

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

The next few weeks passed happily for Alison. She had her dearest friend with her, and what more could she ask for?

Aunt Diana had settled down quite comfortably in her niche, as though she were one of the family. Without making herself unduly prominent, or in any way trenching on the young housekeeper's privilege, she yet contrived, with quiet tact, to lighten Alison's burden and procure her the best she so much needed.

Alison resumed her walks with Roger, while Aunt Diana amused Missie or read to Mr. Merle. During the day Alison was too much engaged to enjoy much of Aunt Diana's company, but Miss Carrington insisted that she should resume her painting lessons as soon as Missie was able to be with her father; and she also contrived that she and Alison should have one of their old refreshing talks as often as possible. Nothing rested Alison so much as intercourse with Miss Carrington, strong, vigorous mind.

Aunt Diana quickly found her way into Missie's wayward little heart, and so soon turned her influence to good account. One afternoon, when Alison had been spending some hours at Maplewood, she found on her return that Missie had gone back into her old room. All Alison's books and pictures had been moved; Aunt Diana's loving hands had evidently been employed in her service—no one else would have arranged the bowl of dark chrysanthemums on the little round table, and the pretty, fresh croquette on the couch and easy chair spoke of the same taste.

Alison's voice trembled as she thanked Missie.

"You ought not to have done it, Mabel dear; it is very good of you, but I would rather have waited until you were really well."

"I always meant to do it," returned Missie, solemnly. "I thought about it every night, and then I made up my mind to speak to Aunt Diana, and she said she would help me. Have you seen the beautiful illumination she has painted for you?"

Yes, Alison had seen it.

"Be not weary in well-doing"—that was the text that Miss Carrington had chosen—"for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Well, was not Alison reaping a rich harvest? Would she ever repent that she had come back to her own people for loving service and ministry, when she had won Missie's affection, and found her way to her father's heart? That he loved and trusted her, that she was growing daily dearer to him, Alison, with all her humility, could not doubt; but Missie was still his petted darling—the very suffering she had caused him brought them nearer together.

It was a lovely sight, Miss Carrington thought, to see Missie sitting for hours patiently beside her father's couch reading or talking to him. But for her aunt's vigilant care her health would have been permanently injured by her devotion to him; before she left she made Missie faithfully promise to take her daily walk and to resume her singing.

"You must leave something for Allie to do," she said, with a smile; "I can not sanction monopoly. We must watch against selfishness, dear child, even in our best actions; we must not be over-exacting in our affection—love sometimes compels one to efface one's self for love's sake."

Anna was a constant visitor to The Holmes during Miss Carrington's stay; they had taken a great fancy to each other. Anna told Alison privately that she thought Miss Carrington was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. "I don't know about her features," Alison had answered; "I don't think people consider her handsome, but it is a dear face, and that is all I care about."

"I am never tired of looking at her," returned Anna, with girlish enthusiasm; "one sees the thoughts coming before she speaks; her eyes talk to one, even when she is silent. There is something heroic, too, in her voice, and even in her walk; she never jars on one; I am sure there are no discords in her nature." Alison repeated this speech; she thought it so prettily worded, and so true. But Miss Carrington shook her head over it and let it pass; she knew much better how the chords of her being had once been jangled roughly out of tune. "No discords in her nature!" when every note had been dumb and tuneless until the Divine Hand had brought the jarred chords into harmony.

"When God's will is our will, then we shall know peace," she said to herself; "I have learned that now." But she spoke very kindly of Anna, and praised Alison's discernment in the choice of a friend. "She is a simple, lovable little soul," she said once; "it is quite a treat in this decided age to meet with a girl who distrusts her own judgment, and believes other people's experiences before her own."

"Anna is really very clever, Aunt Di," "I am sure of that, my dear; and she shows her cleverness by not advertising her best wares. In talking to her one is not dropping over buckets into empty wells—there is good sense and a clear knowledge of facts at the bottom. Living in an uncongenial atmosphere has made her shy and awkward; she is like a poor little plant brought too suddenly into the light; in another year or so she will be less pallid and depressed; she will have learned to believe in herself a little."

"I am afraid you think her plain," observed Alison, anxiously; for her artistic taste made her lay rather an undue importance on beauty; "but really, when she talks and brightens up she is quite pretty."

