

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homeside on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lovers' Lane," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Ah, good morning. You are Jessie's governess, I presume," she said, bowing distantly, and pretending not to notice the hand which Maddy involuntarily extended toward her. "Jessie speaks well of you, and I am very glad you suit her. You have had a pleasant time, I trust?" Her voice was so cold and her manner so distant that Maddy's eyes for an instant filled with tears, but she answered civilly that she had been very happy, and everybody was very kind. It was harder work to put down Maddy Clyde than Agnes had expected. Summoning all her courage, Agnes began:

"Excuse me, Miss Clyde, but your own good sense, of which I am sure you have an abundance, must tell you that now Mr. Remington and myself are at home, your intercourse with our family must be rather limited. Mind, I am finding no fault with you. It is all quite right," she continued, as she saw the strange look of terror and surprise visible on Maddy's face. "The past is right, but in future it will be a little different. I am willing to accord to a governess all the privileges possible. They are human as well as myself, but society makes a difference. Don't you know it does?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. Oh, pray tell me what I am to do?" Maddy asked, her face as white as ashes, and her eyes wearing as yet only a scared, uncertain look.

"You are not, of course, to go to Mr. Remington. It is my matter, and does not concern him. What I wish is this: You are to come to the parlor only when invited, and are not to intrude upon us at any time, particularly when company is here, such as—well, such as Dr. Holbrook, if you please. As you cannot be with Jessie all the while, you will, when your labors as governess are over, sit in your own room, or the school room, or walk in the back yard, just as the higher servants do. By following these directions you will, I think, give entire satisfaction."

When Mrs. Agnes had finished this, Maddy began to understand her position, and into her white face the hot blood poured indignantly. Wholly inexperienced, she had never dreamed that a governess was not worthy to sit at the same table with her employer, that she must never enter the parlors unbidden, or intrude herself in any way. But the angry words trembling on her tongue were repressed as she remembered her grandfather's teachings; and with a bow as haughty as any Mrs. Agnes could have made, and a look on her face which could not easily be forgotten, she left the room, and in a kind of stunned bewilderment sought the garden.

Once alone, the torrent burst forth, and burying her face in the soft grass, she wept bitterly, never hearing the step coming near, and not at first heeding the voice which asked what was the matter. Guy Remington, too, had come out into the garden, accidentally wandering that way, and so stumbling upon the little figure crying in the grass. He knew it was Maddy, and greatly surprised to find her thus, asked what was the matter. Then, as she did not hear him, he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, compelling her to look up. In all her imaginings of Guy, she had never associated him with the man who had so puzzled and confused her, and now she did not for a time suspect the truth. She only thought him a guest at Aikenside; someone come to see her, and her degradation seemed greater than before. She was not surprised when he called her by name; of course he remembered her, just as she did him; but she did wonder a little what Mrs. Agnes would say, could she know how kindly he spoke to her, lifting her from the grass and leading her to a rustic seat at no great distance from them.

"Now, tell me why you are crying so?" he said, brushing from her silk upon the spot of dirt which had settled upon it. "Are you homesick?" he continued, and Maddy burst out again.

"Oh, sir, I was so happy here till they came home, Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy. I never thought it was a disgrace to be a governess; never heard it was so considered, or that I was not good enough to eat with them, till she told me this. Oh, dear, dear!" and choked with tears Maddy stopped a moment to take breath.

She did not look up at the young man beside her, and it was well she did not, for the dark expression of his face would have frightened her. Half guessing the truth, and impatient to hear more, he said to her:

"Go on," so sternly that she started, and replied:

"She told me now they had come home it would be different, that only when invited must I come to the parlor, or anywhere, but must stay in the servants' part, and eat with Mrs. Noah and Sarah. I'd just as soon do that. I am no better than they, only—the way she told me made me feel so mean, as if I was not anybody, when I am, and here Maddy's pride began to rise. 'I'm just as good as she, if grandpa is poor, and I won't stay here to be treated like this by her and Mr. Guy. I liked him so much, too, because he was kind to grandpa and to me when I was sick. Yes, I did like him so.'"

"And how is it now?" Guy asked, wondering who in the world she thought he was. "How is it now?"

