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BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XVIII.-(Continued.) "Very well, then," said Yolanfle, and went to the fireplace, and placed wish for it." the bottle conspicuously on the mantel-shelf. Then she went back to her moth-"It shall remain there, mother-

great temptation when you were living in lodgings in a town, not in good air; and you were very weak and ill; but soon you will be strong enough to get ever your fits of faintness or depression without that." She put her hand on her mother's shoulder. "It is for my sake that you have put it away?"

In answer she took her daughter's hand In both hers, and covered it with kisses. "Yes, yes, yes! I have put it away, blande, for your sake. I have put Yolande, for your sake. I have put it away forever now. But you have a little excuse for me? You do not think so hardly of me as the others? I have been near dying—and alone. I did not know I had such a beautiful daughtercoming to take care of me, too! And I don't want you to go away now-not for a while at least. Stay with me for a little time-until-until I have got to b. just like every one else-and then I shall have no fear of being alone-I shall never, never touch that!"

She glanced at the battle on the man telshelf with a sort of horror. She held her daughter's hand tight. And Yolande kept by her until not thinking it little incident, she begged her mother to short stroll before tea.

Toward the evening, however, it was clear that this poor woman was suffer-ing more and more, although she endeavput a brave face on it, and only desired that Yolande should be in the room with her. At dinner, she took next to nothing; and Yolande, on her own responsibility, begged to be allowed to send for some wine for her. But no; she seemed to think that there was something to be got through, and she would go through with it. ...ometimes she went to the window and looked out-listening to the sound of the sea in the darkness. Then she would come back and sit down by the fire, and ask Yolande to read to her-this, that, or the other thing.

Yolande did not go quickly to sleep. for she knew that her mother was suffering—the labored sighs from time to time told her as much. She lay and listened to the wash of the sea along the shingle and to the tramp of the last wayfarers along the pavement. She heard the peohouse go upstairs to bed. And ple of the then, by-and-by, the stillness of the room, and the effects of the fresh air, and the natural healthiness of youth combined to make her drowsy, and, rather against her inclination, her eyes slowly closed.

She was woke by a moan, as of a soul in mortal agony. But even in her alarm she did not start up, she took time to recover her senses. And if the poor mother were really in such suffering, would it not be better for her to lie as if she were asleep? No appeal could be made to her for any relaxation of the promise that had been given her.

Then she became aware of a stealthy noise, and a strange terror took possession of her. She opened her eyes ever so slightly-glimmering through the lashes only-and there she saw that her worst fears were being realized. Her mother had got out of bed and stolen across the room to the sideboard in the parlor, Yolande, all returning with a glass. trembling, lay and watched. She was not going to interfere, it was not part of ber plan; and you may be sure she had contemplated this possibility before now. And very soon it appeared why the poor woman had taken the trouble to go for a glass; it was to measure out the small est quantity that she thought would alleviate her anguish. She poured a certain quantity of the black-looking fluid into the glass; then she regarded it as if with hesitation; then she deliberately poured back one drop, two drops, three drops; and drank the rest at a gulp.

Then, in the same stealthy fashion,

took the glass to the parlor and left it

there; and crept silently back again and

Yolande rose. Her face was pale; her lips firm. She did not look at her mother; but, just as if she were assuming her to be asleep, she quietly went out of the room and presently returned with a glass in her hand. She went to the chimney piece. Very well she knew that her mother's eyes were fixed on her, and intently watching her; and, as she poured some of that dark fluid into the glass, no doubt she guessed the poor woman was imagining that this was an experiment to see what had been taken out of the bottle. But that was not quite Yolande's purpose. When she had poured out, as nearly as she could calculate, the same quantity that her mother had taken, she turned her face to the light and deliberately drank the contents of the glass. It was done in a second; there was a sweet, mawkish, pungent taste in the mouth, and a shiver of disgust as she swallowed the thing; then she calmly replaced the bottle on the

But the mother had sprung from her bed with a wild shrick, and caught the "Yolande, Yolande, what have you

"What is right for you, mother, is

right for me," she said, in clear and set-tled tones. "It is how I mean to do always?"

