Chatham Record.

For larger advertisements liberal con-tracts will be made.

VOL. XXIII.

Peter solved for himself the difficult

popular as the colonel; he was chiefly known by the name of "Prince Charlie." It was difficult not to idolize him, since

cious; with his usual good nature he had consected. When Lady Lennox, looking into his handsome face, asked him whith-

into his hundsome face, asked him whither he was poing, he answered laughingly
and evasively. Had they known the
teeth, neither wife nor child would bave
parted with him.
"You will come home to dinner, Charlie?" and Lady Lenrox. "The not ride
too quickly or too far; the day is werm."
The coloned hundred.

The colonel inuglied.

"Fitney such advice as that to a man who has ridden fenty miles in the heat of an Indian sur!" he cried. "I will so back for dinner, Alsa—indeed, if son feel dull or louely, I will not go at all."

Four hours afterward they carried has some to Erceldean—dead!

CHAPTER III.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1901.



CHAPTER L.

"Prince Calcillate" dampher? The sun stome on the day of her birth; the beds in Erceldean could not live birth; the beds in Erceldean could not live is bright, pleased expression. "Her halyship has a little dampher," the tenants said one to another, then stopped a moment and added, "Hence Charlot" himself was in a trance of delight. He might have lived in the olden days when begge cried out, "Largess—a princes is learn?" He gave with both hands, reyally as a king.

The clang of loy-hole filled the hir; fragrance and melody greeted the birth of "Prince Charlot" anglier—Beatrix Lennox, heiress of Erceldean, No king's leart was ever stirred with more passionate loy than this which now animated the heart of "Prince Charlie." It is stode on the summit of a sloping till, thick green grass waving at his feet, wild heather to the right and to the left of him, tall, spreading trees over his head. He locked round in in with picle and delight. This molds domain of Erceldean, how fair it was! In all the length of bonny Scotland no spot was half so fair—and it would all be beys one day.

"What shall I name her?" be thought.

be hers one day.
"What shall I name her?" he thought. "What shall I name her?" he thought. "Bentrix Leinox, the prondest, fairest, hangle less hady of our race, won the love of a king. She might have been crowned quest, but that she loved the land of her birth better than the king who woodd her. She preferred to be Countess of St. Mar. I will call my dioghter 'Bentrix'; It is a name of good omen. Perhaps it may win for ner a toyal love."

He repeated the name as he descended

the mil. He walked quickly through the heather, through the claver meadows, through the pleasure gardens, and along the terraces that surrounded the eastle. A waring woman met him at the door. "Her ladyship would be so pleased to see you, colonel," she said. The colonel went on his way singing, in a low toke, his favorite song, "The Bide Bells of Scotland," He reached her laryships room and there walted until

The coloned went on his way singing. In a low voke, his favorite song, "The Blue Hells of Scotland." He reached her ladyship's room, and there waited until the nurse's voice bid him enter. It was a large, lefty to m. superbly furnished. On the bed, with its rich hanglings, loy a gale, gentile lady, with a sweet, patient face—sweet, yet sad, as of one who suffered in silence. She held proudly in her arms a little child. She raised her eyes as the coloned entered.

"Chartie, come and look at her," she said. "I have never seen such a face, leok at her."

"There is some character in halp's face, 'remarked the culoned. 'Look at the sweet little lips—how firmly they are closed! See how delicately arched the rows are. The eyes are dark. There is an old border song of 'a dark-eyed lemox with a heart of fire."

Lady Lennex looked up at her husband. 'Chersie,' she began half reluctantly, 'do you know why I sent for you? I thought that on this the day that our little child has been given to us you would not re-tail the property of a check in the fright was not much of a check."

Larly Lemost looked up at her husband. "Chersie," she began half reductantly, "do you know why I sent for you? I thought that on this the day that our little child has been given to us you would not refuse any petition." "That I will not," he replied, "Like the king in your favorite history, I would give you the half of my kingdom."

She laid her hand on his thick, clustering only.

She laid her band on his thick, clustering cards.

"My dear Chardle, I have never doubted your willingness to give. I doubt, though, whether you have much to give. I know it is almost useless to talk to you; but, Chardle, now that we have the little one will you not try to alter? I want you to promise to be more economical. Do not give away so much—do not bet on those terrible horses—do not trust so implicitly in a blind fate; if you do, ruin will follow. Generosity is a duty, but not such lavish face.

