried love. Its grave lies dark and cainly we deplore Our buried love. Its grave lies dark and deep Between us evermore."

Her voice died away in a low, swee Her volce died away in a low, sweet murmur that was like the love-plaint of a bird, and they were silent for some minutes, none caring to break it the spell. Then Felix looked at her. "I remember those words," he said, "they are taken from a poem called 'they are taken from a poem called 'tost Allee,' by Adclaide Anne Proc-ter. I gave you the book, I think, Lady Chevenix?" That was the first time he had

Lady Chevenix?" That was the first time he had ever alluded to the past; he had un-til now always treated her as a stranger—as a lady to whom he had been introduced for the first time Felix Lonsdale and Lady Chevenix Felix Lonsdale and Lady Chevenix met with seeming indifference. She looked very beautiful; she wore a dinner dress of white lace, with lilies of the valley in her hair. She held out her hand in greeting to him. "I am very glad to see you. Mr. Lonsdale," she said. "I hope you will have a few pleasant days with us." Miss Hethcote next had some-thing to say to him, and then Sir Owen entered the room. He was most effusive in his greeting. He was de-| til

been introduced for the first time by Sir Owen Chevenix. Her face brightened when she heard it; it seemed to her that the broken chain had been taken up in those simple words. "Yes, you gave it to me," she ac-knowledged; " and I know every word of the program by heart - I have word of the poem by heart —I have read it so often." He looked up in surprise. "Indeed !" he said. "I thought that

sible. Violet could not help contrasting

with the commonplaceness of the titled one. The contrast was both sharp and strong, she felt it keenly.

Then they went in to dinner. Sir Owen was in one of his best humors,

and everything went off well. For so much Lady Chevenix was thankful; every hour spent without an out-break was a gain to her. "You will give us this one even-ing, Mr. Lonsdale," said Sir Owen, ing, Mr. Lonsdale," said Sir Owen, "Enjoy yourself a little before you begin to work." It was a matter of perfect indif-ference to him. If he had consulted

his own inclination, he would have preferred to begin work at once; tut he could hardly be impolite am growing quite sad; it is turn to sing for us."

Sir Owen liked to sleep after he had dined. Felix declined to take more wine; and the baronet, think-ing in his heart that the young lawyer was a simpleton for it, went into the drawing-room with him, and then fell asleep. Before he closed his eves he said: sing for us." "I cannot sing, but I will repeat some verses that I think very beaut:= ful, if you would like to hear them." "Whose are they?" asked Lady.

"Whose are they?" asked Lauy Chevenix. ("They are Miss Proctor's," he re-plied, and he turned his face away from her while he recited them. It seemed to Lady Chevenix as though the wind fell and all nature

though the wind fell and all nature was hushed to listen. There was no passion, no regret, in the low, rich tones—they were clear and sweet and eloquent—but each word as it fell in the fragrant gloaming seem-ed to burn itself on her heart and heart and brain. ("The poem is called 'Parting,' " said Felix. "and is so beautiful in it-self, that it concept fail to please. He never once thought that he was rubmitting his young wife to a most deadly peril-the peril of a great temptation. He never thought of Felix Lonsdale as of one who had been his wife's lover. He had been engaged to her-that was a well-known fact; but, so soon as he, the victorious knight, had appeared,

self, that it cannot fail to please. "'Without one bitter feeling let us

part; And for the years in which your love has shed A radiance like a glory round my

my heart. "I thank you-and no grief is in these tears: the tears that here the sector is the sector of the sect tears; you, not in bitterness, these I thank

my youth And glorified so many happy years.

In a herd on the clover grass." sung Marian; and Felix looked up with a smile. "I know that," he said. "You are quoting from a ballad called 'Hush.' Strange to say, 1 was thinking of it a short time since. The words more muching themes. 744

thinking of it a short time since. The words were runsing through my brain." "They have run through my heart," remarked Marian, "often and often. I am matter-of-fact my-self, but that song always brings tears to my eyes. Repeat it to us, Mr. Lonsdale."