CHAPTER XIX. The frantic grief of the mother was pitiable to witness. She flung her arms round her daughter, and drew her to her, and wept aloud, and called down yeageance upon herself from heaven. then, in a passion of remorse, she flew at the bottle that was standing there. and would have hurled it into the fireplace, had not Yolande (whose head was eginning to swim already) interposed, calmly and firmly. She took the bottle from her mother's hand and replaced it. must stand there until you and I can bear to know that it is there, and not to

Even in the midst of her wild distress and remorse there was one phrase in this speech that had the effect of silencas something you have no further need ing the mother altogether. She drew That is done with now. It was a back, aghast, her face white, her eyes staring with horror.

"You and I?" she repeated. "You and 17 You, to become like—like—"
"Yes," said Yolande. "What is right." for you is right for me; that is what I mean to do-always. Now, dear mother," she added, in a more languid way, I will lie down; I am giddy-

She sat down on the edge of the bed, putting her hand to her forehead, and rested so awhile; then insensibly after a time she drooped down on to the pillow—although the frightened and frantic mother tried to get an arm around her waist; and very soon the girl had relapsed into perfect insensibility.

And then a cry rang through the house like the cry of the Egyptian mothers over the death of their first-born. The poison seemed to act in directly opposite ways in the brains of these two women-the one it plunged into a pro found stupor; the other it drove into frenzy. She threw herself on the sense less form and wound her arms round the girl, and shricked aloud that she had murdered her child—her beautiful daughter-she was dying-dead, and no one was prudent to make too much of this to save her-murdered by her own moth er! The little household was roused come and get her things on for another at once. Jane came rushing in, terrified. The landlady was the first to recover her wits, and instantly she sent a housemaid for a doctor. Jane, being a strang-armed woman, dragged the hysterical mother back from the bed, and hathed her young mistress' forehead with eau-de-cologne—it was all the poor kind creature could think of. Then they tried to calm the mother somewhat; for she was begging them to give her a knife, that she might kill herself and die with her child.

The doctor's arrival quieted matters somewhat; and he had scarcely been minute in the room when his eyes fell on the small blue bottle on the mantelpiece. That he instantly got hold of: the label told him what were the con tents; and when he went back to the bedside of the girl-who was lying insensible, in a heavy breathing sleep, her chest laboring as if against some weight-he had to exercise some self-control over the mother to get her to show him precisely the quantity of the fluid that had been taken. The poor woman seemed beside herself. She dropped on her knees before him, in a passion of tears, and clasped her hands.

"Save her, save her!-save my child to me!-if you can give her back to me I will die a hundred times before harm shall come to her-my beautiful child that came to me like an angel, with kindness and open hands-and this is what

"Hush, hush!" said the doctor, and he took her by the hand and gently raised her. "Now you must be quiet. I am not going to wake your daughter. that is what she took, she will sleep it off; she is young, and I should say healthy. I am going to let nature work the cure; though I fear the young lady will have a bad headache in the morning. It is a most mischievous thing to have such drugs in the house. You are her maid, I understand?' he said, turning to Jane

"Yes, sir."
"Ah. Well, I think for to-night you had better occupy that other bed there; and the young lady's mother can have a bed elsewhere. I don't think you need fear snything-except a headache in the morning. Let her sleep as long as she may. In the morning let her go for a drive in the fresh air, if she is too languid to walk."

But the mother cried so bitterly on hearing of this arrangement that they had to consent to her retaining her place in the room, while Jane said she could make hersen comfortable enough in an armchair. As for the poor mother, she did not go back to her own bed at all; she sat at the side of Yolande's bedat the foot of it, lest the sound of her sobbing should disturb the sleeper; and sometimes she put her hand ever so lighton the bedelothes, with a kind of pat, as it were, while the tears were running down her face.

Yolande passed from one vision of terror to another all through the long night; until in the gray of the morning she slowly awoke to a sort of half-stupe fied consciousness. She had a headach--so frightful that at first she could scarcely open her eyes. But she did not mind that; she was overjoyed that she could convince herself of her escape from those bideous phantoms, and of her being in the actual living world. Then she began to recollect. She thought of what she had done-perhaps with a little touch of pride, as of something that he might approve, if ever he should come know. Then, though her head was throbbing so dreadfully, she cautiously

opened her eyes to look around. No sooner had she done so than Jane, who was awake, stole noiselessly to her young mistress' bedside. Yolande made a gesture to insure silence—for she saw that her mother was lying asleep; then she rose, wrapped a shawl round her, and slipped out of the room, followed by her maid.