"I will, Alian. You know I mean to do right slways—I have no thought of doing wrong. Dame Nature is to blame, who gave me the open hands of a king without the revenies to fill them. I like bright faces, and, if a gift of mine clears a sadies, I am well pleased."

"Say these words after me—For your sake, my little Beatrix, I promise to be accessed. When Lady Leenox, looking

face. "I will, Alisa. You know I mean to do right siwars—I have no thought of doing wrong. Datae Nature is to blame, who gave me the open hands of a king without the revenues to fill them. I like bright faces, and, if a gift of mine clears a sad face, I am well pleased."
"Say these words after me—For your sake, my little Beatrix, I promise to be more careful—to give less, to save more, to remounce betting, and devote my time to home."

to nour.

He reputed the words, and then kissed his wife's hands and the baby's face.

"Allea, I hope your daughter will be

"Align, I many year.

The baby was christened soon afterward. A duchess was its godinother. The whole domain of Erecidena scemed to be filuminated. The only one troubled with timinated. The only one thoubled with foreboiling, the only one who wept when others laughed, and sighed when others smiled, who foregon serrow, was the wife of "Primes Charlie," the mother of the little hoiress, Lady Lennox.

CHAPTER III.

Beavrix Lennox, child as she was at that time, esmembered the unrold horror of the far, on which her father was brought home dead. She remembered the slanting sunshine as it fell upon the grave, the silent hours while her father was away and her mother, Lady Lennox, lay reading on the couch. How suddenly the columness and the sweet sinshine seemed to terminate as over the greensward came the trainp of men! She remembered the terrible cry of her mother when she heard what the men had to say. "The colonel is dead?"; and the little inspine child, hardly knowing the mensaling of the worls, tentowing the mensaling of the worls. CHAPTER II.

The sun show upon few braver, bright er, happier men than Col. Charles Lemex. He was one of the handsomest officers in her malesty's army—a man at lefty stature and powerful build, with A graceful, easy, dignified carriage; his features were bold, frank and proud; there was joiced in him the dash of the soldier with the grace of the caralier. He was just userny when he succeeded to the visit fortune left him by his father.

His after, Keith Lamox of Erceldean, had two sons—Charles, the colourd, who succeeded him, and Peter, the rowner was, now was a graceless included.

he had neither manners, morais ner aryl-Knoth Lemmax was accustomed to see. Then came a long interval. She had a There was no great love between the tim remembrance of dischrowed men brothers, atthough Charle had a contemp a raging and storming in Ercsdean Caste. thouse and of pity for the ungainly boy of looking at a tall, augry man, The stood

ther bins, saying:
"Head, the child is listening."
"The child but better be dead than a gare," he onswered.
"Here is my hely coming," said the

"And 'my fully' has better be dead, too,"

"And 'my lady' had better be dead, too," desired the man savegely.

She remembered a hundred similar remes how her mother came to her one in radia decision had been mourning, her pale face booking quite coloriess and contrasting with her black robes.

"He trik," she said, "came with me, child, and sup rood by to caur home. You are a little child, but you are old strough to remember what I am going to say to you. Isok at that beautiful castle: It should be yours. You were born heiress of Erceldean, yet you have not a penny in the world. Beatrix, only heaven knows what less before use what is to be our faired at premise me always to remember that this is your home, always to remember that thus you were hon a hady." "I am a hely," said the child, proudly, "not a begar us that man called me, but a lady."

"Tourise me, too, my darling, that, if on the years to come you should be fortunate or prosperous, you will, if you can, but had years to come you should be fortunate or prosperous, you will, if you can, but had held. "Remember meather thing, my darling. They used to call you "Prince Chariles' daughter in the days when feasting and revery wasted your father's substance, when men flattered him and borrowed from him and led him to rain."

"Four papa," said the child, with fast-tropping terrs.

"Dear, noble, generous papa," cried.

