

THE BIRTH-MARK

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He dropped her into a faint. The whole company surrounded her, pale and aghast. In blackened shreds, her burned draperies fell away. The man who owned the cloak loosened it, and showed her to them all, scorched, colorless, pale with pain, but making no sound.

"Good heaven! what an escape!" they cried.

She looked only at the tall, gray-haired figure who stood regarding her compassionately.

"My poor child, you are suffering!" he said. "Let me take you home at once and call a physician."

"You, too, are burned," she answered. "Look at your hands."

"Don't mention it. I am a strong man—a you a child. Will you come at once? Shall I take you in my arms?"

In rushed the manager.

"Bandage her hurts for a moment—can you not?" he cried. "They insist upon seeing her—they are quite wild, in fact."

Paulette started up, clenching her little scorched hands.

"I will not go on!" she cried. "I have looked my last upon them. Did you hear them hiss me tonight? They shall never see me again—never!"

The manager started.

"You can't mean that! You are excited, Miss Hale. Hear them! They'll pull the house down!"

"Let them!" she answered. "I am going home—do you hear?—going home! Good-night!"

"But the piece can't go on till you're shown," cried the distracted manager. "I will not! I will not! Tell them I am sick—dead! Tell them I will never play before them again—never! I will starve in the street first!" With dark, dilated eyes, with yellow hair flying, she rushed to the man who had brought her off the stage. "Take me away!" she cried, wildly. "I cannot breathe this air a moment longer. Oh, brave, good hands! take me away! Save me! I will not go on there, I tell you! I shall fall dead before them all!"

"By the thunder of heaven! No, you shall not!" he answered, and wrapped her quickly in the cloak which had already done such good service, and without another word, hurried her out of the green-room and down the stairs to the street below.

"Your home—where is it?" he demanded.

She gave him the street and number, holding helplessly to him as they stood in the cold winter night on the icy pavement. Curiously the street lamp dipped and danced before her sight. Far off, as from a star, she heard the man with the eagle beak and gray mustaches say:

"Bless my soul, girl, you are ill!"

"After that a fearful thunder, which must have been the carriage wheels, pounded her ear-drums like a Vulcan's hammer. Then Paulette was no longer Paulette at all, but a bit of thistle-down fanned by hot winds through infinite space—desert winds, scorching simoons that burned and blistered her with their breath. A little while and she was a leaf strugling in a whirlpool, and then a buoy, beaten and lost on an ink-black sea. Ages rolled over her, and again she was human, with veins full of fire instead of blood; she was falling down abysses without end, and Megrim's wrinkles looked up at her from infinite depths below, and then the face of the man who had saved her at the play, and then Varneck's, pale and bloody, and last of all, the dark, dreadful face of St. John. These all passed, and she was dead—an tom floating to meet the sun leagues up in heaven and a great peace came over her, and then she heard a voice—the same that she had heard before, as from a star, and it said: "Will she live?"

Another voice answered, "We will hope so. She has youth and a good constitution."

Terrible days.

Out of a face thin and white as a snowflake, Paulette's eyes opened one fine morning on actual life once more. Two persons stood whispering by her bed. One was Megrim; the other a tall, iron-gray man, with a front like Jupiter. In a thin rasping voice she called out to him, querulously:

"Oh, you are here, are you? I left you down there in the pit. Very persistent of you! Besides, you haven't yet told me your name."

He leaned over and looked down on the sick little creature. "My name is Gullite," said Megrim.

"Dose her off to sleep," he answered, gruffly, which Megrim immediately did, and a great slumber settled down, soothing and sweet, upon Paulette.

From that hour he was continually coming and going before her—this great, strange man, whom Megrim called "monsieur general."

"Is that your name?" Paulette queried one day as he stood at the foot of her bed, looking down on her.

"You may call me what you like," he answered, indulgently. "My name is Gullite."

"Do you live here?" like a curious child.

"No," he replied, in the same tone; "many miles away, in Maryland."

"So far!" she sighed. "What then are you doing in this place?"

"Taking care of you," he said, smiling.

"I have been sick, I suppose?"

"Very sick."

"You don't see a hand mirror anywhere about, do you?"

He tossed over some articles on a table, found one and brought it to her. She took it with a trembling hand, looked and saw a little white face, with enormous eyes staring out from its hollow oval and long, thin hair curling round it in babyish rings.

"It wasn't scarred, then?" she shivered.

"Not at all," said he.

