TRUE TREASURE.

- I am so tired so tired to-night. The busy day was full of care: The task begun with fingers light Is done; that task was duty's share; But this, the hour for solemn thought
- This day's weakness or strength to prove Is come, and I am here with naught But with weakness to repay Thy love. With empty hands that through the hours
- Have striven with faithful work to pray For greater strength, for nobler powers, Something that would not pass away; Something to grasp that I can hold, That in dark hours will never change;
- A source of strength my life may fold Within itself, nor years estrange
- Nothing bring I this night to Thee, So tired the empty hands I raise; Scarce can I lift mine eyes to see If Thou art near; yet, as I gaze, I catch the shining of Thy face.
- With me to-day in every place, My faltering, faithless steps to guide? And I have turned away from Thee!

Father! Wert Thou indeed beside

- Have sought what could no blessing prov From Thee apart no good can be.
- Eternal life, eternal love! C strength, all earthly strength above,
- O hope, so priceless pure and free! Strong in the thought of Thy great love My soul rests satisfied in Thee, -F. M. Chapto, to Indianapolis Journal

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

COPYRIGHT, 1889. CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

But when the housekeeper put her withered hand, trembling with increased agitation, on the rim of the last reversed portrait, I felt that I was to look on the face of Miriam. A deft movement of the trembling hand,

a lowering of the crimson cord and the proud, beautiful features of my friend's unhappy child swung over to the dim, dreamy light of the long, silent gallery.

"An this wan is the puir, proud-hearted childer of me Leddy Parcival," sobbed Clarkson.

"Miriam." I said, nervously.

"The same, ma'am," replied Peggy, choking back a sob, while her warm Irish heart ached for the vision of the proud face which had nestled on her bosom in years agone. Should I tell her of Miriam? I looked into the smoldering fire of the eyes on the canvas, and caught the answer as if by intuition. No! The picture fascinated me strangely.

There was something about it so inexpress ibly sweet, yet so proudly sorrowful withal, that my whole soul went out to the sad, imperious woman, buried, as it were, at Bayview, with more fervency than ever before What a tale those firmly-shut lips might unfold could they speak. What a dearth of

paternal affection, what loneliness of life

could the Miriam beyond the sea reveal if she chose to tell it all! And this was the portrait, then, I was to

plan to assist me in keeping my rash Poor girl!" I said softly, as Clarkson turned the face to the wall once more. Daughter of my friend, and come to this: her proud face turned to the wall in the hall

of her ancestors! I could not trust myself to say more, and Clarkson led the way to a corner, where the shadows were fittingly the thickest, and startled me by saying in a curious tone: "An' here is the masthur, ma'am, a hangin' all alone; all alone! The Leddy Parcival niver had her portait painted. She would niver sit for it, ma'am, and she was perfeetly rought in it, too, afthur knowin' ov the throubles coomin' down on her daughther from the long loine of mistheries. She didn't want her face to appear in the flay-

thurleigh gallery, at all, at all!" Clarkson's last sentence gave me an idea, and I could almost have shouted for joy at the promising proposition, but controlling myself with an effort, remembering in time that it must be matured. I gave my atten-

tion to the tace of Sir Rupert. Clarkson drew back the crape covering. and put aside the window curtains in order to let in more light. A gleam of sunlight flickered for a moment across the painting. Truly he must have been gruff and obstinate, judging from the heavy frowning brows and sinister-looking eves beneath: vet under the uncompromising exterior I fancied I could see a deep, corroding grief, that, blighting his life in its prime, had mixed for his remaining days "the wormwood and

the gall "And this is he who roams about the Hall?" I questioned, taking my eyes from the stern countenance on canvas and turn-

She nedded in the affirmative, and drew the crape back over the portrait of the "masthur of Haythurleigh," as she would say, and together we left the gallery.