Peter solved for himself the difficulty problem of his existence. He ran away from home, leaving a letter addressed to his father, in which he stated that it was his intention to make a fortune at the gold displays; he was going to sail in the Ormola, he said. The father's first feeling on reading the letter was one of unnitialized relief. But a few weeks after that, when he read the story of the week soft at on learn, he mourand for his soin. There was an end to Peter; he could never an ear, disgrave, nor irritate them again. Charles Latines succeeded to the whole of the Erceldean estate. There had been umple provision made for Peter, that now became his brother's. At twenty-one Charless Latines was one of the handsomest and wealthlest men in Sestimus the Sikin leaved in one campaign against the Sikins I don't be the the wealthlest men in Sestimus the Sikins I don't be the wealthlest men in Sestimus the Sikins I don't be the the mean that the first men in the state of the sikins I don't be the the mean that the sikins I don't be the mean that the first men in Sestimus the Sikins I don't I seem the men to Sestimus I seem to the sikins I don't I seem the mean that the sikins I don't I seem the men to Sestimus I seem to the sikins I don't I seem the mean that the sikins I don't I seem the mean that the six I seem to the six

"Foot papa" said the child, with fast-dropping tears.
"Bears, "Ob, my little daughter, he has left me almost pennless; yet, I declare to you that I would rather be his widew, left poer gird obscure, than the widow of a king. But you do not understand me,"
"Yes, I do, mamma. I understand you loved papa. So did I."
Then came a journey over the hills, Beatra asked her mother whither they were soing. Lady Lennox said:
"You have never heard of the place, child; we are going to the old Grange at Strathnarn, an old house left to me years ago, and an income of a hundred a year with it. I smilled at the time I heard of the legacy; now I thank heaven for it." est and wealthiest men in Section. He corred in one campaign analyst the Sikhs in India. It was there that this fair face became bronzed—there that he won his brilliant reputation for fearless contract. Col. Lectinox was comparatively a young man when the necessity of looking after his estate compelled him to leave the army. He divided his time between Landon and Ercedean, and married, after a short courtship, the pretty, pertionless orphan daughter of a Scotch peer—the Lady Alies 'I acane—who simply idolized him. They were married ten years before the birta of their little daughter, Heatrix Lennox.

for it."

Stratharn wa reached at last. The Grange was a large, rambling building, pleasantly situated. The house stood on the aumunit of a richly wooded hill, and a beautiful lake, culled Loch Nars, lay at its feet. No scenery could have been richer or more picture-sque; no landscape more lovely. The Grange Itself was a dreary habitation. In that great lanely house there were no carpets, no pletures—nothing but old suken furniture quite out of date, long, dark passages, and group rooms.

It was difficult not to idolize him, since he had ways and fashions more royal even than those of a king. He was kind and warm of heart, impetuous, indiacreed; he was possessed of little caution of judgment, but he had an immense faith in everything and every one an immense sympathy for all whom he came in contact with. How many destitute children he placed in schools, how many desolate widows he established in business; how many roung simplectors he rescued from many roung simplectors he rescued from gleony rooms.

There was one servant. Margaret by name, a staid, warm-hearted Scotchwoman, who had long been accustomed to the Grange. She had lived there alone since her late mistress' death, looking after the gleony house as well as see could. See gazed pit fully at the beautiful calld with the height face.

widows he established in business; how many roung simpletons he rescued from folly, could never be told.

In vain did Lady Lennex remonstrate, "My dear wife," he would answer in his genial, happy fashion, "I have so much money that I can never spend it all." He leat, he gave, he lost, until the day came tant his heaker, with a grave face, told him that his account was so far overdrawn that some arrangement must be made.

The gay, handsome colonel was electrified. At first he declared that the firm was and; and then he grew indigmant. An interview with his solicitors brought him to his senses, and he saw that there was no resource save to mortgage Erceltean.

"Prive Charlie" lost more and more, the London house was given up, a farm was told, the mortgage was increased. Lady Lennex startied her haband one day by telling him that if he should die mere seriely he had not a shilling to lave her.

Still the fright was not much of a check on him; the mortgage left for her. He nover realized it. To himself he was always Col. Lennex of Erceidean, lord of one of the fairest estates in Scotland, What did it matter to him that it was brilling to lare the first that when Heartrix was born there was no heritage left for her. He nover realized it. To himself he was always Col. Lennex of Erceidean, lord of one of the fairest estates in Scotland, What did it matter to him that it was

CHAPTIE IV.

It was a brilliant morning. A rich amter light lay on the heeb, a soft, golden
hare had eversuread the hills; the long
line of distant sen shone white in the sun;
the bers were humming over the purple meaner and the golden gorse, the water filles glistered white in the sun; all the ambient air was filled with perfume, the first soft freshness of morning smiled aver the Ind. A little beat was festened to the trunk of a tree that grew close to

to the trunk of a tree that grew close to the water's edge.

