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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

The Nameless Charm.

"The first essential to pleasing is not, as it has often been said to be, a desire to please, but a desire to make your companion pleased with himself," is the position taken by Florence Hull Winterburn when discussing "The Gift of Personal Charm" in The Woman's Home Companion.

"What pleases us gains an ascendency over us, and nothing really pleases that has not some relation with ourselves, something in common with us and drawing us on to a better opinion of our own merits than we had before. For one of the supreme desires of human nature is to see itself graciously reflected. A man endears himself in proportion as he shows that he is guided by the motives and opinions we understand and like, only carrying them out more agreeably and successfully than we are competent to do. So it appears that the secret of the personal charm that makes some men and women delightful is not marked superiority, but flattered likeness to ourselves. Whether we imagine the likeness or whether it really exists is no matter so that the illusion is brought about. And the ability to bring it about belongs to the nature that is gifted with power to divine the feelings of others and sympathize with them. To be 'sympatica' is better than to be beautiful or talented. A certain apparent subordination of self is involved."

Kerosene For the Hair.

A woman recently asserted that the fine appearance of her hair was entirely due to a persistent and thorough treatment with the familiar kerosene of corner grocery commerce. It was applied regularly once a fortnight in the following way: A little was poured into a saucer and rubbed with the fingers into the roots of the hair. The application was slow and thorough, the gentle massage of the roots with the finger tips being needed to open the pores for the absorption of the oil. The treatment was usually made at night and the hair afterward tied up in a silk handkerchief. The silk handkerchief is recommended by hairdressers as useful in retaining the natural electricity of the hair. By noon of the following day the odor of the kerosene had disappeared, and in another 48 hours the dilness that followed its use had also gone. The effect of this treatment on the hair was promptly noticeable; the falling out stopped, and soon new short hairs were found all over the head. As the kerosene application was continued the hair became thick and smooth. When, after several months, it was finally discontinued, abundant glossy locks replaced the dry and lusterless hair, the former condition still existing, though no kerosene has been used for several years.—New York Post.

Working Hours Abroad.

A Turkish working-day lasts from sunrise to sunset, with certain intervals for refreshment and rest. In Servia, the principle of individual convenience rules every case. Eleven hours' work is the average day's labor in Belgium; but brewers' men work from 10 to 17 hours; bricklayers, 16; cabinetmakers of Brussels and Ghent often work 17 hours a day with one-half hour for noon; and in mining districts women are often kept at truck loading and similar heavy labor for 14 hours. The normal work-day throughout Saxony is 13 hours. In Baden the medium duration of day-labor is from 10 to 12 hours, but in some cases it often exceeds this, sometimes rising to 17 hours in some trades. In many Baden factories Sunday work is the rule.

A Model Stable-Keeper.

Not long since I was spending a night with a friend in New York, and was invited to an early ride in Central Park. The offer was gladly accepted, as I knew he had a number of valuable blood-horses, which were kept at a public stable. When I expressed surprise at his willingness to entrust such valuable horses to the care of anyone but his own trained groom, he said: "The man who keeps this stable is a born stable-keeper and a gentleman. His men are carefully selected, and the following are his rules: First, no man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. His men, like his horses, must drink water, cold water only. Second, no man must speak loudly to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse in the stable who hears it. Excited words addressed to one horse are felt by every other horse who hears them, and keep them all nervous and uneasy. Third, no man must use profane language in the hearing of the horses."

I was not surprised after that that my friend was willing to leave his horses in such hands.

Self-Control.

A man who lately came over from Canada told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking-room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer again. A third invitation was then given in these words: "Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whisky or anything else with me?" The man then put aside his paper and answered very quietly: "Do you see that glass, sir. Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it I could not leave off until I had drunk all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you." All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.—From The Quiver.

Canada's Greatest Seed House

A GOOD **TURNIP** CROP Means Well-Fed Stock

GROWERS' FAVORITES:

STEELE, BRIGGS' **"JUMBO" Swede**

Grows handsome, tankard-shaped roots, of a purplish-crimson color above ground, yellow beneath; stands well out of ground, **grows roots of giant size. Price** (post-paid) ½ lb., 10c.; ¾ lb., 15c.; 1 lb., 24c.; for 5-lb. lots and over, 21c. lb.

STEELE, BRIGGS' **"SELECTED" Swede**

For over ten years the favorite with best growers; even, handsome shape and a great cropper. Many tons of seed are required annually to supply the demand for this fine variety. **Price** (post-paid) ½ lb., 10c.; ¾ lb., 15c.; 1 lb., 24c.; for 5 lb. lots and over, 21c. lb.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Steele, Briggs' **"Jumbo"** and **"Selected"** Swede are **sold in sealed packages only** (¼ lb. and 1 lb.) as shown in accompanying illustrations always bearing their name.

STEELE, BRIGGS'
EXTRA SELECT TURNIP SEEDS
SOLD BY CAREFUL MERCHANTS **ASK FOR THEM**

FORCIBLE POINTERS Whatever crop you grow, success or failure is largely governed by the seed used. **Successful growers always use the best seeds obtainable.** All seeds have a value, which varies according to the care and selection of stock in producing them; indifferently grown seeds cost less to produce and permit of being sold at like low, "cheap" prices—**Like produces like.** The labor necessary to grow a crop with "cheap" seed is the same as when using the best seed—**then why incur unnecessary risk by using "cheap" seeds?**

THE BEST CROPS ARE GROWN FROM
... Steele, Briggs' Seeds ...
BE SURE THAT YOU GET THEM WHEN BUYING

ENSILAGE CORN

LARGEST STOCKS OF BEST KNOWN VARIETIES

Mammoth Cuban Yellow Dent Corn The heaviest ear producing variety, with a favorable season has yielded 34 tons of ears per acre, and ripens in most parts of Ontario. Price, ½ bush., 45c.; bush., 85c.; 2 bush. and over, 80c. bush.; bags, 15c. each.

EARLY HURON YELLOW DENT CORN One of the earliest dent varieties in cultivation, a strong grower, stalks and ears of good size, small cob with deep grain, productive. Price, ½ bush., 50c.; bush., 90c.; 2 bush. and over, 85c. a bush.; bags, 15c. each.

FAMOUS **Garden AND Flower SEEDS**

First Prize VEGETABLES and FLOWERS GROWN FROM Steele, Briggs' Seeds

You can get Steele, Briggs' Famous Garden and Flower Seeds from your Resident Merchant, or send for them direct. THE BEST SEEDS THAT GROW.

FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF
Newest & Best Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Flowering Roots, Vines, Roses, Small Fruits, etc. SEE OUR CATALOGUE.

If you have not received one, send your name and it will be MAILED FREE. Mention this paper. When ordering, please send money by Express Money Order, Postal Note or Registered Letter. All orders receive best care.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co. LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

Her Husband Was a Drunkard.

She Finally Administered a Remedy, Without His Knowledge, and Cured Him.

A pathetic story is revealed in the following letter: "For several years my husband has been a confirmed drunkard. He could not hold a position, although he was an expert bookkeeper. I vainly endeavored to induce him to take a liquor cure. Last fall we were dispossessed for non-payment of rent, and the exposure caused the death of our only child. It sobered him for a few weeks, but then he took to drink again worse than ever. An old friend of our prosperous days recommended me to try your Samaria prescription, and I gave it to my husband in his coffee without his knowledge. It seemed to make liquor disinclined to him. He soon stopped drinking altogether, but I continued to administer the remedy until his system was entirely free from the effect of alcohol. Last week he secured a good position and now we are as happy a couple as ever lived."

This marvelous remedy will be mailed in plain wrapper to any address by sending $5.00 to The Samaria Remedy Co., Toronto, Ont.

"Why do you think she must have picked up her musical education herself?"

"When she sings I can understand nearly every word she says."

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

She—John, the Joblots' new house is so much larger than ours.

He—Yes, my dear; so is their mortgage.

Miller's Worm Powders cure all ailments of children like magic.

Some important inventions have been discovered by lunatics.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

THE AGONIZING PLASTER

THE ROOTS OF CANCER cannot be removed by dangerous operations or by agonizing plasters. Surface treatment is not sufficient. Send for particulars of our remedy which is making hundreds of permanent cures. No pain. No knife. No plaster.

T. H. STOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE ONT

Useful At All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Cars Without Wheels.

Street cars without wheels are the latest novelty in vehicles. The cars run on ball bearings, and, being near the line instead of raised above it, are not subject to the same amount of resistance in the form of centrifugal force. Much greater speed is thus obtained, and the wear of the balls in carrying the car is much less than the wear on the wheel rims. The movement of the tramcar is easy and agreeable.

Your friend, Mrs. ——, is looking much improved in health. Yes, she is a different woman. We persuaded her to try Miller's Compound Iron Pills, with the result you observe.

Pictures Through Insect Lenses.

One of the latest marvels of little things is the taking of pictures through the lens of an insect's eye. We are filled with astonishment, says Mr. F. W. Saxby, when we reflect that from a dragon-fly's head we could obtain 28,000 perfect lenses, so minute that a million of them would not cover a square inch, and yet each be capable of yielding a recognizable photograph.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Gloves Which May Be Washed.

A glove manufacturer near Carlsbad, in Germany, has invented a process for the manufacture of glazed leather for gloves which can be washed without losing its color, and which will at the same time remain pliant and resist the action of heat and cold. The leather is submitted to a tanning supplementary to the chrome.

If the child is restless at night, has coated tongue, sallow complexion, a dose of Miller's Worm Powders is what is required; very pleasant and perfectly harmless.

Ingenious Mechanical Device.

An ingenious mechanical device pastes paper labels out 100,000 cans in ten hours. Down a shoot rolls a ceaseless procession of cans and each can picks up a label as it passes.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

That Burden Again.

"Well, I see you've taken up the white man's burden."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't that your wife's mother's trunk that was carried into your flat yesterday?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"I tell you, George, there isn't much pie in a convict's life."

"No; but he gets his deserts just the same."

"Benedict Jones is a deep thinker, isn't he?"

"He has to be; he's married."

The best physicians speak well of Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

A Peachy Complexion.

Mr. DeBullion—What a peachy complexion Miss Prettie has.

Miss Beautie (a rival belle)—Yes, isn't it awful? Just full of fuzz.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER, French Village.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup. J. F. CUNNINGHAM, Cape Island.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. Norway, Me JOSEPH A. SNOW.

In a Piano.

There are 48 different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than 10 different countries, employing 40 different hands.

Miller's Worm Powders are a wonderful medicine for the ailments of children.

He—I only married you out of pique.

She—I knew it. That was why I accepted you.

Land in the city of London is worth £5,000,000 an acre.

EARN A WATCH

We give this fine watch **FREE** for selling 2½ dozen Gold Plated Lever Collar Buttons. Lady's Watch for 3½ dozen, at 10c. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons post paid. No money required. Sell the buttons to your friends, return the money and we send the Watch prepaid.—A genuine American Watch, guaranteed for a few hours work.

The R. O. Smith Co. Orillia, Ont.

T. N. U. 217

FREE This beautiful Gold-Shell Solitaire Ring, in exquisite Pinchbeck, given for selling 1 doz. dainty packets of Redoonga, Lilac and Violet perfume. No brass or assorted. Sell at 10c. each. Return us $1.50 and receive ring **FREE** by return mail. Liberal commission, if preferred. Unsold goods returnable. HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. D Toronto, Ont.

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back and hunter-case, open face, stem wind and set, gold plated, handsomely engraved, looks like a valuable watch. Sell for $2.95 and prove it worth double. Money back if not satisfied. Mail Department is represented, and the express agent fills and charges, and it is yours.

Dept. D Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

LAWN SWINGS Ask your nearest dealer to write us for prices.

The H. A. NELSON & SONS CO., Limited. Montreal, Que.

A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

An hour later a large island hid us from sight of the reef and our pursuers. But still, in the gathering gloom, we steamed ahead as fast as our propellers could drive us.

At 7 o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and after a last look round we went below to it. When we remembered how hopeless it had appeared at the beginning, it was difficult to believe that we had emerged so safely from our awkward scrape.

During the meal I could hardly eat for looking at Alie and thinking of all the events which had occurred since first I sat at that table with her. She must have been thinking something of the same kind, for at the end of dinner, just as we were about to go on deck, she bade the steward charge our glasses and proposed this toast:

"I drink to the Lone Star and those who have saved us today."

We drank the toast with enthusiasm and set our glasses down again. But just as we did so there was a loud crash, a trembling of the entire vessel, a curious pause, and then another awful crash.

"We have struck something," I cried, springing to my feet. Then, as if by instinct, I said, "Run to your cabins and get your shawls."

They did so, and by the time they emerged again the hubbub was deafening. The sound of rending and tearing could only be described as awful. Then there was sudden and complete silence which was almost worse than the noise. We ran on deck and made our way as fast as we could to the bridge.

"What has happened?" I cried to Patterson, who was issuing orders as fast as his tongue could utter them.

"We have struck a rock that is not on my chart," he said, "and I have reversed the engines to pull her off."

I could see that we were going astern, but even a child could have told by the way the schooner moved that it was a hopeless case with her.

Even while he was speaking she was sinking perceptibly.

"There is no hope," he said at last. "We must leave her."

All the hands by this time were at their stations, and the boats were lowered with exquisite care and precision. Fortunately they had been that very day uncovered and equipped in case of accident, so that there was no possible cause for delay.

Keeping Alie and Janet by my side, I descended to the boat allotted to us, and we took our seats in the stern. By the time we had pulled to a distance of about 100 yards the deck of the yacht was level with the water. Five minutes later the gallant but ill fated Lone Star tipped up on end, gave a sullen plunge and disappeared beneath the waves to be no more seen by mortal man. I slipped my arm around Alie's waist and drew her closer to my side. She was trembling violently.

"Be brave, dear love," I whispered. "For all our sakes, be brave."

She turned her head in the direction where the poor yacht had disappeared and said almost under her breath:

"Goodby, Lone Star, goodby."

Then she stooped forward and buried her face in her hands.

To divert her thoughts I turned to the boat nearest us, which was commanded by Patterson, and asked what he thought we had better do.

"Sail up the coast as fast as we can," he answered. "My boat will take the lead. The rest had better follow in single file. If this wind holds, we shall fetch the settlement or be somewhere thereabout by daybreak."

The wind did hold, and we did make the settlement by the time he specified. Then passing behind the great doors which, as I have said before, concealed the entrance to the canal so cleverly that even from the close distance of a mile I had not been able to detect where the imitation began and the real cliff ended, we pulled inside. Then, to cheer us, standing before them all, I uncovered my head and cried, perhaps a trifle theatrically:

"Gentlemen, the queen has come back to her own again."

As the cheers that greeted my announcement died away we left the canal and entered the little landlocked harbor.

L'ENVOI.

Three years have passed since the wreck of the schooner Lone Star, and today is the third anniversary of our return to the settlement. It is a lovely morning, and I am sitting in the veranda of our bungalow on the hillside, pen in hand, waiting for a step whose music grows every day more welcome to my ears. My patience is rewarded when a woman, to whose beauty time has but added, turns the corner, closely followed by an enormous white bulldog, and comes toward me. When she reaches me, she sets down the rosy toddling infant she carries in her arms and, taking a seat beside me, says:

"What news had you by the mail this morning, my husband?"

"Nothing of very much moment, Alie," I answer. "The negotiations in England are still proceeding, and Brandwon confidently hopes, in view of certain considerations, that he will be able to carry out his plans and win a free pardon for a certain beautiful lady of my acquaintance."

"Then it is all as satisfactory as we could wish," she says. "I am thankful for that. And now I have some news for you."

"Are you going to tell me that I am the happiest husband in the world, or

"What is it?" she whispered.

that that boy, playing with old Bel yonder, whom we both worship a good deal more than is good for him, is being spoiled by the entire population of the settlement?"

"Neither of those things. No, it has to do with your sister Janet."

"Ah, then I can guess. She is so enraptured with the settlement that she is willing to prolong her stay indefinitely."

"How did you guess?"

"Have I not eyes, my wife? You don't mean to tell me that you think you alone have seen the outrageous court Walworth has been paying her these six months past?"

"You have no objection, I hope?"

"Not the very slightest. She is a good woman, if ever there was one, and he is certainly a man after my own heart. If they marry and are destined to be as happy as we are, then they'll be lucky people. That's all I can say, my wife."

"Can you truthfully affirm that you have never regretted giving up so much for me?"

"Regretted! How can you ask me such a question? No, my darling; rest assured if there is one thing for which I am grateful to Providence it is"—

Here I placed my arm round her neck and drew her lovely head down to me.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"That I was permitted to be the husband of the Beautiful White Devil!"

THE END.

Easily Satisfied.

A manufacturer of tombstones in a flourishing provincial town one day received a call from a customer who wished to buy a stone for his mother's grave.

After looking anxiously about for some time and making numerous remarks as to his mother's taste he finally fixed his gaze upon a stone which the stonecutter had prepared for another person.

"I like this one," he said decidedly. "I'll take this."

"But that belongs to another man," remonstrated the stonecutter, "and it has the name 'Francis' cut on it, you see. That wouldn't do for your mother."

"Oh, yes, it would!" responded the countryman. "Mother couldn't read, and besides," he added as he saw the stonecutter's expression, "she'd like it all the better if she could read, for Francis was always a favorite name of hers anyhow."

The story is suggestive of one told of a London tradesman suddenly grown rich, who, having set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness maker to have a silver letter put on the blinders of his horses.

"What is the initial?" asked the harness maker.

"The what?" asked the rich man, looking blank.

"What letter shall I put on?" inquired the harness maker, suppressing his amusement.

"Well, I hadn't quite made up my mind," answered the customer, "but I guess W is about as handsome a letter as any, isn't it?"—St. Louis Star.

Too Much For Their Curiosity.

The minister of a country church was greatly annoyed on Sundays by the women turning round every time any one came in and so interrupting the sermon. At last he hit upon a plan for stopping it. The next time he preached he gave this notice out:

"So that no one need turn round I will call out the name of the person or persons entering this church during my sermon." And then he started:

"Dearly beloved brethren—Farmer Jacobs and his wife—the text for today will be—Miss Jones—seventh chapter, second verse of—Mrs. Brown and baby—St. John, where it says—Mr. and Mrs. Smith, with a new bonnet on"—

Here he discovered his mistake and was going to correct himself, but it was too late. All the women in the place had turned round.—Pearson's Weekly.

BALLADE OF THE MEDIOCRE.

Ambitious bards with song sublime
To win eternal fame essay—
To echo through the deeps of time
The voice of some grand yesterday
Or on man's throbbing heartstrings play
Love's harmonies unspeakable.
Alas, I am not framed that way!
I beat the cymbals—that is all!

How sweet in slender snares of rhyme
To trap the tender dreams of May,
To catch the bluebell's subtle chime
Of fragrance on the hills astray,
To mock the wildwood's blithe ballet
Of blooms and flitting birds that call
The chorus to spring's roundelay!
I beat the cymbals—that is all!

To be a king of song and climb
Olympus with a lyre—for aye
To rise above the toil and grime
Of life and from the stars survey
This peevish world's discordant fray—
Ah, this were worth a master's scrawl!
But I the master must obey.
I beat the cymbals—that is all.

ENVOY.

Friend, in life's changeable array
Some may be great, some must be small
And some be grave, a few be gay.
I beat the cymbals—that is all.

—Chicago Record.

THE LITTLE CURATE.

The curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark haired and pale complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily walk with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Broxbourne.

"Such a very uninteresting young man!" said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving women an overwhelming and not altogether united majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort, and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father presumably cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate.

The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. St. John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the younger fled howling up an alley.

"What the"— spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer to his sweetheart.

"Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the alehouse opposite and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road and, with rough hands and soothing curses, conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate as the lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him. I would indeed."

"You think I should have punished him then?" said the curate mildly. "He was a much larger man than I, you know."

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy," he said presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. But she made no reply.

"So, you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned after a chill pause.

"I don't think your cloth is an excuse anyhow," she blurted out suddenly and cruelly. The next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "Goodby!" was all he vouchsafed her.

* * * * * *

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear, summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not likely to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying, in his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been unreal, that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson!" he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago and turning as red as a turkey cock.

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done wi' ye!" cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled with the word—"apology fer interferin t'ween a father an his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interferin."

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped.

"Let me pass!" said the curate.

"No, ye don't!" cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from the parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there and losing itself at last in the heat haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now!"

"You have indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gasped at his proceedings.

"Now, I'm ready!" said the curate gently.

"Are ye goin to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come on, ye"—

But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends, the Indian clubs and dumbbells, which had kept him in trim the past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was gone; his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But, no. The young man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, I'm"—

"Hush, man; it's not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse. "Now, get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to its feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John persuasively.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm—I'm"—

"Don't say another word. Goodby." And the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm beat!" he said. It had to come. Then he shambled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub and donned his coat and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had struck her. Her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about 50 yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone.

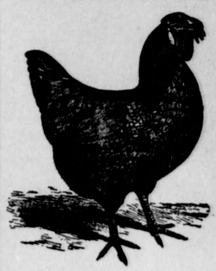
He turned about and hastened to her.

Twenty-five years ago the United States produced 70 per cent of the cotton of the world. Today she produces 55 per cent of the world's cotton.

New Breeds of Belgian Hens and Their Characteristics.

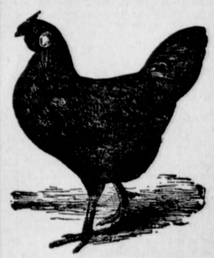
One of the new Belgian breeds of poultry, says the American consul in Antwerp, is the Herve chicken, which is black and has a moderate single, straight comb, reddish brown eyes, red gills and ear lobes, small roundish wattles, stocky neck and abundant flesh. The breast is rather strongly developed, and the vertical tail is quite well feathered. The legs, of a very dark bluish or blackish color, are not long. This fowl is healthy, active and rivals the best layers. It is originally from the district of Herve—hence its name—in the province of Liege, where it has long been known to farmers. It has, however, been much neglected and bastardized with breeds of lesser value.

The Manheid is similar to the Herve. It has the same characteristics and differs only in its plumage and its height, both of which are less developed. In color it is blue black or light ash blue. Its comb is single, straight, not too large and slightly notched. Its eyes are reddish brown, its ear lobes bright red, and its wattles are not highly developed. The shading of the neck is darker than the remainder of its plumage; the breast is rather wide, the tail slightly developed, the legs bluish gray and mostly covered. It is a good layer. The Herve and the Manheid weigh about 4½ pounds each.



BLACK HERVE HEN.

Within a few miles of Brussels the breeding of the Coocoo of Malines is becoming daily more and more important. Fattened specimens of this race, called Brussels fowls, are being perfected marvelously. The breeding and fattening of these fowls give employment to hundreds of peasants. There are specialists who thus prepare as many as 1,000 to 1,500 chickens every three weeks. The sale price varies from 68 cents to $1.35 apiece, according to the season. The Coocoo of Malines sits summer and winter, and as a result of great care by skilled breeders a sufficient number is raised for the demands of the annually increasing trade. In the vicinity of Merchtem there is found a variety of Coocoo of Malines known as the Coocoo of Merchtem, which is gradually surpassing the other varieties in weight and delicacy of meat.



MANHEID HEN.

Under the direction of the Belgian minister of agriculture lectures on poultry raising are given to every group of agriculturists who express a desire for them. Under the influence of this instruction it is now remarked that the coops are much better kept than formerly; that much greater care is given to the nests, and that the food is much better prepared. These corn, formerly almost exclusively used as food at all seasons, is being replaced by a more varied diet, according to the time of year and its produce—cooked potatoes mixed with grain and milk served tepid in winter, buckwheat, barley, wheat, oats and occasionally in summer hemp seed. The use of crushed oyster shells is scarcely known.

MALINES CHICKEN.