

AIKENSIDE

BY
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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

He was very pale, and the great sweat drops stood on his forehead and under his white hair, but Maddy wiped them away and listened with a breaking heart while the aged disciple almost home told her of the peace, the joy, that shone around his pathway to the tomb, and of the everlasting arm bearing him so gently over Jordan. Then he talked of herself, blessing her for all she had done to him, telling her how happy she had made his life since she came home to stay, and how for a time he had ached so with fear lest she should choose to go back and leave him to a stranger. "But my darling stayed with her old grandpa. She'll never be sorry for it, never. I've tried you sometimes, I know, for old folks ain't like young; but I'm sorry, Maddy, and you'll forget it when I'm gone, darling Maddy, precious child!" and the trembling hand rested caressingly on her bowed head as grandpa went on to speak of his affairs, his little property which was hers after the mortgage to Mr. Guy was paid. "I've kept up the interest," he said, "but I could never get him to take any of the principal. I don't know why he is so good to me. Tell him, Maddy, how I thanked and blessed him just before I died; tell him how I used to pray for him every day that he might choose the better part. And he will—I'm sure he will, some day. He ain't been here of late, and though my old eyes are dim, I can see that your step has got slow, and your face whiter by many shades, since he stayed away. Maddy, child, the dead tell no secrets, and I shall soon be dead. Tell me, then, what it is between you two. Does my girl love Mr. Guy?"

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" Maddy moaned, laying her head beside his own on the pillow.

It would be a relief to talk with someone of that terrible pain, which grew worse every day; of that intense longing just for one sight of the beloved one; of Guy, still absent from Aikenside, wandering nobody knew where; and so Maddy told the whole story, while the dying man listened to her, and smoothing her silken hair, tried to comfort her.

"The worst is not over yet," he said. "Guy will offer to make you his wife, sacrificing Lucy for you, and if he does, what will you do?"

Maddy's heart leaped up into her throat and for a moment prevented her from answering, for the thought of Guy's really offering to make her his wife, to shield her from evil, to enfold her in his tender love, made her giddy with joy. But it could not be; she answered through her tears:

"I shall tell him no."

"God bless my Maddy! She will tell him no for Lucy's sake, and God will bring it right at last," the old man whispered, his voice growing very faint and tremulous. "She will tell him no," he kept repeating, until, rousing up to greater consciousness, he spoke of Uncle Joseph, and asked what Maddy would do with him; would she send him back to the asylum, or care for him there? "He will be happier here," he said, "but it is asking too much of a young girl like you. He may live for years."

"I do not know, grandpa. I hope I may do right. I think I shall keep Uncle Joseph with me." Maddy replied, a shudder creeping over her as she thought of living out all her youth and possibly middle age with a lunatic.

But her grandfather's whispered blessings brought comfort with them, and a calm quiet fell upon her as she sat there listening to the words of prayer, and catching now and then her own name and that of Guy's.

"I am drowsy, Maddy. Watch while I sleep. Perhaps I'll never wake again," grandpa said, and clasping Maddy's hands he fell away to sleep, while Maddy kept her watch beside him, herself falling into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a clammy hand pressing on her forehead, and Uncle Joseph's voice, which said: "Wake, my child. There's been a guest here while you slumbered," and he pointed to the rigid features of the newly dead.

CHAPTER XX.

Of the days which followed, Maddy had no distinct consciousness. She only knew that other hands than hers cared for the dead, that in the little parlor a stiff, white figure lay, that neighboring women stole in, treading on tiptoe, and speaking in hushed voices as they consulted, not her, but Mrs. Noah, who had come at once, and cared for her and hers so kindly. That she lay all day in her own room, where the summer breeze blew softly through the window, bringing the perfume of summer flowers, the sound of a tolling bell, of grinding wheels, the notes of a low, sad hymn, sung in faltering tones and of many feet moving from the door. Then friendly faces looked in upon her, asking how she felt, and whispering ominously to each other as she answered:

"Very well; is grandpa getting better?" Then Mrs. Noah sat with her for a time, fanning her with a palm-leaf fan and brushing the flies away. Then Flora came up with a man whom they called "Doctor," and who gave her sundry little pills and powders dissolved in water, after which they all went out and left her there with Jessie, who had been crying, and whose soft little hands felt so cool on her hot head, and whose kisses on her lips made the tears start, and brought a thought of Guy, making her ask, "if he was at the funeral."

