

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Dunno," "The English Orphan," "Homeside on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meatbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cosmo Mandy," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Conducting him through the wide, marble hall, she ushered him into the drawing room, where for a time he stood perfectly bewildered. It was his first introduction to rosewood, velvet, and brocade, and it seemed to him as if he had suddenly been transported to fairyland. He saw the silk chairs, slyly touching one to see if it did feel like the gored, peach-blossom dress worn by his wife forty-two years ago that very spring. Then he tried one of them, examined the rare ornaments, and came near bowing to the portrait of the first Mrs. Remington, so natural and lifelike it looked standing out from the canvas.

"This will last Maddy a week. I thank you, ma'am. You have added some considerable to the happiness of a young girl, who wouldn't disgrace even such a room as this," he said, as he passed into the hall.

Mrs. Noah received his thanks graciously, and led him to the yard, where Sorrel stood waiting for him.

Driving at a brisk trot through the grounds, Sorrel was soon out upon the highway; and with spirits exhilarated by thoughts of going home, he kept up the trot until, turning a sudden corner, his master saw the carriage from Aikenside approaching at a rapid rate. The driver, Paul, saw him, too, but seeming to give half the road to such as Sorrel and the square-headed wagon, he kept steadily on, while Grandpa Markham, determined to speak with Guy, reined his horse a little nearer, raising his hand in token that the negro should stop. As a natural consequence, the wheels of the two vehicles became interlocked, and as the powerful grays were more than a match for Sorrel, the front wheel of Grandpa Markham's wagon was wrenched off, and the old man precipitated to the ground, which, fortunately for him, was in that locality covered with sand banks, so that he was only stunned for an instant, and thus failed to hear the insolent negro's remark: "Served you right, old codger; might of turned out for gentlemen." Neither did he see the sudden flashing of Guy Remington's eye, as, leaping from his carriage, he seized the astonished African by the collar, and hurling him from the box demanded what he meant by serving an old man so shameful a trick and then insulting him.

All apology and regret the cringing driver tried to make some excuse but Guy stopped him short telling him to see how much the wagon was damaged while he ran to the old man who had recovered from the first shock and was trying to extricate himself from the folds of his camel cloak. Nearby was a blacksmith's shop and thither Guy ordered his driver to take the broken-down wagon with a view to getting it repaired.

"Tell him I want it done at once," he said, authoritatively, as if he well knew his name carried weight with it; then, turning to grandpa, he asked again if he were hurt.

"No, not specially—jolted my old bones some. You are very kind, sir," grandpa replied, brushing the dust from his pantaloons and then involuntarily grasping Guy's arm for support, as his weak knees began to tremble from the effects of excitement and fright.

"That darky shall rue this job," Guy said, savagely, as he gazed pityingly upon the shaky old creature beside him. "I'll discharge him to-morrow."

"No, young man. Don't be rash. He'll never do again; and sprigs like him think they're a right to make fun of old codgers like me," was grandpa's meek expostulation. "I was just up to Aikenside to see Squire Guy, and—"

"What did you say? You have been to Aikenside to see me?"

"Yes, and I was sorry to miss you. I—I—it makes me feel awkward to tell you, but I wanted to borrow some money, and I didn't know anybody as likely to have it as you. That woman up to your house said she knew you wouldn't let me have it, 'cause you hadn't it to spare. Mebbe you have," and grandpa waited anxiously for Guy's reply.

"Now, Mrs. Noah had a singular influence over her young master, who was in the habit of consulting her with regard to his affairs, and nothing could have been more unpropitious to the success of grandpa's suit than the knowing she disapproved. Beside this, Guy had only the previous week lost a small amount loaned under similar circumstances. Standing silent for a moment, while he buried and reburied his shining patent leather boots in the hills of sand, he said at last:

"Candidly, sir, I don't believe I can accommodate you. I am about to make repairs at Aikenside, and have partially promised to loan money on good security to a Mr. Silas Stocum, who, if things work right, as he expressed it, intends building a mill on some property which has come, or is coming, into his hands."

"That's mine—that's mine, my home-stand," gasped grandpa, turning white almost as his hair blowing in the April wind. "There's a stream of water on it, and he says if he forecloses and gets it he shall build a mill, and tear our old house down."