"Jane," said she, "do you think you could slip into the room and bring me my things without waking my mother?" "But you are not going out, miss?" said the maid, wondering. "The night is scarcely over yet. Won't you go back and lie down?"

"No, no," said Yolande, almost with a shudder of dread. "I have had terrible dreams—I want to go outside—and I have a headache besides; perhaps the fresh air will make it better. But you can lie down, Jane, after I have gone; mly and firmly. She took the bottle and don't wake my mother, no matter m her mother's hand and replaced it.
No; it must remain there, mother. It perhaps the people in the house will be

up, and I shall try to take some break-

The maid went and fetched her things; and when she had dressed she stole noiselessly down the stairs and got outside. How cold and damp the air felt; but yet it was fresh and new and strange; the familiar sound of the sea cemed pleasant and companionable. As yet, in the dull gray dawn, the little town appeared to be asleep; all the people she could find as she passed were policeman, leaning against a railing and reading a newspaper, two men working at the roadway, and a maid servant cleaning the windows of a first-floor parlor. She walked on, and pushed back the hair from her forehead to let the cold sea breeze dispel this racking pain. But although the headache was a bad one, still it did not depress her. She walked on with an increasing gladness.

She was getting near to Broadwater when she saw along the road a pony carriage coming quickly in her direction the next moment she perceived that her mother was in it, and that Jane (who had been brought up in the country) was driving. A few seconds sufficed to bring them to her; and then the mother, who seemed much excited, got out from the trap, and caught her daughter by both shoulders, and stroked her hair and her face, in a sort of delirium of joy.

"We have been driving everywhere to search of you-I was so afraid-ah, you are alive, and well, and beautiful as ever -my child, my child, I have not murdered you!"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, quite calmly. "It is a pity you got up so early. I came out for a walk, because my head was bad; it is getting better now; I will drive you back if you like. She drew the girl aside for a few yards caressing her arm, and stroking her

"My child, I ought to be ashamed, and niserable; but to see you alive and well—I—I was in despair—I was afraid. But you need not fear any more, Yolande, you need not fear any more."
"I hope not, mother," said Yolande,

gravely, and she regarded her mother. For I think I would rather die than go through again such a night as last

"But you need not fear-you need not fear;" said the other, pressing her hand. "Oh, no; when I saw you lying on the bed last night—then—then I seemed to know what I was. But you need not fear. No, never again will you have to poison yourself in order to shame

"It was not to shame you, mother-it was to ask you not to take any more of that-that medicine."

"You need not fear, Yolande, you need not fear," she repeated, eagerly. "Oh, no; I have everything prepared now. I will never again touch it-you shall never have to sacrifice yourself like that-

. "Well, I am giad of it, dear mother, for both our sakes," Yolande said. "I hope it will not cost you much suffering. "Oh, no, it will not cost me much suffering," said the mother, with a strange ort of a smile.

When they got back to Worthing, Yolande set about the usual occupations of the day with her accustomed composure; and even with a measure of cheerfulness. She seemed to attach little importance to the incident that had just happened; and probably wished her mother to understand that she meant to see this thing through as she had begun on the mother's face when a slight conno bottle on the mantel-piece,

"Where is it, mother?" she asked. And then she regarded her daughter nervously. "Don't mind what I said this long, or longer if very large shocks are morning, child. It was foolish. If I to be tied. To the other end of this

"You are not going to die, mother," said Yolande, gently patting her on the shoulder. "You are going to live; for take the stick in your right hand and throw the room and sing around the some day, as soon as you are strong throw the rope and ring around the drive all the way along to Genoa; and I stick through it as far as you can, know all the prettiest places to stop at. then bring stick to the right until oth-But you must have courage and hope and er end passes through the ring, as letermination. And you must get well shown at Fig. 2, when the shock is quickly, mother; for I should like to go ready for tying and the compressor away with you; it is such a long, long ime since I smelt the lemon blossoms in

(To be continued.)