"I s'pose it's wicked to feel such things on Sunday, but, somehow, what she said keeps making me so bad that I know I hate her, and I guess I hate Mr. Guy."

This was Maddy's answer, spoken deliberately, while she looked up at the young man, who, with a comical expression about his mouth, replied:

"I am Mr. Guy."

"You, you! Oh, I can't bear it! I will die!" and Maddy sprang up as quickly as if feeling an electric shock.

But Guy's arm was interposed to stop her, and Guy's arm held her back, while he asked her where she was going.

"Anywhere out of sight where you can never see me again," Maddy sobbed vehemently. "It is bad enough to have you

think me a fool, as you must; but now, oh, what do you think of me?"

"Nothing bad, I assure you," Guy said, still holding her wrist to keep her there. "I supposed you knew who I was, but is you did not, I forgive you for hating me so cordially. If you thought I sanctioned what Mrs. Remington has said to you, you had cause to dislike me, but, Miss Clyde, I do not, and this is the first intimation I have had that you were to be treated other than as a lady. I am master of Aikenside, not Mrs. Agnes, who shall be made to understand it."

"Oh, please don't quarrel about me. Let me go home, and then all will be well," Maddy cried, feeling, at that moment, more averse to leaving Aikenside than she could have thought it possible.

"We shall not quarrel; but I shall have my way; meanwhile go to your room and stay there until told that I have sent for you."

They went to the house together, but separated in the hall; Maddy repairing to her room, while Guy sought Mrs. Agnes. The moment she saw his face she knew a storm was coming, but was not prepared for the biting sarcasm and bitter reproaches heaped upon her by one who, when roused, was a perfect hurricane.

Maybe she had forgotten what she was when his father married her, he said, but he had not, and he remembered well the wonder expressed by many that his father should stoop to marry a poor school teacher. "Yes, that's what you were, madam, much as you despise Maddy Clyde for being a governess; you were one once yourself, and before that time mercy knows what you were—a hired girl, perhaps—your present airs would seem to warrant as much!"

Guy was in a sad passion by this time, and failed to note the effect his last words had on Agnes, who turned livid with rage and terror, but smothering her wrath, said beseechingly:

"Pray, Guy, do not be angry; I know I am foolish about some things, and proud people who 'come up,' as you say, always are, I guess. I know that marrying your father made me what I am, but everybody does not know it, and it is not necessary they should. I don't remember exactly what I did say to this Clyde girl, but I thought it would be pleasant for you, pleasanter for us all, not to have her always around; it seems she has presided at the table when Dr. Holbrook was here to tea, and even you can't think that quite right."

"I don't know why," and at mention of Dr. Holbrook Guy's temper burst out again. "Agnes, you can't deceive me. I know the secret of your abominable treatment of Maddy is jealousy."

"Guy—jealous, I jealous of that child?" And Agnes' voice was expressive of the utmost consternation.

"Yes, jealous of that child; you think that because the doctor has been kind to her, perhaps he wants her some time for his wife. I hope he does; I mean to help it on; I'll tell him to have her, and if he don't I'll almost marry her myself!" and Guy paced up and down the parlor, chafing and foaming like a young lion.

Agnes was conquered and quite as much bewildered as Maddy had been; she heard only in part how Maddy Clyde was henceforth to be treated.

"Yes, yes," she gasped at last, as Guy talked on, "stop now for mercy's sake, and I'll do anything, only not this morning, my head aches so I cannot go to the breakfast table; I must be excused," and holding her temples, which were throbbing with pain induced by strong excitement, Agnes hurried to her own room.

The breakfast bell had rung twice while Guy was holding that interview with Agnes, and at last Mrs. Noah came up herself to learn the cause of the delay; standing in the hall, she heard a part of what was transpiring in the parlor. Standing back to let Agnes pass, she waited a moment, and then, as if she had just come up, presented herself before Guy, asking if he were ready for breakfast.

"Yes, call Miss Clyde; tell her I sent for her," was Guy's answer, and forthwith Mrs. Noah repaired to Maddy's room, finding her still sobbing bitterly.

"I cannot go down," she said; "my face is all stains, and it's so dreadful, happening on Sunday, too. What would grandpa say?"