She dropped the glass and relapsed

into silence. Presently monsieur the general vanished, and Megrim entered.

"Sit down, said Paulette; "I want to talk with you. I have been sick for weeks, I suppose?"

"Oul!"

"And sickness is expensive, as I learned in poor papa's time. Is there any money in the purse?"

"Not a sou."

The little sick mouth dropped doubtfully.

"But I seem to fare sumptuously, Megrim, and the roof still covers us. How is that?"

"Monsieur the general," said Megrim, laconically.

"What! He does it?"

"Oul!"

She was silent a space, staring up at the blank wall.

"What news have you heard, Megrim, since I have lain here?"

"I have heard, mademoiselle, that monsieur who was shot has recovered enough to leave the city. I have heard his rich mother came in haste to take him far hence from you. Nothing more, mademoiselle."

A spasmodic contraction of the thin face of the little convalescent.

"Think! there was another person."

"I have seen no other—heard of no other, mademoiselle. Monsieur the manager came—I told him you were ill. Monsieur the general came also. Ah, mon Dieu! What should I have done but for him?"

"He is rich, I suppose?" said Paulette.

"Sans doute. He has blue blood also, and he is a hero—he has been in the war."

"I will try," faltered the little sick creature, with her thin hands pressed to her head—"I will try and think what is to be done, Megrim."

The next day she begged to be taken up and placed in a chair by the fire. She was mooping forlorn over the coals, her wasted little figure half lost in the wrapper flung around it, her smooth brows knit, her dubious mouth drawn down, when the door opened and General Gullite appeared, swart and tall, on the threshold.

"What! up and dressed?" he began, entering briskly. "Good! And what are we doing, pray? Not crying?"

"No," she echoed, "not crying."

He paused by the fire, and looked down on her like a cedar of Lebanon on some bit of the field.

"But we are, though!" he cried. "Don't contradict. We are out of spirits—we are crying!"

She shook her head. He regarded her with something very like grim humor.

"I have been prying into your history," he said, in a dry voice, "and I find you are what people call alone in the world, my dear."

"True," she answered.

"And tired of the stage? I think I heard you say as much the night I first saw you."

"All the old spirit has gone out of me!" she cried, striking her thin hands together. "I could not act now to save myself from starving."

"Then let me put the case," said he, surveying her from under his bleached brows. "By the thunder of heaven, you cannot live on your own resources, since you have none—am I not right when I say you have none?"

She nodded assent, and mournfully.

"I am a desolate old man," he went on, slowly; "the last of a bad stock; there's but one person living in whose veins my blood flows. Life at Hazel Hall, especially with Hilda, is gloomy as death. I would be glad to see there once more something bright and cheery, and young—something like you, my dear."

He stretched out to her suddenly his two strong old hands.

"A look in your face, so like another face I once knew, has touched me to the heart. Come girl! from this hour, if you will, enter on a new life—become the child of my adoption—the child of my old age."

Weak as she was, she sprang up in her chair, staring at him blankly.

"Do you mean it? Can you mean it?"

"Surely. Do you not owe your life to me? A man always feels kindly toward the thing he has befriended. I came to the north on business. It is now accomplished, and I return to Maryland. But I shall place you for a time in the convent school of St. Catherine—you see that I have thought of the matter over before today, and already planned your future. Forget your past life. To Hilda and all others you will be my ward, left in trust by a dead friend—this will save us both from curious questions. Will you honor an old man's whim, Paulette? Will you come?"

"Will I come?" she echoed. "Oh, you mock me! Will one who is drowning accept a hand thrust out to save him? Oh, gladly, joyfully! and I bless you for it—I bless you for it!"

She ran to him like a child and kissed his hand and fell at his knee and told over the story of her life—how Jean Hale had found her years before on the Beverly rocks; how he had trained her for the stage and died. One thing only she omitted—St. John's name and her fatal marriage. This she could not bring her pale lips to tell. He listened kindly.

"My poor child," he said, "forget it all, as I told you, and begin another and happier life. Of the scandal which filled the city weeks ago I neither ask nor care. This child-face of yours gives it the lie direct—I see never, on any pretense, mention it. We must leave the city as soon as you can travel. Rest easy, and grow strong with all speed—your future is now settled."

She paled a trifle under his earnest eyes. Could she open her heart to him further—lay bare to him its one great secret. She thought of the vow she had made St. John. Her cold lips remained dumb.

