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TRIAL FOR LIFE

He paused, still breathing low and quick, and raised his eyes, eloquent with emotion, to hers.

Her face, that had been averted, was now turned gently towards him, when, meeting her glances, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Heaven! your eyes are full of tears. You do not turn away. My worship is not wasted! You accept the ovation! Oh, Laura, is it not so? Speak to me! Speak to me!"

She placed both her hands in both of his, with a glance that told him all he wished to know.

He caught those white hands and pressed them rapturously to his lips, to his heart, amid exclamations of love and delight that made him blind, and deaf and insensible to all else on earth or in heaven, blind, deaf and insensible to the presence of Sir Vincent Lester, who had entered the schoolroom unannounced, and now stood gazing upon this love scene with his dark and handsome face lowering with evil passions, until Laura Elmer raised her eyes, and with a slight exclamation recognized him and started to her feet.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elmer; but if this had been another than the schoolroom I should not have entered unannounced," said the baronet, with piercing sarcasm.

Ferdinand Cassinove stood up, and, taking the hand of Laura Elmer, confronted Sir Vincent with a proud and joyous expression upon his fine face, saying:

"Sir Vincent Lester, I have the honor to announce to you my engagement to Miss Elmer, who has just blessed my life with the promise of her hand."

"I congratulate you, sir; though your somewhat formal announcement of so evident a fact seems rather a work of supererogation," said the baronet, with freezing hauteur.

Mr. Cassinove bowed coldly.

"And now, sir," continued Sir Vincent, "as the time of an engaged man must be much more valuable to himself than to anyone else, I have to inform you that I must, from this day, deny myself your inestimable services, and authorize your departure from my house at your earliest convenience."

Again Cassinove bowed ceremoniously, saying:

"You have anticipated my wishes and purposes in this matter, Sir Vincent. My term is up to-morrow, when I shall relieve you of my presence."

"Pray do not feel obliged to serve to the end of the term for which you were engaged. I quite willingly release you from such an obligation, and promise that, whether you go to-day or to-morrow, the time of your departure shall make no difference in the amount of your wages—a consideration not wholly unimportant, I presume, to a young gentleman who is thinking of setting up an establishment. Therefore, stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. If you hope to get another situation, however, do not come to me for a character. I cannot conscientiously recommend a tutor who passes his time in making love to the governess, and chooses the schoolroom as the theatre of his romantic drama!" sneered the baronet, whose face was black with suppressed rage. Then, turning to Laura Elmer with a sarcastic bow, he said:

"I must again beg your pardon, Miss Elmer, for breaking in upon your very interesting little scene, and say, in apology for my indiscretion, that I would scarcely have expected to find the governess of the school so sentimentally employed."

And with a sardonic smile and bow he left the room.

Cassinove, with his dark eyes blazing with anger, started after him; but quick as lightning Laura Elmer sprang forward and caught his arm, saying:

"Cassinove! Cassinove! Pause—control yourself!"

"He has insulted you! I must chastise him! I must and will! I would if he were the king!" exclaimed Cassinove, his whole countenance inflamed with indignation.

"No, no, Ferdinand, you will not, you must not. You will listen to me, and govern yourself. Remember that 'he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.' Anger is insensate, irrational. To yield to it is unworthy of a man; keep your own soul in peace; let this insulting baronet go. What is he to us that we should permit him to disturb our repose? To-morrow we shall be clear of him; to-day let us forget him. Come, you will yield to me this time."

He turned toward her and his anger all melted away in a smile beaming with love, as he exclaimed:

"Yield to you, my love, my lady, my queen! Yield to you! Yes! my will, my life, my soul, should you require it of me."

A little longer she detained him, to be sure that his indignation was entirely calmed, and then she dismissed him and summoned her pupils.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When the afternoon lessons were over, Laura Elmer drove to Chelsea, to inspect the lodgings on the second floor of Mrs. Russel's little cottage. She found the landlady and the lodgings all that Mr. Cassinove had represented them to be.

The cottage was situated in a quiet, clean street, and had the advantage of a fine, shady garden in the rear. The first floor was occupied with a neat little shop in front, and with the landlady's own apartments in the back. The second floor comprised a clean, airy parlor, with white draperies, in the back. equally clean and airy little chamber, with white draperies, i nthe back.

Mrs. Russel was the same pleasing little lady that has already been described.

Miss Elmer was more than satisfied with the accommodations offered, and therefore she immediately engaged the apartments, promising to come and take possession in a few days.

