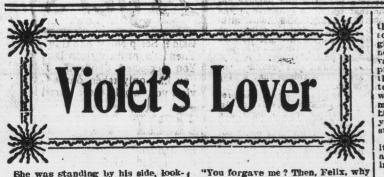
THE ATHENS REPORTER JULY 13 1904



"You forgave me? Then, Felix, why will you not take me into your heart again?" His face grew deathly pale-his hands trembled. She saw such deep emotion in his face that her own She was standing by his side, look-ng down on him with a light on or face that had not shone there or long years. Never had this

her face that had not smooth this for long years. Never had this beautiful woman looked more beau-tiful than now, with her charm-ing head bent over him, stand-ing in the half-darkened room, like a vision of light. The crimson glow of the fire and the

and they were filled with gold he offered her title, money, jeweld -everything that women love. He

ne offered her title, money, jewels -everything that women love. He laughed to scorn the notion that any tie to me bound her. 'Leave him, he said-he is poor. Come to me-I am rich.' What did she do,

this love of mine, who held my heart in her hands?" The beautiful head drooped low-er and lower. "Have pity on me, Felix," she cried—"have pity!"

'I do not mean to be hard; I am

only telling the truth. This is my version of the story, Violet. What did she do? Did the first noble hp-stincts of true womanhood come to her? Did she turn with fidelity

beautiful woman looked more beau-tiful than now, with her charm-ing head bent over him, stand-ing in the half-darkened room, like a vision of light. The crimson glow of the fire and the soft radiance from the lamp on the table fell over her. She wore a very handsome dress, which showed her founded arms-a dress that in the ruddy fire-light presented most mar-vellous hues. With it she wore a very flamond necklace, and diamond stars shone in the goklen hair. There was lowe-love such as had not shone there since she had bidden him farewell. The fire-light gleamed on her jeweled hands, on her marvelous face, her goklen hair.

page num intervent. The interlight gleamed on her jeweled hands, on her marvelous face, her golden hair. She stood before him in all the pride and magnificence of her wealth and her loveliness, a vision such as rarely greets the eyes of men. And, se he looked at her with comewhat when I remember that she once placed her arms around my neck and promised to be my wife. Then over the heaven of my content what clouds came! I was working—as man seklom works—to make a home for my darling, and place her in it. I he looked at her, with somewhat wonder and inquiry on his face, she sunk slowly on to her knees, and bent her head before him. "Lady Chevenix," he cried, "you must not do that. I cannot allow

worket slowly on to her knees, and bent her head before him. "Lady Cheveniz," he cried, "you must not do that. I cannot allow if " She laid her hand on his arm-the hand on which shone her wedding ring. "Listen to me, Felix," she said-and the sweet voice stirred unwont-edly his heart and soul. "I have waited impatiently for this hour. You are going away to-morrow; and I must smeak to you to-night, Marian wanted impactency to this north and I must speak to you to night, Marlan is in the ante-room there; I brought her with me. I told her I must speak her with me. I told her I must speak to you to-night, and she came at once. Felix, will you listen?" "How can I help but listen?" bropiled. "What do you wish to say to me. Lady Chevenix?" With a charming gesture of impa-tience she laid a linger on his lips. "You must not call me 'Lady Chevenix," she said. "I am 'Vic-let' to you. Say 'Violet,' and then I will tell you what I came for." Perhaps, if he had had time to prepare himself, to think matters over. to take some precautions, he

prepare himself, to think matters over, to take some precautions, he would have known better how to listen and what to say. As it was, she seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him, of his whole nature.