Guy was in a dilemma. He had not asked how much Mr. Markham wanted, and as the latter had not told him, he naturally concluded it a much larger sum than it really was, and did not care just then to lend it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, after a little. "I'll drop Stocum a note to-night saying I've changed my mind, and shall not let him have the money. Perhaps then he won't be so anxious to foreclose, and will give you time to look among your friends."

Guy laid a little emphasis on that last word, and looking up quickly, grandpa was about to say: "I'm not so much a stranger as you think. I knew your father well," but he checked himself with the thought: "No, that will be too much like begging pay for a deed of mercy done years ago." So Guy never suspected that the old man before him had once laid his sure under a debt of gratitude. The more he reflected the less inclined he was

to lend the money, and as grandpa was too timid to urge his needs, the result was that when at last the wheel was replaced, and Sorrel again trotting on toward Devonshire, he drew after him a sad, heavy heart.

Maddy's disappointment was keener than his own, and so after the sorrowful words, "and I failed, too," he bent himself to comfort the poor child, who, leaning her throbbing head against his shoulder, sobbed bitterly, as in the soft spring twilight they drove back to the low red cottage where grandma waited for them.

CHAPTER VI.

It was Farmer Green's new buggy and Farmer Green's bay colt which, three days later than this, stopped before Dr. Holbrook's office. Not the square-boxed wagon, with old Sorrel attached; the former was standing quietly in the chipyard behind the red house, while the latter, with his nose over the barnyard fence, neighed occasionally, as if he missed the little hands which had daily fed him the oatmeal he liked so much, and which now lay hot and parched and helpless upon the white counterpane Grandpa Markham had spun and woven herself. Maddy might have been just as sick as she was if the examination had never occurred, but it was natural for those who loved her to impute it all to the effects of excitement and cruel disappointment, so there was something like indignation mingling with the sorrow gnawing at the hearts of the old couple as they watched by their fever-stricken darling. Farmer Green, too, shared the feeling, and numerous at first were his mental animadversions against that "prize of a Holbrook." But when Maddy grew so bad as not to know him or his wife, he laid aside his prejudices and suggested to Grandpa Markham that Dr. Holbrook be sent for.

"He's great on fevers," he said, "and is good on curin' sick folks," so, though he would have preferred someone else should have been called, confidence in the young doctor's skill won the day, and grandpa consented.

This, then, was the errand of Farmer Green, and with his usual bluntness he said to the recent doctor, who chanced to be at home:

"Wall, you nigh about killed our little Maddy t'other day, when you refused the stiffeut, and now we want you to cure her."

The doctor looked up in surprise, but Farmer Green soon explained his meaning, making out a most aggravated case, and representing Maddy as wild with delirium.

Maddy's case lost nothing by Mr. Green's account, and by the time the doctor's horse was ready, and he on his way to the cottage, he had arrived at the conclusion that all the villainous men outside the walls of the State's prison, he was the most villainous, and Guy Remington next.

What a cozy little chamber it was where Maddy lay, just such a room as a girl like her might be supposed to occupy, and the bachelor doctor felt like trading upon forbidden ground as he entered the room so rife with girlish habits, from the fairy slippers hung on a peg, to the fanciful little workbox made of cones and acorns. Maddy was asleep, and sitting down beside her he asked that the shawl which had been pinned across the window might be removed so that he could see her, and thus judge better of her condition.

"Feel her pulse, doctor; they are faster 'most than you can count." Grandpa Markham whispered; and thus entreated, the doctor took the soft hand in his own, its touch sending through his frame a thrill such as the touch of no other hand had ever sent.

Somehow the act reassured him. All fear of Maddy vanished, leaving behind only an intense desire to help, if possible, the young girl whose fingers seemed to cling around his own as he felt for and found the rapid pulse.

"If she would awaken," he said, laying the hand softly down and placing his other upon her forehead, where the great sweat-drops lay. "Guy was a fool and I was a brute," the doctor muttered, as he folded up the bits of paper whose contents he hoped might do much toward saving Maddy's life.

When next morning the doctor came, there was a look of deep anxiety upon his face as he watched the alarming symptoms of his delicate patient, who talked incessantly, not of the examination now, but of the mortgage and the foreclosure, begging the doctor to see that the house was not sold, to tell them she was earning thirty-six dollars by teaching school, that Beauty would be sold to save their dear old home. All this was strange at first to the doctor, but the rather volatile Mrs. Green, who had come to Grandpa Markham's relief, enlightened him, dwelling with a kind of malicious pleasure upon the fact that Maddy's earnings had been permitted to get a "stiff-cut," were to be appropriated toward paying the debt.