"She has a lovely look sometimes. You are wrong, Allie, I do not think her plain. Missie's apple blossom face makes her a little colorless, but there is a delicate white rose bloom about her that is not without beauty. I like her face, my dear."

"Do you know, Aunt Di?"—hesitating a

little, as though she feared how her words might be received, for Miss Carrington had a horror of gossip—"I am half afraid that there is a new trouble in store for poor Anna."

"You mean Eva's marriage. I think that will be a good thing for her; there is no real sympathy between the sisters." "No, I meant something quite different. I have been at Maplewood a great deal this week, and Dr. Forbes is always there. I am afraid, from what I see, that Anna will soon have a step-father, and, Aunt Di—in a voice of strong disgust—"Dr. Forbes is such an ugly, disagreeable man, I must say I do wonder at Mrs. Hardwick."

"Do you, Allie? Well, wonder sits well on young people. I hate to see them taking everything as a matter of course. You wonder will not hurt you, my dear."

"But if it should be true, Aunt Di?"

Very solemnly. "There are no fools like old fools," Allie, and there is certainly no accounting for tastes. Now, in my opinion, one husband is enough for any woman; but I do not pretend to regulate the world. Don't trouble your little head about it. I have a notion that, step-father or no step-father, Anna will have her share of God's sunshine." And Miss Carrington smiled a queer little smile that mystified Alison, but she said no more.

There were some things of which Miss Carrington never spoke to young people. She often said: "A girl's mind ought to be as clear as crystal and hold no creases—a crystal must reflect everything. I wish older people would remember that." And nothing displeased her more than the careless talk of some mothers. "They don't seem to care what they put into a girl's mind," she would say, indignantly, "and then they wonder that it is clogged up with rubbish."

CHAPTER XXI.

Miss Carrington took a great deal of notice of Roger, and sought every opportunity to be with him; she had a great respect for his character, which, she said, was a most uncommon one.

"Roger differs from the young men of his generation," she said once to Alison; "he cares little for other people's opinions, unless he knows them to be in the right—mere criticism does not influence him in the least."

She took a great interest in his work, and made herself acquainted with the details of the business. Roger wondered a little at the quiet pertinacity with which she questioned him; she even followed him to the mill, and sat in the timber yard watching the men at work.

After a few conversations with Roger she spoke very seriously to her brother-in-law; she told him Roger was very young for such a responsibility. "He is a good lad, and would wear himself out in your service, Allie, and that without a word of complaint, but he looks too old and careworn for his age; you must remember he is only two-and-twenty yet—he must have his play time, like other lads."

"But how am I to help him, Diana?" asked Mr. Merle, fretfully. "It is not my fault that I am lying here like a log. The boy must work, or what would become of us all?"

"My dear Allie, you misunderstand me," she replied, gently. "Of course Roger must work, but surely he needs help for so large a business. Have you put no one in your last manager's place?"

"No, not yet," he returned, evidently struck by her practical good sense. "Roger never proposed it, and I was too indolent to think about it; but there is Murdoch, a Scotchman—he has been with me a long time, and he is an honest fellow."

"I dare say he would be glad of a low rise in his salary; he has a large young family. I will ask Roger what he thinks of putting Murdoch in the manager's place. I think he would watch over our interests."

"I wish you would do so," she returned earnestly; "Roger is rather too hard worked for his age. He tells me he has no time for cricket or tennis, or for skating in winter. I—I have set my heart, Allie, on his bringing Alison for a long visit to Moss-side in the spring. You will be better by that time, and if you have a manager Roger will be able to enjoy a holiday; he tells me he has not left Chesterton for two years."

"I am afraid I have been very remiss and neglected his interests," returned Mr. Merle, rather sadly. "You shall have your wish, Diana; I will manage to spare Roger for a month."

"Come, now, that is generous of you," she replied, brightly; "I shall owe you a good turn for that. Supposing I promise to come and spend my Christmas and New Year with you; shall you care to have me?"

"Try me," was his only reply. But he said it with one of his rare smiles, and Miss Carrington felt she would be welcome.

