

AIKENSIDE

BY
MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Home-sick on the Hills," "Less Rivers," "Newbrook," "Limpet and Sandstone," "Gossamer," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Maddy was glad of the racking headache which kept her in her bed the whole of the next day, glad of any excuse to stay away from the family, talking—all but Mrs. Noah—of Guy, and what was transpiring in England. They had failed to remember the difference in the longitude of the two places; but Maddy forgot nothing, and when the clock struck four, she called Mrs. Noah to her and whispered, faintly:

"They were to be married at eight in the evening. Allowing for possible delays, it's over before this, and Guy is lost forever."
Mrs. Noah had no consolation to offer, and only pressed the hot, feverish hands, while Maddy turned her face to the wall and did not speak again, except to whisper incoherently as she half slumbered, half woke:

"Did Guy think of me when he promised to love her, and can he see how miserable I am?"
Maddy was indeed passing through deep waters, and that night, the fourth of December, the longest, the dearest she ever knew, could never be forgotten. Once past, the worst was over, and as the rarest metal is purified by fire, so Maddy came from the dreadful ordeal strengthened for what was before her. Both Agnes and Mrs. Noah noticed the strangely beautiful expression of her face when she came down to the breakfast room, while Jessie, as she kissed her pale cheek, whispered: "You look as if you had been with angels."

Guy was not expected with his bride for two weeks or more, and as the days dragged on Maddy felt that the waiting for him was more intolerable than the seeing him with Lucy would be. Restless and impatient, she could not remain quietly at the cottage—while at Aikenside, she longed to return again to her own home, and in this way the time wore on, until the anniversary of that day when she had come from New York and found Guy waiting for her at the station. To stay that day in the house so rife with memories of the dead was impossible, and Flora was surprised and delighted to hear that both were going up to Aikenside in the vehicle hired of Farmer Green, whose son officiated as driver. It was nearly noon when they reached their destination, meeting at the gate with Flora's brother Tom, who said to them:

"We've heard from Mr. Guy; the ship is in; they'll be here sure to-night, and Mrs. Noah is turnin' things upside down with the dinner."
Leaving back in the buggy, Maddy felt for a moment as if she were dying. Never, until then, had she realized how, all the while, she had been clinging to an indefinite hope, a presentiment that something might yet occur to spare her from a long lifetime of pain, such as lay before her if Guy were really lost; but the bubble had burst, leaving her nothing to hope, nothing to cling to, nothing but black despair; and half bewildered she received the noisy greeting of Jessie, who met her at the door and dragged her into the drawing room, decorated with flowers from the hothouse, told her to guess who was coming.

"I know; Tom told me; Guy is coming with Lucy," Maddy answered, and relieving herself from Jessie, she turned to Agnes, asking where Mrs. Noah was and if she might go to her.

"Oh, Maddy, child, I'm sorry you've come to-day," Mrs. Noah said, as she chafed Maddy's cold hands, and leading her to the fire, made her sit down.

"I did not know it, or I should have stayed away," Maddy replied; "I shall not stay, as it is. I cannot see them to-day. Charlie will drive me back before the train is due; but what did he say? And how is Lucy?"
"He did not mention her. There's the dispatch," and Mrs. Noah handed to Maddy the telegram received that morning, and which was simply as follows:

"The steamer is here. Shall be at station at five o'clock p. m."

"GUY REMINGTON."
Twice Maddy read it over, experiencing much the same feeling she would have experienced had it been her death warrant she was reading.

"At five o'clock, I must go before that," she said, sighing as she remembered how, one year ago that day, she was traveling over the very route where Guy was now traveling with his bride. Did he think of it? Think of his long waiting at the depot, or of that memorable ride, the events of which grew more and more distinct in her memory, making her cheeks burn even now as she recalled his many acts of tender care.

Laying the telegram on the table, she went with Mrs. Noah through the rooms, warmed and made ready for the bride, lingering longest in Lucy's, where the bridal decorations and the bright fire blazing in the grate made singularly inviting. As yet, there were no flowers there, and Maddy claimed the privilege of arranging them for this room herself. Agnes had almost stripped the conservatory; but Maddy found enough to form a most tasteful bouquet, which she placed upon a marble dressing table; then within a slip of paper which she folded across the top, she wrote: "Welcome to the bride."
"They both will recognize my handwriting; they'll know I've been here," she thought, as with one long, last look at the room, she walked away.

