AIKENSIDE

BY

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cousin Maude," etc.

CHAPTER I.

The good people of Devonshire were rather given to quarreling—sometimes about the minister's wife, meek, gentle Mrs. Tiverton, whose manner of housekeeping, or style of dress, did not exactly suit them; sometimes about the minister himself, good, patient Mr. Tiverton, who vainly imagined that if he preached three sermons a week, attended the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, the Thursday evening sewing society, officiated at every funeral, visited all the sick, and gave to every beggar who called at his door, besides superintending the Sunday school, he was earning his salary of six hundred per year.

Sometimes, and that not rarely, the quarrel crept into the choir, and then, for one whole Sunday, it was all in vain that Mr. Tiverton read the psalm and hymn, casting troubled glances toward the vacant seats of his refractory singers. There was no one to respond, unless it were good old Mr. Hodges, who pitched so high that few could follow him; while Mrs. Captain Simpson—whose daughter, the organist, had been snubbed at the last choir meeting by Mr. Hodges' daughter, the alto singer—rolled up her eyes at her next neighbor, or fanned herself furiously in token of her disgust.

Latterly, however, there had come up a new cause of quarrel, before which every other cause sank into insignificance. Now, though the village of Devonshire could boast but one public school house, said house being divided into two departments, the upper and lower divisions, there were in the town several district schools; and for the last few years a committee of three had been annually appointed to examine and decide upon the merits of the various candidates for teaching. Strange that over such an office so fierce a feud should have arisen; but when Mr. Tiverton, Squire Lamb and Lawyer Whittemore, in the full conviction that they were doing right, refused a certificate of scholarship to Laura Tisdale, niece of Mrs. Judge Tisdale, and awarded it to one whose earnings in a factory had procured for her a thorough English education, the villagers were at once set by the ears, the aristocracy abusing, and the democracy upholding the dismayed trio, who, as the breeze blew harder, quietly resigned their office, and Devonshire was without a school committee.

In this emergency something must be done, and, as the two belligerent parties could only unite on a stranger, it seemed a matter of special providence that only two months before young Dr. Holbrook had rented the pleasant little office on the village common, formerly occupied by old Dr. Carey, now lying in the graveyard by the side of some whose days he had prolonged, and others whose days he had surely shortened. Besides being handsome, and skillful, and quite as familiar with the poor as the rich, the young doctor was descended from the aristocratic line of Boston Holbrooks, facts which tended to make him a favorite with both classes; and, greatly to his surprise, he found himself unanimously elected to the responsible office of sole inspector of common schools in Devonshire.

With no definite idea as to what was expected of him, except that he was to find out "whether a girl knew her P's and Q's," and was also to "cut one or two of the first candidates," Dr. Holbrook accepted the office, and then awaited rather nervously his initiation. He was not easy in the society of ladies, unless, indeed, the lady stood in need of his professional services, when he lost sight of her at once, and thought only of her disease. His patient once well, however, he became nervously shy and embarrassed, retreating as soon as possible from her presence to the covert of his friendly office, where, with his boots upon the table and his head thrown back in a most comfortable position, he sat one April morning, in happy oblivion of the bevy of girls who must, of course, ere long invade his sanctum.

"Something for you, sir. The lady will wait for an answer," said his "chore boy," passing to his master a little three-cornered note, and nodding toward the street.

Following the direction indicated, the doctor saw, drawn up near his door, an old-fashioned one-horse, square-boxed, dark green wagon, drawn by a sorrel horse, sometimes called by the genuine Yankee "yellow," and driven by a white-haired man of a pleasing, patriarchal appearance, which interested the doctor far more than did the flutter of the blue ribbon beside him, even though the bonnet that ribbon tied shaded the face of a young girl. The note was from her, and, tearing it open, the doctor read, in the prettiest of all pretty, girlish handwriting:

"Dr. Holbrook—Sir: Will you be at leisure to examine me on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock?

"MADALINE A. CLYDE.

"P. S.—For particular reasons I hope you can attend to me as early as Monday. M. A. C."