If the doctor had hated himself the previous day when he rode from the red cottage gate, he hated himself doubly now as he went dashing down the road, determined to resign his office of school inspector that very day. And he did.

Summoning around him those who had been most active in electing him, he refused to officiate again, assuring them that if any more candidates came he should either turn them from his door or give them a certificate without asking a question.

"Put anybody you like in my place," he said; "anybody but Guy Remington." There was no probability of this, as Guy lived in another town, and could not have officiated had he wished. But the doctor was too much excited to reason upon anything save Madeline Clyde's case. That he perfectly understood; and during the next few weeks his other patients waited many times in vain for his coming, while he sat by Maddy's side, watching every change, whether for the

worse or better. Even Agnes Remington was totally neglected; and so one day she sent Guy down to Devonshire to say that as Jessie seemed more than usually delicate, she wished the doctor to take her under his charge and visit her at least once a week. The doctor was not at home, but Tom said he expected him every moment. So seating himself in the armchair, Guy waited until he came.

"Well, Hal," he began, jocosely, but the joking words he would have uttered next died on his lips as he noticed the strange look of excitement and anxiety on the doctor's face. "What is it?" he asked. "Are all your patients dead?"

"Guy," and the doctor came closely to him, whispering huskily, "you and I are murderers in the first degree. Yes; and both deserve to be hung. Do you remember that Madeline Clyde whom you insulted with your logic and Latin verbs? She'd set her heart on that certificate. She wanted the money, not for new gowns and fooleries, mind, but to help her old grandfather pay his debts. His place is mortgaged. I don't understand it; but he asked some old hunk to lend him the money, and the miserly rascal, whoever he was, refused. I wish I had it. I'd give it to him out and out. But that's nothing to do with the girl—Maddy, they call her. The disappointment killed her, and she is dying—and keeps talking of that confounded examination. I tell you, Guy, my inward parts get terribly mixed up when I hear her talk, and my heart thumps like a trip-hammer. That's the reason I have not been up to Aikenside. I wouldn't leave Maddy so long as there was hope. I did not tell them this morning. I couldn't make that poor couple feel worse than they are feeling; but when I looked at her tossing from side to side and picking at the bedclothes, I knew it would soon be over—that when I saw her again the poor little arms would be still enough and the bright eyes shut forever. Guy, I couldn't see her die—I don't like to see anybody die, but her, Maddy, of all others—and so I came away. If you stay long enough, you'll hear the bell toll, I reckon. There is none at Honedale church, which they attend. They are Episcopalians, you see, and so they'll come up here maybe. I hope I shall be deader than an adder."

Here the doctor stopped, wholly out of breath, while Guy for a moment sat without speaking a single word. Jessie, in his hearing, had told her mother what the sick girl in the doctor's office had said about being poor and wanting the money for grandpa, while Mrs. Noah had given him a rather exaggerated account of Mr. Markham's visit; but he had not associated the two together until now, when he saw the whole, and almost as much as the doctor himself regretted the part he had had in Maddy's illness and her grandfather's distress.

"Doc," he said, laying his hand on the doctor's arm, "I am that old hunk, the miserly rascal who refused the money. I met the old man going home that day, and he asked me for help. You say the place must be sold. It never shall, never. I'll see to that, and you must save the girl."

"I can't, Guy. I've done all I can, and now, if she lives, it will be wholly owing to the prayers of that old saint of a grandfather says for her. I never thought much of these things until I heard him pray; not that she should live anyway, but that, if it were right, Maddy might not die. Guy, there's something in such a prayer as that. It's more powerful than all my medicine swallowed at one grand gulp."

Guy didn't know very much about praying then, and so he did not respond, but he thought of Lucy Atherton, whose life was one hymn of prayer and praise, and he wished she could know of Maddy, and join her petitions with those of the grandfather. Staggering suddenly from his chair, he exclaimed: "I am going down there. It will look queerly, too, to go alone. Ah, I have it! I'll drive back to Aikenside for Jessie, who has talked so much of the girl that her lady mother, forgetting that she was once a teacher, is disgusted."