We had now been over the Hall, with the exception of a few apartments of "no intherest at all," and the library. To this lastnamed room we turned our attention. It



"MIRIAM." I SAID, NERVOUSLY.

was on the first floor, just across the centrai hall from the fateful drawing-room. Nearly one whole side of the apartment was taken up with books. I looked at the hundreds of richly-bound volumes on the caken shelves, after Clarkson pulled a heavy tasseled cord and drew back a long sliken hanging of green, which hid the majority of the books from view, and wondered who next would aspire to the ownership of such a collection of elegantly-bound

"They're as the masthur left 'em." remarked Peggy, breaking in on my speculative reverie, "an' he was a great mon for

the books, too, ma'am." said, crossing the room to a great deep from Lady Percival's sweet eyes and illu-

corner.

"Niver a bit ov it will Oi be afthur tellin" ye's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oi'd be afthur gettin' into me own soide ov the house afore Oi've a wurrud to say about it

"Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my

Once more in her "own soide ov the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained windows. I could not blame her for wanting to get back into her own cheerful rooms again. for I felt happily relieved of the shadows

CHAPTER VL.

And now comes the story of Miriam as I heard it from the lips of Peggy Clarkson and her husband during my stay at the Hall. After it, the sad, tragical end of Sir Rupert, supplemented by a strange experience of my own while beneath the ancestral

Twenty years before the utter desolation of the Hall a little tid bit of mortality was laid tenderly in Lady Percival's arms, and great tears fell silently on the lace fabric of its dress, while her white lips murmured: "Sorrow's child." While the baby face nestled unconsciously on the fair mother's bosom the mother heart made agonized moan over her first-born.

This was the welcome Miriam received as she lay wondering at the gray October dawning heralding her advent into this curious world of ours.

Lady Percival remembered the terrified look of the attendants' faces when it was announced that a daughter was born "to me Leddy."

It was then that the legend of the house of the Percivals came up before her with menacing power. Down the ancestral lines had come the tradition, fulfilled to a fault, they said, in

the generations preceding this last ill-fated When Lady Percival was yet a happy bride Clarkson had communicated to her



the story of the hereditary curse, coloring her narration vividly as she went on in detail to prove its correctness. And this is the maledictive tradition: The eldest child of each generation, if a daughter, and the youngest, if a son, would live to incur the lasting hatred of their paternal parent. The curse entailed on the hanless offspring dated away back to some wicked old ancestor who had, by some evil power, handed down his wrath to the innocent, because of the wretched life he had led. This antecessor, so ran the legend, was "a youngest child" and had wedded the "eldest daughter" of a house which had become alienated from him because of his dissipated life. The wife had gone back to her family hearth and forsaken him entirely, and he had hated her with bitter hatred for her

Perhaps Clarkson would have never dared to tell the fair young wife of this terrible tradition, but it happened to the wife of Sir Rupert as it had to the other unfortunate and sorrowing mothers. It was a part of their destiny to unravel the legend in spite of imposed secrecy.

Lady Percival, on her first visit to the Heatherleigh gallery, had been strangely impressed with the trio of portraits whose bright faces, reversed, gave to them an air of mystery.

She had asked her husband why they were hung so strangely, and he had grown pale and agitated, and had answered evasively, at the same time leading her away tinued: with some remark entirely foreign to the question.

Being curious concerning the portraits. and mystified by ner husband's unsatisfactory reply, she sought an interview with Clarkson, telling her of Sir Rupert's unexplainable demeanor during her visit to the gallery. Thus it happened that she heard the legend of her husband's ancestors re-

And the housekeeper had, with all the superstitious influence of her Irish nature, impressed on the susceptible mind of her mistress the weight of the withering sorrow of this woeful legend.

