

THE CASTING AWAY

MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE.

"Mrs. Aleshine," said I, looking at her very steadfastly, "I believe, after all, that you and Mrs. Lecks had your own way in regard to hurrying up this matter."

"Yes," said she, with happy complacency, "I shouldn't wonder if we had. Stirring up the parson was our last chance, and it wasn't much trouble to do it."

Mrs. Lecks, whose manner towards me for the last few days had been characterized by cold severity, now resumed her former friendly demeanor, although she was not willing to let the affair pass over without some words of reproach.

"I must say, Mr. Craig," she remarked the next morning, "that I was getting pretty well outdone with you. I was beginning to think that a young man that couldn't see and wouldn't see what was good for him, didn't deserve to have it; and if Miss Ruth's father had just come down with a heavy foot and put an end to the whole business, I'm not sure I'd been sorry for you. But it's all right at last, and by-gones is by-gones. And now, what we've got to do is to get ready for the wedding."

"The wedding!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Lecks regarded me with an expression in which there was something of virtuous indignation and something of pity. "Mr. Craig," said she, "if there ever was anybody that wanted a guardian, it's you. Now, just let me tell you this. That Mr. Enderton ain't to be trusted no further than you can see him, and not so far, neither, if it can be helped. He's willin' for you to have Miss Ruth now, because he's pretty much made up his mind that we're going to stay here; and as he considers you the master of this island, of course he thinks it'll be for his good for his daughter to be mistress of it. For one thing, he wouldn't expect to pay no board then. But just let him get away from this island, and just let him set his eyes on some smooth-faced young fellow that'll agree to take him into the concern and keep him for nuthin' on books and tea, he'll just throw you over without winking. And Miss Ruth is not the girl to marry you against his will, if he opens the Bible and piles texts on her, which he is capable of doin'. If in any way you two should get separated when you leave here, there's no knowin' when you'd ever see each other again, for where he'll take her nobody can tell. He's more willin' to set down and stay where he finds himself comfortable than anybody I've met yet."

"Of course," I said, "I'm ready to be married at any moment, but I don't believe Miss Ruth and her father will consent to anything so speedy."

"Don't you get into the way," said Mrs. Lecks, "of beforehand believin' this or that. It don't pay. Just you go to her father and talk to him, about it; and if you and him agree, it'll be easy enough to make her see the sense of it. You attend to them, and I'll see that everythin' is got ready. And you'd better fix the day for to-morrow, for we can't stay here much longer, and there's a lot of house-cleanin' and bakin' and cookin' to be done before we go."

I took this advice, and broached the subject to Mr. Enderton.

"Well, sir," said he laying down his book, "your proposition is decidedly odd; I may say, very odd indeed. But it is perhaps, after all, no odder than many things I have seen. Among the various denominational sects I have noticed occurrences quite as odd; quite as odd sir. For my part, I have no desire to object to an early celebration of the matrimonial rites. I may say, indeed, that I am of the opinion that a certain amount of celerity in this matter will conduce to the comfort of all concerned. It has been a very unsatisfactory thing to me to see my daughter occupying a subordinate position in our little family, where she has not even the power to turn household affairs into the channels of my comfort. To-morrow, I think, will do very well indeed. Even if it should rain, I see no reason why the ceremony should be postponed."

The proposition of a wedding on the morrow was not received by Ruth with favor. She was unprepared for such precipitancy. But she finally yielded to arguments; not so much to mine. I fear, as to those offered by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

For the rest of that day the three mariners were kept very busy, bringing in green things to deck the parlor, and doing every imaginable kind of work necessary to a wedding which Mrs. Aleshine was willing to give into their hands. As for herself and her good friend, they put themselves upon their mettle as providers of festivals. They made cakes, pies, and I never knew, half so well as the three sailors, how many other kinds of good things. Besides all this, they assisted Ruth to fit herself out in some degree in a manner becoming to a bride. Some light and pretty adornments of dress were borrowed from Emily or Lucille, they knew not which, and, after having been "done up" and fluted and crimped by Mrs. Lecks were incorporated by Ruth into her costume with so much taste that on the wedding morning she appeared to me to be dressed more charmingly than any bride I ever saw.

The three sailors had done their own washing and ironing, and appeared in cleanly garb, and with hair and beards well wet and brushed. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, put on their best bibs and tuckers and Mr. Enderton assumed his most clerical air, as he stood behind a table in the parlor and married Ruth and me.

"This," said Mr. Enderton, as we were seated at the wedding feast, "is a most charitable display of attractive viands; but I may say, my dear

Ruth, that I think I perceived the influence of the happy event of to-day even before it took place. I have lately had a better appetite for my food, and have experienced a greater enjoyment of my surroundings."

"I should think so," murmured Mrs. Aleshine in my ear, for we'd no sooner known that you two were to make a match of it, than we put an extra sponful of tea into his pot, and stopped scrubbin' the library."

For the next two days all was bustle and work at the island. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine would not consent to depart without leaving everything in the best possible order, so that the Dusantes might not be dissatisfied with the condition of their house when they returned. It was, in fact, the evident desire of the two women to gratify their pride in their housewifely abilities by leaving everything better than they found it.

Mr. Enderton was much surprised at these preparations for immediate departure. He was very well satisfied with his life on the island, and had prepared his mind for an indefinite continuance of it, with the position of that annoying and obdurate Mrs. Lecks filled by a compliant and affectionate daughter. He had no reasonable cause for complaint, for the whole subject of the exhaustion of our supply of provisions and the necessity of an open-boat trip to an inhabited island had been fully discussed before him. But he was so entirely engrossed in the consideration of his own well-being, that this discussion of our plans had made no impression upon him. He now became convinced that a conspiracy had been entered into against him, and fell into an unpleasant humor. This, however, produced very little effect upon any of us, for we were all too busy to notice his whims. But his sudden change of disposition made me understand how correct were the opinions of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine concerning him. If I had left that island with my marriage with Ruth depending upon Mr. Enderton's co-operation, my prospects of future happiness would have been at the mercy of his caprices.

Very early on a beautiful morning Ruth and I started out on our wedding journey in the long-boat. Mr. Enderton was made as comfortable as possible in the stern, with Ruth near him. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine sat facing each other, each with a brown paper package by her side, containing the life-preserver on which she had arrived. These were to be ever cherished as memorials of a wonderful experience. The three sailors and I took turns at the oars. The sea was smooth, and there was every reason to believe that we should arrive at our destination before the end of the day. Mrs. Aleshine had supplied us with an abundance of provisions, and with the exception of Mr. Enderton, who had not been permitted to take away any of the Dusante books, we were a contented party.

"As long as the flour held out," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "I'd never been willin' to leave that island till the Dusantes came back, and we could have took Emily or Lucille, whichever it was that kept house, and showed her everythin', and told her just what we had done. But when they do come back," she added, "and read that letter which Mr. Craig wrote and left for them, and find out all that happened in their country place while they was away, and how two of us was made happy for life; and how two more of us, meanin' Mrs. Lecks and me, have give up goin' to Japan, intendin', instead of that, writin' to my son to come home to America, and settle down in the country here ought to live in,—why, then, if them Dusantes ain't satisfied it's no use for anybody to ever try to satisfy 'em."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Lecks, "with the wedding cards on the parlor table, not a speck of dust in any corner, and the board money in the ginger-jar."

The End.

GILDED HEELED SLIPPERS.

The new gypsy shoe is made of green glace kid, with a low heel, a square toe, and a chased silver buckle, connecting two straps that cross high on the instep. Very often a pretty pattern is cut or pressed into the leather, and green silk hose, exactly matching the shoe, are worn.

Venetian sandals are assumed chiefly at night for dances and dinners. Their black satin vamps are cut low as possible over the toe, which is rounded, and the heel is gilded to harmonize with the delicate geometric lines of gold embroidery that are fretted out over the black background. Occasionally one sees worn with these black silk stockings heavily interwoven with gold threads.

HE SAW THE MONKEY.

Sandy Macgregor, after five-and-twenty years' steady work, took a fortnight's holiday and went to London. At the foot of the stair where Sandy was lodging two or three young fellows gathered every morning round a barber's shop door, and when Sandy passed backwards and forwards from seeing the sights they began to notice him, and resolved to have a lark out of the auld Scot. One morning, on emerging from his lodgings, Sandy was accosted by the barber himself with the words: "Ere, old fellow, 'ave you seen a lorry passing this 'ere way loaded with monkeys from Bailey's show?" "No, ma mannie," said Sandy, "I didna see it; but, pur chiel, hae ye

MANY DEEDS OF VALOUR.

BRILLIANT CHARGE OF THE LANCERS AT OMDURMAN.

Wounded Men Continued to Fight—Some Heroic Rescues of Injured Lancers—Emir Yakub Fought Bravely to the End.

George Stevens, of the London Daily Mail writing more fully on the brilliant achievement of the British at Omdurman, declares that the charge of the Lancers formed no part of the Sirdar's plan of battle. He did not give the word for it; neither did it have any direct bearing upon the supreme issue of the day. But it was, the writer says, a superb display of military valour. Out of a total strength of only 320 men with which the regiment went into the fray, they lost no fewer than forty killed and wounded. Several horses were quickly hamstringed, and their riders were being cut to pieces by the ferocious foe. The Lancers attacked the enemy when wheeling to the left, and thus they passed over ground which had not been examined by the scouts, wherein a deep khor was held by a couple of thousand of the enemy. These the Lancers saw for the first time when two hundred yards away, too late to change their minds; and though the dervishes were placed ten or fifteen deep the regiment dashed into them with a thwack.

SOME VALOROUS ACTS

On getting through one subaltern cried to his troops to rally, but found only four men behind him. Lieutenant de Montmorency went back among the dervishes to fetch the body of the sergeant of his troop and found Lieutenant Grenfell's body. He hoisted Grenfell on to his horse, not knowing that he was dead. The horse bolted and Lieutenant de Montmorency was left alone before a crowd of the enemy, who were firing heavily fifty yards distant. Captain P. A. Kenna and a corporal caught the horse, rode up, and brought Lieutenant de Montmorency off in safety. Lieut. Grenfell's body was also recovered. The Lancers who were killed in this charge had their heads, necks and limbs slashed to ribbons. With one exception, no man who was once actually unhorsed was again seen alive. The single exception was Surgeon-Major Ginches. His horse was brought down to the ground, and the officer fell among the furious dervishes. Sergeant-Major Brennan, who was riding ahead, saw the major's peril, and gallantly returned to his assistance. After a tough fight, in the course of which Brennan killed several dervishes, he succeeded in getting the officer on to his own horse and back to the regiment.

WOUNDED MEN FOUGHT ON

Trooper Byrne, fighting with desperate valour, was badly wounded first by a dervish sword and then by a rifle bullet. But the madness of battle was upon him, and he continued to fight. His troop officer told him "to get outside." He replied, "Do let me have one more go at them, sir." Sergt-Major George Veysey got a slash from a dervish sword which severed his nose, and almost simultaneously a spear was thrust into his chest. Blood streamed from his wounds, but he still rode firmly in his saddle and continued to cheer on his troop till the fight was over. Sergt. Freeman received a terrible wound from a sword in his face, but, like Veysey, he went on fighting, and only sought the aid of a surgeon after he had carried his men through the action. Before the Lancers could get at the dervishes they had to jump the water-course, and they did it in splendid style. Lieut. Wormaid, of the 7th Hussars, engaged an Emir single-handed, and nearly came to grief. Delivering a terrific blow at the mail-clad warrior, the lieutenant's sword, striking against the chain armour, bent double, as though it were lead; but before the Emir could get his own sword home Wormaid hit him across the head with the bent sword and stunned him, and a Lancer opportunely coming along finished the chieftain. Another officer, while parrying the thrust of a dervish spearman, lost his sword, and his life was only saved by the promptness of a trooper behind him, who ran his lance through the dervish.

BRAVE EMIR YAKUB

Comparing experiences, many of us have arrived at the conclusion that the finest display of individual heroism was made by the Khalifa's brother, the show more supreme contempt of death. He rode at the head of a crowd of horsemen, and repeatedly tried to get to close quarters. Over and over again these horsemen galloped right at our along our face, raising dense clouds of dust as they went, and leaving a trail of dead and dying men. At one moment a merciless rifle fire poured into their flanks and rear, but they stopped, and, scorning to get out of Yakub's standard, and proudly faced the rain of lead. A great body of white-clad footmen screaming hoarsely the name of Allah and brandishing huge spears, ran at full speed across the open ground, for no other purpose apparently than to die with their leader. Rifle and Maxim fire and shell

from field guns swept through the mass and mowed them down, and not one man out of ten reached Yakub's standard. Slatin Pasha, who had recognized Yakub's flag, rode out and found the Emir still alive. The dying chieftain recognized his old enemy and erstwhile prisoner, and died in his presence.

As Yakub expired several of his body-guard, who lay near grievously wounded, managed to raise themselves up and fired their rifles at our men, whereupon they were promptly despatched by some Egyptian soldiers.

The Khalifa had already fled, and Yakub's superb effort was the last organized attempt by the dervishes to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

MARCHED INTO OMDURMAN

The Sirdar's entry into Omdurman had touches about it of barbaric triumph and impressiveness. Armed men cast their arms at the Sirdar's feet and cried out for clemency. The women pressed forward, seizing and kissing the hands of our officers. The Sirdar rode straight along the main street of the city to the square, where stood the now battered tomb of the Mahdi.

All the prisoners were found unharmed. The previous night they had been led out in chains, apparently for execution, but their jailers changed their minds.

All the afternoon and evening our army marched steadily through the streets of Omdurman to the river bank three miles beyond, where the Sirdar had decided that the camp should be pitched. Without waiting for food, the men, after quenching their awful thirst, threw themselves on the bare ground utterly exhausted, and there and then went to sleep. For all of them there had been but little water or food for twelve or fourteen hours.

Of the visit of the Sirdar to Khartoum, Mr. Stevens says:

To-day the Union Jack flies over the grave of General Gordon.

Detachments of all the British and Egyptian regiments left Omdurman early in the morning by steamer for Khartoum.

Before ten o'clock the troops drew up opposite a derelict stone building. Its regular rows of windows were once shaded by shutters; now they are loosely bricked up. Once it was a two-storied building; now it shows only a single storey, half concealed by silted-up rubble. This forlorn ruin was formerly the seat of the Government of the Soudan, and the scene of the death of Gordon. The troops were drawn up in firing lines around three sides of a quadrangle opposite the front of the ruin; the Egyptian detachment on the right, the British on the left, in the same order that they had taken for Friday's battle. From the battered tower rose two flagstaffs, with halyards which were in charge of Lieutenant Stairley, R.N., Captain Watson, A.D.C., Major Milford, and the Sirdar's native aide-de-camp. The Sirdar, who stood with his staff inside the quadrangle, suddenly raised his hand; the band of the Grenadiers played "God Save the Queen" and the Khedival hymn, and at that moment the British and Egyptian ensigns were run up side by side. The Union Jack shook itself and streamed out strongly on the breeze. The guns of the Melik boomed a salute of twenty-one guns.

The rest of the ceremony had reference to General Gordon's death. The British band played the "Dead March in Saul," and the Egyptian band the march from Handel's "Scipio," in memory of their dead. The four chaplains—Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Anglican and Methodist—advanced and faced the Sirdar, and alternately read the burial service, the gunboat all the while pealing minute guns. The service over, the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforth's wailed a lament, and the band of the Egyptians followed. The burial rites having been consummated, the troops were dismissed.

We wandered afterwards through Gordon's garden. It is still green with palms, and acacia, orange, lemon, pomegranate and fig trees and sugar cane.

It was a vivid and refreshing scene after the arid, stinking condition of Omdurman.

MUST DRESS LIKE QUEENS.

Vienna papers are commenting on the great cost of actresses' dresses. Stage folks who play kings and queens say they must dress like royalty. Frau Odillon as Mme. Sans Gene paid \$1,250 for her costume, and an opera singer recently bettered this record by \$500. As a matter of fact, however, real royalty pays nothing like these prices. The young Queen of Holland gets Paris gowns for \$40 to \$50. The Archduchesses Marie Valerie and Gisela get what they want for from \$80 to \$100. The German Empress buys her dresses in Vienna, and pays not more than \$320, while the Empress Elizabeth gets the latest fashion and best quality for \$60.

The Countess Castellane has just bought a tea gown from Worth for which she paid \$6,000. It is trimmed with diamonds and is made of heliotrope velvet, crinkled according to the latest fashion. The long, straight front is of cream-colored mousseline de soie and cascades of cream and silk lace.

The front is bordered with a most exquisite trimming, consisting of a fluffy jabot of white feathers caught here and there with diamond ornaments. The effect of the diamonds glistening among the feathers is exquisite. The feathery trimming reaches the hem of the gown. The crinkled velvet sleeve is small and laid in tucks are a few sprays of velvet purple and white orchids, and on the other is a bunch of vollets. The gown has a long train and an indescribable air of regal elegance.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE

MR. WM. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW HE OBTAIN IT.

He Has Been Subject to Fainting Spells and Cramps—Was Gradually Growing Weaker and Weaker.

From the Echo, Plattsville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have attained a most enviable reputation in the community. Probably no other medicine has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that they are benefited by its use. Recently I printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well known lady of the name of Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of another similar case. Bright, is a well known figure in the walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile, for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and cleared it of forest. In conversation with him, he related to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 72 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what it was to be a day's illness. But then my subject began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach. I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and was past the three score and ten mark. I took fainting fits and decided to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was a general weakness due to old age, and advised me to carry some stimulants with me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I took one box but they did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them, however, and after taking four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To-day I am as well as I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good" as the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent you paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Schenectady, New York.

A PATHETIC STORY.

The pathetic story of the last that Beethoven ever touched a piano forte is not very widely known. He was traveling from Baden to Vienna, in response to an urgent call from his favorite nephew, who was in trouble and, to save money, was making a greater part of the journey on foot. A few leagues from Vienna he became exhausted, and was obliged to seek night's shelter at a humble house. The family received him kindly, gave him supper, and then invited him to the head of the house opened a grand piano, and the sons each brought old musical instrument, and all began to play.

For 25 years Beethoven had been deaf, and the music was unobtainable to him, but he could see its deep meaning. Wife and daughter laid their heads down and listened with tears streaming down their cheeks, while the great man played with moist eyes dimmed by the notes. Beethoven watched the emotion evoked, and when the music ceased asked to see the manuscript. He had moved them so. The pianist had him the "Allegretto in Beethoven's Symphony in A." "Going himself to let us finish it," he said, "I played the piano, he played the remainder of the evening following the concert. He played with heavenly improvisations. For the night he played, while the others listened enraptured.

When he went to bed his wife was full of fever. He could not sleep, and finally stole out of the house in the fresh air, remaining until he was thoroughly chilled. In the morning he too ill to proceed on his journey, his anxious hosts sent for a physician and summoned his friends in Vienna. Hummel was almost the only one to come, and he stood inconspicuously beside the master's bed. At last he apparently unconscious. At last he moved and caught Hummel's hands in both of his own. "Ah, Hummel, I must have had some tonic," he said faintly. They were his words.

ANIMALS THAT NEVER DIE

There are some animals which never die, and upon soil organisms. The little warts on the roots, without which you could not grow these plants, are co-workers, and with which it is absolutely useless to speak, what they were driving away from the plants, the soil organisms which they must have lime content in the soil. If you do not rea-

Agriculture

WHY NOT TEST THE MILK

The question of testing milk and cream according to its quality is an old one and much discussed. In the end all milk sold for sale here has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that they are benefited by its use. Recently I printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well known lady of the name of Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of another similar case. Bright, is a well known figure in the walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile, for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and cleared it of forest. In conversation with him, he related to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 72 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what it was to be a day's illness. But then my subject began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach. I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and was past the three score and ten mark. I took fainting fits and decided to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was a general weakness due to old age, and advised me to carry some stimulants with me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I took one box but they did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them, however, and after taking four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To-day I am as well as I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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