Dr. Holbrook knew very little of girls, but he thought this note, with its P. S., decidedly girlish. Still he made no comment, either verbal or mental, so flurried was he with knowing that the evil he so much dreaded had come upon him at last. Turning to the boy, he said, laconically, "Tell her to come."

Most men would have sought for a glimpse of the face under the bonnet tied with blue, but Dr. Holbrook did not care a pleayune whether it were ugly or fair, though it did strike him that the voice was singularly sweet, which, after the boy had delivered his message, said to the old man, "Now, grandpa, we'll go home. I know you must be tired."

Slowly Sorrel trotted down the street, the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind, while one little ungloved hand was seen carefully adjusting about the old man's shoulders the ancient camlet cloak which had done duty for many a year. The doctor saw all this, and the impression left upon his mind was that Candidate No. 1 was probably a niceish kind of a girl, and very good to her grandfather. Monday afternoon was frightfully near, he thought, as this was only Saturday; and then, feeling that he must be ready, he brought out from the trunk books enough to have frightened an older person than poor little Madeline Clyde, riding slowly home with grandpa, and wishing so much that she'd had a glimpse of Dr. Holbrook, so as to know what he was like. How she would have trembled could she have seen the formidable volumes heaped upon his table and waiting for her. Arranging them in a row, and half wishing himself back again to the days when he had studied them, the doctor went out to visit his patients, of which there were so many that Madeline Clyde entirely escaped his mind, nor did she trouble him again until the dreaded Monday came, and the hands of his watch pointed to two.

"One hour more," he said to himself, just as the roll of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the approach of something.

Could it be Sorrel and the square-boxed wagon? Oh, no; far different from Grandfather Clyde's turnout were the stylish carriage and the spirited bays dashing down the street, the colored driver reining them suddenly, not before the office door, but just in front of the white cottage in the same yard, the house where Dr. Holbrook boarded, and where, if he ever married in Devonshire, he would most likely bring his wife.

"Guy Remington, the very chap of all others whom I'd rather see, and, as I live, there's Agnes, with Jessie. Who knew she was in these parts?" was the doctor's mental exclamation, as, running his fingers through his hair and making a feint of pulling up the corners of his rather limp collar, he hurried out to the carriage, from which a dashing looking lady of thirty, or thereabouts, was alighting.

"Why, Agnes, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Remington, when did you come?" he asked, offering his hand to the lady, who, coquettishly shaking back from her pretty, dollish face a profusion of light brown curls, gave him the tips of her lavender kids, while she told him she had come to Aikenside the Saturday before; and hearing from Guy that the lady with whom he boarded was an old friend of hers, she had driven over to call, and brought Jessie with her. "Here, Jessie, speak to the doctor. He was poor dear papa's friend," and a very proper cough escaped Agnes Remington's lips as she pushed the little curly haired girl toward Dr. Holbrook.

The lady of the house had spied them by this time, and came running down the walk to meet her rather distinguished visitor, wondering, it may be, to what she was indebted for this call from one who, since her marriage with the supposedly wealthy Dr. Remington, had rather cut her former acquaintances. Agnes was delighted to see her, and, as Guy declined entering the cottage just then, the two friends disappeared within the door, while the doctor and Guy repaired to the office, the latter sitting down in the very chair intended for Madeline Clyde. This reminded the doctor of his perplexity, and also brought the comforting thought that Guy, who had never failed him yet, could surely offer some suggestions. But he would not speak of her just now; he had other matters to talk about, and he said: "Agnes, it seems, has come to Aikenside, notwithstanding she declared she never would, when she found that the whole of the Remington property belonged to your mother, and not your father."

"Oh, yes! She got over her pique as soon as I settled a handsome little income on Jessie, and, in fact, on her too, until she is foolish enough to marry again, when it will cease, of course, as I do not feel it my duty to support any man's wife, unless it be my own, or my father's," was Guy Remington's reply

"She'll hardly marry again, though she may. She's young—not over twenty-six——"

"Twenty-eight. She is not more than three years your senior, a mere nothing, if you wish to make her Mrs. Holbrook," and Guy's dark eyes scanned curiously the doctor's face, as if seeking there for the secret of his proud young stepmother's anxiety to visit plain Mrs. Conner that afternoon. But the doctor only laughed merrily at the idea of his being father to Guy, his college chum and long-tried friend.

