

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Homesick on the Hillside," "Less Rivers," "Hazelbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lionel Mauds," etc.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

Thus far she had answered nothing correctly, and feeling puzzled to know how to proceed, Guy stepped into the adjoining room to consult with the doctor, but he was gone. So, returning, Guy plied her with questions philosophical, questions algebraical, and questions geometrical, until in an agony of distress Maddy raised her hands deprecatingly, as if she would ward off any similar questions, and sobbed out:

"Oh, sir, no more. It makes my head so dizzy. They don't teach that in common schools. Ask me something I do know."

Suddenly it occurred to Guy that he had gone entirely wrong, and mentally cursing himself for the blockhead the doctor had called him, he asked kindly:

"What do they teach? Perhaps you can enlighten me."

"Geography, arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling book," Madeline replied, untying and throwing off her bonnet, in the vain hope that it might bring relief to her poor, giddy head, which throbbled so fearfully that all her ideas seemed for the time to have left her.

This was a natural consequence of the high excitement under which she was laboring, and so, when Guy did ask her concerning the books designated, she answered but little better than before, and Guy was wondering what he should do next, when the doctor's welcome step was heard, and leaving Madeline again, he repaired to the next room to report his ill success.

"She does not seem to know anything. The veriest child ought to do better than she has done. Why, she has scarcely answered half a dozen questions correctly."

This was what poor Maddy heard, though it was spoken in a low whisper; but every word was distinctly understood and burned into her heart's core, drying her tears and hardening her into a block of marble. She knew that Guy had not done her justice, and this helped to increase the torpor stealing over her. Still she did not lose a syllable of what was saying in the back office, and her lips curled scornfully when she heard Guy remark: "I pity her; she is so young, and evidently takes it so hard. Maybe she's as good as they average. Suppose we give her the certificate."

Then Dr. Holbrook spoke, but to poor, dazed Maddy his words were all a riddle. It was nothing to him—who was she that he should be dictating thus? There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the young men, Guy insisting that out of pity she should not be rejected; and the doctor demurring on the ground that he ought to be more strict. As usual, Guy overruled, and seating himself at the table, the doctor was just commencing: "I hereby certify—" while Guy was bending over him, when the latter was startled by a hand laid firmly on his arm, and turning quickly he confronted Madeline Clyde, who, with her short hair pushed from her blue-veined forehead, her face as pale as ashes, save where a round spot of purplish red burned upon her cheeks, and her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, stood before him.

"He need not write that," she said, huskily, pointing to the doctor. "It would be a lie, and I could not take it. You do not think me qualified. I heard you say so. I do not want to be pitied. I do not want a certificate because I am so young, and you think I'll feel badly. I do not want—"

Her voice failed her, her bosom heaved, and the choking sobs came thick and fast, but still she shed no tear, and in her bright, dry eyes there was a look which made both those young men turn away involuntarily. Once Guy tried to excuse her failure, saying she no doubt was frightened. She would probably do better again, and might as well accept the certificate, but Madeline still said no, so decidedly that further remonstrance was useless. She would not take what she had no right to, she said, but if they pleased she would wait there in the back office until her grandfather came back; it would not be long, and she should not trouble them.

Guy brought her the easy chair from the front room and placed it for her by the window. With a faint smile she thanked him and said: "You are very kind," but the smile hurt Guy cruelly, it was so sad, so full of unintentional reproach, while the eyes she lifted to his looked so grieved and weary that he instinctively murmured to himself: "Poor child!" as he left her and with the doctor repaired to the house, where Agnes was impatiently waiting for them. "Poor, poor little Maddy! Let those smile who may at her distress; it was the first keen disappointment she had ever had, and it crushed her as completely as many an older person has been crushed by heavier calamities.

"Disgraced for ever and ever," she kept repeating to herself, as she tried to shake off the horrid nightmare stealing over her. "How can I hold up my head again at home where nobody will understand just how it was—nobody but grandpa and grandma. Oh, grandpa, I can't earn that thirty-six dollars now. I must wish I was dead, and I am—I am dying. Somebody—come—quick!"

CHAPTER IV.

There was a heavy fall, and while in Mrs. Conner's parlor Guy Remington and Dr. Holbrook were chatting gaily with Agnes, a childish figure was lying upon the office floor, white, stiff and insensible.