In the fragrant ellence of the summer merning there came a feint sound of mel-ody. It was a women's voice, clear, full of music, with an undertone of pussion, as shough an imperioned soul found its rent in some. From the dark glade be-tween the hills the voice came awest and therefore.

brilling.
The singer emerged from the darkness of the mountain garge into the full ligh of the sun. She looked like the queen a mountain and lake. It was "Prince Char

mountain and lake. It was "Prince Charlie's" daughter—the child who had been named after the Bentrix Lennex who had won a king's heart—Beatrix Lennex, a child no longer, but a girl in the full auperb oromise of magnificent womanhood—a girl of rare and dazzling loveliness.

The girl waiked to the boat, and, unfastening it, jumped into it, then taking the sealls in her hands, she rowed rapidly across the idne waters of the both. She noved swiftly across the lake, watching its light, feathered apring as it fell from the scales; then, when the other side of the lock was guited, she secured the boat, took from it a volume that she had rowerft with hor and sail down on the cape of the heathery hill.

took from it a volume that she had concilt with her and sat down on the cope of the heathery hill.

Finally she threw aside her book; with his san shining on the waters of the lake, in the broad stretch of purple heather, on the golden gorse, on the distant hills, hew could she read? "Frince Charlies" anuther had a poet's sent. Keenig alive it all beauty, loving it with passionate law, she inherited the bright, quick fance, she inherited the bright quick fance on the read of the she hill her she had been upon the heather.

"My mother talks of drawing rooms and bondorre. I am sure that an room made by usan could be one half so beautiful as this spot made by heaven. Who would exchange the purple heather for a carpet, r this grant chain of hills for the walls of a room that shuts out the blue sky and the fresh air? Sometimes I wish that these hills would close up together, so that we could never cross them, nor leave their midet."

ad father-eaded him "predigat" and p-ndthrift"-of a servant trying to

She turned her face to where the long line of distant sea lay white in the sun. Then the sound of a bell tinkling across the late aroused her. She syrang up with a smile from the heather.

The belt rang ramin. Beatrix scalled across the lake, secured the boat, and instemed quickly through the dark hillgorge. Before her lay the Grange. The very sight of the ruined house seemed or warm the girl's heart as she looked. The leaves of the searlet crosper fell on her in a shower as she passed through the rained gateway. In the contryard lay a broken sundial, and a fountain, i...g dry, stood in the center. The ruin and desolation did not affect her; she murmured some words as she passed by the broken sundial, and turned to look at it, and then a low rote called "Heatrix."

A warm firsh—evidently one of pleasure—came over the girl's face.

"Yes, mamma," she replied; but in the fone could be easily detected love, respect, obedience, devotion, sympathy. She passed quickly through the dark entrance hall and entered the only labitable room on that side of the house.

There sat Lady Lennox, who looked up as she cutered.

"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix,"

"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix,"

"Have you strong ret had eyes, the color of their dresses; yet he sented orgerssed in themselves.

"The sentence of the house learner advanced, hat in hand lowing.

"The serum of lince the half tashlood grace and courtesy.

"The serum of lince the half tashlood grace and courtesy.

The serum of lince the half tashlood grace and courtesy.

The recy words of the said.

"The very words of the laidy Lennox, with old-fashlood grace and courtesy.

The recy words of the said.

"The very words of the said.

"The very words of the laidy fair the half tashlood grace and courtesy.

The recy words of the said.

"The very words of the said.

"The recy words of purple and gold. He looked at the fair, hewkinding face, and a strange light done in the seven.

"It is a Leunox face." he cand, with old fashlood grace and courtesy.

"The stronger datab

There sat Lary Lennox, who looked up as she entered,
"I grew lonely without you, Beatrix, It is not dinner time yet, but I rang the bell. The whole house seems to grow so dark while you are away."
"I wish you would come out with me, mamma; you would forget all about your corrows before you had been one hour amongst the heather. Troubles tade in the light of the sun."
"The sunshine does not affect granite."

the light of the sun."
"The sunshine does not affect granite rocks," sighed Lasty Lennox; "and my sorrows are so durable that they might have been careed in granite, Beatrix. I wish, my darling, that I could be a brighter companion for you."