Agnes Remington—reclining languidly in Mrs. Conner's easy chair, and overwhelming her former friend with descriptions of the gay parties she had attended in Boston, and the fine sights she saw in Europe, whither her gray-haired husband had taken her for a wedding tour—would not have felt particularly flattered, could she have seen that smile, or heard how easily, from talking of her, Dr. Holbrook turned to another theme, to Madeline Clyde, expected now almost every moment. There was a merry laugh on Guy's part, as he listened to the doctor's story, and, when it was finished, he said: "Why, I see nothing so very distasteful in examining a pretty girl, and puzzling her, to see her blush. I half wish I were in your place. I should enjoy the novelty of the thing."

"Oh, take it, then; take my place, Guy," the doctor exclaimed, eagerly. "She does not know me from Adam. Here are books, all you will need. You went to a district school once a week when you were staying in the country. You surely have some idea, while I have not the slightest. Will you, Guy?"

Guy Remington liked anything savoring of a frolic, but in his mind there were certain conscientious scruples touching the justice of the thing, and so at first he demurred, while the doctor still insisted, until at last he laughingly consented to commence the examination, provided the doctor would sit by and occasionally come to his aid.

"You must write the certificate, of course," he said, "testifying that she is qualified to teach."

"Yes, certainly, Guy, if she is; but maybe she won't be, and my orders are to be strict."

"How did she look?" Guy asked, and the doctor replied: "Saw nothing but her bonnet. Came in a queer old go-giggle of a wagon, such as your country farmers drive. By the way, when do you cross the sea again for the fair Lucy? Rumor says this summer."

"Rumor is wrong, as usual, then," was Guy's reply, a soft light stealing into his handsome eyes. Then, after a moment, he added: "Miss Atherstone's health is far too delicate for her to incur the risks of a climate like ours. If she were well acclimated, I should be glad, for it is terribly lonely up at Aikenside."

"And do you really think a wife would make it pleasanter?" Dr. Holbrook asked, the tone of his voice indicating a little doubt as to a man's being happier for having a helpmate to share his joys and sorrows.

But no such doubts dwelt in the mind of Guy Remington. Eminently fitted for domestic happiness, he looked forward anxiously to the time when sweet Lucy Atherstone, the fair English girl to whom he had become engaged when, four years before, he visited Europe, should be strong enough to bear transplanting to American soil. Twice since his engagement he had visited her, finding her always lovely, gentle and yielding. He greatly preferred Lucy Atherstone, as she was, to a wife like the stately Margaret, or like Agnes, his pretty stepmother, who only thought how she could best attract attention; and as it had never occurred to him that there might be a happy medium, that a woman need not be brainless to be feminine and gentle, he was satisfied with his choice, as well he might be, for a fairer, sweeter flower never bloomed than Lucy Atherstone, his affianced bride. Guy loved to think of Lucy, and as the doctor's remarks brought her to his mind, he went off into a reverie concerning her, becoming so lost in thought that until the doctor's hand was laid upon his shoulder by way of rousing him, he did not see that what his friend had designated as a go-giggle was stopping in front of the office, and that from it a young girl was alighting.

Naturally very polite to females, Guy's first impulse was to go to her assistance, but she did not need it, as was proven by the light spring with which she reached the ground. The white-haired man was with her again, but he evidently did not intend to stop, and a close observer might have detected a shade of sadness and anxiety upon his face as Madeline called cheerily out to him: "Good-by, grandpa. Don't fear for me; I hope you will have good luck." Then, as he drove away, she ran a step after him and said: "Don't look so sorry, for if Mr. Remington won't let you have the money, there's my pony, Beauty. I am willing to give him up."

"Never, Maddy. It's all the little fortin' you've got. I'll let the old place go first"; and, chirruping to Sorrel, the old man drove on, while Madeline walked, with a beating heart, to the office door, knocking timidly.

Glancing involuntarily at each other, the young men exchanged meaning smiles, while the doctor whispered softly: "Verdant—that's sure. Wonder if she'd knock at a church."