Little Jessie Remington, tired of sitting still and listening to what her mamma and Mrs. Conner were saying, had strayed off into the garden, and after filling her chubby hands with daffodils and early violets, wended her way to the office, the door of which was partially ajar. Peering curiously in, she saw the crumpled bonnet, with its ribbons of blue, and, attracted by this, advanced into the room, until she came where Madeline was lying. With a feeling that something was wrong, Jessie bent over the prostrate girl, ask-

ing if she were asleep, and lifting next the long, fringed lashes drooping on the colorless cheek. The dull, dead expression of the eyes sent a chill through Jessie's frame, and hurrying to the house she cried: "Oh, Brother Guy, somebody's dead in the office, and her bonnet is all jammed!"

Scarcely were the words uttered ere Guy and the doctor both were with Madeline, the former holding her tenderly in his arms, while he smoothed the short hair, thinking even then how fair and luxuriant it was, and how fair was the face which never moved a muscle beneath his scrutiny. The doctor was wholly self-possessed. Maddy had no terrors for him now. She needed his services, and he rendered them willingly, applying restoratives which soon brought back signs of life in the rigid form. With a shiver and a moan Madeline whispered: "Oh, grandpa, I'm so tired," and nestled close to the bosom where she had never dreamed of lying.

By this time both Mrs. Conner and Agnes had come out, asking in much surprise who the stranger could be, and what was the cause of her illness. As if there had been a previous understanding between them, the doctor and Guy were silent with regard to the recent farce enacted there, simply saying it was possible she was in the habit of fainting; many people were. Very daintily Agnes held up and back the skirt of her rich silk, as if fearful it might come in contact with Madeline's plain delaine; then, as it was not very interesting for her to stand and see the doctor "make so much fuss over a young girl," as she mentally expressed it, she returned to the house, bidding Jessie do the same. But Jessie chose to stay by Maddy, whom they placed upon the comfortable lounge, which she preferred to being taken to the house, as Guy proposed.

"I'm better now, much better," she said. "Leave me, please. I'd rather be alone."

So they left her, all but Jessie, who, fascinated by the sweet young face, climbed upon the lounge and, laying her curly head caressingly against Madeline's arm, said to her: "Poor girl, you're sick, and I'm so sorry. What makes you sick?"

Maddy did not know who this beautiful child was, but her sympathy was very sweet, and they talked together as children will, until Mrs. Agnes' voice was heard calling to her little girl that it was time to go.

"I love you, Maddy, and I mean to tell brother about it," Jessie said, as she wound her arms around Madeline's neck and kissed her at parting.

It never occurred to Maddy to ask her name, so stupefied she felt, and with a responsive kiss she sent her away. Leaning her head upon the table, she forgot all but her own wretchedness, and so did not see the gayly dressed, haughty-looking lady who swept past the door, accompanied by Guy and Dr. Holbrook. Neither did she hear, or notice, if she did, the hum of voices as they talked together for a moment, Agnes asking the doctor very prettily to come up to Aikenside while she was there, and bring his lady love. Engaged young men like Guy were so stupid, she said, as with a merry laugh she sprang into the carriage; and, bowing gracefully to the doctor, was driven rapidly toward Aikenside.

Rather slowly the doctor returned to the office, and after fidgeting for a time among the powders and phials, summoned courage to ask Madeline how she felt, and if any of the fainting symptoms had returned.

"No, sir," was all the reply she gave him, never lifting up her head, or even thinking which of the two young men it was speaking to her.

There was a call just then for Dr. Holbrook, and leaving his office in charge of Tom, his chore boy, he went away, feeling slightly uncomfortable whenever he thought of the girl to whom he felt that justice had not been done.

"I half wish I had examined her myself," he said. "Of course she was excited, and could not answer; beside, hanged if I don't believe it was all humbug tormenting her with Greek and Latin. Yes; I'll question her when I get back, and if she'll possibly pass, give her the certificate. Poor child; how white she was, and what a queer look there was in those great eyes, when she said, 'I shall not take it.'"

Maddy was gone, and the wheel ruts of the square-boxed wagon were fresh before the door when he came back. Grandpa Markham had returned, and Madeline, who recognized old Sorrel's step, had gathered her shawl around her and gone sadly out to meet him. One look at her face was sufficient.