The girl lookest up with bright, dashing eyes.

The girl looked up with bright, dashing eyes.

"When have you heard me complain, mamma?" she ashed. "I am happy enough:

"It is such a dreary life for you," the mother said, looking at the magnificent face and figure.

"I never wish to leave here," was the reply. "It seems to me, memma, that I have found the true philosopher's stone. I am content.

I am content.

Lady Lenico sighed as she looked round her and thought of the recherche regasts, the grand banquets, the costly wines and rare fruits that she had been wines and rare fruits that she had been accusioned to. She was grawing tired of salmen and wild duck. But Beatrix made no demur: the simple homely meal, coulted in homely fashion, was a banquet to her. She waited upon her mother, devoting her-lif to her and cheering her with her chatter. Lady Lennex forgot her traphles, and said to herself that after all in the love of her beautiful daughter she was happier than most people.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

A newspaper at the Grange was a rovelty, a rority, a treasure of great worth, Lady Lennex never parelinsed one; but, if by accident one came wrapper round a parcel, every word of it was read. It did not matter how old it was newly a new it centain, d. it was always a newly to her. Lady Lennex found one thus one day—it was a copy of the Times.

"This will be a treat," she thought, as she opened it carefully.

It was but one month old. For the fest time for many months Lady Lennex read of Prussia and France, Holland and Belgium, read of the queen of the royal family, of the marriage of some whose names she knew, and of the death of others. She read one or two trials at law which interested her; and then she glaneed at the advertisements.

ere. She recad one or two trials at law which interested ber; and then she glanced at the advertisements.

Suddenly, with a little startled cry, Lady Lennox rose from her sext and went nearest to the window, as though the light would help her to understand. She read, reread, and then sank look upon her chair, breathless with surprise and wonder. The words which had moved her so greatly were these:

"Information wanted as to the whereabouts of Lady Lennox, widow of the late Co. Lennox of Ercedenn. The advertiser, having sought vainly both in England and Scotland for news of this lady, would be grateful to any one who could rester that in finding her.

Lady Lennox hooked at the address; it was, "P. L., care of Missers, Ginter & Smith, Solicitors, Temple, London," Sighemm to reflect that after all the advertisement might have been inserted with a view to something else beside her instand's debts indeed it might have proceeded from some one analous to repay that which her husband had lent or given—noncy enough, perhaps, to bessen the hardships she and her singlifier were undergoing. Her heart beat no painfully at the thought that she could investly sear it. ergoing. Her heart best so minfully at he thought that she could hardly bear it.

rent disappointment in store."
The letter she wrote was brief enough;

t run as follows:
"The wife and daughter of the late Col. Lemmox are living in the greatest poverty at Strathmarn Grange, near Ersedale, in the north of Scotland. Lady Lemnox who writes this, will be pleased to hear

A work passed—no letter came; and the mistress of Strathmarn said to herself that she must have been the dupe of a

that she must have been the onjection jest. One morning Beatrix sat down to the piano; the smulight fell on her fair prond face with its imperial tenderness, on the graceful figure and delicate hands. She had just becam the first bars of what seemed to be a very beautiful melssly, when the sound of a carriage driving up to the entrance was heard.

Lady Lennox grow pale as she listened. Was it—could it be the answer to her letter come at last?

ter come at last?
"It is a carriage, Beatrix?" she exclaim

Both ladies sat quite silent, looking a

each other in the greatest construction.
They heard the sound of a masculing voice a deep rolling voice talking to
Margaret, and Margaret's trembling tre-

Margaret, and Margaret's trembling treble in reply. Then, in a state of great
excitoment, Margaret opened the door,
"My lady," she cried, "such a thing has
not happened these twelve years—a gentieman has come to see you!"
Early training stood Lady Leonex in
good stend now; she controlled her excitement and spoke calmly.
"Show the gentleman in, Margaret."
"I have taken the liberty of following
this good women, who seems to have a
most lost her somes," said the same deep
bass voice; and, looking up, Lady Leonex
saw a tall, slight, olderly man with tregray whilekers and iron-gray lair, a larcold, determined looking man, yet wirsemething in his face that made her hear
best wildly, she know not why

tially, yet with keen, shrewd, observanteres that took in everything. That some

for you, I wonder if you would guess who I sin?"
"No," was the wondering response,
"Have you strong nerves?" he tasked.
"Are you given to fainting, hysterica or
anything of that kind?"
"No," reguled Heartis sternly,
"So much the better-I know that I
shall surprise you. I am Peter Lennox,
who was believed long years ago to have
been drawned. Peter the gauche, the
sukward, the infinity, the net-do-wellPeter, the disgrace to the family Peter,
who was never carred for, except by his
brother Charles. And new I am Peter
Lennox, the millianaire. Have you a welcome for nic?"

