HOLDING HANDS

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, With an Illustration Posed Especially For This Newspaper by Pauline Frederick, Famous Star of "Joseph and His Brethren."

cox's annex. Pairs or trios of people, bareheaded, their tennis clothes mostly covered from view by clumsy coonskin moon: coats, passing Willcox's, would break in upon whatever else they may have been saying to make such remarks as: "He can t be, or he wouldn't be at Willcox's;" or contradictorily: "He must be, or he'd do something besides sit in the sun"; or, "Don't thy always have to drink lots of milk?" or, Anyway, they're quite positive that it's not catch-

The suspicion that this interesting young man was a consumptive was set aside by Willcox himself. He told Mrs. Bainbridge that Mr. Masters was recuperating from a very stubborn attack of typhoid. So Mrs. Bainbridge drove out to Miss Langrais' tea at the golf club, and passed on the glad tidings with an addition of circumstantial detail. Mister Masters had been sick for many months at-she thoughtthe New York Hospital.

ing"; or, "Poor boy, what nice hair he's

Mister Masters never remembered to have passed so lonely and dreary a February. The sunny South was a medicine that had been prescribed and that had to be swallowed. Aiken on the label had looked inviting enough, but he had found the contents of the bottle distasteful in the extreme. "The South is sunny," he wrote to his mother, "but, oh, my great jumping grandmother, how seldom! And it's cold, mummy, like being beaten with whips. You were right about the people here all being kind; they are all the same kind. I know them all now-by sight; but not by name, except, of course, some

who are stopping at Willcox's.
"But in spite of all this, there is a truth that must be spoken. I feel a thousand times better and stronger than when I came. I have no one to talk to but your letters. So don't stint me. Stint me with money if you can (here I defy you), but for the love of heaven keep me posted. If you will promise to write every day I will tell ou the name of the prettiest girl in day, and she looks my way out of the corner of her eye. And I pretend to be reading and try very hard to look

Mr. Bob Blagdon was entanglement. Aiken. She goes by eight times every handsome and interesting."

Such was the usual trend of his let-Such was the usual trend March 7 be-ters. But thest one dated March 7 be-his first wife, and wished to replace her gan with the following astonishing with little Miss Blythe, not to supplant statement:

on to explain why.

But Mister Masters was not allowed to love Aiken until he had come through the whole gauntlet of gossip. But finally the real truth about him, or something like it, got out; and the hatchet of suspicion was buried, and there was peace in Aiken.

This was the truth that got out about Mister Masters. He was a nephew of the late Bishop Masters. His mother, on whom he was dependent, was very rich; she had once been prominent in society. He was thirty, and was good at games. He did not work at any-

So he was something that Aiken could not understand and appreciate; a young man who was well-born, who didn't have to work-and who didn't want to.

Aiken took a great fancy to Mister Masters. First because Aiken was giving him a good time, and, second, because he was really good company when you got him well cornered and thing worth having." So when he was his habitual fright had worn off.

But gradually he became almost at ease with nearly everybody; and in

made about as much progress as a clously smiling.

"No," said little Miss Blythe, upon said Mr. Blagdon, being sharply cross-questioned by Mrs. "Of course," said the shy one, blush-Hotchkiss, "he practically never does ing. "But, I'm not to do anything say anything

Mrs. Hotchkiss dug a little round hole in the sand with her long black I' little Miss Blythe.

"Some men," said she, "can't say 'Boo' to a goose."

and sisters; no money, as we reckon ple under obligations. When I think herself might choose from innumerable shudder." She smiled innocently and face was tanned so brown), and she then their debts all have to be forwas strong and quick as a pony. All given. the year 'round she kept herself in the pink of condition ("overkept herself," swimming, playing all games and eating to match. She had a beautiful, His slow eyes continued to look into the original of Paul Emanuel in "Vil- Times says, "as if they were part of hidden and coaxed by veils and soft was turned up to him. things, but a face that looked beautiful above a severe Eton collar, and at any distance.