They were laying the table for dinner now, and with a kind of dizzy, uncertain feeling, Maddy watched the servants hurrying to and fro, bringing out the choicest china, and the glittering silver, in honor of the bride. Comparatively, it was not long since a little, frightened, homesick girl, she first sat down with Guy at that table, from which the proud Agnes would have banished her; but it seemed to her an age, so much of happiness and pain had come to her since then. There was a place for her there now, a place near Guy; but she should not fill it. She could not stay; and she astonished Agnes and Jessie, just as they were going to make their dinner toilet, by announcing

her intention of going home. She was not dressed to meet Mrs. Remington, she said, shuddering as for the first time she pronounced a name which the servants had frequently used, and which jurred on her ear every time she heard it. She was not dressed appropriately to meet an English lady. Flora of course would stay, she said, as it was natural she should, to greet her new mistress; but she must go, and she bade Charlie Green bring around the buggy.

"One long, sad, wistful look at Guy's and Lucy's home, and Maddy followed Charlie to the buggy waiting for her, bidding him drive rapidly, as there was every indication of a coming storm.

The gray, wintry afternoon was drawing to a close, and the December night was shutting down upon the Homedale hills in sleety rain, when the cottage was reached, and Maddy, passing up the narrow, slippery walk, entered the cold, dreary room, where there was neither fire nor light, nor friendly voice to greet her. No sound save the ticking of the clock; no welcome save the purring of the house cat, who came crawling at her feet as she knelt before the stove and tried to kindle the fire. Charlie Green had offered to go in and do this for her, as indeed he had offered to return and stay all night, but she had declined, preferring to be alone, and with stiffened fingers she laid the kindlings Flora had prepared, and then applying the match, watched the blue flame as it gradually licked up the smoke and burst into a cheerful blaze.

"I shall feel better when it's warm," she said, crouching over the fire, and shivering with more than bodily cold.
There was a kind of nameless terror stealing over her as she sat thinking of the year ago when the inmates of three graves across the meadow were there beneath that very roof where she now sat alone.
"I'll strike a light," she said, rising to her feet and trying not to glance at the shadowy corners filling her with fear.

The lamp was found, and its friendly beams soon dispersed the darkness from the corners, and the fear from Maddy's heart; but it could not drive from her mind thoughts of what might at that moment be transpiring at Aikenside. If the bride and groom came at all that night, she knew they must have been there for an hour or more, and in fancy she saw the tired, but happy, Lucy, as up in her pleasant room she made her toilet for dinner, with Guy standing by and looking on just as he had a right to do. Did he smile approvingly upon his young wife? Did his eye, when it rested on her, light up with the same expression she had seen so often when it looked at her? Did he commend her taste and say his little wife was beautiful, as he kissed her fair, white cheek, or was there a cloud upon his handsome face, a shadow on his heart, heavy with thoughts of her, and would he rather it were Maddy there in the bridal room? If so, his burden was hard indeed, but not so hard as hers, and kneeling on the floor, poor Maddy laid her head in the chair, and, 'mid piteous moans, asked God to help them both to bear their lot.

ing under English turf and beneath an English sky. She could listen at last, but her breath came in panting gasps; while Guy told her how, on the very morning of the bridal, Lucy had greeted him with her usual bright smile, appearing and looking better than he had before seen her look since he reached her mother's home; how for an hour they sat together alone in a little room sacred to her, because years before it was there he confessed his love.

Seated on a low ottoman, with her golden head lying on his lap, she had that morning told him, in her artless way, how much she loved him, and how hard it sometimes was to make her love for the creature second to her love for the Creator; told him she was not faultless, and asked that when he found her erring and weak she was, he would bear with her frailties as she would bear with his; talked with him, too, of Maddy Clyde, confessing in a soft, low tone, how once or twice a pang of jealousy had wrung her heart when she read his praises of his pupil. But she had conquered that; she had prayed it all away; and now next to her own sister, she loved Maddy Clyde.