"No," Jessie said; "mother wanted to write and tell him, but we don't know where he is."

And this was all Maddy could recall of the days succeeding the night of her last watch at her grandfather's side, until one balmy August afternoon, when on the Honedale hills there lay that smoky haze so like the autumn time hurrying on apace, and when through her open window stole the fragrance of the later summer flowers. Then, as if waking from an ordinary sleep, she woke suddenly to

consciousness, and staring about the room, wondered if it were as late as the western sun would indicate, and how she came to sleep so long. For a while she lay thinking, and as she thought, a sad scene came back to her, a night when her hot hands had been enfolded in those of the dead, and that dead her grandfather.

Maddy sank upon the bed, moaning to herself, "Yes, grandpa is dead. I remember now. But Uncle Joseph, where is he? Can he, and she looked around in vain for the lunatic, not a trace of whom was to be found. His room was in perfect order, as was everything about the house, showing that Flora was still the domestic goddess, while Maddy also detected various things which she recognized as having come from Aikenside. Who sent them? Did Guy, and had he been there, too, while she was sick? The thought brought a throb of joy to Maddy's heart, but it soon passed away as she began again to wonder if Uncle Joseph, too, had died, and where Flora was. It was not far to the Honedale burying ground, Maddy could see the headstones from where she sat gleaming through the August sunlight; could discern her mother's, and knew that two fresh mounds at least were made beside it. But were there three? Was Uncle Joseph there? By stealing across the meadow in the rear of the house the distance to the graveyard was shortened more than half, and could not be more than the eighth part of a mile. She could walk so far, she knew. The fresh air would do her good, and hunting up her long unused hat, the impatient girl started, stopping once or twice to rest as a dizzy faintness came over her, and then continued on until the spot she sought was reached. Three graves, one old and sunken, one made when last winter's snow was on the hills, the other fresh and new. That was all; Uncle Joseph was not there, and vague terror entered Maddy's heart lest he had been taken back to the asylum.

"I will get him out," she said; "I will take care of him. I should die with nothing to do; and I promised grandpa."

She could get no farther, for the rush of memories which came over her, and seating herself upon the ground close to the new grave, she laid her face upon it, and sobbed piteously.

"Oh, grandpa, I'm so lonely without you all! I almost wish I was lying here in the quiet yard."

Then a storm of tears ensued, after which Maddy grew calm, and with her head still bent down, did not hear the rapid step approaching, the manly step coming down the grassy road, coming past the marble tombstones, on to where that wasted figure was crouching upon the ground. There it stopped, and in a half-whisper called, "Maddy! Maddy!"

Then, indeed, she started, and lifting up her head, saw before her Guy Remington. For a moment she regarded him intently, while he said to her, oh, so kindly, so pityingly:

"Poor child, you have suffered so much, and I never knew of it till a few days ago."

Maddy stretched her hands toward him, moaning out:

"Oh, Guy, Guy, where have you been, when I wanted you so much?"

Maddy did not know what she was saying, or half comprehend the effect it had on Guy, who forgot everything save that she wanted him, had missed him, had turned to him in her trouble, and it was not in his nature to resist her appeal. With a spring he was at her side, and lifting her in his arms, seated himself upon her mother's grave; then straining her tightly to his bosom, he kissed her again and again. Hot, burning, passionate kisses they were, which took from Maddy all the power of resistance, even had she wished it, which she did not. Too weak to reason, or see the harm, if harm there were, in being loved by Guy, she abandoned herself for a brief interval to the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, and of hearing him tell her so.

"Darling Maddy," he said, "I went away because you sent me, but now I have come back, and nothing shall part us again. You are mine; I claim you here at your mother's grave. Precious Maddy, I did not know of all this till three days ago, when Agnes' letter found me almost at the Rocky Mountains. I wish I had come before, now that I know you wanted me. Say that again, Maddy. Tell me that you missed me."

He was smoothing her hair now, as her head still lay pillowed upon his breast, so he could not see the spasm of pain which contorted her features as he thus appealed to her. Half bewildered, Maddy could not at first make out whether it were a blissful dream or a reality, her lying there in Guy's arms with his kisses on her forehead lips, and cheeks, his words of devotion in her ear, and the soft summer sky smiling down upon her. Alas, it was a dream from which she was awakened by the thought of one across the sea, whose place she had usurped, and this it was which brought the grief-stricken expression to her face as she answered mournfully:

"I did want you, Guy, when I forgot; but now—oh, Guy—Lucy Atherstone!"