"I will love you always—I will bless



PEARY'S EXPLORATION PARTY AND CREW—SCENES ON ONE OF HIS PREVIOUS POLAR TRIPS.

In the science of warfare there is an old truism to the effect that it takes a more skillful general to conduct a retreat than an advance. Robert E. Peary, the arctic explorer, always has kept his retreat in mind when making an advance on the pole; hence the food depots and caches he has established on each of his up journeys. When he was last in the arctic prior to his discovery of the pole these caches of food undoubtedly saved his party from starvation, for along the course he took there was little game to be found. These pictures show a food cache in the snow and one of the dog trains that the explorer used in his hike to the "farthest north." Anthony Fiala's party doubtless would have perished but for the supply of food which the Duke of the Abruzzi left when he advanced toward the pole and retreated over another route. Dr. Cook was so lightly equipped on his polar dash that he ran out of food before he reached the game country on his retreat. He and his Eskimos were without food for three days and for weeks had only the scantiest rations.

you with my latest breath," was all she said.

When he had left her Paulette hurried to her little escritoire, took from it St. John's portrait and her certificate of marriage, and white and shabby, carried them to the hearth. Her black eyes flashed, her little figure seemed to grow tall as she stood.

"I will begin a new life," she murmured. "I will forget everything; why should I not? He has forgotten and forsaken me."

As for Dimple, as long as she lives, suffering or otherwise, she can never be anything but a fair, sweet woman. Her wonderful hair, in which Moppet used to play, is still bright and abundant. No dimples show in her face now, because she never smiles; but her sober, black dress, which she has always worn since her child's loss, with her fair hair and her melancholy blue eyes, she looks unutterably sad and unutterably lovely.

To this pair the fourteen years mean one long, ceaseless search, hope continually baffled, pain and yearning and bitterness without end. The fourteen letters in the old desk bear the post-mark of as many different places.

Why is the foe with whom they have to deal. Every year a new address is appended to the cruel, monotonous scrawl which comes to prick at their sore wound. The doctor has wasted his strength and living in the search, offered rewards, sought again and again to entrap his baffling enemy through the medium of these same letters; but all in vain. Fourteen years; and he is still childless, and Moppet is still, as it seems, forever lost.

lived without her fourteen years. She is sixteen today, Phillip.

He did not answer. They stood, side by side, leaning over the old desk, the strange letters spread before them. Fourteen years have not changed them greatly. The doctor is still shabby and poor and hard-worked. He is somewhat gray, and there are deep lines in his patient face, although he is still what one would call a young man.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Phillip Gower walked up the village street, opened the gate of his trim garden, and between rows of sprouting bud advanced along the path to his white cottage. It was in the twilight of a spring day. A window of the modest dwelling stood open, and beside it sat a woman in a mourning dress, with some light sewing lying in her lap, gazing anxiously out on him. It was Dimple.

As his hand touched the door she started up, thrust her book aside and flew to meet him. She put her two hands on his arm and stared up in his face with dilating eyes.

"Has it come?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, yes, thank God!" And he drew her gently back into the room and closed the door.

"They sat down side by side in the window. Her breath came in gasps. She was trembling from head to foot. The doctor's face, too, was like ashes.

"Here," he said, quickly, and drew from the pocket of his coat a letter; "it is your turn to open it this year, Dimple."

Making no sound, but with a strained, white face she snatched it from his hand, tore off the corner of the envelope, drew out a slip of paper and read as follows:

"How long will you keep silent? Where is the child? Answer, and then, and not till then, shall you hear tidings of that which you have lost."

The paper fluttered from Dimple's hand. She flung her arms around the doctor's neck.

"She is alive, then!" she cried, wildly. "She is still alive, my poor darling!"

His worn face worked. He picked up the scrawl—read it through himself eagerly, hungrily. Then sat silent, held it in his hand, Dimple's arms tightening about him, Dimple's face hidden on his breast.

"Yes," he answered, heaving a great sigh. "Thank heaven; yes. Is not this a heavy cross for such shoulders as yours?"

"I do bear it alone!" she was answered, bravely. "My dear boy's hair is whiter at the temples before its time; they are crow's feet under his eyes. Sixteen today, Phillip—our baby, Moppet! What has she been doing all these years? How—where has she lived without us? She must be nearly grown to womanhood. Shut your eyes, dear, and fancy for a moment what she is like!"