TWE ATHENE GEPHOTES ANALITA BUT

THE ATHENS REPORTER JUNE 1. 1904

Mr. Lonsdale." "I will. There is something in the time that suits the words. The light is dying in the sky, the sum has set, the flowers are sleeping, the wood-pigeons are silent, the air is full of dreams (To be Continued.) : :

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

This Trouble is Caused by an Acid in the Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Through the Blood. Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood. That is a medical truth every sufferer from this trouble should bear in mind. Liniments and outward applications cannot cure what is rooted in the blood—the disease must be cured through the blood. That is the reason through the blood. That is the reason through the blood. That is the reason theumatism yields almost like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, soothes the nerves loceans the puscles and han

He looked up in surprise. "Indeed !" he said. "I thought that lyou did not care for poetry at all, "I fancied that I did not, but I was mistaken. During these later years I have learned to value and understand many things that were once like so many dead letters to me." "I wish," said Marion Hethcote, "that we could understand every-thing at once. As it is, we learn lit-tle quickly; it takes long years to by the time they are learned to exalue understand was pronounced muscular most. A great many friends came to see me during that time, and I think I am safe in saying that most of them had very few hopes that 1

thing at once. As it is, we learn lit-tle quickly; it takes long years to teach us the simplest lessons, and by the time they are learned we must die. As my favorite poet says: "We live-we love; and then "Stone dead we lle. "Unive live-we love; and then "Endure and die?" How much more pleasant it would be if we could master everything at once! What mistakes and blunders we make! I read the other day of a great and wise man, who, when he came to die, said, "My life has been all a mistake." Mr. Lonsdale, I am growing quite sad; it is turn to sing for us."

These pills have cured thousands of the very worst cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and backaches, and they can do the same for backaches, and they can do the same for you. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Wil-liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BROWN SEASON.

Choice in Funlards of This Hue Large This Spring.

Is it to be a brown season? It looks like it, judging from the very numer-ous specimens of brown tintel gowns which are shown ready-made as mo.el costumes, some of them being imported and others being fair cop-ies of the stylish originals. Brown covers a wide range of

Brown covers a wide range of shades. We have bronze, moleskin collove has shed A radiance like a glory round my head I thank you-yes, I thank you from my heart. I thank rou-yes, I thank you from below to be at the sea is a rich goden beat color. Perhaps the most at tractive shade seen is a rich goden brown, beautiful alike in taffeta, yeiling mobuli.

The brown foulards are legion,

but truth, For the fair vision that adorned my youth And glorified so many happy years. "'Yet how much more I thank you that you tore

EGG PRODUCTION.

3 3 2 2 8 4 1 3

Pullets for Winter Laying-The Fresh Egg Trade-Exporting Eggs: # #

For all farmers, a most profitable little attention or extra feed, the most branch of the poultry business is the production of eggs during the winter, says Mr. F. C. Hare, chief of the poul-try divide a the cost of feed poul-increases.

g, there is a great demand for new-laid e ggs; the supply is always limited, and high prices are paid. In the large cities strictly fresh eggs sold readily during the past winter at from 40 to 60 cents per dozen. Some farmers are so situated that they can maintain a city trade in fresh eggs throughout the year. A premium of several cents a dozen can usually be obtained for new-laid eggs shipped weekly to the city MARNET

of pullets ten or twelve of the best winter layers, placing a regular leg band or a piece of wire around the leg of each. The next winter these pullets MARKET REQUIREMENTS .- There MARKET REQUIREMENTS.—Inere is a growing preference on the home markets for brown shelled eggs. The shells of the eggs should be wiped clean if nece sary, and the eggs graded in size. For shipment to the merchant they should be packed in cases holding 12 dozen or 30 dozen each. Eggs to be palatable should be eaten in a strictly fresh condition. therefore they should each. The next winter these pullets (then yearling hens) should be separated from the laying hens and kept in good health and medium flesh, but not fed for winter laying. In February or March they should be mated with a suitable cockerel, and their rations in-creased so as to bring them into laying at the time when their eggs are required for helping. Such a process of select palatable should be eaten in a strictly fresh condition; therefore, they should reach the consumer without unneces-sary delay. This requires (1) that the egge be collected regularly every day and stored in a cool room (temperature 40 to 50 degrees F.), (2) that the deal-er forward the eggs to the merchant at least once a week, and, (3) that tho for hatching. Such a process of selec-tion would soon produce a particularly fine strain of winter lavers. EXPORTING EGGS,— The export trade carries off the surplus eggs pro-duced during the summer months, when prices are low, but has little or no effect

merchant protect the eggs from deter-ioration while in his possession. PULLETS FOR WINTER LAYING.

on the price of new-laid eggs in ter. Efforts to increase our e ter. Efforts to increase our export trade in eggs need not, therefore, alarm PULLETS FOR WINTER LAYING.— As a general rule pullets hatched during May or early June will prove most pro-fitable for winter laying. Farmers who expect to make a specialty of high-priced new-laid eggs next winter should at the present time be hatching out a good number of chicks from which to select suitable pullets. The cockerels should be sold in the early fall. Unless consumers in cities or towns. Eggs that are placed in cold storage from April till they are housed in the fields and require

WHY IT IS CALLED DIXIE. Origin of Name by Which the Souths

Popularly Known.