With a gesture of impatience Guy was about to answer, when something in the heavy fall of the little hand from his shoulder alarmed him, and lifting up the drooping head, he saw that Maddy had fainted. Then back across the meadow Guy bore her to the cottage, where Flora, just returned from a neighbor's, whither she had gone upon an errand, was looking for her in much affright.

Up again into her little chamber Maddy was carried and laid upon the bed, which she never left until the golden harvest sheaves were gathered in, and the hot September sun was ripening the fruits of autumn. But now she had a new nurse, a constant attendant, who during the day seldom left her except to talk with and amuse Uncle Joseph, mourning below because no one sang to him or no-

ted him as Maddy used to do. He had not been sent to the asylum, as Maddy feared, but by way of relieving Flora had been taken to Farmer Green's, where he was so homesick and discontented that at Guy's instigation he was suffered to return to the cottage, crying like a little child when the old familiar spot was reached, kissing his armchair, the cook stove, the tongue, Mrs. Noah, and Flora, and timidly offering to kiss the Lord Governor himself as he persisted in calling Guy, who declined the honor.

Guy had passed through several states of mind during the interval in which we have seen so little of him. Furious at one time, and reckless as to consequences, he had determined to break with Lucy and marry Maddy, in spite of everybody; then, as a sense of honor came over him, he resolved to forget Maddy, if possible, and marry Lucy at once. It was in this last mood, and while roaming over the western country, whither after his banishment he had gone, that he wrote to Lucy a strange kind of letter, saying he had waited for her long enough, and, sick or well, he should claim her the coming autumn. To this letter Lucy had responded quickly, sweetly reproving Guy for his impatience, sofly hinting that latterly he had been quite as culpable as herself in the matter of deferring their union and appointing the wedding day for December. After this was settled Guy felt better, though the old sore spot in his heart, where Maddy Clyde had been, was very sore still, and sometimes it required all his powers of self-control to keep from writing to Lucy and asking to be released from an engagement so irksome as his had become. Neglecting to answer Agnes' letters when he first left home, she did not know where he was until a short time before, when she wrote appraising him of grandpa's death and Maddy's severe illness. This brought him, while Maddy's involuntary outburst when she met him in the graveyard, changed the whole current of his intentions. Let what would come, Maddy Clyde should be his wife, and as such he watched over her, nursing her back to life, and by his manner effectually silencing all remark, so that the neighbors whispered among themselves what Maddy's prospects were, and, as was quite natural, were a little more attentive to the future lady of Aikenside. Poor Maddy! it was a terrible trial which awaited her; but it must be met, and so with prayers and tears she fortified herself to meet it, while Guy, the devoted lover, hung over her, never guessing of all that was passing in her mind, or how, when he was out of sight, the lips he had longed so much to kiss, but never had since that day in the graveyard, quivered with anguish as they asked for strength to do right. Oh, how Maddy did love the man she must give up, and how often went up the wailing cry, "Help me, Father, to do my duty, and give me, too, a greater inclination to do it than I now possess."

Maddy's heart did not fall, sometimes she might have yielded to the temptation, but for Lucy's letter, full of eager anticipations of the happy time when she and Guy should never part again. "Sometimes," she wrote, "there comes over me a dark foreboding of evil—a fear that I shall miss the cup now within my reach; but I pray the bad feeling away. I am sure there is no living being who will come between us to break my heart, and as I know God doeth all things well, I trust Him wholly, and cease to doubt."

It was well the letter came when it did, as it helped Maddy to meet the hour she so much dreaded, and which came at last on an afternoon when Mrs. Noah had gone to Aikenside, and Flora had gone on an errand to a neighbor's, two miles away, thus leaving Guy free to tell his story, the old, old story, yet always new to him who tells it and her who listens—story which, as Guy told it, sitting by Maddy's side, with her hands in his, and underneath her hair—story which made Guy himself pant nervously and tremble like a leaf so earnestly he told it; how long he had loved her, of the picture withheld, the jealousy he felt each time the doctor named her, the selfish joy he experienced when he heard the doctor was refused; told of his growing dissatisfaction with his engagement, his frequent resolves to break it, his final decision, which that scene in the graveyard had reversed, and then asked if she would not be his—no doubtfully, but confidently, eagerly, as if sure of her answer.

