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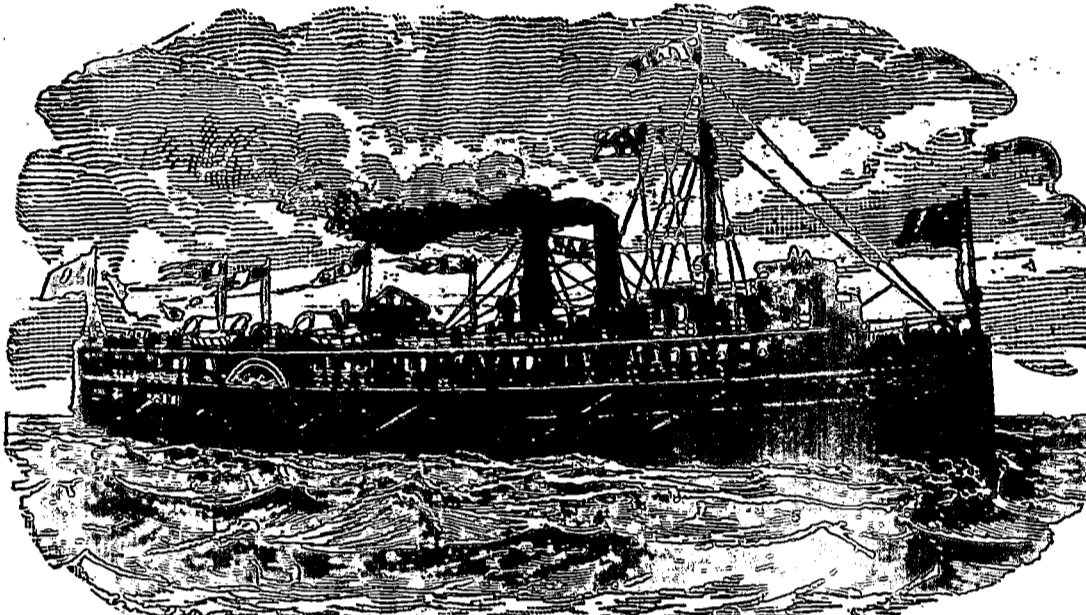
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Weekly Climate and Crop Bulletin.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 18, 1905.

The mean daily temperature for the week July 17 was 66.3 degrees, or 3.7 degrees below the normal, the average precipitation was 1.01 inches, or 0.54 of an inch above the normal, the sunshine averaged 51 per cent of the possible amount.

The early part of the week was very showery and greatly interfered with all field work, especially haying and the harvest of wheat and rye. Cultivation has also been considerably retarded so that all hoe crops are rather weedy. The warm showers have, however, been very beneficial to corn, which has made rapid growth and is generally in excellent condition. Oats are filling nicely and beginning to mature in the southern counties. Potatoes, beans, sugar beets and garden truck are in good condition and are generally promising. Buckwheat has germinated well and is making a splendid stand.

The hay crop this year is generally heavy, the early cut has been somewhat damaged, but the bright, warm weather of the latter part of the week has been very beneficial, so that a very large amount of good hay is now being secured. Wheat and rye harvests are becoming general and in most cases good yields have so far been fairly well secured. There is some complaint of rust in wheat and some sprouting in the shock has been reported from the extreme southern counties. Barley is about mature and some has been cut.

Reports regarding apples are more discouraging because much fruit has fallen, so that the present outlook is for a yield below the average. Peaches, plums and pears continue promising.

C. F. SCHNEIDER,
Section director.

\$8.50 Niagara Falls, \$6.75

The Niagara Falls Excursion, to be run by the I. I. & I. R. Co., on Wednesday, August 9th, 1905, will be a most delightful and inexpensive trip. Good to return on, or before August 20th, 1905.

Low rates of fare from Niagara Falls by river, and Lake, or all rail to, Niagara on the lake, Toronto, Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands, Montreal via St. Lawrence river, and the highlands of Ontario.

Tickets good going or returning between Cleveland and Buffalo, via Boat line, or all rail.

No trip of equal distance can be made at so little expense.

Trains leave I. I. & I. Stations after dinner on Wednesday, August 9th and arrive in Niagara Falls on Thursday morning, in time for breakfast.

The excursion will be first class in every particular, personally conducted. It will run through solid, without stop, from South Bend, via the L. S. & M. S. and N. Y. C. & H. R.