When Miss Elmer then mentioned that Mr. Cassinove had recommended the house and the hostess, Mrs. Russel became enthusiastic in her expressions of gratitude for his kindness, admiration of his character, and aspirations for his welfare. Miss Elmer was delighted with her warm encomiums, and in this pleasing frame of mind she took leave.

She returned to Lester House in time for a late tea, and without having a second opportunity of conversing with Cassinove, she retired to her chamber.

Laura went to bed and tried to read herself to sleep, vainly, for she could neither fix her attention to the volume in her hand, nor compose herself to rest.

The day had been too full of excitement. Ferdinand Cassinove, whom in her secret heart she had long adored, had declared his love, and she had made him happy by accepting the true heart that he had laid at her feet. They were betrothed. She felt that this assurance should have calmed her spirits, and she wondered why it did not, and why, on the contrary, her soul was oppressed with a gloom that she could not shake off, and haunted with a presentiment of evil which she could by no means exercise. It was true she knew Lady Lester had no kindly feelings toward her, and also that Sir Vincent Lester hated Cassinove with the intense hatred of jealousy; but then Cassinove, as well as herself, was to leave the house upon the next day, and need never come into collision with the Lesters again.

Thus it could not have been the thought of their animosity that filled her soul with a sense of approaching calamity, vague and terrible as the forms that move through the valley of the shadow of death.

She lay tossing for hours in a state of restlessness that could not be soothed. She heard the latest domestics, one by one, retire to their beds. And long after that, "in the dead waste and middle of the night," her ears, sharpened by nervous excitement, heard the faintest sound in the empty street without or the silent house within. At length all without and within was as still as death. Even her strained sense of hearing could not catch the faintest sound.

The dead silence and darkness was almost suffocating to her preternaturally excited nerves on the qui vive of a sort of fearful expectancy.

It was while listening painfully through the deep silence, and gazing intently into the black darkness of her chamber, that a line of red lights, as from a candle, carried in the hall without, glided through the crevice at the bottom of her door, and traversed the length of her darkened chamber walls, and disappeared. At the same moment the stairs leading down to the next floor creaked slowly and softly as under the weight of some cautiously descending step.

Slight as this incident was, in the preternatural excitement of her nerves, it filled her soul with terror. It was in vain that she assured herself that there was nothing unnatural or alarming in the event, that the midnight walker was merely some domestic passing through the house on some harmless errand of his own. She could not be at rest; her heart stood still with horror! she listened intently as if for some knell of doom. She heard it.

"Murder! murder! murder! murd—"

There was no mistaking those fearful shrieks that broke upon the silent midnight hour, and died away in gurgling inarticulation.

She understood her presentiment now. She sprang from her bed in frantic haste threw on her dressing-gown, and rushed out into the passage. The alarmed household, startled out of their deep sleep by those frenzied cries, were now now in motion, and all hurrying, half-dressed, and with exclamations of astonishment, wonder and alarm, toward the chamber whence the cries proceeded. Almost maddened with excitement, Laura Elmer joined them, and the whole party poured into the chamber of Sir Vincent Lester.

There a scene met her view that seemed to congeal to ice eevry drop of her life-current.

Sir Vincent Lester lay wounded and dying in his bed, his heart's blood spouting in a thick jet from the wound in his side. With the convulsive grasp of the dying, he held Ferdinand Cassinove, who pale and ghastly and paralyzed with horror, and clutching a poniard in his hand, bent over the murdered man, without attempting to escape.

In the name of Heaven what is the meaning of this," exclaimed the butler, while ejaculations of amazement burst from the men, and shrieks of terror from the women.

"He has murdered me! he, he, the wretch!" exclaimed the dying man, starting up and tightening his grasp upon the young man's collar, while, with the violence of the action the blood spouted in torrents from his mortal wound.

And the next instant the convulsive grasp relaxed the falling hand fell, and the dying man dropped back upon his pillow—dead.

"For Heaven's sake run for a physician, some one! he may only have fainted," exclaimed Ferdinand Cassinove, waking as it were from the panic of horror that had bound his senses.

Then seeing all eyes fixed upon him in loathing and amazement, and not understanding the meaning of their gaze, yet not willing that a moment should be lost that might be of vital interest to the victim, he exclaimed, earnestly:

"Hasten, fly, for Heaven's sake fly for a physician! A moment may save or lose your master's life!"