Other words, too, were spoken—words of guileless, pure affection, too sacred even for Guy to breathe to Maddy; and then Lucy had left him her heart-bounding step echoing through the hall and up the winding stairs down in which she never came again alive, for when Guy next looked upon her she was lying white as a water lily, her neck and dress and golden hair stained with the pale red life current oozing from her livid lips. A blood vessel had been suddenly ruptured, the physician said, and for her, the fair, young bride, there was no hope. They told her she must die, for the mother would have them tell her. Once, for a few moments, there rested on her face a fearfully frightened look, such as a harmless bird might wear when suddenly caught in a snare. But that soon passed away as from beneath the closed eyelids the great tears came gushing, and the stained lips whispered faintly: "God knows best. Poor Guy!—break it gently to him."

At this point in the story Guy broke down entirely, sobbing as only strong men can sob.
"Maddy," he said, "I felt like a heartless wretch—a most consummate hypocrite—as, standing by Lucy's side, I met the fond, pitying glance of her blue eyes, and suffered her poor little hand to part my hair as she tried to comfort even though every word she uttered was shortening her life; tried to comfort me, the wretch who was there so unwillingly, and who at this prospect of release hardly knew at first whether he was more sorry than pleased. You may well start from me in horror, Maddy. I was just from the wretch I describe; but I overcame it, Maddy, and heaven is my witness that no thought of you intruded itself upon me afterward as I stood by my dying Lucy—gentle, patient, loving to the last. I saw how good, how sweet she was, and something of the old love, the boy love, came back to me, as I held her in my arms, where she wished to be. I would have saved her if I could; and when I called her 'my darling Lucy,' they were not idle words. I kissed her many times for myself, and once, Maddy, for you. She told me so. She whispered: 'Kiss me, Guy, for Maddy Clyde. Tell her I'd rather she should take my place than anybody else—rather my Guy should call her wife—for I know she will not be jealous if you sometimes talk of your dead Lucy, and I know she will help lead my boy to that blessed home where sorrow never comes.' That was the last she ever spoke, and when the sun went down death had claimed my bride. She died in my arms, Maddy. I saw her buried from my sight, and then, Maddy, I started home; thoughts of you and thoughts of Lucy blended equally together until Aikenside was reached. I talked with Mrs. Noah; I heard all of you there was to tell, and then I talked with Agnes, who was not greatly surprised, and did not express my coming here tonight. I could not remain there, knowing you were alone. In the bridal chamber I found your bouquet, with its 'Welcome to the bride!' Maddy, you must be that bride. Lucy sanctioned it, and the doctor, too, for I told him all. His own wedding was, of course, deferred, and he did not come home with me, but he said: 'Tell Maddy to wait. Life is too short to waste any happiness. She has my blessing.' And, Maddy, it must be so. Aikenside needs a mistress; you are all alone. You are mine—mine forever."

The storm had died away, and the moonbeams stealing through the window told that morning was breaking, but neither Guy nor Maddy heeded the lapse of time. There was a sad kind of happiness as they talked together, and could Lucy have listened to them she would have felt satisfied that she was not forgotten. One long, bright curl, cut from her head by his own hand, was all there was left of her to Guy, save the halcyon memories of her purity and goodness—memories which would yet mold the proud, impulsive Guy into the earnest, consistent Christian which Lucy in her life had desired that he should be, and which Maddy rejoiced to see him.

(The End.)
Hold in Reserve.
Peppery Colonel (at the club card table)—Good heavens, sir! Haven't you got a blank suit?
Irrepressible Sub—Yes, sir; but I'm saving it for your funeral.—London Punch.
A Dead One.
"Apparently," said Subbuts, "the 7:34 is late this morning."
"Worse than that," replied the station agent. "I'm afraid it's the late lamented 7:34." There's been a wreck up the road!—Philadelphia Press.
He Knew.
"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddlers, "what is the bone of contention?"
"The jawbone, my son," answered the old man, with a side glance at his wife.
His Literary Bent.
The Maid—Young Spriggs, the poet, is awfully round shouldered, isn't he?
The Man—Yes; that's his literary bent.
It is estimated that there are 2,500,000 dogs in Great Britain.