(To be continued.)

Salton Sea Not a Boon.

One of the weather bureau experts in Washington, Professor Alfred J. Henry, has given a black eye to the widely prevalent belief that evaporation from the Salton Sea accounts for the remarkably heavy rainfall in Arizona during the greater part of the last two years, says the New York Tribune. He calls attention to the fact that the downpour really began about three months before there was any serious inundation of southern California from the Colorado and then says that the excess above the normal precipitation throughout the territory in 1905 represents a volume of water twelve times as great as that which accumulated in the Salton basin.

Clever Scheme.

"My new play is sure to make a hit," said the popular actress. "It gives me an opportunity to display twenty new gowns."

"My!" exclaimed her friend. "How many acts?"

"Only four, but in one of them the scene is at the dressmaker's."—Catholic Standard and Times.

What He Feared.

"Miss Passay asked Charlie Dunno if I had any engagement Thursday night. And Charlie, without thinking, said he was sure I hadn't any."

"What do you fear?"

"I feel almost certain she means to invite me to one of those card parties where they play alleged bridge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had Told the Truth.

"I thought you said Hargons had a big family?"

"He has."

"Why, he told me that he had only one child—a daughter."

"Yes. She weighs about 225 pounds, and his wife could fill a job as fat lady in almost any museum."—Chicago Record Herald.

New York City has 3,115 acres of land in cemeteries—enough to bury the dead of the city for 150 years.



FARM AND GARDEN

Handy Home-Made Tool.

All growers of blackberries and raspberries know that one of the most disagreeable jobs of the season is the cutting out of the old canes on the plants of these fields. The easiest way of doing this work is to use a sharp tool of some kind so arranged that the operator may stand upright and work. The tool illustrated may be readily made by any handy man, and will do the work required quite as effectually as a more expensive tool.



TOOL FOR BERRY GROWER.

tended to handle in the manner shown in the cut, and when working among the canes of the berry bushes use it in the way illustrated. This tool will be found extremely handy for this sort of pruning wherever on the farm. It will work quite well for cutting out suckers in the orchard as in the berry row. If the canes are quite tall a straight handle may be attached to the blade so that one may have it of any desired length. Such a tool costs but little, and if one has a considerable area in berry plants it will pay to have several tools made.

Beans.

"Beans" is the title of a recent farmers' bulletin, by Professor Corbett, the well-known horticulturist of the United States Department of Agriculture. Beans belong to one of the most important families of economic plants with which man has to deal—that of legumes. The bean furnishes food for both man and beast, and at the same time increases the fertility of the soil. It is, therefore, an important crop, both in farm rotation and in market garden work. The new bulletin treats fairly of its cultivation, care and use.

Professor Wlaneko, of Purdue Experiment Station, has just issued an interesting bulletin on soy beans, cow peas and other forage crops. The culture of cow peas and soy beans is becoming important with many farmers, as they make good forage crops and at the same time add fertility to the soil. They belong to the legumes, and the cost of producing is about the same as for corn, while their food value compares very favorably with corn. Several other classes of forage plants are described in the bulletin.

To Pasteurize Milk.

Pasteurizing milk is a very simple process, the operator to be careful of the temperature, however, which is very important. When milk is boiled the natural flavor is destroyed, and some persons object to it. Milk is also injured to a certain extent by boiling. To pasteurize milk, procure long-necked bottle, which must be scrupulously clean; pour in the milk and plug the tops with cotton wool, which excludes all germs. Place the bottles in a deep pan or other vessel and heat to a temperature of 158 degrees, using a thermometer. If the temperature reaches 100 degrees the milk will have the odor of being boiled. Keep the milk heated for half an hour. The cotton stoppers need not be removed until the milk is desired for use. The bottles containing the milk may be placed in a refrigerator or some cool receptacle. Milk so prepared can be kept for two or three days. To sterilize milk it must be boiled, hence Pasteurization is a different process.

Poultry.

A careful observer of poultry needs no better sign of its condition than to watch the comb. A bright red comb shows that the hen or male is healthy and vigorous, and if a hen, she will probably be a good layer. After the egg supply has failed the comb will generally lose its color. In cold weather fowls with large combs must have extra warm quarters, as they are very easily frozen. It is frozen combs more often than anything else that makes Leghorns and Minorcas poor winter layers. As their names imply, they are natives of warm climates, as, indeed, most fowls are. They very rarely get into warm quarters in winter as they could find anywhere in the countries where they had their original home.