"You failed, Maddy?" the old man said, fixing about her feet the warm buffalo robe, for the night wind was blowing cold.

"Yes, grandpa, I failed."

They were out of the village and more than a mile on their way home before Madeline found voice to say so much, and they were nearer home by half a mile ere the old man answered back:

"Oh, Maddy, I failed too."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper at Aikenside, was slicing vegetable oysters for the nice little dish intended for her own supper, when the head of Sorrel came around the corner of the building, followed by the square-boxed wagon containing Grandpa Markham, who, bewildered by the beauty and spaciousness of the grounds, and wholly uncertain as to where he ought to stop, had driven over the smooth-graveled road around to the front kitchen door.

"In the name of wonder, what coddler is that? and what is he doing here?" was Mrs. Noah's exclamation, as she dropped the bit of salsify she was scraping, and hurrying to the door, called out: "I say, you, sir, what made you drive up here, when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't have wheels tearing up turf and gravel?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I lost my way, I guess, there are so many turnings, I'm

sorry, but a little rain will fetch it right," grandpa said.

Mrs. Noah was not at heart an unkind woman, and something in the benignant expression of grandpa's face, or in the apologetic tone of his voice, mollified her somewhat, and without further comment she stood waiting for his next remark.

The meek old man concluded she was a near relation of Guy—mother, perhaps; but no, Guy's mother was dead, as grandpa well knew, for all Devonshire had heard of the young bride Agnes, who had married Guy's father for money and rank. To have been mistaken for Guy's mother would not have offended Mrs. Noah particularly; but how was she when she heard:

"I come on business with Squire Guy. Are you his gran'marm?"

"His gran'marm!" and Mrs. Noah bit off the last syllable spitefully. "Bless you, man, Squire Guy, as you call him, is twenty-five years old."

As Grandpa Markham was rather blind, he failed to see the point, but knew that in some way he had given offense.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I was sure you was some kin—maybe an 'unt." "If it's Mr. Guy you want, I can tell you he is not at home, which will save your getting out."

"Not at home, and I've come so far to see him!" grandpa exclaimed, and in his voice there was so much genuine disappointment that Mrs. Noah rejoined, quite kindly:

"He's gone to Devonshire with the young lady, his stepmother. Perhaps you might tell me your business; I know all Mr. Guy's affairs."

Mrs. Noah bade him come in, feeling a very little contempt for the old-fashioned camel-cloak in which his feet became entangled, and smiling inwardly at the shrunken, faded pantaloon, betokening poverty.

"As you know all Squire Guy's affairs," grandpa said, when he was seated before the fire, "maybe you could tell whether he would be likely to lend a stranger three hundred dollars, and that stranger me?"

Mrs. Noah stared at him aghast. Was he crazy, or did he mean to insult her master? Evidently neither. That was the solution of his audacity, and pitying, as she would have addressed a half-idiot, Mrs. Noah made him understand how impossible it was for him to think her master would lend to a stranger like him.

"You say he's gone to Devonshire," grandpa said, softly, with a quiver on his lip when she had finished. "I wish I'd known it; I left my granddarter there to be examined. Mabby I'll meet him going back, and can ask him."

"I tell you it won't be no use, Mr. Guy has no three hundred dollars to throw away," Mrs. Noah's rather sharp rejoinder.

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about it," the old man replied, in his most conciliatory manner, as he turned his head away to hide the starting tear. "I'm an old man, lady, old enough to be your father." Here Mrs. Noah's face grew brighter, and she listened attentively while he continued: "You won't take what I say amiss, I'm sure. I've a little girl at home, a grandchild, who has heard big stories of the fine things at Aikenside. She has a hankerin' after such vanities, and it would please her mightily to have me tell her what I saw up here, so maybe you wouldn't mind lettin' me go into that big room where the silk fixin's are. I'll take off my shoes, if you say so."

"Your shoes won't hurt an atom; come right along," Mrs. Noah replied, now in the best of moods, for, except her cup of green tea with raspberry jam and cream, she enjoyed nothing more than showing their handsome house.

Only More Stamps.