(To be continued.)

Self-Sacrifice.

President Powers, of the National Association of Base-ball Leagues, said ironically of the action of a certain club in dispute:

"The cancelling of that date was a splendid piece of self-sacrifice. I can only compare it to the action of the man with the wooden leg. This man went to spend his vacation at Atlantic City. He was fond of bathing, but sensitive about his artificial limb. Hence he kept out of the inviting water all through his stay."

"Yet one day, when a beautiful girl who had snubbed him got caught by the undertow and was being carried to her doom, this generous man, sitting down hurriedly on the sand, unscrewed his wooden leg and threw it to her, thus saving her life."

New Term in Law.

The plaintiff was stating his case: "Your honor, I was walking alongside of the waiting train, when this man, who is a stranger to me, and without any cause whatever, reached out of the car window and planted a couple of powerful blows upon my face."

"Your honor," expostulated the defendant, "I was so enraged by the delay of that train at the miserable service of that road in general, that I just had to give vent to my feelings in some way. I couldn't restrain myself."

"I feel for you," admitted the Judge, who had had occasion to travel on the same road, "but I am compelled to fine you, nevertheless. The pair of hand-me-downs will cost you just \$10."

The British Museum contains books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, sheepskins and palm leaves.

FARMS AND FARMERS

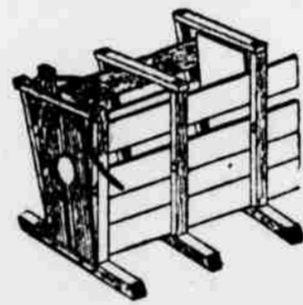


Points in Butter Making.

When butter will not gather the difficulty can be traced usually to advanced lactation or too low a temperature of cream. The milk from one cow long in lactation is sufficient to spoil a whole churning. The viscosity of such milk renders separation of butter fats slow and imperfect. It often happens during the winter months that butter, or cream, rather, will break or separate into small particles, which refuse to adhere or gather, in spite of all coaxing. The only remedy is to raise the temperature of the whole mass up to the proper degree. In this work the dairy thermometer is almost indispensable, as it will save much time and worry. If the churn is a revolving one and the cream just breaks into minute particles, refusing to gather, then add warm water to that used in rinsing the butter until it reaches about 64 degrees. The butter particles will generally adhere after a few revolutions of the churn. Trouble of this kind can be avoided. Before attempting to churn the cream should be tested until 64 degrees is reached in winter, and should be smooth and velvety and have the required degree of acidity. If this degree of warmth is not imparted to cream by the temperature of the room in which it is kept, then it can be raised to the right degree by setting the cream jar or can in a larger one containing warm water—Field and Farm.

Rack for Dehorning.

In the construction of this rack for dehorning, there are three sill pieces 4 feet 8 in. and 4 in. x 4 in. These are mortised 8 inches each side of the center for the posts. Four of these posts are 5 ft. 4 in. long, and the two others 5 ft. 8 in. long. Three cap pieces 3 in. x 4 in., and 4 ft. 2 in. long, are mortised to fit over the tops of the posts. The stanchions in front are bolted at the bottom between a 2 in. x 4 in. piece, and the sill, leaving a space up and down in front five inches wide. Two and a half feet from the bottom of the stanchion cut a place for the animal's neck. The lever, which can be made of wagon tire, is 5 feet 6 in. long. A 3/4 inch hole is punched in the top of the lever, a second hole 13 1/4 inches from the top hole, and a third hole 11 inches



DEHORNING RACK.

from the second hole. The upper hole is for the attachment of two iron straps one on each side, which are fastened to the left hand stanchion. From the lower hole two pieces of iron 1 1/2 inches long go to the right hand stanchion.

Winter Work on Farms.

One of the greatest needs on the average Southern farm nowadays is more work in winter. Ever since I could remember, it has seemed to me that life on the common Georgia farm is too much of a happy-go-lucky style. To get results in anything, one has to keep everlastingly at it, so to speak. For years I have heard staid old farmers discussing fall plowing and spring plowing, but I have seen too little of it in actual observation, writes J. C. M., in the Southern Cultivator.