Stop over returning is allowed at Westfield, N. Y., for parties desiring to visit Chautauque lake, or other points in Western New York and Pennsylvania, or Eastern Ohio.

The rate from Zearing is \$8.50, from South Bend, \$6.75. Equally and proportionately low rates at intermediate points.

Sleeping car reservations should be made at once.

Ask your ticket agent, or for sleeping car reservations, or other information, write to:

Geo. L. Forester
Div. Pass'r. Agt.
South Bend, Ind.

Aug. 9.

Our printing will please you.

SAINT MARGARET

By DEREK VANE

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"Saint enough for me," he said tenderly, holding out his hands to her. "Bernice—my St. Margaret!"

But she flung up her hands to her face, shrinking away from him.

"Have I startled you, dear one? Didn't you know, couldn't you feel, that I loved you? I thought you understood me. At first it was all my St. Margaret—you were only the woman who could give me her face; then gradually it changed, and I forgot the saint in the woman. Do you wonder that this is so dear to me?—pointing to the picture. Do you wonder that I have painted it as I never painted anything before? You were my inspiration. There is the genius of love in every stroke. It is yours, far more than mine."

"And now," with a little happy laugh, "I want to come down out of the clouds; I want you, Bernice, nothing and no one else—not even St. Margaret. I want a wife just like any ordinary man who has not voyaged that art shall be his only mistress and spent half his days in dreams and visions. Won't you speak to me? I have thought you cared for me a little. Don't say I have been mistaken."

The happiness died out of his voice and face as she still held herself away from him and gave no sign.

Presently she looked up, and he uttered a cry of dismay when he saw her face. It was white and cold—frozen, it seemed, into a look of stony despair—all its beauty gone, the starry eyes dull and heavy with pain.

"What is it? What have I done?" he asked breathlessly. "You are ill—suffering. Bernice, for God's sake speak!"

"I am going away," she said, and each word cost her an effort. "Have mercy and don't stop me. Go to Mr. Farrell; he will explain everything—I can't." And she turned to go.

Cold with undefined fear, too bewildered to speak, he made no effort to detain her.

"Forgive me," she murmured, dropping at his feet and passionately kissing his hand. "I didn't know what I was doing. Try and forgive me—by and by." The next moment she was gone.

Some hours later he was still sitting in the same place, his arms thrown on the easel that bore the picture of his saint, his head buried in his hands, when the door opened and some one came in. It was quite dark in the room now, and he could not see who it was. The intruder struck a light, and looking up mechanically when the gleam caught his eye, Adrian saw Jasper Farrell.

"Oh, there you are! Jasper called rather boisterously. 'What! Worshipping at the shrine, eh? Let me have a look.' And he stationed himself behind Adrian.

"Well, she's a beauty and no mistake. I congratulate you, old man. Don't you feel grateful to me? You could never have done that if I hadn't found you such a peerless model."

"Have you come to explain? Has she told you?" Adrian asked, speaking for the first time. "There has been some villainy at work. Make haste and explain if you don't want me to chuck it out of you." His voice was scarcely raised above a whisper, but his hands were twitching, and Jasper moved a little farther off.

"What do you mean? I don't understand you. I give myself some trouble to help you out of a difficulty and in return you abuse me. I think it is for me to demand an explanation."

"I am waiting," Adrian said hoarsely. "I shouldn't advise you to play with me too long. I asked Miss Kerr to be my wife, and she turned from me in horror and dismay—not because she does not love me; or that I am sure. She asked me to forgive her, but she would say no more. She said you would explain. Now do so."

"Her conscience is too tender," Jasper said, with a sneer, but he did not seem quite at his ease. "I suppose she was worrying over a little deception—a harmless little joke—we practiced on you, all for your own good."

He waited a moment; his lips were uncomfortably dry.

"You want the little mystery cleared up—the little mystery that has been of such benefit to you, which has produced this beautiful picture—far the best thing you have ever done, by the way—if I were not such a generous man I should be inclined to be jealous. Very well, by all means. Miss Bernice Kerr, this quite a distinguished role at night, almost as distinguished as the one she played with you by day, and far more famous. To be brief, she is a living picture at the Palace theater. Her 'Ariadne' has been much admired, also the 'Will-o'-the-Wisp.' Her strange beauty and admirable figure make her eminently suited for the form of entertainment."