"You can wash off the stains. Come," Mrs. Noah said, pouring water into the bowl, and bidding Maddy hurry, "as Mr. Guy was waiting breakfast for her."

"But I am not to eat with them," Maddy began, when Mrs. Noah stopped her by explaining how Guy ruled that house, and Agnes had been completely routed. This did not quiet Maddy particularly, and her heart beat painfully as she descended to the parlor, where Guy was still walking up and down.

"Come, Miss Clyde, Jessie is nearly famished," he said pleasantly, as Maddy appeared, and without the slightest reference to what had passed he drew Maddy's arm within his own, and giving a hand to Jessie, who had just come in, he went to the breakfast room, where Maddy was told to preside.

Guy watched her closely without seeming to do so, mentally deciding that she was neither vulgar nor awkward. On the contrary, he thought her very pretty, and very graceful for one so unaccustomed to society. Nothing was said of Agnes, who kept her room the entire day, and did not join the family until evening, when Guy sat upon the piazza with Jessie in his lap, while Maddy was not very far away.

At first there was much constraint between Agnes and Maddy, but with Guy to manage, it soon wore away, and Agnes felt herself exceedingly amiable when she reflected how gracious she had been to her rival.

But Maddy could not so soon forget. All through the day the conviction had been settling upon her that she could not stay at Aikenside, and so on the following morning, just after breakfast was over, she summoned courage to ask Mr. Guy if she might talk with him. Leading the

way to the library, he waited for her to commence. She could not bear to leave a bad impression on his mind, so the first words she said to him were:

"Mr. Remington, I can't stay here after all that has happened. It would not be pleasant for me or Mrs. Agnes, so I am going home, but I want you to forget what I said about hating you yesterday. I did not then know who you were. I don't hate you. I like you, and I want you to like me."

She did not look at him, for her eyelids were cast down, and her lashes were wet with tears she could scarcely keep from shedding. Guy had never known much about girls of Maddy's age, and there was something extremely fascinating in the artless simplicity of this half child, half woman, sitting there before him, and asking him so demurely to like her.

"I am much obliged for your liking me," he said, a little mischievously. "You surely have not much reason so to do when you recall the incidents of our first interview. Maddy—Miss Clyde—I have come to the conclusion that I knew less than you did, and I beg your pardon for annoying you so terribly."

Then, briefly, Guy explained to her how it all happened, blaming himself far more than he did the doctor, who, he said, had repented bitterly.

"Had you died, Miss Clyde, when you were so sick, I half believe he would have felt it his duty to die also. He likes you very much; more indeed than any patient I ever knew him to have," and Guy's eyes glanced curiously at Maddy to witness the effect his words might have upon her. But Maddy merely answered:

"Yes, I think he does like me, and I know I like him."

Mentally chiding himself for trying to find in Maddy's head an idea which evidently never was there, he began to speak of her proposition to leave, saying he should not suffer it, Jessie needed her and she must stay. She was not to mind the disagreeable things Mrs. Remington had said. Then, as he saw signs of yielding in Maddy's face, he continued:

"How would you like to turn scholar for a short time each day, I being your teacher? Time often hangs heavily upon my hands, and I fancy the novelty of the thing would suit me. I have books. I will appoint your lessons and the hour for recitation."

Guy's face was scarlet by the time he had finished speaking, for suddenly he remembered to have heard or read of a similar instance which resulted in the marriage of the teacher and pupil; besides that, it would subject him to so much remark, when it was known that he, the fashionable and fastidious Guy, was teaching a pretty, attractive girl like Maddy Clyde, and he sincerely hoped she would decline. But Maddy had no such intention. With her beautiful eyes full of tears, which shone like diamonds, as she lifted them to Guy's face, she said:

"Oh, I thank you so much. You could not make me happier, and I'll try so hard to learn. They don't teach such things at the district school; and when there was a high school in Honesdale I could not go, for it was three dollars a quarter. Uncle Joseph needed help, and so I stayed at home. When may I begin?"

"As soon as I am rested from my journey, or sooner, if you like; and now tell me, please, who is this Uncle Joseph of whom you speak?"