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Lennox was the first to break the silence that fell upon the little group. She raised her colorless face to his.

"Are you quite sure," she said, "that there is no nelstake? My husband always told me his by ther Peter was dead."

"It am alive crough," was the queck reply. When the Ormolia went down, must of those on heard sank with her. I swam away from the vessel, and, being a capital swimmer, contrived to keep up until I was resund by an English ship outward bound. I went with that ship to China, and well, I never eared to return home. No one cared for me at Erreddean, and I knew my money would be useful to Charlle." His coice faltered for one half-minute, and then he went on. "I let them all believe that I was dead. What could it matter? I should never see home or any of them again. Now, Lady Lennox, look at me and tell me-do you believe that I am your husband's brother?"

"I believe it, mamma," said the clear voice of Beatrix. "I can trace the Lennox features in the gentionan's face."

"That is the first compliment I have ever received on the scare of personal beauty. Still the Lennox features are good."

"You have a trace of them;" said frank Bentrix, "without the beauty." Peter Lennox laughed, his sister in law looked alarmed. She held out her hands in greeting to him. He kissed them and accumed to be greatly pleased.

"Thank you, Those are the first words of welcome I have heart," he told her. "I am glad that they have come from my sister. Now let me make friends with my mice."

He held out his hands to Beatrix, who chely ever him hers.

my niece."
He held out his hands to Beatrix, who

The held out his hands to Feetrik, who shyly gave him hers.

"And now," inquired Peter Lennox, "may I feel at home?" He looked up suddenly at lady Lennox. "I have startled you," he suid. "You tremble: you are quite rede. I min too abrupt—you must terefor me."

near the window and placed her on it.
"I can hardly believe my senses," also told him. "We have been so long descried, and now it seems as though we had found a friend."

cd, and now it seems as though we note found a friend."

"I am a true friend," said her brother in-law, "but we wil talk of that after ward. Do you have that thousands of miles away from borny Scotland I read of my brother's marriage to Aits, Graeme, and that I have been longing to see you ever since? I have been a hard, stern, cold man all my life. I have devoted my self to one thing, and have cared for nothing else. Years ago I learned that memy was power. In the new world, where I am better known than here, they call are Peter Lennex, the unilhonaire?"

"I me good that you have succeeded, and Lindy Lennex gently.

"I constructed is the very wine of life. I men't that I cared for nothing else.

my: yet, of late, something has alling at my heart strings some been palling at my heart strings some that has safered up faint memories of home. Three years ago I met in New York some are who had known my broth-er Charle. He gave me all his history, and told me how he had been courted by the noblest of the land. Trince Charle, they salied him. I heard the story of his rain, of his saidon death, of the loss of the old home. Erceldean and a new ambi-tion entered my heart. I said that I would go back home, that I would seek out Prince Charlie's wife and child, that I would go back home, that I would seek out Prince Charlie's wife and child, that I would purchase Erceldean, and restor-the glories of the house of Lennax." Lady Lamax chaped her hands, and words of must terable thanksgiving went up from her livert. Beatrix stood pale and treathing her dark eyes fixed on ber uncle's face.

"You need not remain here another day," and Peter Lentace. "I have take a house in Lordon a massion, I also say, it is already fitted an and decorate as the auctioneers say, in the most every lost and charming faction. Serious in some of the finest bases in the mester side and it is quite ready for yea." "In Lordon "ered Lord Lennox," for hardly resulted if Heaven has been my prayer in last". "Lordon," repeated Bentra, with a not of dismay "the manina, shall we pountain and bod for a new contract."

Neither of them retired the dismar, the

Neither, fithem noticed the dismay, the dread in her voice, they were engressed in the rown pains.