"Fourteen!" she said, piteously, "and every one received on Moppet's birthday! Oh, Phillip! do you think our enemy knows it is her birthday?"

"Not likely," he answered, "because it is also the anniversary of her loss."

"True," sighed Dimple. "We have

of the village girl I wooed and won seventeen years ago."

"Dear boy, no," said the doctor's wife. "Moppet was like you, even as a baby. She had your dark eyes. She must be tall and a brunette. Do you think it possible, Phillip, that she can have any recollection—the faintest—the very faintest, but still a recollection, of us, dear?"

"It is not probable," he replied, painfully.

"I find it very hard—do not you—to imagine her a grown-up woman—to think of her as anything but a baby nestling in my arms or sitting on your study floor at play with these."

She touched reverently a heap of playthings lying beneath the letters in the drawer—a child's playthings, carefully gathered together—a doll without a head, rattles and rings, a wooden soldier, a half-toon slipper, with the mark of milk teeth upon the toe.

"Come," said the doctor, drawing her back from the sad mementoes of his life; "he could bear no more, 'let us add this last letter to the others, Dimple, and close the drawer for another year."

She sighed deeply, but did not resist. They went to the window and stood there together and looked out on the sunset lying low and far beyond the trim, pleasant scented garden.

"Do you remember, dear boy," said Dimple, "how loth I was that you should go to Hannah Duff's that night? Do you believe the child was ever really left with her, and if so, what did she do with it?"

"It was left, without doubt," answered the doctor. "The woman was thoroughly in earnest. What she did with it is another matter. Mayhap the father returned and claimed it—though, from the scene I witnessed on the night of its birth I am led to think this rather doubtful. It is plain there were parties to whom the mother feared—from whom she devoutly wished to withhold the child. They got possession of it, probably—Hannah Duff delivered it up to them."

"What parties, Phillip?"

"Sure enough, I have no clue. Strange I did not recognize the mother when she came here so cleverly disguised to bribe me the night before Moppet's loss?"

"Was it herself, Phillip, or some messenger?"

"It was herself; but I did not suspect the truth till afterward."

"I wonder," mused Dimple, "if she was the wife of that man—that Captain Forrest, as he called himself?"

"Wife or mistress. There seemed to be some trouble between them, Forrest was not an assumed name—the detective could make nothing of it. The secret of that child's loss, and of our loss also, lies I fear, with Hannah Duff in her grave," said the doctor, thus summing up the whole matter.

Presently the room grew dark, and they turned from the window and Dimple rang for tea. Very sad and subdued, the two sat down to it on this sad anniversary night—the doctor's dark, thin, careworn face at one end of the table, Dimple at the other with her pallor and her black dress and her yellow hair.

"Wherever she may be tonight, God bless and keep her!" said the little mother, solemnly.

"Wherever she may be tonight, God bless and keep her!" answered Dr. Phillip.

(To be Continued.)

Miscellaneous Reading.

DAMAGE BY INSECTS.

Interesting Figures Furnished by Commissioner Watson.

Few people of the state realize the great damage that is done to all crops of the state annually by the insects. Within the past several years the peach orchards have been practically wiped out by the San Jose scale and the ravages of the wire worm down in Colleton county is a very striking example of insect damage to crops. Whole peach orchards have been destroyed and abandoned by the owners. However, within the past year several orchards have been planted and are doing remarkably well by the use of various kinds of sprays, especially so in the Ridge section of the state.

The birds are most effective in fighting the insect plague. By statistics it is shown that the birds in South Carolina destroy over 100,000 bushels of insects every year and save the state millions of dollars. According to statistics it is shown that the insects destroyed over \$12,000,000 worth of the crops of the state during the past year. The Audubon society is doing very effective work in protecting the birds and the people are beginning to learn their value to mankind and join in the work of protecting them.

Commissioner Watson has prepared some very interesting data concerning the amount destroyed last year by the insects in the state.

Kind of Crop.	Value.	Per cent. damage.	Amount of loss.
Cotton	\$50,000,000	10	\$5,000,000
Cereals	10,000,000	10	1,000,000
Wheat, barley	8,000,000	10	800,000
Tobacco	2,500,000	10	250,000
Truck	2,000,000	20	400,000
Corn	25,000,000	10	2,500,000
Hay	1,100,000	10	110,000
Rice	500,000	20	100,000
Total damage	\$112,700,000		\$11,270,000
Poultry, etc.	200,000		200,000
Damage to crops	5,000,000		5,000,000
Products in storage	2,000,000		2,000,000
Grand total	\$118,470,000		\$11,847,000

There is no estimate made for fruits, as there are no figures as to totals, but close observation has shown damage to be at least 50 per cent, the largest fruit growing areas having been destroyed entirely.