Bee Keeping.

A cellar is a good place to keep bees, but, if sheltered from the winds and exposed to the sun, a strong colony will do well out of doors.

Shredded Stover.

For winter feeding of stock animals this makes one of the finest feeds on the farm. The modern husking and shredding machinery does excellent work, and its man-eating proclivities have been largely eliminated. An ordinary threshing machine can be made to do good shredding, but the grain is not left in the best condition. The greatest drawback in the use of both husker and thresher is that they require a large force of men and teams, hence the work is quite expensive. Perhaps the cheapest corn husking is done with the little old husking peg. But it is almost impossible to feed long stover without considerable waste, and the refuse stalks are a nuisance when it comes to handling the manure. These difficulties may be overcome by running the handhusked stover through a common cutter and shredder. This work can usually be done without employing much, if any outside help. In case everything is hired, the cost of the work, added to that of hand-husking and putting of the corn and stover in crib and mow or stack may equal or even exceed the expense of machine husking and shredding. This is a point for each to decide from his own standpoint.—Agricultural Epitomist.

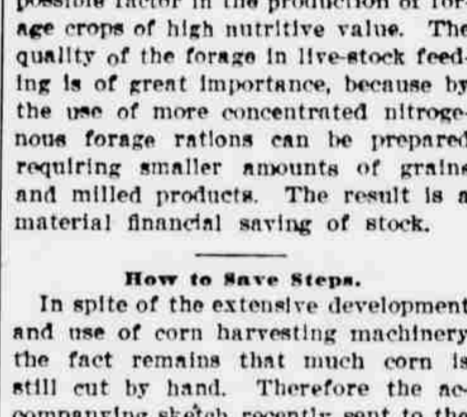
Composition of Crops.

A bulletin of the Minnesota Experiment Station discusses the composition and characteristics of the more common farm crops, as alfalfa, clover, peas, rape, corn fodder, timothy, millet, etc. In connection with the composition of some of the crops the protein content of the seed is considered. In the case of clover, alfalfa, peas, beans and rape two distinct types of seed are shown to occur, one of high and the other of low protein content, and the relationship of the physical characteristics of the seeds to the chemical composition is noted. The larger protein content of the seed is considered as a possible factor in the production of forage crops of high nutritive value. The quality of the forage in live-stock feeding is of great importance, because the use of more concentrated nitrogenous forage rations can be prepared requiring smaller amounts of grains and milled products. The result is a material financial saving of stock.

How to Save Steps.

In spite of the extensive development and use of corn harvesting machinery the fact remains that much corn is still cut by hand. Therefore the accompanying sketch recently sent to the New England Homestead by a reader will prove of interest.

He has figured out that if the plan outlined is followed a sixty-four hill shock, or stook, of corn can be cut at a minimum number of steps. The circles in the center represent the four hills tied together or between which the shock is built. After the foundation for the shock is ready the man goes to No. 1 and cuts in the direction



CUTTING A SHOCK OF CORN.

of the numbers until he reaches No. 8. After placing his armful in the shock he begins at No. 9 and cuts to No. 16 again depositing his load and continuing the operation in the way the hills are numbered until the shock is completed. It will be noted that in addition to saving steps this plan brings the cutter near the shock with his heaviest load, or when his arm is full of corn.

Fruit from Seed.

It is doubtful if there is any kind of fruit that will come strictly true to variety when grown from seed, as there is a tendency to deviate from the original. One may secure something superior or the fruit may revert back to some undesirable kind. It is a slow and uncertain process. Chestnuts may be grafted when 1 year old. The nuts are usually placed in the ground in rows, 6 inches deep, early in the spring or late in the fall, hilling over them if in the fall, and uncovering in the spring. They are very unreliable in germinating and prefer a sandy loam. The European varieties are larger than the native. The native chestnuts vary greatly, no two trees producing nuts exactly alike in size, flavor, etc. The foreign varieties are grafted on the American stocks. Trees grown from American nuts can not be depended upon for quality of product.

A Peaceful Bee.

