

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora, Dora," "The English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Gossie Maude," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Madge her schoolmates called her, because the name suited her, they said; but Maddy they called her at home, and there was a world of unutterable tenderness in the voices of the old couple, her grandparents, when they said that name, while their dim eyes lighted up with pride and joy when they rested upon the young girl who answered to the name of Maddy. Their only daughter's only child, she had lived with them since her mother's death, for her father was a sea captain, who never returned from his last voyage to China, made two months before she was born. Very lonely and desolate would the home of Grandfather Markham have been without the presence of Madeline, but with her there, the old red farm house seemed to the aged couple like a paradise.

Forty years they had lived there, tilling the rather barren soil of the rocky homestead, and, saying the sad night when they heard that Richard Clyde was lost at sea, and the far sadder morning when their daughter died, bitter sorrow had not come to them; and, truly thankful for the blessings so long vouchsafed them, they had retired each night in peace with God and man, and risen each morning to pray. But a change was coming over them. In an evil hour Grandpa Markham had signed a note for a neighbor and friend, who failed to pay, and so it fell on Mr. Markham, who, to meet the demand, mortgaged his homestead; the recent neighbor still insisting that long before the mortgage should be due, he certainly would be able himself to meet it. This, however, he had not done, and, after twice begging of a foreclosing, poor old Grandfather Markham found himself at the mercy of a grasping, remorseless man, into whose hands the mortgage had passed. It was vain to hope that Silas Slocum would wait. The money must either be forthcoming, or the red farm house be sold, with its few acres of land. Among his neighbors there was not one who had the money to spare, even if he had been willing to do so. And so he must look among strangers.

"If I could only help," Madeline had said one evening when they sat talking over their troubles; "but their's nothing I can do, unless I apply for our school this summer. Mr. Green is committeeman; he likes us, and I don't believe but what he'll let me have it. I mean to go and see," and, ere the old people had recovered from their astonishment, Madeline had caught her bonnet and shawl, and was flying down the road.

Madeline was a favorite with all, especially with Mr. Green, and as the school would be small that summer, the plan struck him favorably. Her age, however, was an objection, and he must take time to see what others thought of a child like her becoming school mistress. Others thought well of it, and so before the close of the next day it was generally known through Honedale that pretty little Madge Clyde had been engaged as teacher, she receiving three dollars a week, with the understanding that she must board herself. It did not take Madeline long to calculate that twelve times three were thirty-six, more than a tenth of what her grandfather must borrow. It seemed like a little fortune, and blithe as a singing bird she flitted about the house, now stopping a moment to fondle her pet kitten, while she whispered the good news in its very appreciative ear, and then stroking her grandfather's silvery hair, as she said:

"You can tell them that you are sure of paying thirty-six dollars in the fall, and if I do well, maybe they'll hire me longer. I mean to try my very best. I wonder if ever anybody before me taught a school when they were only fourteen and a half. Do I look as young as that? If my hair were not short I should do better. What a pity I cut it the last time; it would have been so long and splendid now."

"Never mind the hair, Maddy," the old man said, gazing fondly at her with a half sigh as he remembered another brown head, pillowed now beneath the graveyard turf. "Maybe you won't pass muster, and then the hair will make no difference. There's a new committeeman, that Dr. Holbrook from Boston, and new ones are apt to be mighty strict."

Instantly Maddy's face flushed all over with nervous dread, as she thought: "What if I should fail?" fancying that to do so would be an eternal disgrace. But she should not. She was called by everybody the very best scholar in school, the one whom the teachers always put forward when desirous of showing off, the one whom Mr. Tiverton and Squire Lamb and Lawyer Whittemore always noticed so much. Of course she should not fail, though she did dread Dr. Holbrook, wondering much what he would ask her first, and hoping it would be something in arithmetic, provided he did not stumble upon decimals, where she was apt to get bewildered. She had no fears of grammar. She could pick out the most obscure sentence and dissect a double relative with perfect ease; then, as to geography, she could repeat whole pages of that, while in the spelling book, the foundation of a thorough education, as she had been taught, she had no superiors and but a very few equals. Still she would be very glad when it was over, and she appointed Monday, both because it was close at hand, and because that was the day her grandfather had set in which to ride to Aikenside, in an adjoining town, and ask its young master for the loan of three hundred dollars.