Yet it had never come to her, after all, as forcibly as when the innocent, upturned face on her agonized bosom proclaimed her the mother of "the eldest child-a daugh-

Then Lady Percival had shuddered and wept over the sleeping infant, gathering her closer to her aching heart and wailing: "Oh! my darling! my precious child; my ill-fated one! May the kind Father, in His mercy, spare thee from this awful thing-a father's hatred." With her tear-wet cheek pressed to that

of her child Lady Percival could hear the pitying tones of the housekeeper once more as she ended the recital. "Ah! me Leddy. an' Oi'm sorry for ye's that's niver hear'n tell o' the loikes ov this therible thing, that cooms to all ov 'em that's born under the curse. Thim faces what's turned away from ve. ma'am, is ov thim ez has bin banished from the house. They hev to bear it. me Leddy, for there's not ony thing to sthand forninst, an' many's the prayer for marcy an' forgiveness ez has coom from broken hearts within these walls, an' niver been listened to, naythur."

Now, with the birth of her daughter it all came back so painfully and vividly, that to her supersensitive soul it seemed that the trio of reversed faces on the wall of the gallery gazed down in pitying sorrow on the little form so dear to her mother's

heart. And Sir Rupert walked the corridors silent and glum, little thinking that the delicate flower of a wife knew of the trouble entailed by the birth of the daughter. His only comfort lay in the thought that she was blissfully ignorant of it all as he paced up and down in an aimless march. But the bitterness of the wormwood he had hoped to keep from her cup had been put to her lips through his reticence in the rudest and most thoughtless manner.

The season of gloom ushered in by Miriam's advent gradually became dispelled. "Tell me the story of Miriam now," I and the sunlight of happy content shone affectionate.

It was then that hope sprang up in the bosom of the mother

She would watch as the child grew watch and palliate any dislikes, smooth down any differences which might spring up between the two she loved.

She, with he great wealth of affection would avert, or at least mollify, any trouble threatening an estrangement. To this hope Lady Percival clung as Miri-

am developed into beautiful childhood. Sir Rupert seemed very fond of his bright little daughter, and spent many hours with her after she was old enough to prattle her childish witticisms to his paternal ear. He seemed to have forgotten the ancestral anathema, as he amused the child by the hour, driving or strolling about for her pleasure. Perhaps he was trying. in ceaseless endeavor, to foil the evil influence hovering over the name, and with a father's love break its spell in this generation. Thus the fond mother argued, not dreaming that deep in the heart of her husband there lurked a terrible dread of the day when the happy days should have an ending, darker and more sorrowful than death. He was certain the evil days would fall, and he was right.

The clouds of fate were already in the horizon of the fair heavens, although the fair mother, trusting and ever hopeful, perceived not their baleful gathering.

And so it happened that the day arrived when the black cloud of vengeful darkness came between the sun and the dial, and all their lives were henceforth shadowed by the storm-cloud without a silver lining.

They were walking in the park, all three, in the lovely weather and Miriam, running on before her parents, was to all appearances the very embodiment of beauty and affection. Her bright curls flying in the soft sweet air, and her tiny red boots twinkling over the close-cut sward as she sported among the trees, delighted the eyes of the mother. She looked up with a word of affectionate admiration on her lips, only to see such a strange, yearning look on the face of her husband that she forgot her remark in the chill of apprehensive terror which seized her. Such an expression of deep emotion on the countenance of Sir Rupert could never be torgotten. Ah! what could it mean! Why should she, of all others,

Her heart refused its usual beating, and the trees seemed as if in a mist, while her husband's face she saw as one sees faces in a troubled dream.

Then she put her trembling hand on his arm and looked the wretched question she did not dare to put into words.

Sir Rupert started as if from a terrible dream, and looked down into the face of pale, frightened inquiry a moment, as if trying to read her thoughts. "She is older in heart than in years," he replied, slowly, with a dash of keenest pain in his voice, as his troubled vision turned toward the child. She is getting old enough to-hateme, and it will fall, how or when I know not, but of one thing I am certain, and that is the coming estrangement. I have felt a strange presentiment present with me for weeks.

made this confession, and had not Lady Percival understood, through previous inforingless riddle. As it was, too well she knew to what he referred.

Miriam at this n back to them, shouting in childish giee. and Sir Rupert caught her in ais arms. kissed her fondly and then strode off across the park, leaving his wife and daughter to return to the hall without him.

How the coming evil goaded him no one ever knew, but the pain and haunting dread, visible on his white, drawn face, indexed a struggie against decree.