As Guy sat nearest the door, it was he who held it ajar while Madeline came in, her soft brown eyes glistening with something like a tear, and her cheeks burning with excitement as she took the chair indicated by Guy Remington, who found himself master of ceremonies

Poor little Madeline!

(To be continued.)

USE SPIES IN WALL STREET.

Masters of Finance Employ Detectives to Watch Rivals.

In one sense the wholesale employment of detectives by the modern kings of finance and by the great captains of industry is a sad commentary upon existing business morality. It may be that these men are no less honest than they were years before high finance was born, but certainly they are more suspicious of one another and such universal distrust is suggestive in itself of most cynical interpretations.

The shadow is one of the most potent forces in the service of those who deal in millions. This shadow is no airy, flimsy thing, but a hard-headed, cold-blooded, patient, persistent, silent detective, highly trained in all the tricks of his craft, but especially developed along two or three lines.

He is used chiefly to watch men and to get information. That sounds simple and commonplace, but it defines an occupation that has caused numberless heartbreaks, has thwarted vast ambitions and brought about financial tragedies, while on the other hand it has served to multiply the great hoards of the masters of high finance.

No great railroad or industrial merger has been perfected in recent years without the co-operation of the "shadow," or private detective. Even the acquisition of the majority stock of a small railroad by a larger road brings the detective into action. His services are indispensable when one group of financiers falls afoul of another group and each begins to plot and scheme for the other's destruction.

The sleuths themselves are constantly subjected to a system of espionage designed to test their good faith and honesty. Each agency has two or three men who never appear at its offices and who are not known by the regular staff of detectives. At brief intervals one of these men is instructed to "shadow" a regular detective.

The "shadow" makes his report, so does the man shadowed, stating in detail where he went and what he did. It needs only a comparison of the "shadow's" report with the other's to determine the value of the detective's skill and his loyalty to his employers.

In no instance in the history of financial New York were private detectives employed in greater number than in the internecine strife in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which began in February, 1905, and culminated the following June in the sale of the controlling stock by James Hazen Hyde to Thomas F. Ryan.

Every agency capable of doing Wall street work had its hands full in those four months.

The Hyde and the Alexander forces both employed detectives to keep track of each other. Hyde individually employed a small army of sleuths. He distrusted some of his own supporters and had them watched. A host of lawyers was employed on each side and some of the lawyers distrusted other lawyers associated with them.

Suspicion was so rife that men endeavored to safeguard themselves against treachery by hiring detectives to watch their life-long friends. That there was justification for the general distrust was subsequently well established.

There is actually a branch of detective work in connection with high finance (though resort is rarely made to it because of the danger) which involves the employment by detectives of a professional burglar to obtain possession of papers and records.

A Plot.

"You seemd anxious to pick a quarrel with him," said Knox.

"Yes," replied Fox, "he's to be married next month, and——"

"Ah! I see. Cut you out, eh?"

"Not at all, but I want him to cut me out of his list of friends. I want to save the price of a present."—Philadelphia Press.

Another Good Way.

Deacon Slicker—I think the parson is not sufficiently progressive; and yet I hate to suggest that we discharge him.

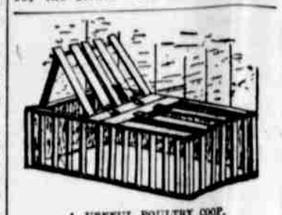
Deacon Hardshell—Why not raise his salary? Then he'd probably drop dead.—Puck.

FARMS AND FARMERS

A Low Poultry Run.

A safe and secure poultry run that requires less material than a high pen can be made from laths sawed in two, which would make the sides 2 feet high, making the frame of scantlings and the top of sawed laths, box boards or similar material. The top of the run should consist almost entirely of trap doors, using bits of old harness for hinges, which will look well if cut neatly. The illustration shows one of the doors propped up to show the construction more plainly. The doors are 4 feet long, the length of a lath, and may be 8 or 10 feet the other way and still not be clumsy, being constructed of such light material.