The prospect of having Aunt Diana for Christmas, and still more the promise of a long visit to Moss-side in the spring, went far to reconcile Alison to the parting when the day came for Miss Carrington to leave them, but when the last hour arrived Alison's heart failed her a little.

"You must not look so pale over it, Allie," Miss Carrington said to her anxiously; "you know if I had the power I would willingly take you back with me."

"Yes, but I could not leave papa lying there. There can be no question now about my duty; it is a comfort to know that."

"Yes, dearest, your place must be here a little longer; they could not spare you to me yet. Do you know, I sometimes doubt whether the old days will ever come back."

"Oh, Aunt Di! Do you mean I shall never be able to live with you again?" asked Alison, in an alarmed voice.

Miss Carrington looked at her in a strangely moved way.

"I do not think you will live at The Holmes always; Missie will replace you by and by. I am quite sure we shall be together, even if it be not in the old way. Don't look so perplexed, Allie, darling; in this life, with its manifold changes and chances, things are seldom quite the same."

"You and I will never be different—I am convinced of that," exclaimed Alison, not in the least understanding the drift of Aunt Diana's strange speech. "Oh, Aunt Di, how delicious the spring will be! To think that we shall be rowing on the river again to Long Island, to hunt for forget-me-nots, and that we shall have the cuckoo in Aspy Woods, and I shall be sitting in the studio watching

you painting, and Roger will be with us." "That's right; look forward, Allie, darling; it is your birthright. The young must always look on to a happy future. Now say good-bye to me, for I hear the carriage coming round. Christmas will soon be here, and, heaven willing, we shall meet again." And pressing her tenderly in her arms, Aunt Diana turned away.

CHAPTER XXII.

Miss Carrington, indeed, spent her Christmas and the opening days of the new year at The Holmes, to the mutual enjoyment of herself and Alison; but it was not until the end of June that Alison and Roger paid their promised visit to Moss-side—not until the sweet fresh days of spring had passed into the glory of summer. Miss Carrington had written again and again, pleading the compact she had made with Mr. Merle; but neither of the young people had found themselves free.

"When we come it must be with a quiet conscience, and not with a burden of unfilled duties, dear Aunt Di," wrote Alison at last. "Missie can do without me, but Roger can not leave at present—there is such a pressure of business at the mill; and if you do not mind, I would rather wait for him."

Miss Carrington's reply was curt, and to the point: "Wait for Roger by all means. I am not young enough to fear deferring an unexpected pleasure, or old enough to dread that 'by and by' may mean never. There is danger in hurrying on things too much; we need not crowd our lives. I will have neither of you until you can put your cares in your pockets, and take the full meaning of these sweet, sunny days."

Aunt Diana's unselfishness and patience were rewarded when at last the desired letter from Alison arrived. Its bright sentences sounded in her like a ripple of soft laughter from youthful lips. "We are coming, coming, coming!" Could any repetition be sweeter than that?

It was one of the loveliest evenings in June when Alison and Roger arrived at the Riverston station, and stood for a moment looking round them in a pleased uncertainty whether any familiar face would greet them. Miss Carrington had hinted that she preferred receiving her guests in her own porch—she hated the bustle and noise of a railway station. But still Alison's dark eyes would scan the platform and the sunny station room, half in self-distrust and half in girlish curiosity.

"Allie, who is that handsome fellow just getting down from the dog cart?" asked Roger. "What a neat little turn-out! I like a chestnut mare. Hallo! do you know him?" as Alison smiled and bowed.

"It is Greville Moore," she said, hurriedly, and a bright look of pleasure crossed her face at the sight of her old friend, which was certainly reflected in the young man's countenance as he came forward and greeted them.

"You are punctual to a minute," he said, joyously, "rather before your time, for I have only just driven up. Miss Carrington told me I might bring the dog cart, and your luggage might go up by the omnibus. How are you, Miss Alison? You do not seem at all fagged by your long journey. I expected to find a pair of dusty, jaded travelers."

"Alison is as fresh as a lark," returned Roger; "she has been chirping like a good many years since we met. Moore, I should hardly have identified you the first minute but for my sister's recognition."