Perceiving that no one offered to obey while all continued to glare upon him in detestation and horror, he said to the butler:

"Watson, look to your master. You have some experience, Apply restoratives vigorously, while I hasten myself to bring surgical help."

And he moved toward the door.

Here he was intercepted by the crowd of domestics, who, roused from the apathy of horror, roughly barred his way with exclamations of:

"No, you don't, though!"

"You'd cut and run, would you!"

"Don't you hope you may, you raskil?"

"Oh, won't you swing for it, though!"

"Hold on, you. Stay where you are, will you!"

"Don't let him get away. Seize holt on him, Jeems!"

"Go for the perlice!"

The confusion was indescribable.

"Friends, what do you mean by hindering me. Let me pass. I must hurry at once to bring a physician. Don't you see that life and death hang upon every moment," exclaimed Cassinove in an agony of anviety to save his enemy, if there should be yet a shadow of hope.

"Oh yes, we know that your life or death hangs upon every instant, and you'll hang yourself pretty soon! Here comes Mr. Watson, hear what he says about it," said James, the ladies' footman.

Watson, the butler, who had ben anxiously examining the condition of the baronet, now left the bedside and stood among his fellow servants, pale as death.

"A physician should instantly be summoned," again began Cassinove anxiously to say, when the butler gravely interrupted him.

"Mr. Cassinove, no physician can bring the dead to life, and my master, Sir Vincent Lester, is quite dead; but, for all that, I will send for one. James, you go at once and rouse up Dr. Clark, and tell him what has happened and ask him to please to come at once. He will know what is best to be done, and how to tell my lady. And then, James, when—when you have told the doctor, go to Bow street and bring a pair of policemen. And mind, James, that you do not say one word to any one else as to what has occurred in this house until you are required to do so."

James was about to start upon his errand, when Cassinove, starting forward, said:

"Send the footman at once to Bow street. I will go myself for the family physician."

"No you don't, though, no, you don't" cried one of the servants, intercepting him.

"We should never see the sight of your face again if we were green enough to lt you go!" exclaimed another joining the opposition.

"What is the meaning of all this. Has horror deprived you of your senses?" inquired Cassinove, looking in amazement from one to another and reading only abhorrence upon every face.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Cassinove, that we must not let you leave the room," said the butler, gravely.

"Not let me leave the room. What do you mean, fellow?" questioned Cassinove, indignantly.

"I am afraid, sir, we dare not do it," persisted the butler.

"Explain yourself!" peremptorily demanded Cassinove.

"The circumstances, sir! the circumstances!"

"What circumstances, fellow?"

"The circumstances we found you in when we burst into the room at the cries of murder, sir; our master murdered and dying, weltering in his blood; you standing over him with he dripping dagger in your hand," said the butler, shuddering with horror at the recollection.

Young Cassinove turned ghastly white, reeled, and dropped into the nearest seat, struck for the first time by the overwhelming force of the circumstantial evidence against himself. Then recovering, with a great effort, and wiping the drops of agony from his brow, he gasped forth the words:

"But I had rushed at the first cry for help to the assistance of Sir Vincent; I had been, as usual, reading late in the study, as is my custom, when I heard the cry of 'murder' from Sir Vincent's room. I sprang up, and rushed in at once; as I ran along the hall, I thought a figure rushed past me in the opposite direction, but I hurried on, and was the first to enter Sir Vincent's room; I found him in the first spasm of the wound; I raised him in my arms, and drew out the poniard; he clutched me in his dying agony, and cried, a little wildly and incoherently, 'Pursue him! pursue him!' and the next instant the room was filled with you all as it is now."

"Yes, Mr. Cassinove, that sounds fair and reasonable enough, and I hope it may be as you say, and may do you good with the magistrate, but the last words of my master, Mr. Cassinove—the last words of my master."

"Well—what were they? I was so overwhelmed with horror that I did not distinctly hear them."

"They accused you as his murderer, Mr. Cassinove."

"Never! never!" cried Ferdinand Cassinove.

"Yes, sir; I am sorry to say they did. Think of it! Oh, it was horrible, sir! It chills my very heart to think of it now. Recollect the circumstances, sir. You were standing over him with the reeking dagger in your hand. He had you by the collar in his dying grasp, and with his dying lips he said:

"He has murdered me—he, he, the wretch!"