He could hardly tell why he had thought of applying to Guy Remington for help, unless it were that he once had saved the life of Guy's father, who, as long as he lived, had evinced a great regard for his benefactor, frequently asserting that he meant to do something for him. But the something was never done, the father was dead, and in his strait the old man turned to the son, whom he knew to be very rich, and who he had been told was exceedingly generous.

"How I wish I could go with you clear

up to Aikenside! They say it's so beautiful," Madeline had said, as on Saturday evening they sat discussing the expected events of the following Monday. "Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper, had Sarah Jones there once, to sew, and she told me all about it. There are graveled walks, and nice green lawns, and big, tall trees, and flowers—oh! so many!—and marble fountains, with gold fishes, all over the yard, with two brass lions on the gate posts. But the house is finest of all. There's a drawing room bigger than a ball room, with carpets that let your feet sink in so far; pictures and mirrors clear to the floor—think of that, grandpa! a looking glass so tall that one can see the very bottom of their dress and know just how it hangs. Dear me! I wonder if I'll ever live in such a place as Aikenside?"

"No, no, Maddy, no. Be satisfied with the lot where God has put you, and don't be longing after something higher. Our Father in heaven knows just what is best for us; as He didn't set fit to put you up at Aikenside, 'tain't no ways likely you'll ever live in the like of it."

"Not unless I should happen to marry a rich man. Poor girls like me have sometimes done that, haven't they?" was Maddy's demure reply.

With the earliest dawn Monday she was up, and her grandmother heard her repeating to herself much of what she dreaded Dr. Holbrook might question her upon. Even when bending over the wastub, for there were no servants at the red cottage, a book was arranged before her, so that she could study with her eyes, while her small, fat hands and dimpled arms were busy in the suds. Before ten o'clock everything was done, the clothes, white as the snowdrops in the garden beds, were swinging on the line, the kitchen floor was scrubbed, the windows washed, the best room swept, the vegetables cleaned for dinner, and then Maddy's work was finished. "Grandma can do all the rest," she said, and Madeline was free "to put her eyes out over their big books if she liked."

Swiftly flew the hours until it was time to be getting ready, when again the short hair was deplored, as before her looking glass Madeline brushed and arranged her shining, beautiful locks.

"I could see splendidly in Mr. Remington's mirrors," she said to herself, with a half-sigh of regret that her lot had not been cast in some such place as Aikenside, instead of there beneath the hill in that wee bit of a cottage, whose rear slanted back until it almost touched the ground. "After all, I guess I'm happier here," she thought. "Everybody likes me, while if I were Mr. Guy's sister and lived at Aikenside, I might be proud and wicked."

She pinned on her little neat plaid shawl, and, tying the blue ribbons of her coarse straw hat, glanced once more at the formidable cube root, and then hurried down to where her grandfather and old Sorrel were waiting for her.

"I shall be so happy when I come back, because it will then be over, just like having a tooth out, you know," she said to her grandmother, who bent down for the good-by kiss without which Maddy never left her. "Now, grandpa, drive on; I was to be there at three," and chirruping herself to Sorrel, the impatient Madge went riding from the cottage door, chatting cheerily until the village of Devonshire was reached; then, with a farewell to her grandfather, who never dreamed that the man whom he was seeking was so near, she tripped up the flagging walk, and, as we have seen, soon stood in the presence of not only Dr. Holbrook, but also of Guy Remington.

Poor, poor little Madge!

CHAPTER III.