Foolish people said that she had no heart, merely because no one had as yet touched it. Wise people said that Blagdon had an opportunity to speak he has been actuated largely by regard in Brussels, first as a pupil and then

Nothing would have astonished her Miss Blythe had a secret, the darkly hipaen quality of which she was dread. fully ashamed. At heart she was nothing if not sentimental and romandia And often when she was thought to be sleeping the dreamless sleep of the trained athlete who stores up enorgy for the morrow's contest, she was sitting at the windows in her ightgown, looking at the moon and reaving all sorts of absurd adventures sbout herself and her particular fancy f the moment

And at 23 it was high time for her marry and settle down. First, beause she couldn't go on playing games and showing horses forever, and, secbecause she wanted to. But with m she wanted to marry and settle was very honest.

[Copyright b. Chas. Scribner's Sons.] down she could not for the life of her At first not ly knew him; then the have said. Sometimes she thought that Hotchkisses ...ew him, and then it it would be with Mr. Blagdon. He was seemed as it everybody had always rich and he was a widower; but wherknown him. He was first noticed sit-ting in the warm corner made by Will- he had some of the finest horses in the world, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Sometimes she said to the

> "I'll give myself a year, and if at the end of that time I don't like anybody better than Bob, why. " in a different mood, "I'm tired of everything I do; if he happens to ask me tomorrow I'll say yes."

Then there came into this young wo-man's life Mister Masters. And he blushed his blush and smiled his she wasn't looking at him (and she was. And one night she said to the verybody is talking about it, butand a tear like a diamond stood in it's Harry Masters or—bust!"

Mr. Bob Blagdon, the rich widower. had played a waiting game; he knew very well that beneath her good nature little Miss Blythe had a proud temper and was to be won by the man who should make himself indispensable to her. She is an honest girl, he told himself, and she is always putting herself under obligations to me. Let her ride down lover's lane with young Blank or

Miss Blythe liked him because she was used to him and because he could talk sense. But she was afraid of him because she knew he expected her to marry him some day, and because she woods. . . and—and if your knew other people, including her own swer is to be my happiness, why, she felt ready to take unto herself all drive me home, will you?"" the horses and country places and automobiles and yachts, and in a life lived regardless of expense to bury and forget her better self. But more often she wished by one desperate effort to free you can walk home." Mr. Bob Blagdon was considered a just as if nothing but what was light good fellow. There is no reason to and amusing was in question between doubt that he was a good husband to them.

bashful youth with a crooked smile.

think that she would never marry any- roses. body at all. of time before little Miss Blythe would with her he felt as if he was with an

the shyest, gentlest way enjoyed him- Masters was presently obvious to Mr. the picnic should be over. She had self hugely. But the prettiest girl in Blagdon and to others. To a man in asked Masters to drive out with her; Aiken had very hard work with him. love there is no redder danger signal and how much that had delighted him I don't mean that the pair sat or than a sight of the object of his af- nobody knew (alas!) except Mister wandered over to the noisy group of stood or walked in absolute silence. Infections sitting contentedly with anMasters himself. She had during the which Blagdon was the grave and silent deed, little Miss Blythe could never be other man and neither of them saying last few weeks given him every opporsilent for a long period nor permit it as much as "Boo" to the other. The tunity which her somewhat unconvenwould keep her promise. He believed a wedding present to remind you of my in others, but I mean that with the first time Blagdon saw them together tional soul could sanction. In a hun- in his heart that her decision would lines and the machinery of a North At- he thought; the second time he felt; dred ways she had shown him that she be favorable to him; but he was watchlantic liner, their craft of propinquity the third time he came forward gra-

"Don't you ride, Mister Masters?"

violent before June."

ve a string of ponies that are eating cane, and made an insulting face at their heads off. I'd be delighted to mount you." Miss Blythe looked serenely up.

"I never saw such a fellow as you, Little Miss Blythe had many brothers Bob," said she, "for putting other peomoney; and only such prospects as she of the weight of my personal ones I offers. She was little; her figure look- looked up into his face. "When people ed best in athletic clothes (low neck can't pay their debts they have to go didn't do well with her, because her through bankruptcy, don't they? And

hand had been suddenly laid upon the the Times, which contained four hith- ever had." The letters (originally writsome said), dancing, walking, running, most sensitive part of his back; but erto unpublished letters written by his expression underwent no change. Charlotte Bronte to Professor Heger, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, read, as the clean-cut face, not delicate and to be the beautiful, brightly-colored face that lette."

n the dollar."

when she did fall in love sparks would to little Miss Blythe. Under the cir- for his father's memory, for there have as a teacher, and had finally left it at ed was a declaration: they were in full gested that there was something in the world more than to learn that little view of everybody; anybody might relations between Heger and Charlotte stroll up and interrupt.