Putting Up Silage.

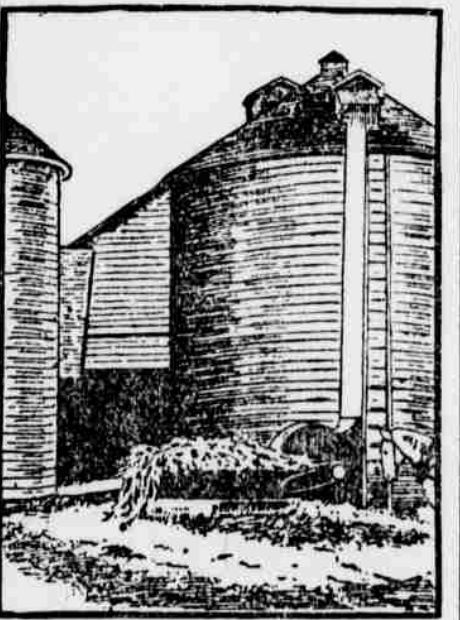
Many people make the mistake of cutting corn too green for silage, writes Dr. G. A. Billings in American Agriculturist. At this stage there is a larger percentage of water, and the silage when taken out has a large amount of acid, less starch and sugar and hence is less nutritious. Corn planted in drills with stalks eight to ten inches apart will mature a good proportion of ears.

Harvesting should not begin until the ears are passing the roasting stage and begin to glaze. Unless the season is exceptionally dry the stalks and leaves will remain green, but too mature or dry corn is more liable to mold. This may be found in spots around the sides or more generally over the silowherever the air has gained access to cause the fungous growth. This condition may be improved by tramping the material carefully in the silo, adding water by sprinkling with a hose, or if this is not available direct a stream of water into the blower or elevator sufficient to saturate the cut fodder. This moisture assists the material to settle and acts as a seal to keep out the air.

There should be labor and teams enough to keep the cutter running steadily. Nothing is gained by cutting a large amount of corn beforehand, hauling and piling near the machine to be handled over again. Aim to harvest at the least expense a ton. This will be accomplished as follows: If hand cutting is practiced, cut and hand directly to the man loading, not throwing on the ground in bundles, which will require an extra handling. Let each load come to the table of the machine in turn, handling the corn directly to the feeder. If the corn is long and heavy an extra man is needed on the table to assist.

Power should be ample and in proportion to the size of the cutter. The blower is replacing the elevator machine, economizing space and largely doing away with the stopping of an entire crew to repair the elevator. If the corn is heavy and the stalk large cutting in half inch to one inch pieces will have the tendency to partially shred the stalk, and there will be no butts refused by the animals.

The material in the silo should be kept level and well tramped, especially around the sides of the silo, and it pays to have sufficient help for this work. Where considerable silage is put up it pays to have a corn harvest-



FILLING THE SILO.

er and binder, which economizes hand labor. The accompanying illustration shows part of the outfit used at the New Jersey experiment station in filling the silo for fall and winter feed. The source of power for running the cutter and blower is a gasoline engine.

Avoiding Wastes.
The first great lesson to be learned is to avoid waste. Waste has become the curse of agriculture. Why pay taxes on land that is not farmed? Why only half cultivate the fields and so waste both land and labor? Why waste time and capital in raising inferior animals? Why waste money in buying what should be raised on the farm? Why waste energy in trying to do more than any one man can do right? On many farms there is waste in a thousand ways, and no wonder that to some "farming does not pay." The small details must be looked after, and no farm should be larger than what can be properly attended to.

Best Grafting Wax.
The following is claimed to be the best grafting wax, by an old orchardist who says he has tried a great many: To four pounds of rosin and one of beeswax add one pint of linseed oil; put in an iron pot, heat slowly and mix; pour into cold water and pull until it assumes a light color. Work into sticks, and put into a cool place until wanted. Some prefer linseed oil to animal fat for grafting wax.