It was Guy who received her, Guy who pointed to a chair, Guy who seemed perfectly at home, and naturally enough, she took him for Dr. Holbrook, wondering who the other black-haired man could be, and if he meant to stay in there all the while. Half guessing the cause of her uneasiness, and feeling more averse than ever to taking part in the matter, the doctor withdrew into the background, and sat where he could not be seen. This brought the short dress into full view, together with the dainty little foot, nervously beating the floor.

"She's very young," he thought, "too young, he far," and Maddy's chances of success were beginning to decline even before a word had been spoken.

How terribly still it was for the time during which telegraphic communications were silently passing between Guy and the doctor; the latter shaking his head decidedly, while the former insisted that he should do his duty. Madeline could almost hear the beatings of her heart, and only by counting and recounting the poplar trees growing across the street could she keep back the tears. At last, summoning all her courage, she lifted her great brown eyes to Guy, and said, pleadingly:

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to begin?"

"Yes, certainly," and electrified by that young, bird-like voice, the sweetest save one he had ever heard, Guy knocked down from the pile of books the only one at all appropriate to the occasion.

He commenced operations by sharpening a lead pencil. Maddy counted every fragment as it fell upon the floor, wishing so much that he would commence. Had Guy Remington reflected a little, he would never have consented to do the doctor's work; but, unaccustomed to country usages, especially those pertaining to schools and teachers, he did not consider that it mattered what examined that young girl, himself or Dr. Holbrook. Viewing it somewhat in the light of a joke, he rather enjoyed it. When the pencil was sharpened sufficiently, he started Madeline by asking her name.

"Madeline Amelia Clyde," was the meek reply, which Guy quickly recorded.

Now, Guy Remington intended no irreverence; indeed, he could not tell what

he did intend, or what it was which prompted his next query:

"Who gave you this name?"

Perhaps he fancied himself a boy again in the Sunday school, and standing before the railing of the altar, with others of his age, he had been asked the question propounded to Madeline Clyde, who did not hear the doctor's smothered laugh as he retreated into the adjoining room.

In all her preconceived ideas of this examination, she had never dreamed of being catechised, and with a feeling of terror as she thought of that long answer to the question, "What is thy duty to thy neighbor?" and doubted her ability to repeat it, she said: "My sponsors, in baptism, gave me the first name of Madeline Amelia, sir," adding, as she caught and misconstrued the strange gleam in the dark eyes bent upon her, "I am afraid I have forgotten some of the catechism; I did not know it was necessary in order to teach school."

"Certainly, no; I do not think it is. I beg your pardon," were Guy Remington's ejaculatory replies, as he glanced from Madeline to the open door of the adjoining room, where was visible a slate, on which, in huge letters, the amused doctor had written "Blockhead."

There was something in Madeline's quiet, womanly, earnest manner which commanded Guy's respect, or he would have given vent to the laughter which was choking him, and thrown off his disguise. But he could not bear now to deceive her, and, resolutely turning his back upon the doctor, he sat down by the pile of books and commenced the examination in earnest, asking first her age.

"Going on fifteen," sounded order to Madeline than "fourteen and a half," so "going on fifteen" was the reply, to which Guy responded: "That is very young, Miss Clyde."

"Yes, but Mr. Green did not mind. He's the committeeman. He knew how young I was," Madeline said, eagerly, her great brown eyes growing large with the look of fear which came so suddenly into them.

"Of course, if your employers are satisfied it is nothing to me, only I had associated teaching with women much older than yourself. What is logic, Miss Clyde?"

The abruptness with which he put the question startled Madeline to such a degree that she could not positively tell whether she had ever heard that word before, much less could she recall its meaning, and so she answered frankly, "I don't know."

A girl who did not know what logic was did not know much, in Guy's estimation, but it would not do to stop here, and so he asked her next how many cases there were in Latin!

Madeline had never looked inside a Latin grammar, and again her truthful "I don't know, sir," fell on Guy's ear, but this time there was a half-despairing tone in the young voice usually so hopeful.

"Perhaps, then, you can conjugate the verb Amo," Guy said, his manner indicating the doubt he was beginning to feel as to her qualifications.