You make me say what you will, Violet," ho said. She clasped her hands, and laid them upon his arm.

to me? No. She fung my love back in my face, she trampled my life under her feet, and she crush-ed my heart in her hand—she jilted me! Nay, do not shrink from the word, Violet; it is the only one. She jilted me—left me to be the sphicat of men's lowforter and wo "I want to teil you a story, Felix," she said-"give me your attention while I narrate it. Years subject of men's laughter and wo-men's jeers-left me to a burning fire of anguish that nothing could slacken or cool-left me with my life ruined." ago there was a girl-young, foolish, and, the world said, fair. She was and, the world said, fair. She was yain, too, of her beauty, and expect-ed to achieve great things with it. She loved with all her heart someone who was more than worthy of her love, and she promised to be his wife. But sorrow and misfortune came to him, while a wealthy wooser sought her—one who offered her wealth and title, houses and lands—and she-well, I am ashamed of her, Felix. She was vain, and much weaker than a woman; she was young, too, and not Again she raised her hands to him, and cried: "Have pity on me! You are terg ribly hard." "Nay, I am but just, Violet. And then this woman who had left me to laughter and ruin came to me— oh, heaven, that women can be so light ! -came to me with a smile and asked me to take her into my heart again The past, which had been one long woman; she was young, too, and not overwise. She had nobility enough, agony to me, was to be condoned by a smile, the torture of years to be soothed by a few kind words " He stopped; the passion of his own overwise. She had hounty enough, however, to see what was right, though not to do it. She was tempted by her love of suxury and comfort-she was badly advised, wrongly influ-enced; and she, weaker, I say again, words mastered him. "You said you had forgiven me, dear"; and Violet's hands touched his than a woman, gave up her loverclustering hair. loved—and married the wealthy suitor, How she suffered no one knows, no one can tell. Her marriage turned out to be a most dis turned out to be a most disactour one. She had move, luxury of every kind, but she never had one moment of happiness—one moment of peace, of rest. Ste had outward gayety, out-ward brilliancy and pleasure; but ward brilliancy and pleasure; but her life was one round of lamentation and anxious sorrow. No one knew what she suffered ; no one knew knew what she suffered; no one knew how she regretted the lost true, dear love who would have made her life a heaven on earth. After she was married, she met him again, and-well, he was always cold and dis-tant to her. What she thought and had left me for money, my very sorrow had a dignity in it. What should I be now, even in your eyes, if I took you back to my heart with the same money that your falsehood had won? I should be less than a man." tant to her. What she thought and what she suffered was known to herself. Then, after long years of humiliating servitude she was alone again and free. What do you think she did, Felix?" "I cannot say," he replied, in a "I can not understand you," she "I can not understand you, sue said, piteously. In his passion he seemed to fise to a height which that weak soul could not reach'; but the pitiful pleading voice touched him and made him gentle again. He look-ed down into the lovely face. "Wight you will understand this. low, hoarse voice. "I will tell you. After those long years she found that she still loved the dear companion of her youth. She said to herself that he had never She said to herself that he had never married—perhaps he still cared for her—and one night, when he was sit-ting alone, she went to him—as I havo come to you—knelt by his side —as I kneel by yours—and prayed to him—as I pray to you—'Oh, my lost love, my dear love, forgive me, and take me to your heart again." And the lovely head drooped until it lay upon his arm. "Violet, you will understand this, Suppose that when you loved me most I had left you and had mar-ried a rich woman-a woman whom I did not love, but married solely because she was rich-that she died after a few years, and I came back to you, with her money in my hands, and asked you to share it -would you do it?" "Yes, I think I should, Felix." lay upon his arm.

"I am so sorry for it all, Feilx," the sweet voice went on-'so very corry. You see, dear, there were great excuase for ma, though they do not ceem great to you. I was very van-every one flattered me and praised me, and I was led away. I thought my beauty was great eno gh to merit any station. Then, Feilx, i was so young-and foolish! I have tep inted o' it ever sinze I love you now just as much as when we stood in the moonlight together." He raised her face and looked into it. It was beautiful enough to tempt any man to forego honor. He looked into the depths of the violet eyes. "You are sorry for it, Violet," he said-"really and truly sorry?" "Yes; I am indeed, Feilx"; and ber hands were clasped round his own. ""Answer me truly-if the time came over arain, would you act in

"Answer me truly-if the time came over again, would you act in the same manner?" The soft error are interested ball of the went out through the window.

came over again, would you act in the same manner?" The soft eyes wavered half a mo-ment, and then fell. "I cannot tell; it cannot come over again. That is a strange question. Answer me one-truly, Felix. Do you I by me ?" She saw the sudden gleam of pas-sion light in bits from out docord docord participation.