This trap door is an important feature, as it permits the tender to enter easily for removing top soil and replacing with fresh earth, or other caring for the birds. The frame material is



A USEFUL POULTRY COOP.

of 2x2-inch scantling at the corners, while the side strips are made of inch-boards sawed 2 inches wide. The earth under this run should be slightly mounded for the sake of dryness.—Farm and Home.

Plowing and Droughts.

Subsoiling and drainage are systems that should be practiced in connection with each other. Subsoiling without drainage is more damaging than beneficial, as it allows the water to accumulate and there remain. If the system of drainage is made complete there is nothing better than deep cultivation, assisted by the subsoil plow. The great fear of those who are opposed to subsoiling is that they are compelled to turn up soil from below, which is not desirable, as it requires time for the cold undersoil to become proper plant food; but the subsoil plow does not, as many suppose, turn up the soil. It simply pulverizes it. The plan usually pursued is to plow the soil in the ordinary manner, following in the same furrows behind the first plow, with a subsoiler, to which should be harnessed three horses, in order that the work may be thoroughly done. As the first plow moves on, leaving the upper soil broken, the subsoil plow, coming after it, should go in to a depth of at least 7 inches below the plowed furrow (a foot, if possible), thus rendering the actual depth quite deep, though not mixing the upper and lower strata. The advantage is that moisture is retained when rains are not frequent, owing to the greater capacity and depth of absorption at the time of rain, and also greater moisture from capillary attraction by virtue of the porosity of the subsoil.

Soil for Potted Plants.

The soil to be used for potted plants should be a mixture of leaf mold from the woods, sand and good loam, a little powdered charcoal being an improvement. A piece of broken pot should be put over the drainage hole, then enough soil put in so that when the ball of earth is placed in the pot there will be about an inch of space from the surface of the soil to the rim of the pot. Fill in the soil all around the ball, and pack it moderately tight. Finally give the pot a tap on the bench to settle the soil. After all the plants are potted put a spray nozzle on the sprinkler and give them a good watering, shading with newspapers for two or three days during sunshine until re-established. Never use a large size pot for a small-rooted plant. If you do the soil will sour and the plants sicken and die.

Sorting and Packing Eggs.

Eggs to be placed on the market should be carefully sorted and packed as to size, shape and color. It is better not to put eggs having different colored shells in the same package; neither should eggs varying much in size be placed in the same package. Every egg should be perfectly clean, and if slightly soiled it may be wiped clean with a damp cloth. If badly soiled the eggs should be discarded, for the washing required to clean them injures their appearance. The discarded eggs can be disposed of at some of the cheaper and less exacting markets. Eggs may be placed in large shipping cases or in small pasteboard boxes, according to how they are to be marketed.—G. A. Bell.

Thistles.

The Russian thistle, which was considered a dangerous pest in the West, has not spread as rapidly as was expected. It seems to thrive best on alkali soils, and is not partial to all kinds of land. Since its appearance it has subdued the Canada thistle, and has been very beneficial in several States. Though it is not a desirable plant to have on the farm, the farmers who have learned to keep it in subjection no longer fear it.

Your Dog.

The more you talk to a dog the better he likes you, and he times his temper to your every mood. Are you merry? He frisks and frolics and jumps up at you with wild abandon. Are you sorrowful? He will lay his head softly on your knee, looking up into your face with adoring, kindly eyes that, far more prettily than any words, begs to cheer up, and tell you that he, at all events, thinks you worthy of the utmost good fortune. The right kind of a dog never lets you forget how much he loves you.—From Paul and Flametta.

Grass Mulch in Orchard.

The average results of the different methods of orchard culture at the Ohio Station, covering a period now of six years, are quite markedly in favor of planting the trees in sod and mulching the trees. The trees on the plat thus treated have made a heavier and more vigorous growth than under any other system of culture, and have produced double as much fruit. Under the cultivation and cover crop method of culture the trees made very nearly as good a growth, and the fertility of the soil was kept up. The fact, however, that the general results, as regards both tree growth and yield of fruit, are inferior to the grass mulch method is the surprising thing.

The poorest results of all were obtained when clean cultivation throughout the season was practiced, since no humus or fertility was added to the soil by this method, and the ground washed and gullied so badly that heavy fills were necessary, and the practice had to be abandoned at the end of the fourth year.