Cotton Estimate.

The estimate in the case of cotton and corn is at least 5 per cent below actual damage, the general average for the country being taken, nor is damage to gardens taken into account, which would swell the total enormously.

Damage to farm forests, peach groves and similar orchards, is likewise omitted for want of accurate figures. The total loss can not fall below \$20,000,000. Nearly all of this is preventable in time by wise protection of birds, the only efficient check on the depredations of insects.

The loss to the entire country last year through insect ravages has been set down at something over \$1,000,000,000 by the entomologists of the biological survey of the department of agriculture.

According to the careful survey of Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, South Carolina had a net loss of 32 per cent of its birds during the period from 1883 to 1898 (15 years). From 1898 to 1902 when the Audubon society of South Carolina began to be effective the slaughter of the birds went on at a constantly increasing rate, so that by 1908 50 per cent of the birds had been lost. This taken in connection with crop damages is exceedingly ominous.

The Audubon Society.

Commissioner Watson in his last annual report has the following to say concerning the Audubon society: "The United States department of agriculture advises farmers throughout the country to join the Audubon society and back its work. As the Audubon society is the foremost agency in the world for protecting insect-eating and song birds it is well to give its plan and purpose."

The National Association of Audubon societies in New York city is the parent of all of the various state Audubon societies and it was organized by a few patriotic men for the purpose of saving the birds of America. In the year 1896 there was a rapid spread of the society into various states until each state in the Union has an Audubon society and is giving more or less attention to the protection of the birds of the state. The legislature of South Carolina chartered the Audubon society of South Carolina, whose declared purpose was to educate the people up to the value of birds, game and non-marjorative fish to the state. Since its organization the society has been active in this work of educating the people along the lines indicated. The secretary has published a great many articles in the daily and weekly press on the value of birds and on the best way of protecting them. The society has published and circulated the laws and has issued two annual reports. The secretary has also made a canvass of the state, securing members and organizing branch societies for the further prosecution of the work and to get the principles of bird protection understood by the people. Addresses have been delivered at many places for the purpose of enlightening people of the state in the cause."

The report further says: "Farmers must realize that the time has come to demand more protection from the laws than they have received in the past. The rapid multiplication of hunters, white and black, has led to the destruction of thousands of insect-eating and song birds, as well as to a decrease of game that is alarming. The burden of this falls directly on the farmer; he has to pay the bright. Most farmers agree that something should be done to protect the birds and to save great losses entailed on the crops by the slaughter of the birds. Briefly, the situation of South Carolina to the west, girdled by the mountains, on the east washed by the Atlantic and pierced and watered by numerous rivers, and with an immense domain not under cultivation, is one

ABOUT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Editor of the Yorkville Enquirer.

I had a good fortune to see your splendid paper of August 27, instant. The article on the first page in relation to the "King's Mountain Monument" interested me very much.

I remember the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain in 1855. I think Col. John S. Preston of Columbia, and Samuel W. Melton made speeches on that occasion. I knew both of these gentlemen. Melton was editor of your paper, or one in Chester. Melton's speech was printed in pamphlet form. I think one or more days were spent at the battleground.

Col. Benj. Cleveland, on of the heroes of King's Mountain, removed to Rendleton district, now Oconee county, very soon after the termination of the Revolutionary war, and settled at "Fort Madison," on the east bank of Tugaloo river, near where the southern railway crosses that stream and enters Georgia. His descendants built a monument to his memory, immediately on the line of the railway in the little town of Madison. One of his neighbors was "Horse Shoe Robinson," of Revolutionary fame, and was the hero of the story, entitled "Horse Shoe Robinson."

Obadiah Trimmer of Spartanburg, another of the great Revolutionary soldiers, was also a neighbor of Col. Cleveland. Benj. Perry gives a very interesting sketch of Col. Cleveland, in his history of that section, where he (Perry) was born.

See sketch of Col. Benj. Cleveland by Dr. Landrum of Spartanburg, S. C., pages 222 and more.

Very truly yours,
Robt. A. Thompson.
Walhalla, S. C., Aug. 30, 1909.

CURTIS, THE AVIATOR.