Manure for the Garden.
Let the barnyard manure for the garden be well rotted if it is desired to cultivate it into the soil early in the spring; but if coarse, green manure has to be used, scatter broadcast during the winter, and rake up or mulch part of it before plants are set in spring. Of course, this applies to ground that has been plowed the past fall.

Bran for Poultry.

"Bran is an excellent food for poultry in all stages of growth as well as for laying hens. One great point in its favor is its cheapness. It contains a larger proportion of lime than any other food at the price, and lime is essential to growth of bone, muscles and feathers, as well as the formation of shells for eggs. Lime which is found in food for some reason is much more easily assimilated than in the form of oyster shell and the like. Wheat is a most excellent poultry food, but the high price prohibits many from using it freely. Bran and clover used in connection with oats will produce as good results. Clover and alfalfa are rich in lime and should be had at all times in the green state when possible and in the form of well-cured hay the rest of the year. Cut alfalfa and bran may be fed in the form of a mash. Skim milk is an ideal thing to moisten it with. Fowls, however, will consume quantities of bran dry fed from a self-feeder and they eat alfalfa or clover hay freely from the stack or manger.

"Bran may be used mixed with the cut grain in the self-feeder and perhaps this is the most convenient form of all in which to use it.
"Some of the most valuable food properties contained in the wheat are left in the bran and its food value for poultry is not fully appreciated by many poultry raisers or we would see more of them using it in the ration. If you feed bran, clover and alfalfa you need on oyster shell and very little cut bone or lean meat. In fact a flock will get on and yield lots of eggs without any attempt to furnish meat if the bran and alfalfa is fed."—Poultry Topics.

Over-shoe for Horses.

Horses undoubtedly require an over-shoe when the ground is snowy and coated with ice as much so as the average human being. Drivers, although anxious to protect horses from injury by falling, have been unable to procure practical and satisfactory over-shoes. Those made of rubber prevent the horse from slipping, but they wear out so quickly their cost is prohibitive. In the illustration is shown one which seems well fitted to serve the purpose, invented by a Massachusetts man. It is made along similar lines to the "gripper" chain placed on automobile tires. The tread is formed of a number of metallic links. When the over-shoe is adjusted on the foot the links intervene between the hoof and the ground, affording a firm grip. This over-shoe need not necessarily be worn on the horse all the time, but in case of sudden freeze can be quickly adjusted in position and removed when desired.

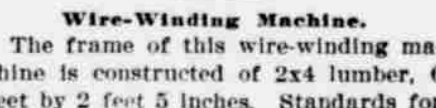
STRAPS ON HOOF.

Result of Corn-Breeding.
From numerous experiments made in Wisconsin there has been developed a strain of white dent corn which grows on a very short, thick-set stalk, and which matures a good-sized ear, and the ears run remarkably uniform. The growth centers in the ear rather than in producing a big stalk at the expense of a small ear. After four years of careful, persistent work, there are numerous corn fields in Southern and Central Wisconsin which will yield 60 to 80 bushels per acre, and 100 bushels have been reported several times. Such results coming from a State which a few years ago was considered out of the corn belt demonstrate what corn breeding will accomplish when carried on along sensible lines.

Clover and Fodder.
Clover and corn furnish a fodder ration that can not easily be improved upon for dairy cows. Two factors should be taken into account when determining the amount of grain to feed. One is the extent to which clover or alfalfa is fed, and the second is the production of the cow. The rule with some is to feed one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced. When clover or alfalfa form a large part of the ration it would seem reasonable to suppose that a less quantity of grain would suffice than the amounts named.

Cheap Fertilizing.
Some of the best farms in the East have been brought to the highest degree of fertility by the use of clover, lime and manure. The farmers who have accomplished such results have aimed to save every pound of manure, and also to preserve it in the best manner. Lime is used extensively by those who know that lime is an essential ingredient of plants, and also because it is excellent for increasing the clover crop. Clover enriches the land by promoting the supply of nitrogen in the soil, hence lime and clover make an excellent combination.