The trees set in sod and having a circular area cultivated about them gave very good results for the first two or three years, after which much better results were secured by either the cover-crop method or the grass mulch method. This method of culture was the most expensive and laborious plan adopted. Its chief usefulness is on small, very rough or stony areas, where mulching material is not available, or on home grounds where neat and slightly grounds are desired.

Fertilizers for Strawberries.

Nitrate of soda is a valuable fertilizer for strawberries and raspberries, and should be applied with powdered phosphate of lime.

This application to strawberries will sometimes treble the yield. The berries are larger in size, handsomer in color, more solid and finer in flavor. Ordinary manure will not produce such results, as it is not converted into plant food until after the demand of the fruit.

Nitrate of soda and powdered phosphate of lime are assimilated by the plant at once, and appropriated at a cost of less than $10 per acre, using 400 pounds of the mixture, which contains the three ingredients considered necessary to use for feeding plants, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and an alkali.—Andrew H. Ward in Meehan's Monthly.

A Good Market Pear.

The old market favorite pear, Louise Bonne de Jersey, is still one of the best known and most popular of the French type of pear and is highly recommended for the New England and Middle States by the official list of the department of agriculture. The name is being more and more shortened to Louise, which is enough to distinguish it from other varieties.

LOUISE PEAR.

This pear has been in cultivation for more than a hundred years, but the original tree is still alive at its place of origin in Southern France, says American Cultivator. Although a French pear, it seems to be as hardy as any and succeeds as far north as Ontario and in parts of Northern New England where any pear will thrive.

It is a good pear to grow on quince roots, producing large specimens and annual crops. It also does well on pear roots. It is a rather large pear, choice specimens averaging about three and one-half inches long. The skin is yellowish green, with reddish brown checks and dots. The flesh is white, fine grained and buttery and the flavor pleasant and spicy. It ripens about with the Sheldon in early October. Its shipping qualities are excellent, and it ranks among the first of the general purpose pears.

Ensilage.

By the use of ensilage the ration can be greatly cheapened, but ensilage is not a balanced food, and must not, therefore, be used exclusively. A ration of 45 pounds of ensilage, 8 pounds of clover hay, 1 pound of bran and 1 of linseed meal will cost about 10 cents a day and be as nearly balanced as can be desired. This ration will be better digested than one composed mostly of dry food, and the ensilage can be grown from a silage corn at a cost below that of any other food that can be produced on the farm.

Field Mice.

Field mice do not attack old trees, if they can get the bark of young trees, but they sometimes do much damage to orchards. Wrap the trees with tar paper, extending the paper several inches into the ground. This method not only prevents the depredations of mice, but also serves to protect against the borers. The paper need not extend over one foot above the ground.

The Corn Cultivator.

If the corn cultivator undergoes as much improvement in the next few years as it has in the past, it will almost be a white shirt job to plow corn. The dustless feature should be next given attention by makers.—Farmer in Iowa Homestead.

Water for Cows.

If a cow gives sixteen quarts of milk per day, she must, consequently, consume an equal quantity of water. If the water is icy cold she will not drink, because she thereby becomes chilled. She will fall off in her yield of milk, because she can not produce unless she drinks a quantity sufficient for the milk and the demand of her body. She voids, usually, a larger quantity of water. The water for the cows as the weather becomes colder, therefore, should be warm, if the flow of milk is to continue.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

Follow Directions and You Will Sleep.

Worry, excitement, grief, remorse, emotional shocks, fixed ideas of one kind or another, morbid fears—these are a few of the demons that murder sleep. My experience leads me to believe that the most demoniacal of them is the fear of not going to sleep.

Many persons, unable to sleep immediately after retiring, become agitated and annoyed, toss to and fro, and querulously say to themselves: "Oh, when shall I sleep? Perhaps I am going to have another bad night." To such I would say: "Sleep is like a pigeon. It comes to you if you have the appearance of not looking for it; it flies away if you try to catch it."