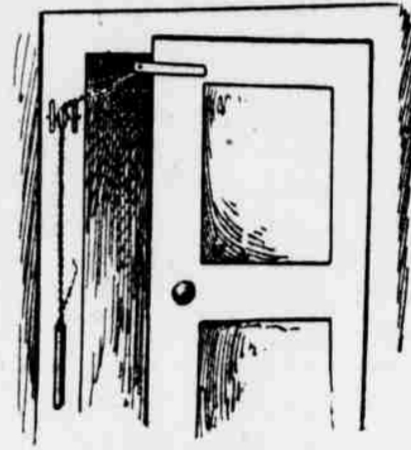
There used to be an idea, which is still prevalent, concerning results from fall and winter plowing. Some argued it was injurious to plow deep in the fall, others that it was absurd to plow in the springtime to any great depth. The truth of the matter is that good plowing at any time when the soil is in good condition is a good thing to do. Usually in the spring the subsoil is too wet to plow, and when it is turned up or broken in this condition damaging results are likely to occur.

How to Kill a Pig.

The pig should be thrown on its back, and held until stuck. One man should stand astride the body, with his feet close against its sides and take hold of the front legs. In this way the hog can be easily controlled. Another person should do the sticking. A narrow, straight-bladed knife, eight inches long, should be inserted in the hog's throat, after making an incision through the skin, just in front of the breast bone. The point of the knife should be directed toward the root of the tail and held exactly in line with the backbone. When the knife has been run into the throat six or eight inches, the depth depending on the size of the hog, it should be given a quick turn to one side and withdrawn. The arteries that are to be cut run close together, just inside of the breast bone, and will both be cut when the knife is turned, provided it is sharp on both sides of the point. A pig killed in this way will die in a very few minutes, and will bleed out thoroughly.

Self-Closing Doors.

The inner doors of the barn should be so arranged that they will close of themselves; this is particularly necessary if they open into the granary or other room, where the animals ought not to enter. A simple contrivance is to fasten a weight to the door, so that it will close readily of itself. Hardware stores sell spring hinges which answer the desired purpose for heavy doors, but the weight and pulley is to be preferred for lighter doors. A simple arrangement is to have the blacksmith make holes at intervals in a flat strip of iron, so that it may be screwed to the door near the top. Hook a chain in the hole in the end of this strip, run it through a pulley (obtainable at a hardware store for a few cents) fastened to the frame of the door or the jamb, as it is popularly known, and on the



SELF-CLOSING DOOR.

other end fasten a piece of iron of the desired weight. Usually window weights are used for this purpose, but they should not be so heavy, for a light door, that they will cause the door to close too quickly. The illustration shows the idea plainly.

Setting Trees in Winter.

Fruit and shade trees may be set any time during the winter if the soil is in proper condition for the work, says a report by the Oklahoma Station. The condition of the soil at the time trees are set has more to do with the success or failure of the trees than does the season of setting. If the land is in good condition in the fall, and the trees can be obtained, it is better to set them then than to wait and run the risk of not having the soil in good condition later on. The land should be in a thorough state of cultivation and should be moist enough to work well when the trees are set. If they are in good condition there is no need of watering them.

Trees set in the fall may be a little difficult to protect from rabbits, but they are usually in better condition to start growth in the spring than those that have been heeled in all winter. There are not so many poor trees sold in the fall as in the spring, and for this reason fall setting usually gives better results than spring setting.

Weight of Lime Per Bushel.

In connection with a very thorough study of the quality of various kinds of lime used for agricultural purposes in New Jersey, L. A. Vorhees, of the New Jersey Station, made careful estimates of the weight per bushel of the different materials.

His results show "that the weight of stone lime per bushel (heaped measure), is quite variable and without any constant relation to the analysis of the samples. The average weight per bushel of the twelve magnesium limes was ninety-seven pounds, and that of the six 'marble' limes was 101 pounds." The weight per bushel of seven oyster-shell limes examined varied from thirty-nine to seventy-five pounds, averaging fifty-one and a half pounds. The prepared or so-called "agricultural" limes examined were still more variable in weight.

Feed for Breeding Animals.

It is important that breeding animals have laxative feeds when they are put upon dry feeds after being taken from the pasture. Such articles as oil meal, flaxseed meal, etc., should enter largely into the ration. When animals are changed from pasture to dry feeding there is a tendency to constipation, and steps must be taken to have the bowels move freely, or there is danger of serious trouble. In case the above articles do not have the desired effect, Epsom salts or raw linseed oil must be used.

Lesson in Reclaiming Waste Lands.