Maddy knew well what "conjugate" meant, but that verb Amo, what could it mean? and had she ever heard it before? Mr. Remington was waiting for her; she must say something, and with a gasp she began: "I am, amo, ye or you amo, they amo."

Guy looked at her aghast for a single moment, and then a comical smile broke all over his face, telling poor Maddy plainer than could words that she had made a most ridiculous mistake.

"Oh, sir," she cried, her eyes wearing the look of the frightened hare, "it is not right. I don't know what it means. Tell me, teach me. What is it to amo?"

To most men it would not have seemed a very disagreeable task, teaching young Madeline Clyde "to amo," as she termed it, and some such idea flitted across Guy's mind, and he thought how pretty and bright was the eager face upturned to his, the pure white forehead, suffused with a faint flush, the cheeks a crimson hue, and the pale lips parted slightly as Maddy appealed to him for the definition of "amo."

"It is a Latin verb, and means 'to love,'" Guy said, with an emphasis on the last word, which would have made Maddy blush had she been less anxious and frightened.

(To be continued.)

Embarrassing.

The little tots of the infant department in a Williamsstown Sunday school are working a new scheme to raise money for a new piano. They have learned nearly every one's birthday, and collect a cent for each year they are old. One lady who was averse to telling her age even for a good cause gave one little girl a dollar, saying, "Keep it all."

The little collector looked the giver over carefully and asked, "Are you really 100 years old?"

His First Trouser.

Little Tommy was at Sunday school in his first pair of trousers, and a picture of a lot of little angels was before the class.

"Tommy, would you like to be a little angel?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy after a careful inspection of the picture.

"Not to be an angel, Tommy? Why, not?" inquired the teacher in surprise.

"Cause, ma'am, I'd have to give up my new pants."

Circumstantial Evidence.

A rich New Yorker said to his valet one morning:

"Hoskin."

"Sir?" said the man.

"You are getting careless, Hoskin."

"Oh, sir! I hope not, sir."

"You don't brush my clothes regularly any more."

Tommy's Mistake.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, tell us something about Asia Minor.

Tommy—Asia Minor? Oh, I guess the Asia minor is some chap from Asia who isn't old enough to vote.



Model Poultry House.

The illustration shows the exterior view and ground plan of a poultry house intended for one colony of fowls. The house is 12x16 feet on the ground, nine feet high in front and six feet in the rear. It has three windows, two on the south side and one on the east end which admit plenty of sunlight. There are no windows on the north and west, thus making a warm corner for roosts and avoiding drafts. It is covered with shiplap, paper and siding on the outside, is celled on the inside and has a good shingle roof. A raised platform is built two and a half feet from the main floor in one end of the house, six inches above which are the roosts. The roosts rest upon a frame fastened to the wall with hinges so that it can be easily raised and the platform cleaned in a very short time each morning. The space under the roost platform and the entire remaining part



POULTRY HOUSE.

of the house, except the alley, may be used for a scratching room. The alley is separated from the pen by wire netting except under the nests where vertical slats should be used placed two inches apart. Between these slats the chickens feed out of a trough that sits in the alley where they cannot get into it with their feet.

Why Milk Costs More.

Interesting statistics as to the cost of milk production are given by the local milk dealers of a Massachusetts town in an announcement made of an increase in the retail price of milk to seven cents a quart during the winter months. On this announcement we find the following suggestive comparisons:

"Twenty years ago mill feed cost \$14 per ton; today \$22 per ton. Then cotton seed cost \$18 per ton; today \$24 per ton. Then, farm labor cost \$20 per month; today, \$26 per month. Then milk cows cost \$45 each; today, \$65 each. Formerly a milk dealer's outfit consisted of about 25 tin cans, costing about \$15. Today, for the same business, it requires bottles, boxes, fillers, coolers, etc., costing \$150. Our plumbing, carpenters' repairs, blacksmithing and other like expenses have increased 33 per cent. Added to the above are the constantly increasing restrictions of state and local boards of health, which undoubtedly improve the quality of the milk, but at a considerable increase in cost, which increase has fallen on the producer and dealer, when it should be paid by the consumer."