"I believe I should not have known you," replied Greville, with a quick, scrutinizing glance. "You don't look first-rate—does he, Miss Alison? He has an overworked appearance. We must give him plenty of tennis and boating, and make him look younger."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," laughed Roger. "Two of three weeks of idleness and fresh air will make a different fellow of me. I mean to forget that there are such things as sawmills in existence."

"Come, that is sensible," returned Greville, heartily. "Miss Alison, will you take the front seat? Merle, the groom is going to look after the luggage, so you need not trouble your head about it." And, springing lightly to his place, he touched the mare, and in a moment they were driving rapidly down the shady road.

(To be continued.)

Fair Lesson in Spelling.

Students in a London school were recently asked to write this from dictation: "A gluttonous slyl with her glutinous hand complacently seized a seive, a phthical Rheumon, a noticeable supercilious irascible and cynical sergeant, an embarrassed and harassed chrysalis, a shrieking sheik, a complaisant proselyte and an anonymous chrysolite. These all suddenly disappeared down her receptive esophagus. She simply said: Pugh! not saccharine!"

"She then transferred a billion of billions, mosquitoes, an unsalable bouquet of fuchsias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths and phlox, a liquefied bellidium, an indelible defamatory inflammatory synchrismon and a debatable syllogism to the same capacious receptacle."

"Peaceably surrendering her dagger-receptote to the ecstatic aeronaut, she descended with her parachute—a synonym for baronch—e and grievously terrified the stolid, squalid yeomanry already tormented by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

The English Language.

Mrs. Weeks (during storm)—Gracious! that was an awful clap of thunder; it frightened me terribly.

Weeks—Nonsense, my dear. Thunder can't hurt you.

Mrs. Weeks—Indeed! Didn't you ever hear of people being thunder-struck?

A Slight Jolt.

He (boastfully)—It takes six generations to make a gentleman, you know.

She (calmly)—Yes, and what a pity that it only takes on generation to un-make him.

In Russia an unmarried woman remains under the absolute sway of her parents until her death, regardless of her age.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Woman's Servility to Fashion.

There is nothing more abject in the social state than the servility of women to the dictates of fashion, declares a New York writer. Nothing more inartistic or barren of all harmony or beauty could be devised than the feminine figure which prevails at present just because it is "fashionable." Of course, in this respect fat, even mildly plump, women are left out of the reckoning, though they are struggling as best they can, to compress themselves into the shape of an Egyptian mummy. To be in line with fashion now every woman must find her greatest width at the shoulders. From that point she must taper to her heels, and she must be prepared to kneel her knees together when she walks. It is a fashion that is preposterous in every way, and it is not to the credit of the great army of women that its introduction was brought about by three dressmakers' models.

The style was seen first, when three models went to a Paris race track in sheath gowns, and for their pains were escorted off the course by the police. For a few weeks the women of Paris asserted they would not submit to the sheath gown or any modification of it; yet the clinging effect of the sheath forms the chief note in the present styles. Worth and other alleged leading dressmakers of Paris cried out against anything approaching the sheath model, but all have been forced to surrender.

Of course, the true sheath, with its slit side, has not been worn. The tapering effect of the sheath is the thing. Women, tall and small, have fallen victims of the craze. The natural lines of the human form must disappear under the lacing and the kneading of this iniquitous fashion. The woman who cannot compress her hips into smaller space than her shoulders will be looked upon as hopeless from the point of view of fashion, and this imposes torture upon the great majority.

What is to come out of it all? Petticoats are to be discarded, so that the mummy effect may not be destroyed. To move easily in the new skirts is an impossibility, and the knock-kneed woman will find herself at an advantage over her straight-limbed sister. The ways of fashion surely are as strange and mysterious as woman herself.

Combination Costume.



Prunelle velvet was used to make the long, plain skirt of this stylish costume, and chiffon broadcloth in a lovely shade of violet that harmonized beautifully made the tunic. Russian lace was elaborately used on the bodice, and made the entire short sleeves. The yoke was formed of chiffon, finely tucked, and matched the tunic in color. The hat of satin and aigrettes was carried out in the same lovely shades.

Homeless Girls.

There are said to be no fewer than 50,000 working girls in Berlin who have no homes, no rooms even that they can call their own, but sleep in the Schlafstellen, and in the daytime have no place at all to which to go. The city contributes \$500, a year toward these homes where the girls may go when they are sick. Anna Plochow has suggested that the factory owners would benefit themselves by making good homes for the girls.