"Uncle Joseph is grandma's youngest brother," Maddy answered, "and he has been in the asylum for years. As long as his little property lasted, his bills were paid, but now they keep him from charity, only grandma helps all he can, and buys some little nice things which he wants so badly, and sometimes cries for them, they say. I picked berries all last summer, and sold them to buy him a thin coat and pants. We should have more to spend than we do, if it were not for Uncle Joseph," and Maddy's face wore a thoughtful expression as she recalled all the shifts and turns she'd seen made at home that the poor man might be more comfortable.

(To be continued.)

Two Months' Absence.

"But, my poor man," said the kind housewife, who had given the tramp some stationery and a stamp to write to friends in the East, "why do you state 'If not delivered return after sixty days to writer?' Surely it won't take sixty days for the letter to journey to New York?"

The tramp smiled.

"No, lady," he confessed, "if won't take sixty days to get to New York, but it will be sixty days before I will be able to receive it. You see, mum, I expect to pass two months in de work-house."

Her Own Eyes Good Enough for Him.

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his luncheon for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my luncheon."—The Reader.

Feeding the Infant.

"Well," remarked Nupop, in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening."

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupop, "you know we've got tickets for the

"Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

A Simple Method.

"How do you make the distinction between popular and classical music?" asked the very young man.

"Oh, that's easy," answered the dispenser of home-grown philosophy. "It's popular if I enjoy it and it's classical if I don't."

The Fussy Bachelor.

"Women," growled the fussy old bachelor, "remind me of eggs."

"Must be handled with care—is that the answer?" queried the very young man.

"No," rejoined the f. o. b., "one can never tell their age by their looks."

FARMS AND FARMERS



Value of Humus.

The principal source of nitrogen in the soil is organic matter. We must have the nitrogen to produce the crops. It is necessary to promote growth. It is an expensive food—probably the most expensive of all the food elements needed by the plants. It is estimated that if the nitrogen had to be purchased to produce a bushel of corn, it would cost about 24 cents. However, if the organic matter is kept sufficient in the soil, it can be supplied without cost.

Generally speaking there is enough potash in the average American soil to produce corn for thousands of years, but as a rule it is not available so that plants can use it as food. Many of the insoluble mineral elements are made soluble and available for the plant's needs by decay of the organic matter in soils. It requires humus in the soil to make these insoluble elements available.

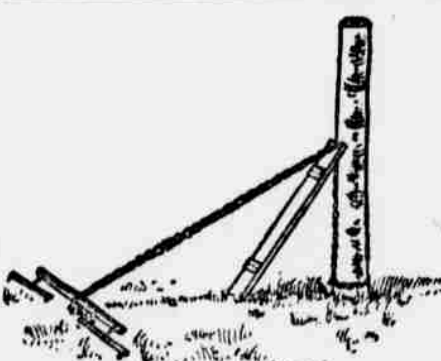
It is then plain that soils that have plenty of humus are not only rich in nitrogen, but in the decay of the humus the supply of available mineral elements is also increased. Soils are ready to farm much earlier in spring that are rich in humus than those that are deficient in it. This humus is what gives the soil its dark color, and it is a fact that anything dark in color absorbs heat more rapidly than does a light color. Soil containing humus will dry out sooner and be ready to cultivate sooner in the spring than soil that has no humus.

Moisture is better retained in a soil that has the proper amount of humus than in one that is devoid of it. In other words, soils that contain humus are rich in available plant food, are ready to work early in the spring and have moisture to keep the crops growing and producing; while, on the other hand, soils that are without humus dry out and are unfit for cultivation.

Post Puller.

An easy and practical method of pulling fence posts by which all digging and hand labor are eliminated is shown in accompanying cut, from the American Agriculturist. Take a plank four feet long and one foot wide and make a V-shaped notch in one end, nailing on several crosspieces to prevent slipping. This plank is used to change the horizontal draft to the vertical.

Place one end of chain around the post close to ground. Incline the plank against the post so the lower end of the plank will be about one and a half or two feet from the base of the post. Place the chain in the notch of the



POST PULLER IN POSITION.

plank and start the team, and the post will start upward with surprising speed and in a few seconds will be clear of the ground.

In moving fences the chain should be attached to the rear axle of the wagon, so the posts may at once be loaded and hauled to the new location of the fence.

Utilizing Sources of Profit.