Austria is essentially a country of stamps and officialdom. Recently a Vienna business house received from the military authorities at Prague an order for one of their employes to present himself there for his military service. There was no stamp on the envelope, and the firm had to pay double rate in consequence, 20 hellers (twopence).

Not much appreciating this, they wrote to the military people demanding repayment of the amount. Promptly came the answer that the twopence would be refunded in due course, and in the meantime would the firm be so good as to remit one crown (tenpence) for the stamp which must be affixed to all petitions addressed to official departments.—Vienna Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Grateful.

"Remember, old man, if you treat even an ant kindly you will be repaid." "I don't doubt it. I picked a drowning ant out of a pail once."

"And were you repaid?" "Well, I should say so. The first time I went to a picnic and sprawled out in the grass about a thousand of the ant family crawled through my nose and ears to thank me."

Different Now.

Short—It's too bad I didn't find you at home when I called yesterday.

Long—Was it very important?

Short—Rather. I called for the purpose of paying the \$10 I owe you.

Long—Well, you found me at home to-day.

Short—Yes; and I called to-day for the purpose of borrowing \$5 more.

She Was Wise.

"And you say this was the first time you have ever loved?" "Yes."

"Do you know what I think you are?" "Well, what?" "I think you are a matrimonial faker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Varied Experiences.

The Lady—Yes, I advertised for a cook. You have had experience, I suppose?

The Applicant—Sure, an' Oi hove mum. It's mesilf as wor-rk'd fer a dozen famibles in th' last six months, mum.—Chicago News.

All great men are in some degree inspired.—Cicero.

AGRICULTURAL



Growing Alfalfa.

E. C. Dameron, of Pike County, Mo., is credited by an exchange with the following suggestions on growing alfalfa:

"After several years' experimentation, with both success and failure, I unhesitatingly advise fall seeding. While I know of no plant that excels alfalfa in vigor of growth after it is once established, it is extremely timid about its association with other plants in its early life. Weeds and foxtail are its worst foes, and how to avoid them or to reduce them to the minimum is the problem before the alfalfa grower. It is with this in view that I advise the fall seeding. To my mind the piece selected for seeding down next fall should be upland naturally well drained and fertile. If the piece selected is land in wheat I should top dress it during winter with all the stable manure I could possibly get on it—not in great hunks, but well distributed. After the wheat comes off in June I should disk it twice, once each way. After the first shower the weeds will begin to appear, then disk again. Keep this up until Sept. 1. Don't plow under any circumstances, but kill all the weed growth by surface cultivation. All this sounds like work, and it is work, but the best remunerated work a farmer ever did. About Sept. 1, if there be moisture enough for germination, sow twenty pounds of seed per acre. Use a wheelbarrow seeder and sow ten pounds each way. This covers 'skips' and gives a better distribution of the seeds. Then slant your harrow teeth and cover by going over the field at least twice."

Care of Animals.

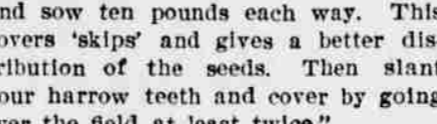
As man has adapted different animals to different uses it does not infer that they are not subject to natural laws. On the contrary, the subject is more complete than before, and, as man has been the foster agent in changing the characteristics of most domestic animals, so must the hand of man be ever ready to render that assistance so essential to their well-being. The pasture, shelter and care must be suitable for the accomplishment of the purpose desired, and no neglect can be allowed. Not only must the utmost care be taken in selecting the animals that suit the farm best, but the farm itself must also conform to the animals. One should not attempt to improve unless prepared for it, as failure will be the result, but the preparation is easily made. Better stock means better farming, larger crops and greener pastures. With each year the crops become better, because the system forces them to be so. But those farmers who do not possess facilities for certain breeds of animals need not be discouraged, as all can have a privilege with some kinds that do not come up to the requirements needed. Improvement should be the object with every farmer, for even should the farmer lag behind, the time will arrive when he will be compelled to camp on the same ground that others long before occupied, but who have left it for something better. Keep pace with the time, and keep the flock to the best, by breeding with thoroughbreds and always culling from the bottom.

Food Value of the Peanut.

Prof. N. E. Jaffa, the nutrition expert of the State University at Berkeley, Cal., has issued a bulletin saying 10 cents' worth of peanuts contain more protein than a meal of roast beef, and six times the amount of energy involved in a big fat porterhouse steak.