Beehives on every front porch, giving each family a supply of delicious honey close at hand, while at the same time the bees will inoculate their lessure of industry, are a possibility, for the Department of Agriculture has succeeded in importing from abroad what may be termed a peaceful bee, which finds our climate to its liking. The newcomer is known as the Caucasian bee. The name is derived from its native locality, and is emphasized by habits of life which rank it distinctly as the white man's bee. It is civilized, dignified and high-toned. It rushes with reluctance into anything that smacks of warfare, having, in place of the belligerent instincts of others of its class, a predisposition to arbitration.

FLASHES OF FUN

"His eyes seemed glued to my every movement." "Yes? That's a sign that he's stuck on you."

"Are you married?" "Yep." "Are you happy?" "Didn't I just tell you I was married?"—Houston Post.

"Papa, is a frog fish or an animal?" "Yes! Now run out and play and give me a chance to read my paper."

"I was one of those saved in that terrible wreck." "How did you escape?" "I changed my mind at the last minute and took another train."

"Yes; it was hard luck. He fell in love with her at first sight, bought a fifty-trip ticket and was refused on his second visit."—Browning's Magazine.

Little Willie—What is Joy, pa? Pa—Joy, my son, is the peculiar feeling experienced by the man who counts his money and finds more than he expected.—Chicago News.

Mother—What's the matter, Josephine? Josephine—Lolo hurt me. Mother—How? Josephine—I went to hit him on the head and he dodged me and I banged my hand against the wall.

"Did you get home before the storm broke last night?" asked the first clubman. "Of course," replied the other. "The storm never breaks at my house until I get home."—Philadelphia Press.

Dicky—Your dad always goes to sleep in church. George—My dad has a right to go to sleep in church, if he wants to. He gives more to the preacher than any other man in the congregation.

Examiner (to medical student)—Now let us take appendicitis. On what grounds should you decide that an immediate operation was necessary. Medical Student—On the financial condition of the patient.

Towne—I understood you to call Mrs. Rownder a widow, but her husband is living. Browne—Oh, yes; she's what you might call a "club widow;" she's a woman who has a late husband.—Philadelphia Press.

Inquisitive Acquaintance—Have you ever thought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you were half a mile or more up in the air? Daring Aeronaut—Often, I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.

"From the grammatical standpoint," said the fair maid with the lofty forehead, "which do you consider correct, 'I had rather go home' or 'I would rather go home'?" "Neither," promptly responded the young man. "I'd much rather stay here."—Answers.

"So you quit smoking because she asked you to?" said the fourth with the clamshell cap. "Yes," answered the lad with the turned up trousers. "And then?" "Then she went walking with a man who smoked a pipe, because she said it kept away mosquitoes."—Washington Star.

A prominent society woman told her butler to tell all visitors that she was not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the lady's sister, when his mistress exclaimed: "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in." Next day the lady went out to make a few calls and during her absence her sister came to the house. "Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler. "Yes, madam," was the reply. The lady looked everywhere for her sister. She said to the butler: "My sister must have gone out, for I cannot find her." "Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home to you."—Philadelphia Record.

Brought to Terms.

In the Drayton household it is said that the father of the family has a way of presenting alternatives to his children that never fails to bring them into line.

"I wish you would speak to Bobby," said Mrs. Drayton one night. "I've told him to take his medicine and then jump into bed, and he won't do it. He just hops round, and says he doesn't want to take the medicine and he doesn't want to go to bed!"

Mr. Drayton stepped to the door of Bobby's room, and stood there, tall, grave and impressive.

"Bobby," he said, firmly, "if you don't take your medicine at once and then jump into bed, you will be put to bed, do you hear me, put to bed, without having your medicine at all!"

Upon which Bobby, alarmed and confused, swallowed his allotted portion and meekly retired for the night.

Why Safety Matches Strike on Glass.

There are two reasons why ordinary safety matches can be struck on smooth glass. The head of the safety match is composed of a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chloride of potassium and powdered glass. A comparatively small increase of temperature will cause this to ignite. Now, glass is a bad conductor of heat, and the rapid passage of the substance over it raises the temperature of that substance sufficiently for that purpose. When the glass is rough the friction crumbles away the loosely combined mixture before the temperature rises to the point of ignition; hence, given the composition of the match head, the two circumstances which answer the question are the comparative smoothness of the glass and its imperfect conductivity of heat.

Some men would rather take a whipping than take a dare.