On King Island, formerly a barren sand heap, rising above the sea between Tasmania and Australia, accident has given a suggestive lesson in the use of certain grasses for reclaiming arid wastes. A few years ago a shipwreck cast on shore some mattresses stuffed with yellow flowered clover. A few seeds took root, causing a large area to become covered with rich verdure. The power of clover and other leguminous plants to fertilize poor soil through their nitrogen-absorbing bacteria is well known.

Reasons for Pruning.

The chief reasons for pruning trees are to modify the vigor of the tree; to produce larger and better fruit; to keep the tree within manageable shape and limits; to change the habit of the tree from fruit to wood productions, or vice versa; to remove surplus or injured parts; to facilitate harvesting and spraying; to facilitate tillage, and to train to some desired form.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1065—Westminster Abbey dedicated.
- 1135—King Stephen of England crowned.
- 1552—Charles V. raised the siege of Metz.
- 1620—Pilgrims began building a settlement at Plymouth.
- 1700—Boston received tidings of the death of King George II.
- 1776—The British abandoned their posts on the Delaware river....Battle of Trenton, N. J.
- 1778—Savannah, Ga., attacked by the British.
- 1779—Gen. Clinton, with 8,500 men, sailed for Savannah.
- 1800—Attempt to assassinate Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 1803—Marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson.
- 1806—The Russians entered Bucharest.
- 1814—New Orleans attacked by the British under Sir E. Packenham.... Gen. Jackson attacked the British camp below New Orleans.
- 1832—Citadel of Antwerp surrendered to the French.
- 1837—Boiler explosion on steamer Black Hawk, on Red river, with loss of 5 lives.
- 1838—London and Greenwich railway, first in London, opened to traffic.
- 1840—Iowa admitted to the Union.
- 1851—Library of Congress and part of national capitol at Washington burned.
- 1853—Great snow storm in New England, lasting thirty-six hours.
- 1858—Fifteen lads crushed to death in panic at the Victoria theater, London.
- 1860—South Carolina State authorities seized Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie.
- 1867—First meeting of the Ontario Legislature.
- 1872—The Northwest Territories Council formed in Canada.
- 1879—Many lives lost in the Tay bridge disaster.
- 1880—A new design adopted for a United States navy flag.
- 1891—Canada divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada.
- 1893—Homestead iron works shut down, throwing several thousand out of work.
- 1899—Gen. Roberts sailed to assume command of the British forces in South Africa....British steamer Ariosta stranded off Cape Hatteras with loss of 21 lives.

POLITICS and POLITICIANS

The Republican State committee of Missouri met at St. Louis and unanimously voted to endorse the candidacy of Secretary of War Taft.

Senator Cullom has introduced a resolution to amend the constitution so as to limit the term of President and Vice President to six years. He says this would stop the bickering over this question.

With the introduction of Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, leader of the suffragettes in England, to an American audience of woman suffragists at Cooper Union, New York, the suffragette movement was thought to be grafted upon the United States.

Gov. Broward of Florida has appointed William James Bryan of Jacksonville to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Stephen R. Mallory. Mr. Bryan is a young man, being only about 30 years old. He is a native of Florida.

Another word for the central bank idea has been spoken by a financier of high standing, Vice President Vanderlip of the big National City Bank of New York. He favors a combination of the branch system of Scotland and the central bank of issue in Germany.

"Responding to request," Representative J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia has introduced a resolution providing for the restoration and continued use of the motto, "In God we trust," on all silver and gold coins of the United States. The resolution calls for the destruction of all dies from which gold or silver coins minus the motto could be coined in future.

The Aldermen of the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, virtually rebuked Gov. Hughes and also Mayor McClellan by re-electing John F. Ahern as president of the borough, an office from which he had been removed a few days before by Gov. Hughes. The vote was 24 to '2. The ruling of the Mayor that Ahern was ineligible for re-election was overridden by an equally emphatic vote.

The presence of W. J. Bryan in Guthrie, Okla., recently inspired the chaplain of the lower house of the Legislature to pray, that Mr. Bryan might be the next President of the United States. Immediately after the prayer the House broke into a storm of applause that lasted several minutes. The Speaker added emphasis by putting it as a question to the body. Every Democrat present answered "aye." Later both branches of the Legislature met to listen to a speech by Mr. Bryan, and he was afterward given a reception, during which he shook hands with several thousand people.