"Phyllis," said he, "you have been Will I do?" "Oh, Bob!" she protested.

without a fine ring of manliness. "Have fection. One of those curious mixtures I made good? She smiled bravely and looked nonchalant as possible; but her heart him, except at certain intervals, and in was beating heavily.

his share of the correspondence. "I will MAKE you happy," he said. "Has it never entered your head that some time you must give me

an answer?" She nodded her dear head, for she

crooked smile and looked at her when knew that he was looking) and was unable to say as much as "Boo" to her; and in the hidden springs of her nature that which she had always longed for happened, and became, and moon: "I know it isn't proper for me o be so attentive to him, and I know and she rested her beautiful brown chin on her shapely, strong, brown hands, each of her unbelievably blue eyes, and she looked at the moon, and said: "But

(so timidly to the eye, but really so picnic in Red Oak Hollow. masterfully) into little Miss Blythe's a twinkle she knew that horses and hot with heaviness. It was clear and with little Miss Blythe.

nad told him it was only a question ways been fond of him," they said, and, of course, he can give her every-

engaged girl. But what was hidden from Mister to ask Blagdon to drive her home when

"Sorry," said Mr. Blagdon, "because

"I've liked being good friends -much," she said. "Don't spoil it."

SITTING CONTENTEDLY AND NEITHER OF THEM SAYING AS MUCH AS "BOO" TO THE OTHER.

"I suppose so," she said. "A decision is expected from us," said he. "People are growing tired of our long backing and filling." "People! Do they matter?"

"They matter a great deal. And you young Dash, she will not be able to forget that she is on my favorite mare.

Miss Blythe liked him because she is a suppose they do. Let make the saying good-by. She was set that she is on my favorite mare.

Give me two weeks. I shall silent for a moment; then, smiling with a kind of reckless gavety, she lifted think about nothing else."

"Thank you," he said. "Two weeks. . . . That will be full moon. I shall ask all Aiken to a picnic in the . . and-and is your anfamily, expected this of her. Sometimes shall come up to me, and say, 'Bob-"And if it's the other answer, Bob?"

> "If it's the other, Phyllis-why-you-She laughed joyously, and he laughed,

Blagdon had preceded his guests by ife, she could no longer tolerate the half an hour, and was already at the yachts and great riches would never bestarred. Furthermore, it was so still

Her own mind was made up from the ground, so that people sitting on the courage to hurry to her side; and, the first; even to going through any rugs could eat from it with comfort, though there his courage had failed utnumber of awful scenes with Blagdon. stood beneath the giant red oak that terly, his action had been such as to But as time passed and her attentions gave a name to the hollow. The white deter others from joining her. So, for (I shall have to call it that) to Mister damask and the silver and cut glass there was nothing else to do, they Masters made no visible progress, there gleamed in the light of dozens of can- found a thick rug and sat upon it, and were times when she was obliged to dies. The flowers were Marechal Niel leaned their backs against a log.

At the last moment, when to have Blagdon to drive her home. voice was heard.

rose at her throat. She was grave for nicuse.

her-and silent. The truth was that she had during the last ten minutes made up her mind Blythe.

failure. They had gotten no further in Then his eyes caught little Miss

sweet smells of the night. And finally she had given him up as a bad job!
At Mister Masters, now seated near At Mister Masters, now seated near there?" she said finally to Mister Masters the other end of the table, she lifted shy eyes; but he was looking at his us, but he's watching us like a lynx. Yes, I suppose they do. Let me off plate and crumbling a piece of bread. a kind of reckless gayety, she lifted

her glass of champagne and turned to the host. "To you!" she said. Delight swelled in the breast of Mr. Bob Blagdon. He raised his hand, and from a neighboring thicket there rose

guitars and the loud, sweet singing of as if inviting him to see He smiled in his usual bantering negroes.

ou ever see anything like it?" But when Mister Masters entered smelling dark to Mr. Bob Blagdon's bodied spirits engaged in some tranquil said to Masters: "With the heart-with and celestial dance.