Miriam looked after her father in a bewildered manner, then turning to her mother asked, with a strange, impetuous air: What ails my father!

Oh! how the heart of Lady Percival went down in the depths of agonized sorrow at the question she dare not answer. She sank helplessly on the sward and drew the surprised child into her arms with a prayer such as she never yet had uttered.

And a curious inquisitiveness had taken possession of Miriam. Pointing after the retreating figure of her father, who had gone off to fight his battle with fate alone and of whom she caught glimpses through the intervening oaks, she asked with more than usual imperativeness: "What does ail

my father! I say, is he angry!" Then Lady Percival took the two little impatient hands in her own, and said brokenly: "Miriam, dear, look up to me," and the child obeying instantly, she con-

"Father is not angry, my child; something troubles him very much, and mother is sorry for him-sorry for us all. Is not daughter feeling sorry for father, too!" And then came the reply, quick and im-petuous, while the beautiful eyes flashed



fingers withdrew from Lady Percival's detaining clasp. "I am quite solly for you, mother, but not

solly for my father-not a bit." "Oh, why not, my darling?" the stricken mother made moan, as she burst into tears. "'Cause I do not love him velly well,' Miriam replied in a tone of apology. She put her arms around her mother's neck. and kissed her tear-wet cheek fondly "But I love you welly much," she supple mented, while her sweet childish voice

trembled with tearful emotion. Lady Percival took her daughter's hand then, without further words, led her back to the stately roof-tree which one day refused even sheltering care. The agony of soul Lady Percival endured in that hour had broken her heart. She was conscious of it as she leaned against the balustrade for support before going to her rooms.

"Mother so velly tired!" Miriam said, as the twain entered the apartments, and forthwith she began arranging the cushions of Lady Percival's chair. It seemed that the child wanted to do something to alleviate the sorrow she felt had fallen. somewhere and somehow, on the idolized

The nurse came for her charge, but for

"Leave her to me awhile, Hewitt," the no.

white-faced mother interposed, and the nurse left-them together alone, wondering much what troubled Lady Percival as she

closed the door softly and went back to the nurserv.

Having arranged the cushions to her satisfaction, Miriam went over to the window whose narrow panes gleamed in the afternoon sun, and stood gazing far away over the environs of her palatial home, awed into silence by something she could not under-

How the mellow light fell through the tall lissome elms, and glowed in its sifting rays through panes, falling at last on the long sunny curls, and forming a halo of glory around "the eldest child-a daughter," as she stood buzzling her inexperienced heart over the dark title-page of her life. Lady Percival watched her with a sense of utter helpless misery. The child's sentence of an hour ago fell like a verdict of

"Cause I do not love him velly well." The legend of Heatherleigh Hail was be ginning to unfold its menacing power, and the tide of doom had begun to set toward shores of estrangement, heartache and

life sentence, dooming them all to woe:

Lady Percival gazed long on the heiress of the proud and aristocratic manerial pos sessions in dumb anguish. But her heart was making moan against a dreary barren shore, and the burden of its language was: "Oh! Miriam, my own lovely child, why must it be; why, oh! why?"

And an unseen influence made answer: "The eldest child, if it be a daughter." Sir Rupert never referred to the scene in the park, and, to all appearances, had forgotten the unpleasant occurrence. But

there was a change in him that rendered him at times uncompanionable and reticent. The servants noticed the change and speculated accordingly John, the coachman, remarked to his fellows that "the dreary days were a-settlin' him, and that hafter 'while hit would be war to the 'ilt between the master and the young mistress.' But long to be remembered was the day

of the first real disagreement between father and daughter. Miriam had rushed into her mother's apartments and had thrown herself into Lady Percival's arms, crying and trembling in a very much excited manner. Upon being interrogated in reference to her unusual behavior she replied, amid sobs of painful excitement, while she clung to Lady Percival's gown: "I do not love him one bit, now, and he doesn't love me, either:

and I do not care." Clarkson, who was passing her mistress rooms on duties intent, heard and saw Miriam in her paroxysm of grief and anger. "Oh Oi've known it iver so long that it wud coom to this dictiration ov war. Och hone! an' that's the ginuine Parcival timper," muttered she to herself. And the old housekeeper communicated the affair to the cook with a doleful shake of the head that set the broad white ruffles on the cap she wore to trembling over her whitened locks.