Farmers and Poultry Fanciers.

The farmer has a real grievance against the poultry fancier. In that he has done all of his crossing and in-breeding of fathers, daughters, uncles and aunts without any regard to practical utility, says Farming, whether the hens from which he has been breeding were producing 60 eggs a year or 200 made no difference. His whole aim has been to breed out a fowl flight feather or two, or to create a better comb, or eyes of a better tint at a sacrifice of everything else. The result is that when a farmer goes into the market to buy thoroughbreds with his money in his pocket ready and willing to pay for the best stock, he not only often pays for qualities he does not need, but actually pays a premium for something that has been obtained at a sacrifice of the very qualities which he does need. There are a few men, however, raising thoroughbred stock that is "bred to lay," or to meet certain market demands, and those are the men that should be patronized.

Dairy Notes.

Large yields per animal means less cost in making them.

Success in home dairying depends upon four things: The cow, her care and feeding, the manufacture of the produce, the marketing of the same.

Unless a big cow is an extra milker, she is less profitable than a smaller one that is a fair milker.

The butter product of all cows is more or less influenced by the care and feeding of the animal.

An advantage of dairying in connection with grain raising is that it makes a home market for home grown crops.

Dairying has this advantage, that its produce is in the line of food and is always in demand at some price and is therefore a money crop to the farmer; to this may be added the fact that the money comes quite frequently.

In churning if the friction is too violent, the butter is produced too speedily, it is deficient in color and does not keep well.

When the churn is quite filled it is almost impossible to produce butter, not only because there is want of air, but also because the cream swells in the process of churning.

The value of cream is based on the dry solids it contains and cream from different cows and from the same cows at different periods of the year has a surprising difference in butter value.

Stacking Wheat.

Years ago it was a common custom to stack the wheat as soon as it was well cured in the shock, but gradually this custom was abandoned until in many parts of the country it was a rare sight to see a stack.

Of recent years a reaction seems to be slowly taking place and stacking is again coming into fashion, according to a writer in American Agriculturist. The reason for this is not in doubt. It is the bitter and costly experiences that have come home to farmers through leaving their grain in the shock until the machine came around. Of course, when everybody stacked and the thrashing season occupied six weeks or more, a majority of the crops were necessarily left standing in the shock for weeks, exposed to storms and winds.

Now, of course, while it is a fact that rainy seasons in July are uncommon, they are of sufficiently regular occurrence to make the damage they inflict far outweigh the cost of annually stacking or storing the grain.

Stacking can be carried on every moment of the day that the wheat is dry enough to handle. If the stack is uncompleted at night or when a shower comes up it can be covered with a tarpaulin. With his grain once safely in the stack the farmer is independent of the weather and the machine boss and can go about his other work serenely conscious that he has done his duty in safeguarding his principal cash crop.

Some Fancy Strawberries.

Five years ago Henry Jerolaman, the New Jersey strawberry man, produced a seedling, specimen fruit, which is here shown. When the increase of the first plant had made a row eight feet long Mr. Jerolaman on going away one day told the boy left in charge that no berries were to be sold from those plants for less than \$1 per quart, thinking that would be prohibitive. On his return the boy handed him \$4, a customer having taken four quarts, all that were ready at the time. Next day the same man returned and got three quarts more. This was running into money so fast that Millionaire seemed an appropriate name for the berry. The fruit illustrated was two inches in diameter and about as large as any seen. Many run from one and a quarter to one and a half inches. The shape is uniform, no coxcomb being noted; color bright red, with a fine gloss; quality good, above the average to my taste. Its seasons is long and nearly every berry is strong and abundant, the plants standing from ten to fifteen inches high by actual measurement.

To produce strawberries of mammoth size, so that a dozen berries will fill a quart basket, plants should be set out in the early part of August in good, rich soil and kept well cultivated during the growing season. All runners should be kept off the plant.—Rural New Yorker.