I am in the habit of advising persons suffering from neurasthenia, accompanied as it generally is by insomnia, in these terms: Say to yourself as you go to bed: "I don't care a fig whether I sleep or not; if I sleep, well; if I do not sleep, also well, though not so well." This formula often works like magic.

I know that in offering it free to my readers I am guilty of folly. Were I to follow the prevailing example, I should open a hall and teach it in six lessons, charging a dollar a lesson. Then the world would believe it, sleepless nights on this planet would be fewer, and I should be richer. Nevertheless, the wise reader will forgive my want of worldly prudence for the sake of the blessing that may be his, without money and without price.

Let me earnestly urge sufferers from insomnia (except in cases where it is the result of organic disease or acute pain) to follow Macbeth's advice and "throw physic to the dogs;" metaphorically, of course, else the dogs will suffer. Chloral, opium, trional, paraldehyde, sulphonal and other narcotics drug or intoxicate the brain, producing unconsciousness, indeed, but really war against normal sleep, as is seen from the fact that opium and morphine maniacs gradually lose all power of falling asleep naturally.

We may lay it down that the insomnia caused by preoccupations, obsessions, worries, strains and stresses is primarily psychical, and ought to yield to psychical remedies. All that is necessary to a complete cure is perseverance in the use of the method prescribed. And that method is, at bottom, auto suggestion.

Man is a suggestive animal, and nowhere does he show his suggestibility more than in this matter of sleep. The way in which the sufferer from lack of sleep should apply suggestion to himself I will not describe, premising only that he has already attended to the hygienic measures necessary, the most important of which is that the bedroom should be well ventilated, with the temperature at 58 Fahrenheit, the pillow not too high, and the lower extremities of the body kept warm.

After a warm bath get quickly to bed, drink a glass of milk, relax the body and assume the mental attitude which has been indicated in a preceding paragraph. Then take a long, easy breath, gradually opening your eyes as you do so and rolling them upward so that when the breath is fully taken in the eyes are wide open. Then slowly and gradually fall so that at the end of the exhalation the eyes are closed. See to it that these movements are made easily, and not with any sense of strain. Repeat the inhalation with the opening of the eyes, the expiration with the shutting of them, fifteen times. Then close the eyes for a space of ten breaths, and then repeat the process above described. At some moment during the process you will fall asleep.

At first nervous and excitable persons will have a difficulty in obeying this rule; yet it must be carried out to the letter if its beneficial influence is to be experienced.—Health Notes.

Grover Cleveland's Fish Lore.

The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more for humanity than the strenuous people.

Fishing stories are always to be believed.

It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act.

There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor, and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth in this democratic country of ours would be infinitely improved if a larger share of the time which has been devoted to the concoction of trusts and business combinations had been spent in fishing.

The biggest fish are always lost.

Fishermen necessarily see and do wonderful things. If those not members of the fraternity are unable to assimilate the recital of these wonders, it is because their believing apparatus has not been properly regulated and stimulated.

No man can be a completely good fisherman unless he is generous, sympathetic and honest.—From his book, Fishing and Shooting.

You Could Slip Off the Edge.

There was a time—centuries ago, of course—when the learned men of the world really thought that the world was square—not merely flat, but that it was a cube. The primitive geographers of Egypt, Assyria and China all taught that the world was a "square plane." One of the most curious discoveries ever made in Central America concerning Toltec beliefs, symbols, etc., is that they also had a similar idea concerning the form of what we now speak of as the "globe." A writer on the discoveries made among the monumental ruins of that country says: "They (meaning the Peruvians, Toltecs and Quichas) believed the world to be a cube, suspended from the heavens by cords of gold fastened to each of its corners."

A Legacy.

"What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day, and was met with the stereotyped reply:

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said old Flintskin, buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Mail.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

English Wordsworthians gathered the other day at the little Leicestershire village, Coborton, in the wildest and most romantic part of Charnwood forest, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's first visit to scenes where he wrote some of his most beautiful poems. Prof. Knight, one of the foremost of living authorities on Wordsworth, read a paper to the assembled pilgrims.