Wire-Winding Machine.
The frame of this wire-winding machine is constructed of 2x4 lumber, 6 feet by 2 feet 5 inches. Standards for holding shaft, 2 feet 10 inches. Shaft for holding wire spool, 3 feet 5 inches long with crank. For wheels, swivel wheels will do.



MACHINE TO WIND WIRE.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1293—The Alhambra, a famous Moorish palace near Granada, founded by Mohammed I.
- 1651—First school opened in New England for instruction of Indian children.
- 1731—First issue of the South Carolina Gazette at Charleston.
- 1750—George Washington married to Martha Custis.
- 1765—Stamp act passed the British Parliament.
- 1775—First provincial assembly of South Carolina met at Charleston.
- 1777—Elizabethtown, N. J., evacuated by the British.
- 1779—Lafayette sailed from Boston to aid France in her war with England.
- 1781—French attack on Jersey.
- 1789—First national election held in the United States.
- 1791—Vermont adopted the Constitution.
- 1793—First balloon ascension in America made by Francis Blanchard.
- 1806—Cape of Good Hope taken by the English....Public funeral in London to Lord Nelson.
- 1809—Congress urged drastic measures to enforce embargo act.
- 1811—New Orleans militia called out to suppress negro insurrection.
- 1815—British defeated at battle of New Orleans.
- 1816—Safety lamp, invented by Sir Humphrey Davy, first used in coal mine.
- 1820—Large part of Savannah, Ga., destroyed by fire.
- 1840—Henry D. Gilpin of Pennsylvania became Attorney General of United States.
- 1848—Insurrection at Messina.
- 1852—Laval university at Quebec opened.
- 1853—The Victoria nugget, weighing 23 pounds, sent by Australia as a present to Queen Victoria.
- 1861—Jefferson Davis of Mississippi spoke in justification of secession.... Mississippi seceded from the Union.
- 1863—The Alabama sank the United States steamer Hatteras.
- 1867—Movement to impeach President Johnson began in the House.
- 1870—Postcards first introduced into England.
- 1872—Congress arranged to issue 1 cent postal cards.
- 1874—Statue of the prince consort unveiled in London by the Prince of Wales.
- 1883—United States Senate passed a presidential succession bill.
- 1888—Many lives lost in terrific snow-storm in the Northwest.
- 1891—International monetary conference met at Washington.
- 1893—Last spike driven in Great North-east extension to the Pacific coast.
- Woman First in Egypt.**
An Egyptian papyrus over 2,000 years old, which has been brought to the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art with other antiquities, is found to be of exceptional importance, as it establishes the date of the reign of a Pharaoh hitherto unknown and throws light on the condition of woman in the fourth century, B. C. The name of the writer who signs this papyrus is found on another document in Strasburg university, which bears a definite date, consequently his reference to the Pharaoh Kababasha places the reign of that Pharaoh in the year 341 B. C. It also confirms the statement of the Greek historian Diodorus, of the first century B. C., saying that women were more important in the social scale of Egypt than men and that they formerly dictated terms in marriage. Since Diodorus no evidence had been found substantiating his statement.
- New Disease of Horses.**
A new and destructive disease of horses, new, that is, to this continent—has been discovered in western Pennsylvania. It is epizootic lymphangitis, and the State veterinary department is taking every possible means to stamp out the disease before it has caused great loss to horse owners throughout the State.
This disease has been known for a long time in India, China, Japan and the Philippine Islands, and more recently in South Africa. From South Africa it was carried, after the Boer war, to England and Ireland, where the British Board of Agriculture has been combating it actively for several years. When or by what agency it reached Pennsylvania has not been discovered.
About 40 horses deemed incurable have been destroyed. The others are in quarantine. The disease is a dangerous one and hard to combat.
- Success of Paroling Boys.**
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at New York reports that 89 per cent of the 1,497 boys and girls accused of various offenses and paroled during 1907 have mended their ways.
- The Failures of 1907.**
Dun's Agency reports a total of 11,725 commercial failures during 1907, representing \$197,385,225 of indebtedness defaulted, as compared with 10,682 failures in the preceding year and \$119,201,513 liabilities.