It was not wholly by accident that idea of marrying Mr. Blagdon. All in scene of the picnic. The night was Mister Masters found himself alone make up to her for the loss of a long, that candles burned without flickering. by the gayety of the dinner and then awe and wonder, he found a certain A table thirty feet long and low to by the wonder of the moon, he had had Little Miss Blythe had not yet asked

One reason for his awful bashfulness been any later would have been either she had made up her mind to do so, it and silence was that certain people rude or accidental, little Miss Blythe's would only be at the last possible moment of the twelfth hour. It was now And the moon sailed higher and higher in the heavens. "Isn't it wonderful?" said Little Miss

"Wonderful!" "Just smell it!" "Umm."

Her sad, rather frightened eyes liked him immensely; and well-if he ing her where she sat with Masters and liked her in the same way, he would knew that his belief in what she would have managed to show it, in spite of decide was not strong enough to make his shyness. The drive out had been a him altogether happy.

conversation than the beauty and the Blythe's, but she turned hers instantly away. "Do you see old Mr. Black over

> . . . Did you ever start a plece of news?" "Never," said Mister Masters.

"It would be rather fun," said little Miss Blythe. "For instance, if we held hands for a moment Mr. Black would see it, and five minutes later everybody would know about it."

Mister Masters screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and took her abruptly the music of banjos and hand in his. Both looked toward Black

"There," said little Miss Blythe, and was for withdrawing her hand. But Toward dessert nothing was to be heard but the exclamation: "For heaven's sake, look at the moon!" "Did she could feel the pulses beating in their tips. She knew that people were No one remembered to have seen the looking, but she felt brazen, unabashed. moon so large or so bright. Atomized and happy. Mister Masters' grip tight-Then she was frightened the soul." and ashamed, and had a rush of color to the face.

> But Masters leaned toward her, and, courage and his voice was wonderfully gentle and tender, and he smiled and he whispered: "Boo!" Only then did he set her hand free for one reason there was no need now

"Let go," she whispered.

of so slight a bondage; for another, Mr. Blagdon was approaching them, a to the efficacy of this method of treatlittle pale, but smaling. He held out ment. Occasionally a man was met Though his hand to little Miss Blythe, and she who boldly acclaimed that if it were took it.

so well that there is no need for me to they would die. On that point there Miss Blythe blinked at the lights and that eleventh hour in which heroines ask, and for you-to deny." He smiled is room for doubt and it is better to become Mrs. Bob Blagdon. "She's allooked very beautiful. She was all in are rescued by bold lovers. But Mis- upon her gently, though it cost him an take no chances, but still apply the ways been fond of him," they said, white and wore no hat. She had a red ter Masters was no bolder than a effort. "I wanted her for myself," he sait to be sure the trouble is ended. It effort. "I wanted her for myself," he salt to be sure the trouble is ended. It some of the farmers would ask him turned to Masters with charming might be well for someone to put a frankness, "but even an old man's solfish desires are not proof against the ent ways to see what the effect would swer, "But," said he, "those oats came doquence of youth, and I find a cer- be. The chicory plant also needs salt- on, stood out, covered the ground and tain happiness in saying from the bottom of my heart-bless you, my children.

The two young people stood before out any salt. him with bowed heads. "I am going to send you the silve and glass from the table," said he, "for " He looked upward at vicnic. . "If I could," said he, the moon, would give you that." Then the three stood in silence and

looked upward at the moon,

Love Letters of Charlotte Bronte Reveal Secret of a Heartache

Her Affection For Her French Tutor Disclosed by Hitherto Unpublished Letters—A Tragedy of Passionate Pleading— Tutor Repels Her Advances.

discoveries made for some time was when she wrote so despairingly to her Mr. Blagdon felt as if an iey-cold given to the world in a recent issue of literature master—"the only master I

These letters, which reveal a love-"Very honorable bankrupts," said he story at once passionate and tragic, carelessly, "always pay what they can have for long been in the possession of fierce heartache which makes "Villette" Dr. Heger's family, and his eldest son so painful a book to read. The next day, there being some has now handed them over to the care ozens of people almost in earshot, Mr. of the British Museum. In doing so cumstances, the last thing she expect- not been wanting persons who sugletters prove not only the tragic depth devotee, to whom the permission to poking about you since you were 17. of Charlotte's devotion to the professor, but the determined coldness with which he, a married man and a happy father, "I have tried to do," said he, not discouraged her too unrestrained afof despotto temper and good-heartedness, he even forbade her to write to her letters we find her crying out in despair at his long failures to perform

> Torn Up. He was so little interested in her letters that he seems to have torn them up, but, luckily, they have since been repaired with "thin paper strips" and "cotton thread."

One of the most interesting literary | Charlotte Bronte was 28 years old Villette,' or of some sadder, unpubished sequel to it." In these confessions we come upon the secret of the

Charlotte Bronte, it will be remembered, had gone to the Hegers' school the end of 1843, about six months before the first of these letters was written. She presents herself in each of Bronte that called for concealment. The them as a humble, almost a slavish, correspond, even occasionally, is a golden privilege.

Tormenting Dreams. Not having received an expected leter from her old master at the begin-

ning of 1845, she writes, for instance: Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me,

when you read this letter. You will

Forgive me, then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you forgotten you." again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings? I know that you will be irritated

(or neurotic) — that I have black stable manure. Hence there was a thoughts, etc. So be it, Monsieur; I big loss from any view point. Had the do not seek to justify myself; I sub- hay been cut on July 1st, and the land mit to every sort of reproach. All plowed right after much of the above I know is, that I cannot, that I will trouble would have been averted. not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical the hay could have been housed now pain than always have my heart la- to considerable advantage. When will cerated by smarting regrets. If my our farmers learn? master withdraws his friendship from me entirely I shall be altogether without hope! if he gives me a little -just a little-I shall be satisfiedhappy; I shall have a reason for living on, for working.

Pleading For Crumbs. So this passionate and pleading leter goes on:

Monsieur, the poor have not need He had yields of 80 bushels pnot know what to do with a friend- of soil. ship entire and complete-I am not used to it. But you showed me of pupil in Brussels, and I hold on to

You will tell me perhaps-"I take

Well, Monsieur, tell me so frankly. It will be a shook to me. It matters cultivated that fall until late, when he not. It would be less dreadful than plowed it deep and next year put corn uncertainty. finishing touch on the grass.

send it as I have written it. Nevertheless, I have a hidden consciousness that some people, cold and common-sense, in reading it would say: "She is talking nonsense." I would avenge myself on such persons in no other way than by wishing them one single day of the torments which I have suffered for eight months. We should then see if they would not talk nonsense,

"Humiliating." That, surely, is as tragic a letter as ever was penned. The literature of vain-longing contains nothing more poignant. And the fourth of the letters utters the same cry of wretched-

ness: I tell you frankly that I have tried meanwhile to forget you, for the remembrance of a person whom one thinks never to see again, and whom, nevertheless, one greatly esteems, frets too much the mind; and when one has suffered that kind of anxiety for a year or two, one is ready to do anything to find peace once more. I have done everything; I have sought occupations: I have denied myself absolutely the pleasure of speaking about you-even to Emily; but I have been able to conquer neither my regrets nor my impatience. That, indeed, is humiliating-to be unable to control one's own thoughts, to be the slave of a regret, of a memory, the slave of a fixed and dominant idea which lords it over the mind. Why cannot I have just as much friendship for you as you for me-neither more nor less? Then should I be so tranquil, so free-I could keep silence then for ten years without an ef-

She goes on to plead with him for a letter—a letter, not of reproach, but really about himself:

Monsieur, I have a favor to ask of you: when you reply to this letter speak to me a little of yourself, not of me; for I know that if you speak of me it will be to scold me, and this time I would see your kindly side. Speak to me therefore of your children. Never was your brow severe when Louise and Claire and Prosper were by your side. Tell me also something of the school, of the pupils, of the governesses. Are Mesdemoiselles Blanche, Sophie, and Justine still at Brussels? Tell me where you travelled during the holidays-did

you go to the Rhine? Nourishment For Half a Year. Then she reminds him that though may not be very interesting to him write to an "ex-assistant governess," is "life" to her to hear from him:

Your last letter was stay and prop to me-nourishment to me for half a year. Now I need another, and you will give it me; not because you bear me friendship-you cannot have much-but because you are compassionate of soul and you would condemn no one to prolonged suffering to save yourself a few moments' trouble. To forbid me to write to you, to refuse to answer me would be to tear from me my only joy on earth, to deprive me of my last privilege-a privilege I never shall consent willingly to surrender. Believe me, mon maitre, in writing to me it is a good deed that you will do. So long as I believe you are pleased with me, so long as I have hope of receiving news from you, I can be at rest and not too sad. But when a prolonged and gloomy silence seems to threaten me with the estrangement of my master-when day by day I await a letter, and when day by day disappointment comes to fling me back into overwhelming sorrow, and the sweet delight of seeing your handwriting and reading your counsel escapes me as a vision that is vain, then fever claims me-I lose appetite and sleep-I pine

May? I would rather wait a year, but it is impossible—it is too long. Why She Loved French.

May I write to you again next

I have never heard French spoken but once since I left Brussels-and then it sounded like music in my ears-every word was most precious to me because it reminded me of you - I love French for your sake with all my heart and soul.

The publication of these intensely true and passionate letters is certainly one of the notable literary events of

Bladder Campion Found in Many Districts of Eastern Ontario-Delay in Cutting Hay Gives Chance For Weeds to Ripen-Heavy Crop of Rape Will Smother Quack Grass-Dust Blanket for the Corn Field.

The better farming special which Prof. Howitt's method if the A. C., in along a number of the C. P. R. Guelph, was strongly recommended in hes in Ontario attracted considerable dealing with these weeds. It worked interest at the various points where out well last season wet and all as it it stopped for a day at a time.

aried features afforded, and many tons stable manure per acre. ion of the questioners.

goes under various names as Bell weed Cow Bell. Rattle weed, wrongly called White Cockle in places, and a very fancy new name it got at Kempthough he was trembling with fear and ville of Silver Bell. Whenever reported of a family of seven children reared farmers claimed it was a bad one to! deal with and they are right. It has a thick fleshy root stalk and entrenches itself very deeply in the soil. Where plants can be handled individually, the course advised was to dig it just below the crown and then put a handful of salt on the root stalk. Many attested seed oats to sow and set his hired man cut well back into the ground about ing was done and prevented re-seeding. "Phyllis," said he, "I know your face the time the seeds were forming, that wire on some roots treated in differing down. Not so with Blue Weed or Burdock. If they are cut below the side. He said he actually threshed 80

Time for Cutting Hay. It is hard to convince the Eastern Ontario farmer that he should cut his a field of hav just over the fence. like most meadows this year. Many of the timothy heads were prematurely ripe, due probably to the joint worm. It was out of blow from all appearances. It was infested with weeds, such as Ox-eye, Daisy and Bladder Campion. These weeds were maturing their seeds some of which were falling to the ground. The rest would ripen in the hay and be distributed on the Haying is now quite general in Eastern Ontario, the 17th of July. Most of

Disposing of Wild Mustard. A farmer living near Chesterville, claimed he had a better and cheaper method of killing wild mustard than using the iron sulphate or copper sulphate solutions. His method was to chip his oat crop back just when the mustard was blooming out nicely. He had done it for four years now, and had always had a good --op of oats. acre. of much to sustain them-they ask It must be remembered that he has only for the crumbs that fall from some rich land in the Nation Valley, the rich men's table. But if they are and his method might not be safe to refused the crumbs they die of apply on high dry lands. The iron hunger. Nor do I, either, need much sulphate or the copper sulphate soluaffection from those I love. I should tions will do the trick on any kind

Next to Bladder Campion, more yore a little interest, when I was your questions were asked about these two weeds. They are very cosmopolitan. the maintenance of that Httle inter- No weed yet is causing more loss to est-I hold on to it as I would hold farmers, taking the province over, than ed it across the table. Couch Grass. Sow Thistle is bad in heavy soils, but it can be handled sucnot the slightest interest in you, Mar cessfully. A farmer near Inkerman demoiselle Charlotte. You are no long- said a neighbor of his had a field very er an inmate of my House; I have had with it two years ago. He had seeded it down, and after cutting the hay on it he plowed it shallow and

Thorough cultivation put the

Sow Thistle and Couch Grass.

was. It is to bare fallow a piece in-A goodly number of farmers avail- fested with these weeds making the ed themselves of the opportunity its ground rich to grow things, with 20 problems were solved to the satisfact- vate with a broad shared cultivator often enough to keep all growth down Of more than passing interest were until the second week in July, when and amusing was in question between hem.

* * *

Moon so large or so bright. Atomized and happy. Mister Masters grip ugitation between hem.

* * *

Along the Whiskey Road the whole time heavenly odors of flowers began act of little Miss Blythe's will.

Of more than passing interest were until the second week in July, when the weeds which were gathered fresh at each point and used for demonstrate time heavenly odors of flowers began not an act of little Miss Blythe's will. her. To his three young children he was a perfect father.

Was a perfect father.

Was a perfect father.

Was a perfect father.

Whis three young children he floating population of Aiken moved on to move hither and thither, to change horseback or wheels through the sweet- places, to return, and pass, like disem-Campion, which seems to be getting this time the rape is half grown and pretty strongly entrenched on many stades the ground so thoroughly that farms from Toronto to Apple Hill. It it finishes the smothering process for both Sow Thistle and Quack Grass.

Thick and Thin Seeding. A gentleman at Tweed, who was one on 50 acres of land, in the vicinity of that village, said that he had always believed in thick seeding with oats until by accident he became a convert, at least on strong land to thinner seeding. He had bought some well selected

to do the work. He only used half the quantity of seed intended. A heavy rain came on just after the seedso it had to be left. Then it came up, Huyck said "the plants were scarcely close enough to be neighbor-As it was along the roadside, banteringly what he had planted in his field. He always gave an evasive anbecame the comment of all the country crowns, it is all up with them with- bushefs to the acre of a fine sample of oats. Since that he doesn't use so much seed.

Cultivating Corn in a Dry Time. One of the demonstrative features in

timothy hay before the Orange walk drainage consisted of tubes, showing takes place. At Kemptville, there was how much moisture would be saved on clay and sand soils by having 1 in. or a field of may just over the from where the train stopped, which 2 in. of a dust blanket to prevent the served as a good object lesson. It was loss of capillary water. After hearan old meadow and rather a thin one, ing the explanation, one young farmer exclaimed, "Why I thought if I went to cultivating my corn I would let off all the water instead of retaining it. No doubt there are many who lost valuable days they might have spent to the best of advantage in the hoed

rops for a similar reason. Sheep as Weed Destroyers. The advisability of keeping a smal. lock of sheep to aid in the eradication noxious weeds was frequently urged when discussing weeds and seeds Comparatively few are kept. chief reason assigned is the danger from roadside curs. One Scotch farmr says put a tax of \$50 on the dogs. That will weed them out. Sheep should be worth more than dogs any day wo farmers said, "I had burdocks galore. I turned my sheep in the

fields where they were, and soon they all disappeared. Let more sheep and fewer curs be ke GAVE THE "HEIR" AWAY.

He was, so he gave forth at the seaside boarding-house, the only son of the mayor of an inland city, and he was simply rolling in money But, alas! the mayor's son fell from the high pillar of fame on which his

own glib tongue had placed him. was thuswise: One morning, while the boarders were at breakfast, the servant brought in the letters, and by mistake handed a postcard to a gentleman of a similar name to that of the worthy mayor's

The gentleman read the postcard with a surprised look on his face, and then, glancing at the address, he hand-

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but I think this is meant for you." The "heir of unbounded wealth"

glanced at the postcard, blushed vividly and left the table hurriedly. Ten minutes later he had taken his departure. postcard bore the following The

words: "Come back at once. The other jan-

ftor is Ill.