The American Woman.

Who shall say which is the true American woman, the housekeeper of the Kansas farm, of the Tennessee mountain cabin or of the city flat? asks a writer in the New York Evening Post. There is no composite of the American woman, who is least of all to be studied on 5th avenue or Newport or to be judged by the "stories" about her in the illustrated Sunday supplements. That she has her faults, wherever she be, is perfectly obvious,

since she is but human. We are inclined to think that a serious and careful student would find the educated American woman less interested in political and social questions than her sisters abroad. But, on the other hand, if there is narrowness along these lines where is her equal for charitable work? Where any others who merit such praise for maintaining the artistic and the refining influences of the home?



Big pigskin, walrus or leather auto bags, 10 by 12 inches, are seen in the shops.

Cashmere de soie, with a surface as glossy as satin, is a pronounced novelty in dress goods.

For actual warmth the goat skin and opossum coats, lined with cloth, are very successful.

The glove most eagerly sought to-day for everyday wear is the French glove with one clasp. The soft, eight-button gloves are worn with afternoon toilettes. The mannish edge glove is long.

GIRLS' ELABORATE STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING.



and fits snugly to the arm. All gloves require more careful cutting, it does away with the fidgeting bracelet, and it brings about cheaper gloves.

Flowers and fruit appear among the designs in men's neckwear.

Nowadays nearly all women wear jabots, and among the prettiest is the grandfather frill.

Embroidered dots of various sizes are used in dainty ties. The dots may be white or a color.

Royal blue, golden brown, mulberry and maize are fashionable colors in high-class costumes.

Many of the prettiest hats are almost smothered in downy marabou; its soft effect is becoming to almost every woman.

A narrow band of gold or silver ribbon, with a rose at each end, makes a becoming hair ornament on the Grecian order.

Shoes present one aspect coming and another aspect going—backs match the dress, while fronts are of conventional patent leather.

With elaborate afternoon and evening gowns sleeves that are strapped with the material of the gown over lace are a good deal used.

Slip a bit of gold lace under your net chemise. This glint of gold through the transparency is one of the important touches.

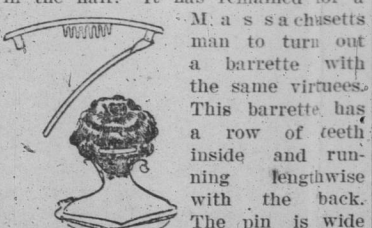
The dressmakers have decided that about the best width for the modern clinging skirt is two yards or a few inches over. Street skirts cut above the ankles, made of rough fabrics, are not always this wide, but the two yards in unstiffened satin or tulle give enough stiffness at footline.

The Better Foreign Way.

American women are clean enough as far as their homes are concerned, but they often very grudgingly give any work to the municipality. In Germany there is a nightly washing of the cities that makes everything clean to the eye when morning comes, and the Dutch housewife considers the pavement in front of her house a responsibility of her own and scrubs it until it is clean enough to eat from.

Barrette That Sticks.

There is already a woman's back comb designed so as to retain its place in the hair. It has remained for a



man a sashet man to turn out a barrette with the same virtues. This barrette has a row of teeth inside and running lengthwise with the back. The pin is wide enough to carry an opening into which the teeth fit, so that when the whole is closed and fastened in the hair there is little danger of the pin coming open, as the pins of most barrettes are prone to do, inasmuch as the strands of hair that are caught between the teeth keep it in position. There is probably no one ar-

ticle of dress or ornament more frequently lost by a woman than a barrette, and as many of these are costly articles, some of them, indeed, containing valuable jewels, the importance of this safety device can be readily appreciated.

Woman's Neat Proposal.

A bachelor rector of a Western church was alone in his study when his housekeeper brought him the card of one of his parishioners, a spinster of means and charm.

When the lady was seated on the opposite side of his study table the rector looked at her inquiringly, expecting to hear something concerning parish work, in which he was active. To his surprise an embarrassed silence ensued, during which he vainly sought for something to say.

"Dr. Blank," began the lady, at last, in faltering tones, "do you think—can you fancy conditions under which—a woman is—justified in proposing?"