"But I was there to save him. He clutched me only in his mortal death-throes. His wild words referred only to the wretch who really did assassinate him, and not to me," explained Cassinove, in consternation at the increasing force of the fatal circumstantial evidence.

"It all sounds quite reasonable, Mr. Cassinove, sir, and I hope it may prove true; but that will be for his worship the magistrate to judge of, and not for me. Meantime, it is our duty to keep you here until the police come," replied the butler, gravely.

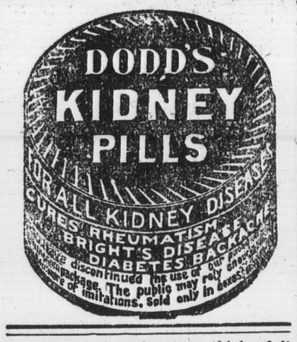
Cassinove covered his face with his hands, and sunk groaning into his seat.

Scarcely a moment had he sat thus with his face buried in his hands when he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and heard a gentle voice at his ear, murmuring softly:

"Take courage; you are guiltless, and your innocence will be made clear."

He looked up, and saw Laura Elmer, pale but firm, standing by his side.

(To be continued.)



INDIGESTION CURED

By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Six Doctors Had Failed to be of Benefit.

That gnawing pain in the stomach, sometimes shooting up into the chest, often producing a choking sensation in the throat; fierce pains around the heart; a feeling of drowsiness and a distaste for food—that's indigestion. Its victims are unmbered by the thousands. To them life is a burden. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more towards relieving this suffering than any other medicine. Often they have cured after all other help had failed, as in the case of Mr. Willis Herman, of St. Catharines, Ont., who says: "I had been afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for years. At times my suffering was almost indescribable. Sometimes for whole days I was unable to touch food. I dieted and at different times was treated by six doctors but they did not help me; I only grew worse. For a time I was living in New York and while there consulted a specialist but he was unable to give me any relief. I then decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in less than a month I felt some relief. I continued their use for a couple of months longer and gained in weight; my appetite improved; the pains left me and I now feel better than I have at any time during the past twenty-five years. I will always gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers believing that they will surely do for others what they have done for me."

When you use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood purifier and nerve tonic you are not experimenting—they have been tried and proved successful in thousands of cases. It is their power to actually make new, rich, red blood, that enables them to cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, kidney trouble, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and those special ailments of girlhood and womanhood that cause so much misery. For sale by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How Ruskin Kept a Cashbook.

Ruskin's letters to M. G. and H. G. (Harpers), which were the product of his old age, serve further to emphasize the beauty-loving ardor of his character, which was as evident in his declining years as in youth. An example of this passion for beauty, to the disregard of the more practical sides of life, is found in a recent article of a friend of Ruskin's, who says: "Even Ruskin's cash book was not a cash book at all. It had the prosaic word on its back, but within, though there were a few accounts, it was mainly filled with the diary of a Continental tour undertaken with Mr. Collingwood in 1882." One entry, for instance, totally ignoring dollars and cents, was as follows: "Perfect light on the Dorons, and the Varens a miracle of aerial majesty. I—happy in a more solemn way than of old."

SUFFERING BABIES

Mothers can find sure relief for their suffering little ones in Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a gentle laxative that do not gripe the little one, and cure all the minor ills of babies and young children. They are pleasant to take, prompt in their action and unlike "soothing" stuffs, they never do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that they contain no drugs harmful to even the youngest baby. Thousands of mothers give their little ones nothing else but Baby's Own Tablets when constipation, stomach trouble, indigestion, colds or warms bother the baby, or when the dreaded teething time comes. Mrs. Joseph Mercier, Plessisville, Que., says: "My baby was a great sufferer from constipation, but thanks to Baby's Own Tablets, the trouble has disappeared." The Tablets are sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Scientists say that women require more sleep than men. If we could only convince our wives of that maybe they wouldn't wait up for us.

RICHES IN PARIS REFUSE.

Elaborate System of Salvage in the French Capital.

The housekeepers of Paris throw away $10,000 worth of suitable stuff daily, or nearly $6,000,000 worth a year. But not a dollar of it is lost. No city of its size in the world has so thorough a salvage system.

A few years ago when the municipality first adopted an ordinance requiring the use of metal garbage receptacles the inofficial salvage corps rose in revolt. They had meetings and a procession. Then the discovery was made that 40,000 citizens depended for their livelihood upon the refuse of the city.