The first almanac printed in Europe was probably the Kalendarium Novum, by Regiomontanus, calculated for the three years 1475, 3494 and 1513. It was published at Buda, in Hungary. Though it simply contained the eclipses and the places of the planets for the respective years, it was sold, it is said, for ten crowns of gold, and the whole impression was soon disposed of in Hungary, Germany, Italy, France and England.

"H. G. Wells," said a Chicago publisher, "is a splendid novelist, but he attaches too much importance to the question of style, of finish, and not enough importance to the question of popularity. When Mr. Wells was over here I went about with him a good deal, and one day I showed him the magnificent mansion that one of our leading novelists owns. 'Literature,' I said, encouragingly, 'is different from what it was in Dr. Johnson's and Goldsmith's time. You could live in just such a house as that if you'd write as we publishers want you to, Mr. Wells. You could be a famous novelist, too. In fact, it is easy to be a famous novelist nowadays.' Mr. Wells laughed sourly. 'Yes,' he said. 'In the past the authors died, but their works live. Now the works die and the authors live.'"

David Christie Murray, journalist, traveler, novelist and playwright, died in London recently in his sixty-first year, having been born in English Staffordshire April 13, 1847. Murray was a reporter in Birmingham and London in his youth, was special correspondent of the London Times in the Russo-Turkish war, and his travels in Australia, Canada and the United States were all paid for by his letters written for English papers. His list of forty-five books comprises mainly novels. He wrote too many books and too rapidly—sometimes three in a year—as, for example, in 1886, "Aunt Rachel," "Cynic Fortune" and "First Person Singular"; in 1889, "Old Blazer's Hero," "Novelist's Note Book," "One Traveler Returns"—this last with Henry Herman, of whom we know nothing; in 1889, "A Dangerous Catspaw," "Queen's Scarf," "Schwartz," "Young Barter's Repentance." Murray was a clever man, industrious in his calling, apt in conversation, ready in speech, making addresses on special occasions with a genial fortuity. He had shown of late a fondness for mystical speculation. His last writing was an article on "Theories of the Soul," not yet published.

Breaking It to Him.

"Doctor, I suppose I'm an old fool, but I have made a discovery that gives me some uneasiness."

"What is it, Kadger?"

"I was passing my hand over my head the other day, and I found one place that's a good deal hotter than any other spot. I thought it was all imagination at first, but it isn't. Put your hand on the top of my head, pretty well back. There, that's the place. Doesn't it feel hotter than the rest of my head?"

"It certainly does."

"Well, now, I am anxious to know what that means. If it indicates that there's too much brain pressure at that particular spot, I want to know it. Is it serious?"

"Kadger, it is."

"I feared so. Tell me the truth, doctor, no matter what it is."

"I hesitate to tell you, because——"

"Doctor, I insist on knowing."

"Well, if you must know, Kadger, that particular place on your head feels hot to your hand because you're getting a bald spot there."

A Lost Dollar.

A missionary bishop told at a dinner in New York, according to the Sun, this story about F. Marion Crawford, the famous novelist:

"Mr. Crawford went to school," he said, "in Concord, and one day he was taken to call at a Concord clergyman's. The clergyman had a missionary box on his drawing room table, and, time hanging heavily on the boy's hands, he amused himself with trying whether a silver dollar—it was all the money he had in the world, and he had converted it into that gigantic coin for safety—would go into the slit in the box's top. It was a close fit, but unfortunately it did go, and the coin slipped out of the embryo author's fingers. There was a terrible crash of silver falling among the coppers, and then the boy, as the novelists say, 'knew no more.' When he came to himself he found the clergyman and his friends in raptures over his generosity."

Couldn't Flatter Gov. Oglesby.

Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, tells this story of the late Gov. Oglesby:

"One day a man, who had a huge favor to ask, went to see Oglesby, and started in to flatter him. He recounted the different high positions Oglesby had held and tried to make the old man feel proud of what he had been and what he was.

Oglesby listened impatiently for a few minutes to the fulsome flattery, and then arose abruptly and, eyeing his man sharply, blurted out:

"I'm nothing but a doggoned fraud," and the interview was at an end, the visitor not even having a chance to state his errand.

"Don't go to any trouble," people say, when they accept an invitation to dine; but they expect you to.