Answer me one-truly, Fellx. Do you love me "" She saw the sudden gleam of pas-sion light in his face and deepen in his eyes. "Do I love you? Yes. Heaven help me, I do? If I did not love you. I should not suffer." "You are not quite sure that you have not met any one since whom you liked even ever so little, Felix?" "No," he answered; "when a man has loved a woman like you, Violet, it is not easy to forget her." "Then, Felix, if you love me and I kove you, why should we not be happy? What stands between us?" "My own hohor," he replied-"my dignity as a man, my pride as a gentieman. If you were penniless, Violet, I would kneel to you, I vow, and pray you to be my wile." "Your dead husband's cold-the "Your dead husband's cold-the

"Then give me a proof. I hate this wealth for which you forsook me! I hate this splendor and magnifi-

cence for which you bartered your truth and fidelity! I will never bene-

truth and fidelity? I will never bene-fit by them. They robbed me of you, they destroyed the best part of my life—I will have none of them! No man shall say to me that I profited by your falseboad and enjoyed the price of your sin—for it was a sin, Violet. Listen to me, my darling. This is what my honor dictates—and my honor is dearer to me than my life. I love you, and ask no higher gift from Heaven than to call you my own; but you must come to me un-

own; but you must come to me un-fettered with dead Sir Owen's wealth

-i will have note of it : fou must, give up your mansion, your jewels, your servants-all the magnificence furnished by him. I will provide a beautiful house for you-not grand and stately like this, but a home that

shall be a heaven of love. You mar-ried for money, Violet-money did not bring you happiness. Now marry for love-that will." She looked up at him with a be-wildened on

"I do wot understand. Do you mean that I am to surrender all the fortune my husband has left me?" "I mean just that, Violet; I will never share it."

never share it." "But, Felix," the said, "that would be absurd, now that it is all mine to do as I like with. What could

You must

-I will have none of it !

COVER CROPS FOR ORCHARDS.

When and How to Sow-The

"What stands between us?" she asked again, "Your dead husband's gold-the gold for which you broke your pilght-ed troth and left me. You say, Violet, that you were young and thoughtless when you sinned, that you hardly realized all you were doing. I believe that. Suppose now I believe in you, and again let myself drift upon the golden sea of hope and love. Some wealthier suitor might come-an earl this time-and you would leave me once more." "No, never again," she cried, cling-ing to him-"never again !" His face softened into deepest ten-derness as he looked at her. The old Sorts. On May 17th, the Dominion Fruit Inon May 17th, the Dominion Fruit in-spectors met in the orchard at the Cen-tral Experimental Farm and discussed cover crops. The subject was intro-duced by Mr. W. T. Macoun, horticulduced by Mr. W. T. Macoun, horticul-turist, who gave his experience with different plants used for this purpose, and told what he considered were the principal uses of cover crops. He said that the importance of a covering for the soil in winter was strongly impress-ed on him after the winter of 1805-90, when meany trees were root killed at the derness as he looked at her. The old love so long trampled down and re-pressed seemed to leap into new and vigorous life. ed on him after the winter of 1895-96, when many trees were root killed at the Central Experimental Farm. Since that time the subject had received much at-tention by his department. 'the main uses of the cover crop are: To hold the snow in winter and thus protect the roots of the trees; to furnish vege-table matter to plough under in the "Never again!" the repeated. "I love you-and I would be true to

the roots of the trees; to furnish vege-table matter to plough under in the spring for the purpose of obtaining hu-mus and nitrogen; and to act as a catch erop in autumn to prevent leaching of plant food made available during the summer. He recommended, as the best general practice for growers, cultivating the soil until near or about the cuiddle the soil until near or about the middle of July when the trees have made most of their growth and do not need so much moisture, and then seeding down to Common or Mammoth Red clover, sown broadcast at the rate of 12 ibs sown broadcast at the rate of 12 has per acre, or with Hairy Vetch at the rate of 30 to 40 lbs per acre. Sown at that time these plants usually make a good cover by autumn. At the Cen-tral Experimental Farm, Hairy Vetch was sown on June 18th, 1903, in drills 98 inches appert at the rate of 20 ha per

28 inches apart at the rate of 20 lbs per acre. These received two cultivations and by the end of the first week in Aug-

and by the end of the first week in Aug-ust the plants were between the rows. By sowing earlier, as in this case, a bet-ter stand may be obtained, and by cul-tivation moisture is conserved while the plants are getting established. Twenty pounds per acre sown in drills in this way were found quite sufficient to make a good cover. There was practically an injury from mice where cover cross way were round units of the second se



A NIPISSING MAN.

Stricken With Partial Paralysis He Was Unable to Use Either Right Arm or Right Leg.

M'r. John Cra'g, a well-known far-

Mr. John Craig, a well-known lar-mer living near Kells, Nipissing dis-trict, Ont., is another of the many paralytics, who owes his present good health and ability to go about -if not life itself-to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Craig gives his experience as follows. "But for his experience as follows. "But for the blessing of God and the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills I do not be-lieve that I would be alive to-day. I was stricken with that terrible afflic-

was stricken with that terrible afflic-tion, partial paralysis, I had abso-lutely no power in my right arm or leg. I was not able to sit up-in fluct if I tried to do so I would fall over. I had to be lifted like a child and my family and friends believed death was very near. The doctor told me that he could do nothing me, and that I was liable at any mo-ment to have a second stroke which would carry me off. I was in this de-plorable condition, when I was ad-vised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for three boxes and before vised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for three boxes and before they were all used I could move the fingers on my hand, which had hith-erto been absolutely numb, and pow-erless. You can scarcely imagine my joy at this convincing proof that the pills were helping me. From this on I kept getting stronger and the con-trol of my paralyzed limbs gradually came back, until I was again able to walk about and eventually. to work. To my neighbors my cure

to walk about and eventually to work. To my neighbors my cure seeins like a miracle, as not one of them ever expected to see me out of bed again. I gladly give permission to publish the story of my cure, with the wish that it may bring life and hope and activity to sme oother sufferer."

The cure of Mr. Craig gives addi-tional evidence that is gives additional evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medi-cide, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medi-cines. You can get these pils from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a boar or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is print-ed on the wrapper around every box.

WORKMAN WORSHIPS HIS TOOLS.

Festival of Sri Pancham, Singular March Observance of India.

Of all the many wonderful sights in that wonderful land if Inuia, none is perhaps more striking to the European than the festival of Sri Pancham. Panthan the festival of Sri Pancham. Pan-cham is the god who looks after the im-plements of those who have to work for their living, and one day early in the year is set apart to pay homage to those implemnts. The night before the festival the mechanic polishes up his implements. If he is wont to look after a gas engine, he gives it a thorough overhaul, or if he be a carpenter, or a weaver, or a blacksmith, he makes his weaver, or a blacksmith, he makes his tools bright and lays them out for the oming morn. On the day of the festival the imple

other decorations, and during the day the religious minded Hindu offers dain-ties to his tools, particularly sweet-meats. While he offers the sweets he future labor. It is wonderful how the sweetmeat

enters into the life of the Hindu. It is eaten out of all proportion to his other food; but then, an Indian sweetmeat is a sweetmeat. Many a Hindu family lives a sweetment. Many a find thanly fire entirely on confections, and the latter do not carry with them the surfeit experi-enced after an overdose of butterscotch. The Mayara and Halwi castes make the confections, and the delicacies are highly prized by all classes of people in India— so much so ... at the demand for them

workers and basket makers. Barbers are workers and baset makers. Dirers are generally regarded as "unclean," and laundrymen are unequivocaly classed in the same lot, the idea being that they have ablot of dirty washing to do. Cer-tain domestic servants are also classed as tenders?" as 'unclean."

tas 'unclean." A person may lose caste by embracing Christianity or Mohammedanism, by go-ing to Europe or America, by marrying a widow, by publicly throwing away the sacred thread, by publicly eating beef, pork or fowl, by publicly eating kacht food cooked by a Mohammedan, Chris-tian or low class Hindu, officiating as a priest in the house of a very low class Sudra, and, if a woman, by immorality. --London Daily Express.

USE OF THE PROVERB.

Advantages That Are Witty and Otherwise.

Many proverbs have come down to us from remote ages and are common to all nations. It is said that a king of Samos worked his slaves nearly to death in making a vineyard; this provoked one of them to prophesy that his master would never drink of the wine. The King, being told of this, when the first grapes were produced, took a handful, and, pressing the juice into a cup in the presence of the slave, de-rided him as a false prophet. "Many things happen between the cup and the lip," the slave replied. Just then a shout was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard; the King, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it, and was killed in the en-counter. Henceforta the words of the slave passed into a proverb. From this Many proverbs have come down to us to meet it, and was killed in the en-counter. Henceform the words of the slave passed into a proverb. From this Greek original come two French pro-verbs: "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often spilt," and "Wine pour-ed out is not swallowed," Neither is so near the original as our English, "There's many a slip 'twirk cup and lip." It is curious to trace how simi-lar ideas have taken root in different languages, and the various modes of il-lustrating the same thought. To take, for instance, one or two familiar pro-verbs in our own language. We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The same idea is expressed by Italians when they say, "Better an egg to day than a pullet to-morrow," and the French proverb is still more significant, "One here it is is better than two you-shall-have its." "Better a lev-eret in the kitchen than a wild boar in the forest," the Livonian saying, con-veying the same meaning. Another well-known proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," which signifies that if a man has but the resolution, he will make use of such means as come to hand te attain his object. The French counteruse of such means as come to hand to attain his object. The French counter-

attain his object. The French counter-part of this says: "He that has a good head does not want for hats." The proverbs on luck are numerous and expressive in all languages. In Eng-lish we say, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." The Arabs convey the same idea in the apt proverb: "Throw him into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth"; while the Germans say: "If he flung a penny on the roof a dollar would come back to him." A Spanish proverb says: "God the root a donar would come back to him." A Spanish proverb says: "God send you luck, my son, and little wit will serve you." There is a Latin adage, "Fortune favors fools," and it is to this Fortune favors fools," and it is to this "Fortune favors fools," and it is to this Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques, "Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune." The Germans say: "Jack gets on by his stupidity," and "Fortune and women are fond of fools." There is also a Latin proverb which shows that the converse of this holds good "Fortune makes a fool of holds good. "Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favors."

holds good. "Fortune makes a fool ef him whom she too much favors." There is no doubt that much of what is called success in life depends upon "getting well into the groove" and keep-ing there. Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying: "If my fa-ther had made me a hatter men would have been born without heads," but this ean scarcely be called original, as an unfortunate Arab, ages ago, de-clared, "If I were to trade in winding sheets no one would die." It is to men of this stamp the French apply the proverb, "Falls on his back and breaks his nose"; the Italians, "He would break his "Falls on mis back and break his nose"; the Italians, "He would break his neck over a straw." "Misfortunes sel-dom comes singly," has many equivalents in all languages. The Spaniards say alone!" and "Whither goest thou, mis fortune? To where there is more? Italians have numerous proverbs in the same strain: "One ill calls another," "One misfortune is the eve of an-other." "A misfortune and a friar are seldom alone." The same applies also to good fortune. "It never rains but it pours," or, as the Arabs say, "If the wind blows it enters at every crevice." "He that is down, down with him," has the that is down, down with him," has its counterpart in all countries. 'He that falls all the world runs over." is the German mode of saying it, and the Por-tuguese proverb runs, "All bite the bit-ten dog" while the Perset excited. tuguese proverb runs, "All bite the bit-ten dog," while the French equivalent is, "When a dog is drowning everybody brings him drink."

He made no answer just then. Hi He made no answer just then. His whole soul was stirred within him -his whole heart touched. After a few minutes she raised her face to his, and he saw tears upon it. "Violet," he said, "I do not know what to say to you. You have taken me so completely by surprise. I am lost-bewildered. I cannot col-lect myself."

"Yes, I think I should, renx. "Perhaps I might have expected such an answer from you. I would tot act in such a fashion. I should be less than a man now to take dead Sir Owen's gold, and with it Shi looked at him with a half-

lect myself." "I thought you would say 'Yes' to me at once,' she returned, sadly. "Oh, Felly, have you not forgive: me ? Tell bewildered air, yet still seemed to think that she could persuade and soften him by sweet words. "I have been so unhappy without Fells, have you not forgive i me? Tell me that first. Have you forgiven

He looked at her thoughtfully, watching the fire-light gleaming on her golden hair and on her rich jew-He looked at her thoughtfully, watching the fire-light gleaming on her golden hair and on her rich jew-"Yes; I have forgiven you, Violet-I forgave you long ago." "Quite, or was it only a half for-giveness, Felix?" Lam sure of "Quite," her pended. "I am sure of "Context and the sure of the s

giveness, Felix?" "Quite," he replied. "I am sure of it. My heart was full of hot anger for many long months, but it died away; and then, when I saw that you were not happy. I forgave you." "With all your heart, Felix?" "With all my heart, Felix?" "With all my heart, be answered; and then there was silence for a few minutes between them.

"Yes, I have forgiven you. Listen to me, Violet. She came to me again, this woman who had betrayed me with the dead man's spoils in her hard. She came to me bright with "Do you not mine to do its I like with. what could I do with it?" "Build hospitals, churches—any-thing you like, except keep it." She looked at him thoughtfully. "Do you not think that that is very hard?" she said. "No, I do not; to share it, to bene-fit by it, would seem to me like sharing a sin. There is the true test of love, Violet. I forgive with all my heart the fault that you say was committed in the thoughtlessness of youth. Now I give you the chance lewels, radiant with the magnificence his wealth had provided for her - the wealth for which she left me. She held ou ther hands to me laden with his treasures; she brought to me the spoils her perfidy and falsehood had won for her. I should be less than a man if I shared those spoils with her-should I not, Violet ? When you left me, and men laughed because you bad left me for money committed in the thoughtlessness of youth. Now I give you the chance of redeeming it. Give up the wealth that tempted you to do me wrong, and I will bless the day that brings you to me again." He looked at the diamond necklace she wore; unclasping it, he laid it upon the table.

never share

"Your neck is a thousand times more beautiful," he said, "without that circlet. Can you give up all such deckings, Violet?" "It is such a thing to ask me,"

she said. "It is a true test of love. You had "It is a true test of love. You had to choose once before between me and money—then you chose money. I place the two before you again—which will you choose? You cannot plead youth, or ignorance or vanity, or even undue influence now. You have learned many things; and you have bearned many things; and You have learned many things; and I say this is a true test of love.But, Violet, it is not fair to ask you to decide hurriedly-take time over it. It is much to ask, I know; but I of-fer something better in return-and you shall never repent the sacrifice." "All the world would laugh at me,"

she said. she said. "The world would say you had given up all for love. But, Violet, mind, I do not wish to persuade you. I jehve the decision to yourself. For the second time in your life

you have to choose between love and you have to choose between love and money. Ponder it, and tell me in a few days what you have decided upon." . . She looked up at him wistfully. "Is that your final decision, Fe-lix?" she asked. "Yes; I cannot change it, Violet." Wost men make an idol of something:

"I have been so unhappy without you, Felix," she murmured. 'You doy not know it all; it scemed to me as theugh I had lost the half of my soul-wigen I lost you.—it is not wrong to say so to you now. I was very un-happy, Felix. I found out soon af-terward that I couid never be hap-py without you." He made no answer, and she took He could have be hap-py without you."

gers. She latu ner eyes. and closed her eyes. "Let me rest here for a few min-" che said; "here only have I

the Main indiant in ant

so much so ... at the de soil might be destroyed which would have been saved had there been a cover crop. Proof of this was furnishd by the great "freeze" in Essex County in 1899. The seed for the cover crop should be sown, if possible, when the ground is moist, as in the summer the seed will might be destroyed which would crop. Proof of this was furnishd by the great "freeze" in Essex County in 1899. The seed for the cover crop should be sown, if possible, when the ground is moist, as in the summer the seed will germinate quickly if there is moisture. of flour, peasemeal, pulverized rice, cream, etc., fried in "ghi" or baked in After the seed is sown the land should be rolled as this will bring the moisture to the surface and about the seed and strong solutions of sugar. So it will thus be seen that the Hindu, in offering sweets to his implements and his gods, does the best within his power to pay to the surface and about the seed and hasten germination. It is important to get growth started in good time, as there is sometimes a protracted drought in July and August, which prevents gerhomage to that which brings him the wherewithal to live. After the offering, the varions castes