Their rights were recognized. It was arranged that the chiffoniers, as they call the people who dig through the receptacles, should do so indoors in the early mornings before the city wagons came around to collect the garbage.

They forthwith divided the field among themselves. Each one took possession of a territory. There is no law covering the matter, but the territories came to be regarded as vested rights.

They are sold nowadays as a doctor sells his practice and they fetch from $10 to perhaps $60, depending on the wealth of the quarter. Of course, they are not freeholds. Rent or commission is paid in one way or another.

In poor neighborhoods the chifioner puts the garbage cans out on the sidewalks, thus saving the conciere from having to get out of bed in the chilly dawn to do so. In houses where the pickings are good a few francs a week may have to be paid here and there to hold the circuit.

The chiffonier of to-day has a cart and sometimes a bony nag to draw it. Sometimes he and his wife draw it—or maybe the wife alone. He has besides a hovel and a yard somewhere out in the grimiest suburbs. There is where he sorts his gatherings in the forenoon, for sale later in the day to the wholesalers.

First of all he sets aside scraps of food for his own use. To a magazine writer who showed disgust at this one of them struck back.

"Don't curl your lips," he said, "you don't know what you eat sometimes yourself. See these crusts?" They were a heap of bread crusts in all stages of dilapidation. "These are crusts that my horse wont eat. I sell them to the pork dealer at half a cent a pound. They are roasted in a coffee roaster, granulated in a mill and then used to sprinkle on the top of hams, where they are baked into nice brown crust.

"The pork man sells the black dust that falls from the mill to the charcoal toothpowder makers and coffee grinders. Sometimes you get it as prime chicory."

There was a great vessel full of coffee grounds.

"I have a customer," said the chiffonier, "who dries the and regrinds them with 5 per cent. of fresh coffee, some browned rye and a little burned sugar. Then they're ready for packing in cartoons for retail sale. They make excellent coffee."

In another bag there was a collection of heads of game birds, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, reed birds.

"I sell them at 3 cents each to second-hand restaurants," was the explanation. "When you get a salmi of duck or a game pie goodness knows what odds and ends it is made of, but it will be served with one or two of my figureheads decorating the dish as an evidence of good faith."

One of the most profitable species of refuse is old shoes; nothing in them goes to waste. There are wholesalers who specialize in them.

They are carefully dissected. Wooden heels are sold for kindling. Soles are carefully detached from uppers and are trimed into new soles. A man's can be cut down to a woman's size, a woman's to a child's.

Some manufacturers make a specialty of these restorations. A new slab of leather makes them look all right outside; a thin lining is pasted over them inside.

There are sixty wholesalers engaged in this trade; they employ from ten to a dozen men each at $1 a day. They produce, it is estimated, 50,000 soles a year.

The shoes are entirely taken apart. The nails, heeltaps and eyelets, if any, are allowed to fall on the floor. When they are swept up the iron is separated simply by applying a strong magnet to the mass. It is sold to one smelter as

The useless leather scraps are sold to the chemical works at Ivry, where they are converted into fertilizers. So sweeping is the salvage work of this industry that the parings of horses' hoofs from the blacksmith shops are collected to the extent of 600,000 pounds a year. The volume of leather scrap is estimated at 3,000,000 pounds.

Paris eats the flesh daily from 40,000 to 50,000 pounds of bones. These are collected in yards in the suburbs, where they undergo a rigid examination.

Men shovel them on a long, endless belt of leather a couple of feet wide, which is kept running at moderate speed over rollers. Five or six women are lined up beside it and as the bones pass them they pounce with trained judgment upon those which have special value. The rest are automatically loaded on carts.

The bones which they select figure all over the world later as ivory. Buttons are cut from shoulder blades, also sticks for fans. Marrow bones make pretty napkin rings and pincushion frames without much work in the lathe. Curved bones are used for toothbrush handles.

The rejected bones are treated with zinc for the extraction of the fat. This becomes soap and candles. The bones themselves may be boiled up into gelatine and glue or calcined into bone black.

Rabit and hare are favorite delicacies in France. Every day, it is estimated, about 15,000 of their skins get into the hands of the furriers.

All are scrutupously cleaned and sterilized. These are shaved by machinery down to the very skin and the hair is made up into fine felt hats.

The rabbit or hare skin that is to figure as fur is treated with distinguished consideration. It is cured and softened. The pure white ones are picked out for ermine. All the others are dyed into chinchilla, otter or silver fox.