"Dixie" Dixie's land-there is the suggestion is the words of romance of war and peace, of love and blood-Suggestion by the state of love and blood-shed, of charging columns and the dashing half-frontier life of the an-tebellum south of the Mississipi riv-er days. Through near three gen-erations, it has meant all this to the natives of the south, and nown the stirring strains of "Dixie" are played to cheering andiences of Am-ericans in every part of the whole United States. It was played at the battle of Manila, at the battle of Santiago, and its rhythm now marches the soldlers of the nation as proughy beneath the stars and marches the counters of the factors and brings as ever strode the South-ern legions beneath the stars and bars. And in the song there is a story of moment to New Orleans.

The meaning of the term, how it originated, how it grew to favor, is a question often mooted and never yet settled to the general sat-sfaction of all those investigators isfaction of all those investigators of the unique and unusual wholdely into the mome of tradition and leg-end. "Dixie" what a negro minstrel aong, sung in music halls of New, York in late 50 s, bellowed lustily to Mark Thyahasque audlences from the "floating palaces" of the antebellum Massissippi by turnt-cork opticies and articans who have long

antiebelium Mississippi by turnt-201k artists and artisans, who have long since followed the echoes of their songs into silence and oblivion. And the song took. Ey 1859 it was whistled and sung from the Giamas to the Passes, from Rich-mond to New frienns. Peculiarly whas it the favorite song of the jolly centry who thronged the steam-

edian, Dan Emmet, who immor

dollar note done in red upon one side and black and red upon the other. The feature of this denomination was that the most consp'cuous part of the engraving was the French Word "Dix." Upon the river steam-ers on the ships bound for New York, on the stage coaches which 'went west from Galveston, these bills were termed "Dixles." Not one man of any twenty that handled them knew that dix ment ten. Upon the Upper Mississippi and the Ohio people began to speak of the south as Dixle's land, and as the years passed they forgot why the was that the most consp'cuous part

are shipped to Great Britain for

our .export

years passed they forgot why the name was applied. The gamblers who won luscous rolls of the Dix-ies at poker played with the roof removed. The victims who gave up their rightful walletfuls of red and black currency, the Irish deck-bands and the negro roustabouts— all spoke of D xle's land. Ise viril war came on. Months passed and Butler's army occupied

passed and Butler's army occupied the city. Butler ordered the Citizens' Bank to pny back all deposits to private individuals in confederate bills and ordered that all sums due to officers or representatives of the confederacy should be paid to the United States Government in Unit-ed to the social More than \$225000 United States Government in Unit-ed tates coin. More than \$225,000 was thus confiscated and the bank has now pending in Congress a war claim for this amount. Later Gen-eral Butler made the Citizens' Bank the United States depository and distributing centre for the terri-tory under his charge. After the war came new banking laws, new customs, new ways and

laws, new customs, new ways and habits of thought. The "Dixie" had and the not during the changes in augur-ated immediately before the civil war and by the end of that struggle and the national banking law of the late '60's the once-famous currency was

July are snipped to Great Britain for the September and October trade; those that go into cold storage in the fall are exported during the winter months. All these are sold in Britain as "Canadian fresh eggs." Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

portant piece of business on hand. One of the farmers in the neighborbed had sold some land to Sir Owen Chevenix, but soon after the sale ie died, and his successors disputed his right to sell. Most of the old title-deeds of the Garswood estate realived careful perusing: so Sir Owen Invited Darcy Londale to stay for a few days at Garswood. It would be much caster, he thought, to read all the various papers there than to them taken to his office. Mr. Lonsdale thought so, too, and promised to ride over to the Hall; but shortly before the appointed time

some important law business called for his presence in London. "I must go," he said to Felix, "and you will have to take my place at Garswood -no one else can do it. What do you say, Felix? If you dislike it, I will say for the said of the second second the second say of the said second second the second seco

give up my London engagement; but I do not think it can make any dif-ference to you. What do you say?' And the elder man looked anxiously into the face of his son. Feltx was silent for a few minutes, and then he said, with a frank smile: "It can't matter, father; I go ze a man of business, not as a friend, I will do it with pleasure. It would be as well for you just to write and hint to Sir Owen that he might pre-fer you." "I do not think he would," returned Darcy Lonsdale: "you are decidedly Mr. Lonsdale was right. Sir Owen

his favorite, Felix." Mr. Lonsdale was right. Sir Owen Mr. Lonsdale was right. Sir Owen was much pleased at the change. He was over her head and the shadow passed the lawyer's letter ever to h s wife, and she read it. "I am very pleasel," he said. "Feltx girl I friend, wondering if she should ls cleverer than his father—and I like him. See that he has a nice room, and that his comforts are well at-tended to."

made some vague reply-it seemed to her that heaven and earth were about to meet. That Felix thould ever be under her roof as her guest seemed to her a most wonder-ful thing. How should she receive him? Woull he soften a little in his meuter to her? "Now, Lady Chevenix," she said, "you must sing for us too; sing that beautiful song you were practising this morning." his manner to her? How fervently the hoped that Sir Owen would treat

the hope of the structure of the structu her-it would have been awkward to

When "Sir Owen had quitted the soom, Marian placed her hands upon Lady Cheveniv's shoulders and look-ed into her face. "Tell me," the sail, "do you like this arrangement? Does it please or

"Tell me," the said, "do you like this arrangement? Does it please or rex you?

Which hid my idol was a thing of clay, And false the altar I had knelt they watched the gold-fish in the fountain. The air was balmy, sweet, and fragrant with the odor of flow

ers. "Let us go on to the park." said Marian Hethcote; "it will be very "'I thank you that you taught me the stern truth pleasant there." They passed through the shrub-bery and entered the park. The beautiful fragmant gloaming had set in; the water of the lake was tinged None other could have told and I believed-

That had been my love and I deceived, And wasted all the purpose of my in the water of the lake was tinged with crimson and gold; a lovely light lay over the tress; there was a faint murmur as the wind swayed the branches of the trees and stirred the leaves. The peace and beauty, the loveliness and repose, Touched them. "Shall we sit down here" sold youth.

'I thank you that your hand dashed down the shrine Wherein my idol worship I had paid; Else had I never known a soul

repose, touched them. "Shall we sit down here," said Lady Chevenix, "by the lake-side, "and watch the light dle out over the water?" was made To serve and worship only the Divine.

"'I thank you for a terrible awak-And, if reproach seemed hidden in my pain, And sorrow seemed to cry of your disdain,

Know

that my blessing lay in forsaking.

'Farewell forever now-in peace we And should an idle vision of my

tears, Arise before your soul in after-

years, Remember that I thank you from

my heart!" So, clearly, one by one, with cruel distinctness, the words sounded in Violet's ears. She knew, she under-stood, that that was what he would

say to her; in his mind there could never be even the faintest renewal of their past friendship, and in his heart he thanked her that his un-happy love, his great abiding sor-row, had taught him many noble lessong-a ballad telling the story of a knight who had ridden away to the Holy Land, leaving a girl bride died while he was away-a sweet, sad song, just suited to the hour and sons. She understood-he had sald it delicately and kindly, but he had meant it -that the whole past past was buried, for him; he thank-

ed her that she had taught him to suffer, and suffer in silent strength. She was quite silent for many mnutes after he had finished; it was Marian who talked to him and "I was not practising," returned

"I was not practising," returned Lady Chevenix. "I was trying to put some words to an air I think very sad and sweet. If you would like to hear it, I will sing it. Would you care to hear it, Mr. Lonsdale?" made him recite for them again and again.

t would have been awkward to met him alone. In "Sir Owen had quitted the Marian placed her hands upon Chevenix's shoulders and look-to her face. I me," the sail, "do you like rrancement? Does it please or ou?" The sun had set, the crimson and good music. She smiled bitterly to herself: and then, in a low, sad, sweet voice, she sung these words; the cold grave for evermore it lies the sentile. The sun had set, the crimson and gold had faded from the water, a was quiet, calm, peaceful. Lady Chevenix met her gaze with m smile.

"Ye how much more I thank you that you tore At length the veil your hand had woren away, Which hid my idol was a thing of clay, And false the altar I had knelt

t face it would produce a "calico" ef-fect too mechanical to be pleasing in a silk gown. The same size and shapp and color of pattern if ap-plied somewhat irregularly pro-duces quite a different effect. Two of the barley coras are nearer to-gether here, or perhaps out of line. This makes up a gown without the stiffness observable in small "set" noter the source of the twist of the source of the twist of old-fashioned wall paper. Moons in outline are visible on some fenerties of shining silk. They

motions in outline are visible on some lengths of shining silk. They must not be confounded with the coin spot of the same size or the large polka dot. White rings of medium size are our pretty mcons,

and sometimes a few small stars are

observed near the moon. Galaxy patterns and constella-tions of little pointed stars are disposed on the surface of navy blue, black and brown foulards in irre-

s'stible fashion. scrible fashion. Very wide brown foulards with dull inish show insignificant pat-terns disposed at wide intervals. These are for the benefit of those who desire a great deal of body color and a very small allowance are several explanations. Every-body knows the name of the jolly

of pattern printing. Chenile patterns, irregular zig-zags of white and black wander over the surface of some brown sike.

For an unknown reason the brown siks figured with 'white are very

siks figured with white are very much more pretty than those show-ing designs in black. Handsome reversible siks are plaited in white, the bars being narrow lines. There are three sizes of these plaids, the inch, half-inch and quarter-inch design. As there is no up and down to them, and both sides are equally brilliant ,these goods cut to great advantage. Goldon-brown pongee is one of our pretty spring fabrics. It comes in smooth finish and also in one slight-

smooth finish and also in one slight-ly roughened to the touch. Japan silks, cool as cool can be, and 23 inches wide, are sold at medfum and low prices, either solid colors or printed with white

Consolation in the Thought.

(Boston Globe.)

On the very same date that tells of the Japanese advance on Chansialin, Ehumynzo, Unsiandeo, Salitzaipudza and Sedzekhedze, how soothing and rest-ful it is to read that down in Maine the ce is going out of Moosehead, Capsuptic Caucomgomoc, Mooseluckmaguntic, Pen-nesseewasssete and Wcokenagacook Caucomgor lakes.

forgotten.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Suby's Own [lablets, Don't be afraid of this medicine; it is guarauteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the tablets to the sick child and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to facilth and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What gone, memories and day-dreams of that which might have been or that that which might have been or that which was. Graybeards of to-day, through the mist of decades, hear in the appealing isodences voices which long ago blended sweet so-prano with their bass. And the song itself! Nothing in the words beyond silly doggerel— but a silly doggerel which daugh-ingle softward to all the Southenpar ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence can you want? Mrs. D. A. McDairmid, Sandringham, Ont., says: "Baby's Own fl'ablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes. I consider them a perfect medi-cine for children and always keep them in the house?" You can perfect but a silly doggerel which Gaugh-ingly referred to all the Southerner held dear. The music, catchy, with a spark of the vital dire in the lift and turn of the dashing phrases, struck a responding chord in every listener hailing from the "land of cotton." them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medi-cine, or if you write the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. they will send you a box by mail post paid for 25 capta And the origin of the song? There for 25 cents.

Collation Salads.

comedian, Dan Emmet, who immor-talized the ballad, but few know where he got the phrase. One theory, long since exploded, was that the expression "Dixie's land" came from the phrase "Masna and Dixon line." The other was that a cer-tain farmer down in New Jersey, just before the war, ran his fields with fish salads, lobster or crab in-with near o labor and assumed the chucken salad is bester or crab inwith negro labor and assumed the cluded.

manners and the bearing of a south-Lettuce and olives are a good

manners and the bearing of a south-ern planter. His name was Dixie and topical songs of the period re-ferred to his estate as a miniature southland. Andiences which did not know the local reference took the song as referring to the real south, and Emmet, in his famous bal-lad, so used the expression. However, there is another story and one which brings the subject home to New Orleans. For twenty

the lettuce leaves for a while and one which brings the subject home to New Orleans. For twenty to garnish home to New Orleans. For twenty Carrots serve prettily to garnish years prior to the civil war the white salad, the lettuce adding just

Citizens' Bank of Louisiana was the great financial institution of the south, and ranked among the one or two largest in the land. Its name was as familiar upon the Paris bourse and the London ex-changes as is now the mame of the City National Bank of New York.

Paris bourse and the London ex-changes as is now the name of the City National Bank of New York, licious in a chicken salad. In the days of "shin plasters" and deprecinted state bank currency the issues of the Citzans' Bank passed at par all over the land. It is best-known issue was a ten-in no same should it be chopped.