Horses and Grass.

A famous veterinary surgeon declares that grass beats all the drugs in creation as a sure cure for sick horses and mules. Horses should have a few pounds of grass daily from spring until fall, he says. The prevalent notion that it is harmful is idiotic and cruel. Grass to horses is the same as fresh vegetables and fruit to us. Their craving for it proves their need of it. Yet ignorant, unfeeling drivers yank them away from it as if it were poison instead of the life-giving medicine it is, designed by their Maker for them. When they gnaw the bark of trees or eat leaves it is because they crave grass and can't get it.—Buffalo Horse World.

New Strawberry Varieties.

Several hundred new varieties of strawberries have been introduced within the past five years, and each has had its share of praise until the amateur is confused. Failure with certain kinds is because all varieties do not thrive alike under the same conditions. Some will give better results on light soil than on heavy, and some will not thrive except on moist soils. The beginner should endeavor to select a variety that has been tested in his neighborhood with good results. Strawberry plants may be set out in the fall, though the spring season is usually preferred.

Fastening Fence Wire.

A better way to fasten wire to a fence post where staples do not hold is to use short pieces of wire. Twist one end around the wire on one side of the post, bring it around on the other side and twist around the wire again. By treating several posts this way the wire will be drawn quite tight without the aid of a stretcher.

Old Favorites

"I Want to Be an Angel."

I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd make the sweetest music
And praise Him day and night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear,
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I anguish
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
And bear me to the sky.

Oh, there I'll be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before the Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music
And praise Him day and night.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithe and cheerful,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and
lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red steamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away;
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet wilt thy welcome and bed of love
be!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
—James Hogg.

PARIS TO HAVE POLICE DOGS

Four Black Canines Constitute the Brigade Now Training.

As soon as the dog police is in perfect working order, if you happen to be guilty of a misdemeanor you will hear, "Arretez au nom d'un chien!" If you are wise you will "arretez," says the New York Herald's Paris edition.

Job, Black, Duc and Dick constitute the dog brigade of the Neuilly and Paris police force. All of them are black, and thus suited for night work, which is their specialty. At present they are stationed at police headquarters in Neuilly and are being trained for general use, and particularly for clever sleuth work in the Bois de Boulogne.

The dogs are not yet full-fledged policemen, hence they are still being taught the essentials of their municipal duty and are making satisfactory progress. Several times a week they are taken to an inclosure in Neuilly, especially engaged for the purpose, where four of the local peace officers teach and direct them in the work of being clever and discreet thief catchers.

The scheme in the training is that of teaching the dogs to obey and carry out the intelligence of their masters in catching evildoers of all kinds. Accordingly the dogs are made to answer promptly the word of command. They must follow or go ahead, start, stop, attack, desist, watch, search or remain at rest.

In their very natures they are "attackers," and when they are given the command "Attaque!" they start for their prey with positive relish. For experimental purposes an "Apache" has been engaged, and his name is Boulogne. As a matter of fact, Boulogne is a law-abiding, peaceable citizen, but, in the manner the dogs are trained to regard him, he is anything on the outlaw category from horse-thief to an assassin. Thus the dogs have their eyes on him all the time and await orders to pounce on him.

Just Crying for a Hat.

"I noticed that your wife didn't look very well this morning," said Nedora.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," replied Marryat, smiling.

"I remarked that her eyes were very red and tearful."

"Yes; it's merely a case of what you might call 'millinery hysteria.'"—The Catholic Standard and Times.

His Only Object.

Towne—Young Roxley is learning to be a machinist.

Browne—Well, now, that's commendable; wants to have a trade so that if anything should happen to his fortune he—

Towne—Oh, no; he simply wants to be able to keep his motor car going.—Philadelphia Press.

When a girl of 16 gets a letter written by A Man, she uses the envelope for the next six months as a book mark.

The average Young Thing talks of her future as if as many vocations offered, and they were as easy to pick up as pins from a cushion.