For Loading Farm Wagons.

Use a handy short stepladder with bent irons securely screwed to the end of the ladder, and that fit to the wagon



TO LOAD WAGONS.

end board. By using a ladder of this kind the loading is made much easier, and very often farm produce can be handled with far less danger of bruising. Very handy for many other kinds of work.

Place for Lanterns.

A place should be provided in every farm building where lanterns are used or likely to be used. Stretch a wire along behind the cows and horses with sliding wire hooks on to which the lantern can be hooked and moved as wanted. A hook of cheap, smooth fence wire can be fixed up without expense almost anywhere, and it is much safer than a nail, as it will generally allow the lantern to hang straight. Be careful that no hay, straw or other inflammable material is near lantern hooks or other holders. Don't set a lantern down.

Corn and Soy Beans.

I have raised corn and soy beans together with good results, but my experience on the whole is to advise farmers not to grow them together. It made the corn exceedingly hard to cut, as the mass of vegetation was so heavy that the corn and beans tumbled in every direction from the heavy winds. I believe it is better, on rich land, to grow each of the crops separately, says an Ohio farmer. When the land is not so rich and it is not desired to cut and shock the corn, soy beans can be grown to advantage to turn hogs or cattle on after the corn is gathered. The most satisfactory soy bean that I have tried is the early yellow variety known as Hollybrook; they are some three weeks earlier than the mammoth yellow, grow a fine quality of vine and an excellent yield of seed. It grows off more promptly than the mammoth and gets out of the way of weeds and grass sooner, and for the same reason it is not so much in the way in cultivating a corn crop, if it is desired to plant them in a cornfield. And one decided advantage they have over the mammoth, they do not shell so badly after getting ripe.

One of the New Breeds of Poultry.

Thinking to improve the Barred Rocks, we crossed them with Buff Cochins, then used what we supposed

were pure Black-Breasted Red Games with them. As part of these games had yellow legs and pea combs, we now feel sure that they had been mixed with the Cornish Indian Game before we got them, and here

* where we got the pea comb. This mixup produced a bird or two red as foxes, with yellow legs, and I conceived the idea of raising a whole flock like them.

As layers the Buckeye Reds are simply peerless. Heat or cold has no terrors for them, as their small combs do not suffer from frost. They have a long body from the wishbone back upon which to carry plenty of meat. They are not coarse or bony, yet males weigh from nine to ten pounds and females from five to seven.

They have the rich yellow skin and legs so dear to the American epicure, and the skin is not thick and tough as in some yellow-skinned fowls. They are vigorous from the shell, alert and gamy, though not inclined to fight among themselves, says Mrs. F. Metcalf of Ohio in American Agriculturist, in which a Buckeye Red of ideal shape is illustrated. The surface color of the male is a dark rich velvety red, approaching cardinal or garnet, never buff or brickly, head, neck, hackle, back, saddle and wingtips richly glossed with metallic luster, under color a lighter shade.

Prof. N. E. Jaffa, the nutrition expert of the State University at Berkeley, Cal., has issued a bulletin saying 10 cents' worth of peanuts contain more protein than a meal of roast beef, and six times the amount of energy involved in a big fat porterhouse steak.

Prof. Jaffa punctures the old idea that salt eaten with nuts makes them more easily digested, says a Berkeley dispatch to the New York World. He also explains why nuts seem to upset the digestive organs.

"With the exception, perhaps, of dried beans and cheese no food material has such a reputation for indigestibility," he says. "Discomfort from nuts is largely due to insufficient mastication, and from eating them when not needed, as after a hearty meal or late at night."

If broody hens are properly treated nine out of ten will begin to lay again within two weeks after being removed from the nest. But if they are half-drowned, starved a week, or bruised and abused, it is more than likely they will get even with their owners by declining to lay a single egg until they have fully recovered from their ill-treatment and acquired their customary tranquillity.

Care of the Pig Pen.

The hog is not able to endure severely cold weather, yet it is kept in the most uncomfortable situation of any other animal. The pig pen should be well littered and dry, and the shelter should contain no cracks or openings for draughts of air.

Poultry Notes.

For rapid growth feed the chickens often.

Lice brood, breed and hide under the roosts.