There is no period on a well-regulated farm during which idleness should exist. Stock raising combines many occupations. The dairyman who has a large herd must rise early and work until darkness returns. The many little details will keep him busy, and there is always something to be done, yet there are hundreds of farmers who have but animals because they object to the work that necessarily follows the keeping of the stock, but such farmers lose much time during the whole year, and also deprive themselves of that portion of the profits which are made by utilizing the home-grown products that are not salable in any form unless consumed by stock. They overlook the fact that every pound of material grown on the farm that can be used for the production of some higher-priced product increases the profits by cheapening the cost, as well as the saving of labor in hauling and shipping bulky products to market. One operation on the farm leads to another in regular rotation, and just the same as spring seeding leads to harvest, so does the storing of the products on the farm lead to the employment of the best methods of disposing of those products at a season of the year when the farmer is not called to the field to give his entire attention to work away from the barnyard. The care of the manure heap after the fall is gone is alone worth the time and labor of the farmer, while the machinery and implements may be overhauled. Farm work has no ending, and the labor that can be bestowed after harvest will return a satisfactory product.

Destroying Thistles.

No weeds can thrive if kept down. Some are annuals, coming from seeds, and every seed that germinates ends that particular plant if the farmers will but stir the soil when such weeds are in their first stages of growth. Even the Canadian thistle, considered one of the most persistent pests known to farmers, though growing from both seeds and roots, can be destroyed if the attempt to do so is made with effort and determination. Known as the Canada thistle, the weed is really a native of Europe, being early introduced into Canada and spreading into every portion of the United States. Experiments made at the Idaho station show that it is not as difficult to get rid of it as has been supposed, although laws passed for its destruction by several States have been of no avail. It spreads slowly compared with some weeds, due principally to lack of fertility in the seeds, most of the seeds being light, only the heavy ones germinating, and they are not carried far. But its progress by means of long, white root stocks is rapid, a large field being covered in that manner in a few years, and it then assumes a strong hold on the soil. It is a perennial, with slender stems, the leaves being prickly, the heads congregated on the top of the stem, while the flowers are rose purple. It may be carried from one point to another in hay, on the tops of freight cars or by various other modes.

Cures Horses of Kicking.

Horses and other animals possessed of the bad habit of kicking can be easily cured by the employment of an apparatus recently patented by an Ohio man. The apparatus was designed with the object of automatically chastising the animal immediately consequent to the act of kicking. The chastisement is administered by means of a whip dropping and striking the animal when he shows a tendency to exercise his legs too freely. The necessary parts of the apparatus are a kicking board, an adjustable holder and a whip. Assuming that the parts are in operative position, the horse kicks against the kicking-board and forces it against the wall of the stall. The whip holder is thus forced against the wall, the upper portion causing the whip to descend and strike the animal a sharp blow. When the whip has reached its limit of movement it returns to its normal position.



WHIP STRIKES HORSE.

To mulch the soil is to cover it. This is done by using straw, leaves, or any other suitable material, according to circumstances, in many cases stable manure being employed. Mulching prevents rapid evaporation of moisture and protects young plants against the direct action of the sun in dry seasons. But, while benefits may accrue from the use of a mulch, there are also some disadvantages to be considered. The use of unfertilized manure, or matter that is subject to decay, encourages mildew and fungus growth, as well as serving to protect insects and parasites. Yet there are some plants that thrive best when afforded a covering, and such protection should be given. One of the methods of mulching is to cover the entire plant, removing the covering early in the spring. The object of a mulch in winter, however, is not to keep out the cold from the plants, as no amount of covering can effect such objects. What is desired is to prevent sudden freezing and thawing of the soil, which upheaves the plants and causes injury. A mulch is considered highly beneficial when applied around the roots of the plants, allowing the plants to receive all the air and light possible, and can be used both winter and summer, as required.

Feeding for Good Butter.

An experiment on the effect of wide and narrow rations for milk cows has been made at the Pennsylvania station. Nine Guernsey or grade Guernsey cows about sixty days from calving were used. Corn, stover and chopped wheat were fed with different amounts of Buffalo gluten meal, cotton-seed meal and linseed meal, so as to give rations with certain nutritive ratios.