"I have lived for one object," said Peter Lemma, "and I shall accomplish it yet. I shall have loved for one object," said Peter Lemma, "and I shall complish it yet. I shall have loved beare of our race. I am welling to give 6 subto the price that it was cold for I want to restore it to more than its ancient grandeur; I want to live there with you, sister, and Beatris shall once more to heir sa of Ercedean. With the beauty heaven his given her, and the gold with which I shall endow her, she can userly any one; the greatest peer in Enginal will be enty too proud to make her has will."

Heatrix marry! I am afraid, Peter, we shall have trouble over that; she does

"the fire in those dark eyes of hers will light a finine that even she will not be able to extinguish. The only thing we shall have to do will be to everise care, for it strikes me that when she does love there will be no built bearteshess about

NO. 28.

Time proved that he was right,

Watermelons and muskmelons need

similar treatment as regards manur-ing and cultivation, but the two spe-cies differ in their soil requirements. While watermelous will thrive on and prefer a sandy soil, and thrive best in a hot climate, the muskmeions prefer a soil more abounding in humus and a good clay bottom. So far as the prep-nration of the soil is concerned and the fertilization of the land their treatment is identical, except that the watermelons, of course, require more watermeions, of course, require more space for their vines. There are two methods of culture, each favored by different growers. One method is to confine the manuring to the hills where the seed is planted, and the other is to put part of the plant food broadcast over the land between the rows. Those who manure on the hills generally lay off the land ten by twelve feet for waterinelons and six by six feet for muskmelons. The spaces where the furrows cross are unlessed to make onto a good sized by six feet for muskinglons. The spaces where the furrows cross are enlarged to make quite a good sized hole where the "hill" is to be. In these holes are placed two or more shovelfuls of compositionals of contractions. The sec you have contracted a cold."

"No," answered the sum who strives to be accurate, even and suffering. "I have expanded it."—Washington Star. rotted manure and black earth from the forest. On this compost a handful a handful or two of a high grade mixed fertilized is scattered, and then covered with sail so us to bring the whole about level with the original surface of the land before planting the seed. The cultivation is then rapid and perfectly flat, and in the South as soon as the vines have reached about three feet all cultivation stops and cow pens are scattered thinly between the rows so that they will practically shade the land and prevent the melons from American dollar."—Baltimore

being scalded by the sun.

The second method is where a sup-ply of compast is not available and the grower depends on commercial ferfilters. In this case the land for watermelous is plowed early in the season in lands twelve feet bond, and for musk melons in lands half this waith. The dead furrows are run carefully straight and clean, and a subsell play is run in the dead fur-rows between the lands to loosen the call deeply without turning it up. week or so before time for planting the fertilizer is applied. We have found it well to make the following mixture to make a ton: Acid phos plane or any good superphosphate, 900 pounds; cottonseed meal or tankage. 600 pounds; nitrate of sods. 100 pounds, and high grade sulphate of potash, 400 pounds. I would use of this about 600 pounds per nere. t always use sulphate instead of mu-riate of potash with any crop in which sugar is a desirable construent, and on tobacco, where the muratte dam-ages the quality of the leaf. Scatter one-third the amount of the fertilizer broadcast on the land between the breadcast on the land between the rows, for the rows are to go where the dead furrows are. The remainder scatter along the dead furrows. Now ploy two furrows from each side over this making an elevated ted in the dead furrow. Hake the tep of this dat, and mark a shallow furrow in the middle of the ridge in which scat-ter the sead think and cover. As the ter the seed thinly and cover. As the plants begin to start it is a good plan to dust raw tenemeal ever them to delve off the bugs, and this will also be a help to the plants. Watermelons are thinned to four feet spart in the rows as soon as the plants are safe from the bugs and the must melons to three feet. The advantage or the last method is that the pasts are deeper in the soil and stand drought better, and the plant food being well distribs nted they are not running out of a very rich soil into a very poor one. When this same compost is applied on too the compost in the little the erup is apt to be a little earlier than in the second method, but the crops by the second method are usually the larger and of a finer qualfry. Most growers cultivate too long and disturb the vines too much. The subty; tion should be as rapid as possible, to descroy any words in the fills at first, and to gradually earth up the plants and thus strengthen their growth, but they do not like to have the vines moved after they begin to run. Hence the need for rapid cultivation. A good supply is essential in the fertilizer, the nifrate to start them off and the organic nitrogen to keep up a vigorous growth, and the use of he suiphate of potasti will add largely to the quality of the crap W. F. Massey. North Carolina Experiment Sig-