Gravel should always be supplied to fowls that are fattened in confinement.

Of two things, the breed and feeding, the latter is the more important.

Dry salt is as good as any material that can be used for preserving eggs.

Ducks may be picked when four months old and every six weeks afterwards.

Select the stock of pullets you intend to keep as soon as they are well developed.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1402—English defeated the Scots at Homeldon Hill.

1504—Columbus took final leave of the New World and sailed for Spain.

1609—Henry Hudson discovered the river which bears his name.

1640—Lord Stirling, to whom James I. gave a large section of what is now the United States and Canada, died in London.

1645—Covenanters defeated Montrose at Philiphaugh.

1742—Faneuil Hall completed and presented to the town of Boston.

1759—Wolfe landed troops at Quebec.

1775—Gen. Washington began to commission war vessels.

1778—Benjamin Franklin sent to France as minister plenipotentiary.

1781—Gen. Washington arrived at Williamsburg and assumed command.

1782—Congress accepted the offer of Virginia's western lands.

1786—Connecticut deeded western land to Congress.

1788—Congress made New York the capital city of the United States.

1789—Alexander Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury.... Henry Knox of Massachusetts became Secretary of War.

1803—Lord William Downs appointed chief justice of Ireland.

1814—Battle of Plattsburgh, N. Y.... British made an unsuccessful attack on Baltimore.... British bombarded Fort Mifflin, near Baltimore.... British abandoned their expedition against Baltimore.

1820—Treaty of Adrianople, ending war between Russia and Turkey.

1841—Walter Forward of Pennsylvania became Secretary of the United States Treasury.

1846—First Mississippi riflemen, under command of Company I, Jefferson Davis, charged the Mexicans at Fort Tena.

1847—American army under Gen. Scott marched into the Mexican capital.... Many lives lost in hurricane off Newfoundland.

1850—Jenny Lind first appeared on an American stage at Castle Garden, N. Y.... Alexander H. H. Stuart of Virginia became Secretary of the Interior.

1858—Steamship Austria, Southampton to New York, burned at sea; 471 lives lost.

1861—President Lincoln revoked Gen. Fremont's emancipation order.

1862—Governors of fourteen States met at Altoona, Pa., and approved of emancipation as a war measure.... Gen. McClellan appointed to command the defense of Washington.

1864—Gen. Sherman entered Atlanta, ending the four weeks' siege.... Gen. Sherman ordered all civilians to leave Atlanta.

1869—National Prohibition party organized at a convention in Chicago.

1871—Henry Irving first appeared in "Fanchette" at the London Lyceum.... Mont Cenis tunnel opened.

1872—Alabama claims against England decided in favor of the United States.

1886—Canadian Pacific railway telegraph line opened for business.

1893—Gov. William McKinley of Ohio opened his campaign for re-election with a speech at Akron.

1894—Hinckley and other Minnesota towns swept by forest fires.

1895—British forces defeated the Derivishes at Omdurman.... Admiral Cervera and other captured Spanish officers sailed for Spain.

1906—Emperor of China issued an edict promising constitutional government.

New Life-Restoring Apparatus.

E. C. Hall, writing in the August Technical World Magazine, asserts that Prof. George Poe of South Norfolk, Va., is able to restore life to apparently dead animals, his treatment being based upon the well-known method of forcing oxygen into the lungs. For this purpose he has devised an artificial respirator, modeled in all respects after nature. It embraces two small cylinders, each having an inlet and an outlet, with which plungers work simultaneously, and from which tubes are conducted to the nostrils or mouth of the patient. One cylinder is supplied with oxygen, and the outlet of the other discharges directly into the atmosphere. The plungers are worked by hand and timed according to normal respiration. Thus in one movement noxious gases from the lungs are drawn into one cylinder, while the next movement forces oxygen from the other cylinder into the lungs. This device has been patented and will soon be upon the market.

Photographing Thoughts.

Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc, a noted French physician, has recently published a series of photographs purporting to represent different thoughts or prayers, thus offering some confirmation to the theories of the Theosophists. Dr. Baraduc, on the assumption that the human being is composed of fluid or gaseous bodies as well as that of flesh and blood, exposed various sensitized plates in the dark near to persons in varying states of mind and got differing results. He sometimes uses a green electric light.