American Flier Who Has Broken Speed Record at Rheims Aviation Meet.

Glenn H. Curtiss has again made the world sit up and take notice of American ingenuity, daring and progressiveness. His record breaking exploits at the Rheims aviation meet at Rheims, France, will live long in the fast increasing history of the air. His victory in the contest for the Prix de la Vitesse, value 10,000 francs (\$2,000), was a splendid climax to his week of endeavor. He covered the course in this thirty kilometer race in twenty-five minutes forty-nine seconds, corrected time.

Curtis, now the lion of Europe, is really a gasoline engineer. Aviation is merely a side line with him, in which he differs from the Wrights, who have given their lives to it. Curtiss eats lubricating oil and drinks gasoline. He began life in Hammondspoint, N. Y., about thirty years ago and became a newsboy because he needed the money. One day he traded a lot of old junk for an old bicycle. Oddy enough, that trade made his fortune and determined his vocation. It has never been stated that Glenn Curtiss is lazy, but the fact remains that Hammondspoint is mostly on edge and that he got a cramp in the calf from pedaling his rusty old machine up and down hills. Then he caught sight of one of the early editions of the gasoline engine.

"Why not tie that engine on my bicycle and save me all this trouble?" he reasoned. He collected more old junk. When he had enough, he traded it for the parts of an antiquated gasoline engine. A few weeks of exclusion in the paternal barn followed, until one day Hammondspoint was almost interested in seeing young Curtiss fly up and down its angular street on his old bicycle, propelled by a gasoline engine he had in some occult manner attached to the frame. He kept on at that enterprise until by and by he began to build motorcycles. Eventually he had a factory that employed several hundred men, which made him a rich man.

When our specialists began wearing dirigible balloons some of them went to Curtis for a motor that would push their gas bags. It naturally followed that the trying out process took place at Hammondspoint, and Curtiss in time became identified with the manufacture of flying machines of one sort and another. Then he tried his hand at it for himself and produced the June Bug, that famous pony built little contraption that won the first prize in the America for America trial of a single gigantic trip. There will be little chance for more agitation after that. No man at all familiar with the situation can doubt that the time for effective protest is very short. If we do not use it to protect ourselves now, we may be very sure that the trust will give hereafter small consideration to the welfare of the average citizen when in conflict with its own.

A direct or nutritive fertilizer is one which furnishes nourishment to the growing crop. Nourishment means simply nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. These are the three ingredients which must be renewed through the medium of manures and fertilizers. A stimulant or indirect fertilizer is one which does not furnish an actual plant food to the soil, but by its stimulating action renders available some plant food which previously existed in the soil in an insoluble or unavailable condition.

Fertilizers—Fertilizers may be divided into two general classes—direct and indirect, or nutritive and stimulant. A direct or nutritive fertilizer is one which furnishes nourishment to the growing crop. Nourishment means simply nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. These are the three ingredients which must be renewed through the medium of manures and fertilizers. A stimulant or indirect fertilizer is one which does not furnish an actual plant food to the soil, but by its stimulating action renders available some plant food which previously existed in the soil in an insoluble or unavailable condition.

Don't give all your sympathy to the poor. The rich need some of it.

A man doesn't have to celebrate his golden wedding to discover that life is not gold that glitters.

African Fire Season.

Unlike a good deal of South Africa, Rhodesia is largely wooded. In some places the forests are of value, but a large proportion is not valued for its timber. The grass in this part of Africa grows to phenomenal heights in the valleys, and especially in the valleys of the Sabi and Zambezi rivers it reaches its greatest height. To say that the grass is often twelve feet high is no exaggeration. Naturally it is very easy to lose one's way in this grass if one is unfortunate enough to stray from the beaten track. It is the custom there to burn this grass off each year when it gets dry. This is usually in August and September, or even in October. The fire burns for miles, and as the country is largely a wilderness little damage done by this method of destroying the grass is a beautiful sight at night in the fire season to see the hills for miles around encircled with flames.

After the grass has been burned the rainy season usually begins, and it is then that the country is at its prettiest. The grass is then green and the foliage on the trees is beautiful. The old leaves drop off gradually and the new ones take their place before the trees are bare. The new leaves are of all shades of red and yellow and it is much like the fall scenery in this country when the dead leaves are falling from the trees. Waterfalls are numerous in the mountains and there are many of great height, although the rivers are usually small in volume.—Springfield, (Mass.), Republican.