BY LIONS HE LIVED AND BY A LIONESS DIED

Long before the first great "trek" of the Boars from Cape Colony, how and other wild animals hundred San'i Af-rien, but the place that once knew them now knews them no more. There was one Hottentol who made a least of Lying by Bons. He used to track them like a detective, and when he say ne making a ment be would come up at after it find dined heartily and, by to it after it had direct heartily and, by yells and waving of his arms windmill fashion, scare the creature away. Then he fell to and ate the rest of its dinner. This plan he followed successfully until one fine day he tried it upon a lioness. But he had failed to notice that she was accompanied by her cabs, for she is a good mother and wen't stand any noticesse. High to won't stand any nonscose likely barm them. When therefore, shouting began, she at once left ment, and with a savage growt tenged we shall have trouble ever that; she does not like men."

"Have no fear," Peter Leonor lengthed; stood.—Casseli's Little Folks.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Golden Mean — What He Wanted, Probably Didn't Get — The Boa — All Over Him —Opportunity—The Author's Ambition—Hopeless Case, Etc., Etc.

When youthful May was to the altar led By wealthy old December, every friend Declared that wisely had the maiden wed. They thought his means had justified her end.

-Chicago Record.

What He Wanted, Probably Didn't Get. Customer-'I want to get a ton of

Dealer-"What size?" Customer—The legal 2240-pould size, if you please,"—Philadelphia

"Why, Madge, where are all the tas-sels on your new chentile bon?"
"Oh, I stepped on some of them, and other people stepped on some."-Do-troit Free Press.

All Over Hint.

"Somebody has invented a ring which will cure rhoumatism."
"Well, Edmund, if I had another dis-

mond ring I think it would make my rheumatism feel better."-Chiengo

Readem-"I suppose Ritem's ambi-tion is to write the great Americaa novel." Tellem-"Ob, not he is trying to get

Had Workings of a Good Scheme. My man, tell me low you came to he a tramp." "Oh, bless yer, they got me i' jine

one of these don't worry cluts; an' I got so I didn't keer when I lost me job."-Detroit Pres Press.

He Knew Where the Trouble Lay. Kindliman "What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in a great

Little Boy (grouning dismally)-"No. I min't, but dey seems ter be a great pain in me."—Philadelphia Press

less she's in trouble."

Joan "Can't you cure her?" Hoar "Not much. When she hasn's anything else to worry her, she'll get out a railroad time-table and study that."-Philadelphia Record.

Could Never Bs Repaid. Could Never Be Repaid.
"I see Buchmann, the publisher, in
dead," said the solid business man; "I
owed him a debt I can never repay,"
"What was it?" asked his friend,

"He refused to publish some verses I wrote in my youth."-Philadelphia

Her Aptitude.

Professor—"You wish your daughter to take lessons on the piane. Has she any aptitude for it?"

Proud Monima-"Wonderful talent, sir; there are very few operators who can equal her speed on the typewrite er."-Collier's Weekly. Posted in Spite of the Rule. Collector "I am afraid to present

this dun in person to Mr. Grump; had we not better forward it by mall?" Manager-"Yes, but remember this is the only instance where we will vio-late our motto, 'Post No Bills,' "- Cor-

umbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Settled the Sex. "I want to return this dog to the gent what owns him. I seen his 'nd.' in the paper," said the rough-looking

'How did you guess it was a 'gent' that put the 'ad." in?" asked the lady. ruse it said 'No questions asked. -Philadelphia Press.

New Music Tencher—"I cannot hear you very distinctly. Why don't you

raise your voice?"
Conscientions Pupil-"Why the fact is. Mr. Crochet, my last teacher told me it was like a colt with a broken leg-not worth raising."—Bosten Tran-

Berram Barnes-"Does your father prefer that we live in a cottage or a

flat after we are married?' Resste McBride-"I don't know, dear, He has never said." "He hasn't? What's he going to do

about the furniture? Looks like he'd be asking me." Denver News. The Workings of His Mind.

"Thought you said you had plowed that ten acre field?" said the first No: I only said I was thinking

about plowing it," raid the second "Oh" I see: you merely turned it 6707 in your mind."-Chicago News

Anything Goes.

premium-list I got out when we were not living so well as we are non?" selved the successful outlook.
"Vest dene." answered his wife.

I wanted to know it god have the as at first an year keep after I are just received an offer, with a good left of names in it, for the dram-