Adrian gave a stifled cry; it was as though a knife had been plunged in his heart. His St. Margaret peered aside in the eyes of the multitude; her grace and loveliness at the mercy of their brutal gaze of their coarse lips! For the one that would see merely a beautiful picture and admire it as that there were a hundred who would see the woman behind it. He glimpsed as he thought of it. He looked upon his art as a sacred thing. He would have raised her high above the crowd, he would never have cheapened her in any way; however much it might have been to his advantage—and now he had done this thing—had turned to

his St. Margaret the form and face of a woman who made a public show of her beauty night after night.

"You seem distressed. I was afraid you would be; your ideas are so ultra refined," Jasper continued in a more confident tone. "This is why I asked Miss Kerr to conceal her identity; if you had known who she was you would not have had her, and as she was so eminently suitable, that seemed a pity. I knew there was no danger of your recognizing her; as you never patronize music halls. She was very hard up, some time ago, giving a few lessons at starvation prices, and I persuaded her to go in for the tableaux vivants, which are much better paid and not nearly such hard work. She didn't like it at first, but her mother and I together induced her to go on. Where was the harm? It is a perfectly proper performance—even an elevating one, some people say—and she was treated with every respect."

Still Adrian did not speak.

"She didn't like coming to you under false pretenses—it is only fair I should tell you that—but she thought she was under some obligation to me, and as I wished it she consented. I told her I was very anxious to find somebody to sit to you for St. Margaret and that she could look the part to perfection, but that as you were very particular it would be as well for her not to say anything about the palace. Perhaps she did not think the gulf between a saint and a living picture as broad as it seems to you. I do not see what there is to make such a fuss about. Miss Kerr is as good a girl as you could wish to find; I give you my word of honor for that."

"I do not need it. You understand me well enough to know what such a thing as you have done would mean to me, and you are only wasting your words. How I have offended you that you should seek such a revenge I do not know, but you may be content; it is all—and more—than you could have foreseen. Now go. I would not soil my hands by touching you."

And Jasper Farrell went, conscious that he cut but a sorry figure. He would have given a great deal to have made a dignified and imposing exit, but he felt like a whipped hound.

And Adrian sat on alone at the feet of St. Margaret.

Presently he looked up, and the slow color dyed his face as he gazed. He had done her a wrong, and she seemed to reproach him. She was no longer a saint, no longer a heavenly vision; he had dragged her down to the dust; he had exposed her to laughter and derision. The cross—the martyr's crown—he winced as he saw them, to his excited nerves it seemed as if he had been guilty of actual irreverence.

Send a St. Margaret to Stonehaven made in the likeness of a living picture—a picture known far and wide, no doubt! It was impossible. And he could not bear the silent reproach of her constant presence.

He took up a knife and made a step toward the canvas, but before he could strike his arm was seized. He looked round with wild eyes, scarcely conscious of where he was or what he was doing, and saw Bernice at his side.


"Not that!" she cried. "Not that! Kill me rather. It is my fault, not hers. I didn't realize at first all the wrong I was doing, but when I learned to know you and saw how you revered her—that you would not have a coarse thought associated with her—then I began to understand. And then I was afraid to speak. How could you bear to think that a girl who decked herself nightly for the crowd to admire should sit for your St. Margaret?"

"I have found it all out now, and it was a cruel thing to do—how cruel I did not know. You believe that, don't you? I couldn't keep away—I was obliged to come back. I felt I must hear you say you forgive me; though I kneel at your feet all night. You hate and despise me so much that you cannot bear to look at her. I understand that—but I cannot bear to see her destroyed. She is mine as well as yours, and she means all the happiness of my life."

She was kneeling at his feet now, and her tears were falling fast.

"You are shocked and horrified that I should have done such a thing. It was not the life I should have chosen, but we were starving, and what could I do? It is so hard for a woman to earn a living. I don't want to make excuses. I know all you must think

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you hate me so much that you cannot even say a word of forgiveness? I will never trouble you again, but before I go just say, 'I know you did not mean to hurt me, Bernice, and I forgive you.' Only that."

As she spoke a great cloud seemed to roll away from Adrian's soul. Those tender words had pierced through the darkness, and he knew that though he had lost much he had not lost all.

"I know you did not mean to hurt me, Bernice," he said slowly, "but I shall not forgive you, because I love you, and love has nothing to forgive. If I have lost my St. Margaret I have found you." And he raised her in his arms. "You don't want to go away now?"

But the mayor and corporation of Stonehaven had to go elsewhere for a picture of their patron saint.

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