Seven of the nine cows used in the trial required less digestible food for a pound of butter in the periods when the rations richer in protein were fed. There was a small apparent increase in the efficiency of the food in the periods when the narrower rations were fed (i. e., rations rich in protein). After deducting the cost of the food there was also a somewhat larger net profit from feeding the rations richer in protein. The percentage of fat was better maintained and, in fact, increased slightly in the periods when the richer rations were fed.

Our markets are treated to entirely too much poor butter. The conservative dealers will not deal in butter grease, and they complain that really first-class butter must of necessity remain high in price, because so little good butter is to be found in the markets.

The first meerschau pipe is now in a museum at Pech. It was made in 1723.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Some men are wont to think their little set mankind. The vision splend did is built day by day out of the things next to hand. Some men who hate the church are not unfriendly to the Kingdom.

The poor in this world's goods may be rich in faith and heirs of the Kingdom.

The Alpine summits are not for monks or sybarites. They are for climbers.

The corn and the wine may be wanting, but the soul that rests in God is satisfied.

Caste is the prison of character. The high caste has the worst of fates; it abideth alone.

The man who would spend his life to the glory of God must first devote it upon the altar.

Down in every heart are treasures unexplored, and it needs only love to make the discovery.

The promises of God are the rain-bows of grace. The world's fault is that it is color blind.

The mountain peaks of glory have their foothills amid the ruin and the waste of this misguided world.

The cross is not a symbol merely; it is clustered with the memories of a dark tragedy and a broken heart.

It is as much the test of discipleship to wash or mend a net on the shore as to catch a great draught in the open sea.

The most perilous form of the modern "speed mania" is the passion for making money fast and spending it faster.

NOT KINDERGARTEN WORK.

There are two ways of "keeping school." One is with a desk, a book and a ruler; the other is with a boat, a harpoon and a sokn. Russell Jeffer-son tells of the less known method in his book, "The Faroe Islands." The chief industry of the people is the killing of the bottle-nosed whale. When a boat sights a grind, or school, it makes for the shore and runs up a coast on the mast for a signal.

Presently all the boats from the sea and from the neighboring islands come docking in, making all haste. The villagers set fire to heaps of damp straw, the smoke of which, seen from afar, gives out the news.

When the craft are collected they start for the whales. The first thing to be done is the driving, a work of considerable art. The "keeping of the school" is very difficult, and a matter of great pride among the sailors.

The boats arrange themselves in a great semicircle to the seaward of the school. Then with shouts and the splashing of oars and stones the terrified animals are driven to the nearest whale bay.

The principal implement used in this process is the sokn, a large, rounded stone with a hole bored through it, and fastened to a stout strip of whale skin twenty or more feet in length. This is swung around the head and splashed into the water, causing a great disturbance.

The driving of the school, sometimes consisting of two thousand whales closely packed, is accomplished with skill and without stampede. It is guided to a bay with a shelving bottom and a sloping sandy beach, where the whales in terror strand themselves.

In very strong tides it is impossible to drive the animals into the bay, and the process of "laying to" is adopted. The herd is surrounded by a triple ring of boats, and the noise and splashing are kept up. Schools are sometimes held this way for three or four days. When the right moment for stranding the whale arrives, one, in good position, is wounded. It rushes for the beach and is followed by the whole herd, which is quickly stranded on the shore, and rapidly killed.

All injuries to men or boats, and they are many, are made good out of the total value of the whales caught.

Broken Flange Wrecks Bridge.

A disastrous wreck of a bridge near McKee's Rocks, Pa., resulted recently from an apparently insignificant cause. A freight train was passing over the bridge when a flange of one of the wheels broke, chipping off a portion nearly one foot in length. The wheel that failed was of cast iron and was beneath a steel hopper car of 100,000 pounds capacity loaded with coal. The car left the rails and knocked out one of the posts of the bridge truss. The entire structure collapsed.

The accident is a typical failure of this kind of bridge. The pin-connected type of truss, which is almost universally used in truss bridges in the United States, nearly always gives way when one of the posts is knocked from position. British engineers generally use a riveted truss, which is not so readily destroyed by the breaking of one part.—Technical World Magazine.

Much the Same.

"My life," said her husband, "is like an open book."

"So it is," rejoined his wife. "I can only see two pages."

Wedding bells never ring for December and May if December goes broke.