"Why, yes," said the rector, after some deliberation.

"Thou art the man!" said the lady, resolutely.

She was right.

When Sleeves Are Long.

The girl of the pretty hand and arm is not pleased with the latest dictum in sleeves. Layers of silk or net or velvet almost to the finger tips may be "smart," but they also cover up much natural beauty. Though the "knockers" were wont to bemoan the ugliness displayed by the long, popular elbow sleeve, in point of fact it was a style much more becoming to the average hand than the long sleeve.

It may make a hand seem smaller to be half covered; it also makes it look redder and much more awkward. Defects in manning are more in evidence; therefore it behooves one to pay more instead of less attention to the



care of her hands. The long sleeve requires more careful cutting, it does away with the fidgeting bracelet, and it brings about cheaper gloves.

Honey for Burns.

The Swiss Bee Journal says, in speaking of honey as a cure for burns, that a child 2 years old was severely burned on the arm, in boiling water. The member was immediately bathed in honey and wrapped in a linen cloth. The pain at once ceased and the healing was very rapid, the honey keeping the air from the burn. The hand was changed every day. It was easily removed, without hurting the child, by first moistening the cloth with warm water.

Modish Reception Gown.



For this rich and elegant costume gray chiffon broadcloth was used, and, as sketch shows, it is cut in tunic effect, the latter bordered with bands of self-tone satin. The heavy lace so elaborately used is dyed to match the cloth, and tiny silver buttons and braid form a pretty closing for the side seams. The accompanying hat is black satin, loaded with magnificent gray plumes.

A Danger in Cheap Furs.

"Cheap furs carry with them a danger that it is well to consider," says the Woman's Home Companion. "This is the unsanitary manner in which they are made up and the fact that fur offers an attractive lurking place for germs. Most of them are made by Russian Jews, half-starved, unclean and many of them victims of furriers' asthma. Naturally the better goods are made under sanitary conditions."

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Effectually:
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Gray and the Elderly.

Thomas Gray kept the elegy by him for nine years before he gave it to the world. He polished away at it all those years as a lapidary polishes a gem, and the result was he made it a gem. In his whole life he wrote comparatively little, and when asked why he had written so little he replied, "Because of the exertion it costs in the labor of composition."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No Secrecy.

"Is this the financial editor?"
"Yes, sir."

"Just to settle a bet, will you please tell me if there is such a thing as a \$3 bill?"

"Certainly. I had a \$3 bill in my possession this morning, and I stopped at the grocer's on my way downtown and paid it. You lose."

Every Woman Will Be Interested.
There has recently been discovered an aromatic pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain regulator. Cures all female troubles and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Uncle Allen Demurs.
"It has always seemed to me," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that it is unjust to call 'em 'Ananias clubs.' It isn't quite fair to Ananias. He didn't actually utter any lies; he only lied by implication. He wasn't really eligible himself to membership in an Ananias club."

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That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Deluded the Farmers.

Farmers who have been reading recently a story concerning the possibilities of enormous riches from a new brand of Alaskan wheat yielding 200 bushels per acre need not get excited. The yarn has been branded as "largely a fake" by the Agricultural Department in Washington, whose experts have been investigating the story. Nothing has caused so much amusement among the agricultural scientists since the fake which cropped up several years ago about the discovery of seedless apples in Colorado.

According to the "hot weather" tale, one Abraham Adams, of Idaho, found a single head of wheat in Alaska, brought it back to his ranch in this country, planted it in the fall of 1904 and obtained seven pounds of wheat from the one head. In 1906, it is recorded, Mr. Adams obtained from this wheat a yield of 222 bushels to the acre. The first part of this statement is accepted as perhaps true by Acting Secretary of Agriculture Hayes. Planting the grains one foot apart, he said to-day, it would be possible to grow from one head of wheat approximately seven pounds; there would be nothing remarkable in that. But he declared that no wheat existed which could produce 200 bushels per acre; that the maximum of yield in Minnesota is about 40 bushels, and in winter wheat regions 60 to 75 bushels per acre.

ROSY AND PLUMP.

Good Health from Right Food.
"It's not a new fad to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts. "About twelve months ago my wife was in very