4,000 Beggars in London. From the report of the Metropolitan

Police it appears that 1,925 persons were arrested during 1904 for begging in the streets of London, and of these 1,539 were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment of from one week to place. This implement can be used for three months.

It is calculated that four thousand persons make a living in London by begging, and that their average in come amounts to about \$7.50 a week, or over \$1,500,000 a year.

Many of the persons arrested were found in possession of sums of money, and even of bank books showing deposits aggregating hundreds of pounds.

The police profess to be unable to check the evil, because the beggars migrate from one quarter of London to another after each conviction.

Satiors visiting the Island of Laysan, in the Hawaiian group, are greatly amused by the curious antics of the Laysan albatross, or gony. These birds sometimes perform, in pairs, a kind of dance, or, as the sailors call it, "cakewalk." Two aibatrosses approach one another, nodding and making profound bows, cross their bills, produce snapping and groaning sounds, rise on their toes, puff out their breasts, and finally part with more nodding and bowing, the tree catch most of the sunshine only to come together again and repeat the performance. Occasionally three engage at once in this singular amusement

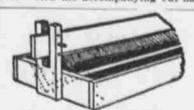
Every man is a hero and an oracle to somebody and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value .--Emerson.

In Arabia horsefiesh is a favorite ar-



Clean Water for Hoge.

How to provide clean water for the hog is one of the problems. It is difficult to devise any means by which water can be kept before the swine and although it was a most rare thing at all times and yet be so arranged for her to know what a headache was, that the hogs will not wallow in it. It appears, however, as though a valuable suggestion looking to the solution of this point has been made in a late issue of the Iowa Homestead by a Kansas farmer who suggests a plan from which the accompanying cut has



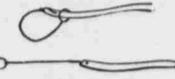
WATER TROUGH FOR HOOS.

been made. Writing to our contemporary this man says:

"It is my opinion that many of the maladies and much of the fatalities among hogs is due to carelessness on the part of the owner by which the hog is compelled to take into his system large quantities of fith in his drinking water. I know where there are wallowing places it is indeed a problem to prevent this, because if there is one thing which a hog delights in more than another it is to bathe himself in mud and then try to dry it off in the drinking trough, and he generally succeeds quite well. And a bunch of them can usually put three or four inches of mud in the bottom of a trough in a single week. I enclose you a drawing illustrating the plan that I have used for some time in trying to keep my troughs clean. The trough in this case is made out of two planks, one 2x8 and the other 2x6, a piece of eight-inch plank 15 inches long nailed on each end. To this in turn two other planks are nailed, thus furnishing an agency for scraping off considerable mud from the hogs while they are drinking. I then nail on an upright, as is indicated in the illustration, mortised out so that a plank may be raised or lowered directly above the center of the trough, the height depending upon the size of the hogs that have access to the trough. I acknowledge that it takes a little labor to make troughs of this kind, but where one has a big bunch of hogs I believe that he can save the price of his material and labor almost every day."

Corn Shock Binder.

I have seen two articles of late telling how to tie corn in the shock. Will give my way, which I believe to be But it was pitiable to see the remorse more rapid than either the former articles teach. The accompanying cuts will traction of Yolande's brow told that from give the idea at a glance. I take a time to time her head still swam with curved stick (the end of a buggy shaft pain. At night, when Yolande went into is best) about 30 inches long. Bore a the bedroom, she noticed that there was half-inch hole 3 inches from the larger end and put through it a piece of rope "I have thrown it away. You need not fear now, Yolande," her mother said gether, forming a ring or loop. Into cannot bear the suffering well, it cannot rope tie a 4-inch ring made of 1/2-inch be so hard a thing to die; that must rod (I use an old breeching ring). This makes the compressor complete as nough, you and I are going to Nice, to shock. Catch ring in left hand and slip



CORN SHOCK BINDER.

can be turned loose, as it will stay in a two-fold purpose. In husking corn I use a shorter one like this for tying stover. Until the shock and lay it down, then as you pull the pars off gather the stalks in your lap, have the binder lying straight out at your side, and when you get an armful lay the stover across the rope, pick up the ring in one hand and the stick in the other, slip ring over end of stick and slip down until entire stick has passed through the ring the same as in tying shocks. Tie twine around the bundle, which can then be reshocked if not ready to haul. This way takes a little more time at first, but saves time and trouble when you come to haul, and the stover will take less room in the shed .- J. H. Freeman.

Sod-Hound Fruit Trees.

Sod-bound trees are not very common, but they are to be met with When a tree has made a good growth and has spread out its top to cover its feet there is little danger of its becoming sod-bound, for the branches of and the grass growth below is meager.

The sod-bound condition comes when the tree is either very young or so old that the leaves are thin and few. The young tree that is set in grass ground and has never obtained a very good hold of the ground is the one most likely to become sod-bound, which means that the roots of the grass have possession of the soil and are taking most of the plant food and some other form of potassium,

p.ofsture. Such a tree can be relieved cory by digging out the grass and giving its roots the retire use of the ground.

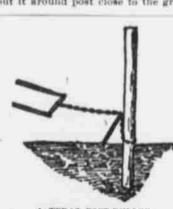
Goats or Sheep. The Angora goat certainly has not yet become very popular in New England. There are a few small flocks, but those who have them seem less do not seem anxious to invest in them. In Texas and some other States of the South and Northwest they appear to give better satisfaction. Reports from many sections in the Eastern States show an increased interest in sheep and many fine flocks can be found, eapecially of the larger English mutton breeds. Vermont seems to stand by her Merinos, as she properly should, for they have attained a high reputation and have sold at high prices, but even in that State may be found good flocks of Oxford, Shropshire and Hampshire, and these seem to be the lation as were here a century ago.

Doesn't Pay to Coddie Affalfa.

If an alfalfa field is in bad condition it is usually best to plow up and re-seed. It scarcely ever pays, at least where irrigation is practiced, to coddie a poor stand of alfalfa. Many growers recommend disking every spring, even when the stand is good. and some have even found it a pay ing practice to disk after each cutting. Such disking will often prevent the encroachment of weeds. In the Eastern States alfalfa fields sometimes suffer a check in their growth, tend to turn yellow and otherwise show a sickly condition. Oftentimes this condition is accompanied by an attack of alfalfa rust or spot disease. The best remedy for such a condition is to mow the field. The vigorous growth thus induced may overcome the diseased condition.

Way to Pull Posts.

S. W. Leonard says in Farm and Ranch: "I will give a plan for pulling up old fence posts. Take a chain and put it around post close to the ground.



A TEXAS POST-PULLER.

Take a piece of plank, say 2 feet long. 2 inches thick and 8 inches wide; set bottom end about 1 foot from post; let chain come up over plank and lean plank toward post. Fasten single-tree to end of chain and when horses pull the post will come straight up."

The Squab Fad.

The inflated boom for squab raising has nearly passed off, and yet the legitimate squab plants continue in husiness. It is with this branch of studied law and practiced a number of ginn hare, etc. raising squabs, pullets for laying. told wealth, but fair profits from their operations.

Smut Attacks Late Sown Grain. Early sowing of cereals when the found on those cereals grown on a cold - shricotti's midlinery shop in London. clay soil than on a loamy soil, and, as a rule, the greatest amount of disease ture of the soil during the first week serve treaty stipuafter sowing favors the germination lations and frown of the smut pores, and consequently on the boycott on the infection of the cereals. Cereals American goods, is will germinate and begin their growth a diplomat of wide at a temperature below that at which experience. the fungus can develop.—New Eng- nas served as secland Homestead.

Why Strawberry Plants Die,

Many strawberry plants die because in Korea, has been they are kept too long after being dug m t n i s t e r to before transplanting. Some die be- Greece, Roumania wm. cause set too deep and the crown or and Servia, also center of the plant is covered. But first assistant Secretary of State. At in a dry time more plants die from a the congress at Pekin, following the lack of pressure on the soil about the Boxer uprising, he was United States roots than from all other causes. In a pientpotentlary and signed the final wet season they will live if left on protocol. Mr. Rockhill has traveled top of the soil with no earth to cover extensively in the far East. Among the roots. Plants out of the ground other official positions that he has held are like fish out of water. Therefore was that of director of the bureau of the sooner they are in their natural American republics. element the lower the death rate.

Prof. Hopkins suggests: If the son is acid or sour, apply lime to it to make it sweet. If the soil is poor in nitrogen only, grow clover or some other legume which has the power to se- would occur on the same days of the cure nitrogen from the air. If the soil week and one calendar would last a lifeis poor in phosphorus only, apply bonemeal or some other form of phosphorus. If the soil is poor in potassium only, apply potassium chloride or

Keeping the Boll Fertile.



James B. Dill, one of the foremost enthusiastic than they were two or corporation lawyers of America, was three years ago, and their neighbors appointed by Governor Stokes of New



Jersey a judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals of the State. He surrendera an income of \$300,000 a year from his law practice to become a judge with a salary of \$3,000. His last private act was to refuse a retainer of \$25,000 offered by an insurance finan-

JAMES B. DILL. cler. Within twenfavorites with those who are starting ty days Mr. Dill placed on file in Alnew flocks or those who have flocks bany his resignation as director in of mixed breeds that they wish to im ninety-one companies of the State of prove by crossing with a pure-bred New York. In New Jersey he has ram of a larger breed. Let the good withdrawn from many more corporawork go on, until New England has tions. He has notified ellents that he as many sheep in proportion to popul can no longer serve them. Hencoforth his duty is to the State. On this account the Standard Oil Company, the steel trust and the Public Service Corporation filed written protests with the Governor and opposed the appointment. Mr. Dill's fees have been enormens. The career of this famous corporation lawyer in the Judge's chair will be subjected to the closest scru-

> William A. Day, who has been appointed acting comptroller of the Equitable Life, succeeding Thomas D.

Jordan, who was ousted, has been special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States severa years, and since 1908 has been in charge of the prose ention of tros cases. For a time he also was a auditor in the treas

department, WILLIAM A. DAY. Mr. Day formerly fived at Danville, Ili. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1884, and is credited with having discovered at that time the plot between Tammany and General Benjamin F. Butler to stampeds the convention for Hendricks. Mr. Day gave timely warning of the scheme to William C. Whitney and Daniel Manning, and he was

General James R. Carnahan, major general of the Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, died recently at his home in Indianapolis.

rewarded with a government office.



James R. Carnahan was born at Rayton, Ind., Nov. 18, 1841. When the Civil War broke out he joined the late Genern! Lew Wallace's zonaves as a private. Later be joined the Eighty-sixth Indiana Regiment. After the war be

the poultry industry just exactly as years at Lafayette. He joined the It is with other branches, the egg bust | Knights of Pythias in 1874 at Lafayness, the duck industry, the Bei ette and was elected grand chanceller Every little while of Indiana in 1880. He was regarded there is a big stir made about one of my the founder of the uniform rank, these enterprises, creating quite a and was elected its first major general fever for a time. This gradually sub in 1884, which position he held at the sides, and that particular business set time of his death. He was past detles down to its proper basis, and many partment commander of the G. A. R. who keep on in their usual way. General Carnahan was appointed a member of the visiting committee to ducks, etc., continue to secure, not unby President Rooseveit and delivered an address there.

James Van Alen, the expatriated soli temperature is low gave in expe- American, is said to have exhibited his riments with barley, oats and spring love for lavish expenditure of money by wheat less smut than late sowings. In buying forty hats for some of his women a similar manner, less smut will be friends at the recent opening of Countess

William Woodville Rockhill, miniswill be found in cereals grown on ter to China, who has notified the sandy humus soils. A high tempera- l'ekin government that it must ob-

> H e retary of legation at Pekin, was charge d'affaires

Camille Flammarion's new perpetual calendar starts the year at the vernal equinox, March 21. Every quarter should contain two months of thirty days and one month of thirty one days. This would make 354 days. The same dates time.

Prof. A. G. Wilkinson is dean of the patent office examining corps at Washington, having been in charge since 1868. He was graduated in 1856 from Yale.