Subsequently Sir Rupert had come into his wife's apartment in search of his daugh-He stopped short, as if alarmed at having ter, yet, after all, dreading to meet her. Finding her sobbing on her mother's knee, he gave her such a strange look of deep, mation, his words would have been a mean- angry sorrow as perhaps few see in a lifetime, and said, in a voice as strange as his look: "I have tried, God is my witness. the decree which will estrange us, and I find it is useless. I can not love my child!"

> He covered his face with his trembling hands, as if entirely overcome by the baleful intent of his own words, and leaned against the doorway screen. "I can not," he moaned, "avert mightier decrees than

Miriam seemed to understand, in part her father's great grief, for she shuddered visibly and ceased her violent weeping, hid her face in Lady Percival's gown and re-

Seeing this demonstration of fear, Sir Rupert went over and, bending down, with white lips pressed the last kiss he ever bestowed on his child on her sunny ringlets, while the tears rolled down the face of heart-broken Lady Percival.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

The Probable Origin of the Famous Bool

It seems clear that the body of the stories in their present form are Moslem and Arabian. The language is pure Arabic-not, indeed, of the classic type, not that of the koran, nor even of the great historians; rather comparatively modern and popular, but still genuine Arabic. It contains a num ber of Persian words, but not more than it would naturally appropriate from its Persian-speaking neighbors, not more in number than the French words which many an English book of to-day contains. The style with an uncertain light, and the pink, taper also is Arabian, sharply contrasted for the most part with the Persian; possibly somewhat affected by Persian influence, yet far from that deliberate and persistent system of balanced short phrases which to the Western mind becomes sometimes positive ly irritating. The manners and customs of the Nights may, many of them, be found in the Arabic-speaking world of to-day. Lane's notes to his translation are a treasure of sociological information, and a large part of his illustrations are derived from his own observation of life in Egypt. All domestic ietails, such as the construction of houses. customs of eating, sleeping, education of children, marriages, social intercourse, methods of commerce, the forms of shops and khans, habits of commercial travel, the organization of bazars, modes of attracting customers, the political organization, califs. sultans, kings, wazirs, judges, courts, offi cers of police, prisoners, laws of debtors and creditors, regulations of religion. mosques, imams, prayers, ablutions, koran recitations, funerals-all these are Moslem and Arabian. There is an accurate knowledge of the topography and life of Bagdad. Damascus, and Cairo. When the scene is laid in Cairo, one may now trace the tortunes of the personages by the streets and gates mentioned in the story. Even when the history deals with remote lands. as China and India, the narrator transfers thither his own Moslem costumes; for example, in the long and dramatic story of Kamaral-Zaman, which moves almost over the face of the globe, one is not conscious of change of social and religious conditions, and so everywhere, unless indeed there be specially introduced a city of the fire-worshipers, which the writer's historical sense forces him, of course, to represent as non-Moslem. The attitude of the Nights toward the Persian zoroastrianism or fire-worship, is noteworthy. The Magians are represented as fiends in human shape, mostly clever adventurers, adepts in diabolical arts nd inspired by a fiendish hatred of Mosiems -a representation that we should refer more naturally to Arabian Moslems than to converted Persians; it points to the period when the conflict between Islam and Zoroastrianism was still raging and religious differences were magnified and distorted by political hate. - Atlantic Monthly.

FACTS ABOUT VERTIGO.

In Persons of Full Habit It May Proces an Attack of Apople'y.

Any disturbance of the band circulation in the internal ear, excelally in that portion known as the semicircular canals, will give rise to a feeling of dizziness or vertigo. This symptom is by no means uncommon, and is so often felt by persons who are otherwise in perfect health that little attention is generally paid to it. It is true that in many cases one may be perfectly safe in not heeding it, yet recurring or prolonged attacks of dizziness should never pass unnoticed.

In what is known as Meniere's Disease, which is associated with a chronic affection of the internal ear, the patient suffers paroxysms of intense dizziness. accompanied with loud ringing in the ears, the attacks becoming more and more severe and prolonged as the disease progresses.

In the great majority of cases, however, the explanation of the vertigo is to be found in some local departure from the normal condition, the real source of the trouble being, perhaps, at some distance from the parts affected.

In the ear itself we may have a foreign body pressing on the drum membrane, or an increased pressure in the drum cavity, such as happens when the passage to the ears is stopped and an excess of fluid accumulates. The same condition may arise also from an error of vision, in which case it can be explained only by the intimate nervous connection between the two organs, an over-straining at one portion of the nerve-circuit showing its effects at the

Most interesting of all, however, is the connection between this symptom and certain disturbances of the stomach. Vertigo and nausea often go together, as in the case of persons who swing violently, or in those who are sea-sick. By means of the intimate nervous connection, any irritation or disturbance of the functions of the stomach will react on the blood supply of the ears, and vertigo may thus be an indication of indigestion or an overloaded stomach.

The heart is still another organ connected with this same nervous chain, and this fact explains how it is that palpitation is sometimes met with under similar circumstances. This fact may serve as an additional warning against the use of alcohol and certain drugs which cause dizziness when taken into the stomach.

an attack of apoplexy. In any case, pale in color, with scab the wise course is to avoid all effort and remain in a reclining position while the attack lasts.-Youth's Companion.

GRADED MOURNING.

The Kind of Grief That Inspires Very Little Sympathy. Two columns of a fashion letter are

devoted to "fashionable mourning." to the minutiæ of texture, cut and finish imperatively demanded of those who mourn by milliner's chart. If this sort of mourning were rare, such letters of description and advice would never be written as a business or paid for by newspapers. To go into mourning, to wear black clothes when some one dies that we love, is as natural as the tears we would hide behind thick veils, but the grief that expends !tself in the niceties of mourning, in style and etiquette, is grief that is comforted by the advertisement that it makes for itself. Grief that is concerned with the depth of a hem, width of a handkerchief border and the length of time it must be adopted, is of that quality which wins the envy of other mourners and little sympathy from

amused observers. Dress-makers, when interviewed. claim that mourners are their most fastidious customers, as the sombreness and unbecomingness of dead black must be overcome by artistic arrangements and ingenious adornment. The length of time that deep. half and light mourning shall be worn is nicely graded by conventional rule. The husband heading the list, and the time exquisitely adjusted down to the mother-in-law and the mother-in-law's relatives; when mourning by the calender is fully understood, how to do it, and in what, is explained by card etiquette and fashion plates. At certain stages of sorrow we may admit certain friends alone, with cut-jet and patent leather slips. Later on mere acquaintances may visit us, in the stage of "pale lavenders" and soft dove shades." While all mourners receive due attention, the widow is the pivotal strength of the mourning business. The sanctity of her grief meets the most obsequious deference from silk worm to the shopkeeper. She is even told the width of her cap border, and whether it is black, edged with white.

or pure white this season." In this progressive age, marked particularly by the emancipation of women into larger lives and higher ambitions, it is singular that "fashionable mourning," with its pretense and affectations of grief, mourning as a pastime. a diversion and fashion can be tolerated. That deadly fear of convention, in which women have so long been trained, is the probable reason; a fear Whether it is a walking, breaking which puts thousands of women into plow, a riding sulky or gang, make mourning who feel no grief or inwardly rebel at the parade and showing over a breaking heart.-Washing-

-There are five girls in one of the THE Cellular Clothing Company, limited, Humphries families of Fleming County, ginia

FARM AND FIRESI

-Burdocks and thistles are be harvested before they bloom

-There must be a good deal of study on the farm these days to make a success of the business.

-The summer is the time to put the barn in condition for winter. Painting should be done now, and the roof should be made tight and close.

-If you are on a farm and are sure you can never like nor succeed in your work, the sooner you get out of it the better off you will be; but if the trouble comes from not putting your head as well as your hands to the work, try that awhile before you give up that you can not succeed at farm-

-Spiced Peaches: When there are more peaches on hand than can be used to advantage while still fresh. peal and slice them, or simply brush them, removing the stones. Put them over the fire in the preserving kettle with enough water to cover them, allowing a tablespoonful of vinegar to each pint; spice them highly with any mixed ground spice preferred, and stew them gently to a pulp. When cold, put in air tight jars like other

-There is undoubtedly a need in poultry culture for education and skill. Many failures are the direct result of the lack of knowledge. The trouble generally is that the beginner has given no particular study to the culture of poultry, and often times does not even take a farm paper that has instructive correspondence upon the subject, by which they could learn about the subject they are attempting to handle.

-Cream Nectar: One ounce of tartaric acid, one pound of white sugar. juice of one lemon, three pints of water. Boil five minutes; when nearly cold, add white of one egg, well beaten. with one heaping tablespoon of flour and two teaspoons of wintergreen essence. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Take one tablespoon of this sirup, and half a tumbler of water. fresh from the well; add quarter of teaspoonful of soda, stir quickly, and drink as soon as it commences to foam. This is a delightful drink for bot

weather. - Western Plowman. -A member of the Maine pomological society said at a public meeting that he could tell what kind of a farmer a man is "by his fruits," if about apple-marketing time. If his apples were large, smooth, handsome, free from worms and bruises, he is put In persons of full habit, with large down as a good farmer. But if, on excess of blood, vertigo may precede the contrary, his apples are small, in quality and covered with dents and bruises from careless handling, he is at once classed with poor farmers. The first-mentioned man has found orcharding to pay; the other will inform you that there is no money in the

> PLOWS AND PLOWING. Comments That Should Receive Thought-

Plowing is something more than stirring or heaving the soil. If properly done it turns completely under the surface with the weeds, stubble, grass, stalks and other trash that may be upon it, and brings to the surface the under soil to be acted upon by the different elements that will aid materially to make available a portion, at least, of the plant food it may contain.

There is certainly a great variety of plows adapted to a large variety of soil and kinds of work. But there is considerable in the handling of the plow as well as in the way it is constructed. And what would under ordinary circumstances be considered a second or third rate plow, can, in the hands of a thorough plowman, with a good team. be made to do really better work, than a much better plow in the hands of a man who is incapable of properly managing it. Some plows if properly adjusted will turn the soil completely over, others seem to set it on edge. while others put the soil in almost any position between these two. Of course some plows do better work in one kind of soil, and some in other kinds. It is quite an item in doing good work to secure a plow that is adapted to the kind of soil and work that is wanted to be done, adjust properly and handle right. A plow if made right ought to do the best work when it is running level; if it won't, or is made to run on the point or heel, it will not do the work that it is adapted for as well as if it could be run level. It is thorefore not always the fault of the plow that good work is not done, although a poor plowman is very willing to lay the fault to the plow let the quality be what it may.

One of the objections to a number of sulky plows is that instead of carrying the plow, as a properly constructed sulky should do, the plow is made to carry the sulky, and instead of a light running plow the draft is increased to the amount of the weight of the sulky and driver. A good judge of a plow can tell by its construction whether or not it will do good work in the soil he wants to plow. Yet it is not always good evidence that because a plow does not do good work in one kind of soil that it will not be best in another. It is certainly not good economy to purchase a poor plow to save a small amount in the purchase price. quality of the plow and of the work it will do, as well as the draft, the first considerations, and then secure it at as low a price as possible, but do not overlook these points simply to save in

the cost. Better acknowledge your ignorance said, crossing the room to a great deep from Lady Percival's sweet eyes and much from Lady Percival's sweet eyes and mu your purpose. - Western Plowman.