in July and August, which prevents ger-mination and spoils the prospect for a good cover crop. In districts where the conservation of moisture is import-ant the cover crop should be turned un-der as soon as pessible in the spring and in some parts plants which wer killed by winter are preferred as there is no loss of moisture through them in spring. Leguminous plants are, on the whole, best for cover crops as they take ni-trogen from the air, but often oats and rape are used to good advantage. After the offering, the varions castes congregate together, eat the sweets and hold high holiday. The higher castes, among whom are numbered the Govern-ment elerks, etc., pay homage to the items by which they get their living. At one ceremony some thirty clerks erected an altar on the roof of the buildings in which they work. The altar was made of an old packing case, draped with pa-per, and surmounted by a large bottle of ink. Around the bottle were placed pen-holders, nibs, sealing wax, envelopes, blotting paper, and last, but not least, red tzpe. The clerks marched reverently to the ink bottle, etc.. offering them rape are used to good advantage.

blotting paper, and last, but hos host as red tape. The clerks marched reverently to the ink bottle, etc.. offering them gifts of food and coins, the service con-cluding, as usual, with a feast of sweet-meats. Only certain castes may eat of the sweetmeats offered by other castes to the rods.

Baby laughs when mother gives him Baby's Own Tablets they taste good and make him well and happy. They are mother's help and baby's

They are mother's help and bay's every day friend. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. The tablets aid digestion, cure col-ic, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse the bowels, allay teething irritation and cure all the commoa ills of child-hood. No cross, sleepless children in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Mrs. M. Ready, Denb'gh, Ont, says; "I don't know what h guer praise I can give Baby's Own Tablets than to say I would not be without them in the house. I have found them all that is claimed and keep them on hand to meet any emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents by writing The Dr. Wil-iams. Kansas Stories of a Tornado. to the gods. It is laid down, for instance, that a "Yes; I cannot change it, Violet; Most men make an idol of something; my idol is self-respect," he replied. "Yes, i! you are not framed in a golden setting;" he answered. She was silent then for a few mitutes, while the fire-light played over her golden hair, and he drew the long shining tresses through ilis fin-gers. She laid her eyes. "Let me rest here on a few min-ties," she said; "here only have I when she raised her eyes to his, they ware wet with teare, the teare there in the teare the teare there in the teare there in the teare there in the teare the teare there in the teare there in the teare there in the teare the teare there in the teare the teare there in the teare there in the teare there in the teare the teare the teare there in the teare there in the teare there in the teare the teare there in the teare the teare there in there teare the teare the teare there teare the teare th

BABY LAUGHS.

brings him drink." But there is a Spanish proverb we shall do well to remember; they say of a tedious writer. "He leaves no ink in his inkpot." It is impossible in an ar-ticle of this length to more than touch the fringe of this wide subject. Refer-ring as they do to almost every range of human concern and necessarily asso-ciated with the literature of every period, proverbs have helped to preserve the memory of events and ideas which oth-erwise would have been forgotten. The student will find they are abundantly capable of yielding most interesting in-formation.—London Globe.

WHAT BECOMES OF HAIRPINS.

Emile Zola Picked Up 187 of Them on One Walk.

What becomes of al the pins has long

been a grave question occupying the minds of the seriously inclined, and where all the hairpins go to has always been a question for women to ponder. The late Emile Zola thought he had The late Emile Zola thought he had some light on the destiny of hairpins when on a single afternoon's walk he picked up no less than 167. If a recent invention, however, is successful, says the New York Globe, it wil no longer be possible to follow a woman by the trail of the hairpin she leaves behind her. The new safety hairpin-meed new for the safety here man-is of her. The new safety hairpin-need it be said, invented by a mere man-is of the corkscrew variety, warranted not to come out until pulled.

Putting Him to the Test.

"Here, my boy," said the old gentle-man, "I wouldn't cry like that." "G'on den " retorted the bay, "At's see how