As the fur of these animals always has a characteristic depth, the skins are passed through shaving machines which trim down the hair to the standard length, to a hundredth of an inch. It appears that the hare of no country equals that of France in its fitness for this sort of counterfeit. The best skins when made up can be distinguished only by experts from the real article.

Every year on the first four days of holy week the "flea fair" is held in Paris. At this 2,000 brokers who buy from the chiffoniers install themselves for nearly two miles along the sidewalks of the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir and the Canal St. Martin.

There is nothing in the way of worn-out metal work, broken furniture and old fabrics that can not be found there on sale. They sell out their entire stock, too.

Of course, waste paper is sent to the paper mills from Paris as elsewhere—24,00 pounds of it daily, at 20 cents a hundred pounds. Linen and cotton rags go the same way. Sardine boxes and other tins are sold by chiffoniers at 60 cents a hundred pounds and treated chemically for the sake of the tin.

The plates are hammered flat and used by toymakers and makers of button molds. Gilt china and glass fragments sell at 60 cents a hundred pounds. The gold is salvaged by chemical process.

Only one thing in Paris is totally useless when it reaches the refuse stage. That thing is paper money. It is true that the worn-out money of the Bank of France is ground into pulp like other waste paper, but it is so greasy from handling that it would not pay to cleanse it for remanufacture.

FRUIT SPRAYING.

PLAN FOR ENCOURAGING THE FORMATION OF ORGANIZATIONS.

The Minister of Agriculture for Ontario has, for the past two years, had under consideration plans for further assisting the fruit growers of the Province. Spraying has now become, in producing a superior grade of fruit, the most important operation of the year, and while widely practised in certain sections, has not yet been given the attention that it requires in the apple sections. The advent of the power sprayer is of such recent date that the advantages it gives, especially in the spraying of apple orchards, is not yet appreciated.

For many years the Department of Agriculture has been advocating more and better spraying. Demonstrations in the use of hand and power outfits, and the preparation and application of the most effective mixtures, have been given throughout the Province with satisfactory results. It is now felt that such information has been sufficiently diffused and another step forward is proposed.

The Provincial Fruit Growers' Association has within the past three years assisted in organizing a large number of fruit growing associations. One of the aims of these associations has been the co-operative spraying of orchards of their members, and it is now proposed to assist these and kindred organizations in such spraying work. With this aim in view, the Minister of Agriculture has asked the Legisalture for a grant of $6,000, to be devoted to the assistance of fruit growers in the purchase anf operation of power spraying outfits. Many associations already own and are operating such machines, and these will receive the same aid as those organizing during 1907. The conditions under which the grants are available have been made as simple as possible, with the hope that a decided stimulus will be given to the proper spraying of orchards during this and coming seasons. Following are the regulations covering the payment of the grants:

A grant of $50 will be made to any five or more farmers who unite to form a fruit growers' association for the purchase and operation of a power spraying outfit during the season of 1907. These associations need not be incorporated to qualify for this grant, though incorporation of co-operative associations should be obtained if the full benefits of co-operation are desired.

Co-operative fruit growing associations owning and operating two or more power sprayers will be eligible to draw a grant for each machine operated.

The number of such associations receiving assistance during the present year shall not exceed 100.

At least 25 acres of fruit trees must be thoroughly sprayed during the proper season with each outfit.

A reasonable portion of such spraying must be done on the farms or orchards of each of the parties forming the association.

Such associations before receiving any portion of the grant shall satisfy an inspector of the Department of Agriculture that the above conditions have been complied with and shall make such reports as shall satisfy the Minister of Agriculture.

Associations desirous of participating in this grant must apply to the Department not later than the first day of May.

Wireless Signals on Railroads.

The Prussian and Bavarian authorities are experimenting with a system of wireless telegraph signals for railroads which is said to promise good results. An aerial transmitter wire is carried on the telegraph poles at the side of the road, with transmitting stations in the signal bell towers, and a wire loop antenna is placed on the top of one of the cars of the train. By this means signals to "stop," "go ahead," "go slow" and so on can be transmitted to moving trains over an effective distance of seven and a half miles.—New York Tribune.

Cruel Thrust.

The lean poster artist in the voluminous trousers and big black bow grew enthusiastic.

"I'll always be a true Bohemian," he exclaimed, proudly, "Trust me for that."

"That is the very reason I won't trust you," replied the landlord. "No one will trust a true bohemian—not even for a drink."

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION