

Violet's Lover

is contemplating... the tobacco mon...
Post urged British... not to copy Lord... speaking from Cab...
and Miss... were fatally... out of a loophie...
has purchased... the hall be... everell during the... the Norman...
na, seven years... X. Y., of... hand on July... toy pistol...
very... of his... and several... coming as well...
Miss K. M... M. S. Ida... K. McMoran... to in the au... work in India...
the firm of Cuneo... dealers, ... shot in the... establishment... giving the...
of a lawyer of Ver... arm by falling... machine drag... away horses, is...
Spaulding, of... a diagnosed... and, declaring it...
of the Rev. Dr... Michael's Col... presented him... the eye of his... benefit of his...
ment has ap... of London... of Middle... who re... to the...
the old broy... Howard... son of J... (anti... killed... on the head...
by Lillian Nor... from Zoltou... the Appellate... Court, which... tory decree... and collu...
of Symington... in false... of J... Pert White... guilty... were all...
grain trade... an express... of what... year will be... session of...
eeds from the... scale com... that the 12... aged in the... and who... mangled... Work...
five scores... of injuries... unknown... railed by... body... the bet... near her...
to raise... dependent... at East... vote of... and who... carried... The G.T.R... making a...
GRESS...
D. S. and...
Hall to... the greatest... history... persons... gues will... in the... Chamber...
branches of... where so... many trials... had... once seem... to threaten... general... destruction... Kate was... one of the... leading ladies in Lifford—and very... much she... enjoyed the... position... Time had... softened Miss Lester's... while Eve had grown more beauti... ful and spirituelle...
Felix worked... steadily. He still... made his... home with his... father; but... Kate, in speaking... of him, said... with tears in... her eyes, that... some day Providence... would reward... him for his... goodness to them... and that... he would find... a wife worthy... to be his... partner for life...
He went to... see Evelyn when... he had an hour... to spare; they... were the best... of friends. Years... afterward he... saw how she... had guided him... without ever... seeming to advise... how she had... influenced him... without ever... seeming to use... her influence;... and when he... began the... great battle... of political life... she was his... right hand...
The time that... had been foreseen... and prophesied... had arrived. The... borough of... Oldstone was... vacant... and through the... interest of Lord... Arlington, Felix... had been returned...
It was no... surprise, for every... one had prophesied... Genius must... and will make... its way to the... front when it... is allied with... perseverance... and industry... Oldstone does...
"M. P. for... Oldstone." Felix... Lonsdale was... pleased—he... exulted as... men exit. He... had now a... foremost place...—he had made... a name. Like... all other men... worthy of anything... he was ambitious... and his ambition... would be realized...
On the evening... of the day of his... election it was... some relief to... him to escape... from the noise... of the

The next two days were days of torture to Felix. How he missed them he never knew. On the third came a letter in the well-known handwriting, with the faint, familiar odor of violets. He knew it was Violet's answer, and though he was a strong, brave man, he trembled to open it. Within that folded paper lay the words that might affect the whole of his future life. Either Violet had written to say that for his sake she would give up wealth, luxury and magnificence, and he had decided on giving him up to retain that to which perhaps her heart clung.

It was the only test, he said, as he took the letter in his hand.

CHAPTER XLVII.

This was Violet's response to Felix Lonsdale's request about dead Sir Dora's will:

"My dear Felix,—I have thought well over the matter recently discussed by us, and I have decided to know that I am weaker than a woman—but I can not give up my fortune. It seems to me such a foolish thing to do. After being accustomed to every luxury I could not give it up. I love you and I will always love you, but the test was too hard I have pictured myself back in the old scenes, leading the old life, and I could not undergo it. I would most cheerfully share all I have with you, but I can not give it up for you do not think it was quite right to ask me?"

"I do not suppose I shall ever be happy—but you will, if not you have married me, your disappointment would have been great. You will meet some day a noble woman whom you will love and marry. I know that in saying 'Good-bye' now, I say it forever; but forever I shall be your unhappy

"Violet."

He laid the letter down and looked at it. He had almost expected such an answer, yet his disappointment was great, and his eyes filled with tears. It had been very sweet and very dear to him, this precious love-letter, and the end was sorrow; still he could not be surprised.

"She has chosen that which she loves best," he said; "and I can not blame her now, I must try to forget her."

He did it bravely, as he had done before. He threw his whole heart into his work, and fought inch by inch with that great master-passion of his life.

For some time he never was rumored in Lifford that Lady Chevenix was not well; that she had lost her color and her spirits; that she was ill and saw no one. Then quite suddenly she sent for Darcy Lonsdale, and told him that she had come to the conclusion that the late Garwood did not suit her; that for the future she intended to divide her time between London and Paris. To his surprise she added that the Marquis of Renmore had offered to buy the Garwood estates, and that she thought of selling them to him; but it would be only on condition that he retained Darcy Lonsdale as his agent.

After some months, during which Lady Chevenix and Felix never met, this was accomplished, but the Marquis's removal was prevented for a time by the sudden death of Francis Hays. Then Mrs. Hays sold The Limes and went away with her daughter. So it came to pass that before six months were over the names of Chevenix and Hays were no longer to be found in the county.

Great had been the surprise. The whole neighborhood was stirred. It was much to be regretted that such a change should take place. But Lord Arlington and Captain Hill said gravely that it was the best thing Lady Chevenix could do. She had suffered much at the Hall—she would probably begin a new life in an unfamiliar place.

The new occupants of Garwood—the Marquis of Renmore, with his two maiden sisters and a large household of servants—gave more satisfaction to the public in general than the wealthy baronet had done. It was an excellent agency for the Lonsdales, who by dint of industry and perseverance, were rapidly amassing a fortune. Darcy was growing old, and did not go so often to the office. The "small army" were rapidly growing up. Everything was prosperous and happy where so many trials had once seemed to threaten general destruction. Kate was one of the leading ladies in Lifford—and very much she enjoyed the position. Time had softened Miss Lester's heart, while Eve had grown more beautiful and spirituelle.

Felix worked on steadily. He still made his home with his father; but Kate, in speaking of him, said with tears in her eyes, that some day Providence would reward him for his goodness to them, and that he would find a wife worthy to be his partner for life.

He went to see Evelyn when he had an hour to spare; they were the best of friends. Years afterward he saw how she had guided him without ever seeming to advise how she had influenced him without ever seeming to use her influence; and when he began the great battle of political life she was his right hand.

The time that had been foreseen and prophesied had arrived. The borough of Oldstone was vacant, and through the interest of Lord Arlington, Felix had been returned. It was no surprise, for every one had prophesied. Genius must and will make its way to the front when it is allied with perseverance and industry. Oldstone does "M. P. for Oldstone." Felix Lonsdale was pleased—he exulted as men exit. He had now a foremost place—he had made a name. Like all other men worthy of anything, he was ambitious and his ambition would be realized.

On the evening of the day of his election it was some relief to him to escape from the noise of the

"and I shall use no other." But he never told her why. The past conversation between Kate and himself remained a secret. There could have been no happier marriage. Felix had a beautiful house prepared for his wife—the pretty cottage orne where his golden-haired love had stood and decided that it was not good enough for her, but a fair and pleasant mansion, standing in the midst of sunny grounds—a home that a princess might have envied because of its artistic beauty and bright aspect.

It was a quiet wedding, but Eve would have it so. She would have neither carriages nor a rain of bridesmaids, nor children strewing flowers, nor any of the ceremonies that attended a country public wedding. She walked quietly to the dear old church at Lifford, looking very fair and sweet, with the light flush caused by the morning air on her face. The sunlight streamed in at the windows as she pledged her faith to the only man she had ever loved, and whom she was to love forever.

Then Felix took her away to the lakes, and they were very happy. They were sitting one day on the border of Windermere, when Eve reached her sweet face to her husband and said:

"Felix, you love me very much now?"

"Yes, my pearl—more than you know," he replied.

"Do you do not be cross with me because I ask the question—do you ever think of Violet?"

He took her hands in his own and kissed them.

And they talked of other things, while the sun shone over the lake and the birds sang their sweetest.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Five years had passed since Felix took his fair wife home to Eden House—he would call it "Eden" because it held his Eve—and Eve was now a baby—the happiest woman in the kingdom or the world, where she spent her mornings—a bright sunny room looking upon a beautiful world of trees and flowers—stood a little cot, and in this cot lay baby—Eve's baby. He was now a year old, the loveliest, the finest, the most intelligent in the whole world, and Felix laughed as she defied anyone to produce such another. Felix wanted Eve to accompany him for the parliamentary session, but she refused to leave the baby, and then longingly at him.

"How can I possibly leave little Lester?" she said. "Aunt Jane would take great care of him, but she can't do as well as I should. I should not like to have him reformed."

"Bring him with you, Pearl, and I can assist the legislature of the nation," replied Felix, laughingly.

Eve was only too pleased to comply.

No happier household ever settled for a time in the modern Babylon. Felix took very nice apartments, where his wife could enjoy London to her heart's content. Eve was wise in one respect. She never neglected her husband for her child. She was so discreet and wise in the management of her time that, while she was one of the most devoted mothers in the world, she was at the same time one of the most devoted wives. Felix never felt, as some husbands do, that he had a rival in his own child.

They went to London when Parliament opened, and when May came round the great city was in its fairest dress.

They sat at breakfast one bright morning, with the unequalled baby, as Felix called him, rolling on a thick rug at her feet, when a letter was brought addressed to "Mrs. Felix Lonsdale, 13 Upper Park Gate, London." She opened it in the presence of her husband and read the delicate handwriting, while she smiled a faint odor of violets.

Eve opened it quickly, and then pale and breathless, looked up at her husband.

"Listen, Felix," she said, after a few seconds; and she read:

"My Dear Eve,—I should like to see you and Felix once more. My husband is not well, and the doctors have ordered him to go to the South of France or Italy—I can't think of going to Florence—and it may be years before I return. Let me see you both before I go. When I read your names among the arrivals it seems to me that a breath of heaven's air passed over me. You will not refuse me the last favor I shall ever ask from you? Call at Rokely House at two o'clock to-day. I shall wait for you. Ever your friend, Violet Rokely."

Eve looked up again.

"Rokely!" she said. "Why, Felix, is Violet married again?"

"She married the Duke of Rokely three months ago," replied Felix. "I said nothing to you about it. She has married one of the wealthiest dukes in England."

"She was beautiful enough for a duchess," said Eve, gently.

"She is not so beautiful in my eyes as you, my pearl," rejoined Felix; "and there was truth in his voice. His wife smiled like Violet Rokely."

"What about the haunted chamber?" she asked.

"It is swept and garnished," he replied. She smiled proudly.

"When I heard what you said about it, I made a resolution that I would get into the haunted chamber," she told him. "Some one said that blonde women were all insipid and weak of purpose. It is not true, is it, Felix?"

"No," he replied.

"Now, said his lovely wife, 'if I looked into that chamber, what should I see?'"

"Your own image," he answered, and she believed him.

"We will go and see Violet, Duchess of Rokely," she said, "if you are willing. That is not the letter of a happy woman."

She understood why he was so anxious about her toilet—why he insisted that she should wear the fashionable spring silk, and the pretty Parisian bonnet. He kissed her when she stood ready dressed.

"I am so proud of you, my darling," he whispered.

"And those few words brought a lovely flush to her fair face and made her fairer than ever; then they drove off together to Rokely House.

It was one of the finest dwellings in London. Eve was struck at the great hall door opened, and she saw the great liveried servants and the magnificence that might have benefited the palace of a king. Her grace the Duchess of Rokely was at home, and awaited them.

Violet had grown even more beautiful. Her superb figure was more fully developed. Her fair face had something in it that she looked at as she stood there, dressed in her favorite colors, blue and white—a dress of blue velvet relieved by trimmings of white silk. In one hand she held a priceless fan; in the other white and jeweled hand lay upon the table.

WHY COVER CROPS

Are Valuable—Controlling Soil Moisture—Improving the Soil.

At the conference of Dominion fruit inspectors recently held at the Central Experimental Farm, Professor Shutt gave a very clear and scientific explanation of the value of cover crops to the orchardist, of which the following is a synopsis:

"Among the many advantages to be derived from the system of cover crops, we may cite as the two most important: The control of the soil moisture, and the improvement of the soil.

Conserving Soil Moisture—Speaking generally, it is desirable that the soil moisture should be conserved for the orchard trees during the earlier months of the season. Up to, say, July 1, the tree is making new growth and is transpiring through its leaves large quantities of water. Further, the swelling fruit is making its demands for water. For every pound of dry matter of leaf or wood or fruit, the tree uses at least 300 pounds of water. Hence, in districts where droughts may prevail in the spring or the rainfall be scanty, the importance of surface cultivation is marked. By this means an earth mulch is produced, and thus evaporation checked or prevented. The cover crop system allows of surface cultivation in the spring and early summer months.

Some Experiments—Experiments have been made to ascertain the effects of cover crops and cultivation on soil moisture at the Central Experimental Farm for several years. Thus, May 6, 1901, we found that there was less water per acre, to a depth of 14 inches in cultivated soil than in the adjoining plot carrying a vigorous growth of clover. This means that the latter soil contained one-half the water in the cultivated soil. This grass sod is more moisture than clover can be made from May to July, trials every two weeks showed that the soil in sod contained from 50 to 100 per cent. less water than adjoining soil in cultivation—the difference being at times over 200 tons per acre. The drought in the early part of 1903 emphasizes these facts and showed most markedly the value of a surface mulch. In the autumn, on the other hand, it is desirable that the water supply should be diminished, so that vegetable growth should be checked and the wood given an opportunity to ripen before the winter sets in. This is readily brought about by sowing the clover crop in June or early part of July.

Legumes for Improvement of Soils—The improvement of soils by the growth of clover or some other legume is effected by the addition of humus and nitrogen. Experiments go to show that by this means the soil is enriched to the extent of 100 pounds or more of nitrogen per acre—this nitrogen being appropriated from the atmosphere by the plant through the agency of certain bacteria that reside in the clover roots. It seems more than probable that a good crop of clover turned under will enrich the soil to an extent equal to that of a caution of ten tons of ordinary barnyard manure. Not only is that valuable and necessary plant food, nitrogen, furnished cheaply by this means, but humus-forming material is added in large quantities, and this by its partial decay is particularly important in ameliorating the physical condition of the soil. And, lastly, the mineral matter stored up in the clover crop is finally set free in forms readily assimilable by the roots of the orchard trees."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A rich man, who had no children, proposed to a poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John, John looked at me, and when I found that I could speak, my voice seemed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again what Robert said;" and then I, listening, bent my head—

This is his letter:

"I will give a house and land while you shall live, if, in return, from out your seven, one child to me for aye is given." I looked at John's old garments worn; I thought of all that he had borne of poverty, and work, and care, which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven young mouths to feed, of seven little children's needs, and then this:

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep." So, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band; First to the cradle lightly stepped Where Lillian, the baby, lightly slept. Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand down in a loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said "Not her!"

From the German.

Ten Commandments for the Benefit of the Wife.

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be frank and keen.
5. By yielding, without weakness.
6. Always have time for your husband—but never too much, to the extent that he has been disposed of at the start with a laugh, but which grew and grew until it enveloped five persons in a fortnight was only dispelled when the momentary separation enabled two of them to see from a little distance how ridiculously savage it made the others.—N. Y. Sun.

Novel Trap for Thieves.

For some time the post office authorities in France have been much annoyed by an organized band of thieves who stole mail day after day out of the letter boxes, but now they have discovered a contrivance which, they are confident, will put a stop to such thefts in future. It consists of a clockwork arrangement which is fastened to each letter box and is so connected with the main post office that the moment any attempt is made to tamper with the mail a bell rings and notifies detectives who are on the lookout for the culprits day and night.

When a letter is thrown into a box or when a postman extracts the letters the bell also rings, but the sound is different from that which is made when a thief is at work, and therefore there is no danger that the detectives will ever be led off on a wild goose chase.