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 III.—(Continued.)

Thus far she had answered nothing correctly, and, feeling puzzled to know how to proceed, Guy stepped into the adjoining room to consult with the doctor, but he was gone. So, returning, Guy piled her with questions philosophical, questions algebraical, and questions geometrical, until in an agony of distress Maddy raised her hands deprecatingly, as if she would ward off any similar questions, and sobbed out:

"Oh, sir, no more. It makes my head so dizzy. They don't teach that in common schools. Ask me something I do know."

Suddenly it occurred to Guy that he had gone entirely wrong, and mentally censuring himself for the blockhead the doctor had called him, he asked kindly:

"What do they teach? Perhaps you can enlighten me."

"Geography, arithmetic, grammar, history and spelling book," Madeline replied, untying and throwing off her bonnet, in the vain hope that it might bring relief to her poor, giddy head, which throbbed so fearfully that all her ideas seemed for the time to have left her.

This was a natural consequence of the high excitement under which she was laboring, and so, when Guy did ask her concerning the books designated, she answered but little better than before, and Guy was wondering what he should do next, when the doctor's welcome step was heard, and leaving Madeline again, he repaired to the next room to report his ill success.

"She does not seem to know anything. The veriest child ought to do better than she has done. Why, she has scarcely answered half a dozen questions correctly."

This was what poor Maddy heard, though it was spoken in a low whisper; but every word was distinctly understood and burned into her heart's core, drying her tears and hardening her into a block of marble. She knew that Guy had not done her justice, and this helped to increase the torpor stealing over her. Still she did not lose a syllable of what was saying in the back office, and her lips curled scornfully when she heard Guy remark: "I pity her; she is so young, and evidently takes it so hard. Maybe she's as good as they average. Suppose we give her the certificate."

Then Dr. Holbrook spoke, but to poor, dazed Maddy his words were all a riddle. It was nothing to him—who was he that he should be dictating thus? There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the young men, Guy insisting that out of pity she should not be rejected; and the doctor demurring on the ground that he ought to be more strict. As usual, Guy overruled, and seating himself at the table, the doctor was just commencing: "I hereby certify——" while Guy was bending over him, when the latter was startled by a hand laid firmly on his arm, and turning quickly he confronted Madeline Clyde, who, with her short hair pushed from her blue-veined forehead, her face as pale as ashes, save where a round spot of purplish red burned upon her cheeks, and her eyes gleaming like coals of fire, stood before him.

"He need not write that," she said, huskily, pointing to the doctor. "It would be a lie, and I could not take it. You do not think me qualified. I heard you say so. I do not want to be pitied. I do not want a certificate because I am so young, and you think I'll feel badly. I do not want——"

Her voice failed her, her bosom heaved, and the choking sobs came thick and fast, but still she shed no tear, and in her bright, dry eyes there was a look which made both those young men turn away involuntarily. Once Guy tried to excuse her failure, saying she no doubt was frightened. She would probably do better again, and might as well accept the certificate, but Madeline still said no, so decidedly that further remonstrance was useless. She would not take what she had no right to, she said, but if they pleased she would wait there in the back office until her grandfather came back; it would not be long, and she should not trouble them.

Guy brought her the easy chair from the front room and placed it for her by the window. With a faint smile she thanked him and said: "You are very kind," but the smile hurt Guy cruelly, it was so sad, so full of unintentional reproach, while the eyes she lifted to his looked so grieved and weary that he insensibly murmured to himself: "Poor child!" as he left her and with the doctor repaired to the house, where Agnes was impatiently waiting for them. Poor, poor little Madge! Let those smile who may at her distress; it was the first keen disappointment she had ever had, and it crushed her as completely as many an older person has been crushed by heavier calamities.

"Disgraced for ever and ever," she kept repeating to herself, as she tried to shake off the horrid nightmare stealing over her. "How can I hold up my head again at home where nobody will understand just how it was—nobody but grandpa and grandma. Oh, grandpa, I can't earn that thirty-six dollars now. I 'most wish I was dead, and I am—I am dying. Somebody—come—quick!"

CHAPTER IV.

There was a heavy fall, and while in Mrs. Conner's parlor Guy Remington and Dr. Holbrook were chatting gayly with Agnes, a childish figure was lying upon the office floor, white, stiff and insensible.

Little Jessie Remington, tired of sitting still and listening to what her mamma and Mrs. Conner were saying, had strayed off into the garden, and after filling her chubby hands with daffodils and early violets, wended her way to the office, the door of which was partially ajar. Peering curiously in, she saw the crumpled bonnet, with its ribbons of blue, and, attracted by this, advanced into the room, until she came where Madeline was lying. With a feeling that something was wrong, Jessie bent over the prostrate girl, asking if she were asleep, and lifting next the long, fringed lashes drooping on the colorless cheek. The dull, dead expression of the eyes sent a chill through Jessie's frame, and hurrying to the house, she cried: "Oh, Brother Guy, somebody's dead in the office, and her bonnet is all jammed!"

Scarcely were the words uttered ere Guy and the doctor both were with Madeline, the former holding her tenderly in his arms, while he smoothed the short hair, thinking even then how soft and luxuriant it was, and how fair was the face which never moved a muscle beneath his scrutiny. The doctor was wholly self-possessed. Maddy had no terrors for him now. She needed his services, and he rendered them willingly, applying restoratives which soon brought back signs of life in the rigid form. With a shiver and a moan Madeline whispered: "Oh, grandma, I'm so tired," and nestled closer to the bosom where she had never dreamed of lying.

By this time both Mrs. Conner and Agnes had come out, asking in much surprise who the stranger could be, and what was the cause of her illness. As if there had been a previous understanding between them, the doctor and Guy were silent with regard to the recent farce enacted there, simply saying it was possible she was in the habit of fainting; many people were. Very daintily Agnes held up and back the skirt of her rich silk, as if fearful it might come in contact with Madeline's plain delaine; then, as it was not very interesting for her to stand and see the doctor "make so much fuss over a young girl," as she mentally expressed it, she returned to the house, bidding Jessie do the same. But Jessie chose to stay by Maddy, whom they placed upon the comfortable lounge, which she preferred to being taken to the house, as Guy proposed.

"I'm better now, much better," she said. "Leave me, please. I'd rather be alone."

So they left her, all but Jessie, who, fascinated by the sweet young face, climbed upon the lounge and, laying her curly head caressingly against Madeline's arm, said to her: "Poor girl, you're sick, and I'm so sorry. What makes you sick?"

Maddy did not know who this beautiful child was, but her sympathy was very sweet, and they talked together as children will, until Mrs. Agnes' voice was heard calling to her little girl that it was time to go.

"I love you, Maddy, and I mean to tell brother about it," Jessie said, as she wound her arms around Madeline's neck and kissed her at parting.

It never occurred to Maddy to ask her name, so stupefied she felt, and with a responsive kiss she sent her away. Leaning her head upon the table, she forgot all but her own wretchedness, and so did not see the gayly dressed, haughty looking lady who swept past the door, accompanied by Guy and Dr. Holbrook. Neither did she hear, or notice, if she did, the hum of voices as they talked together for a moment, Agnes asking the doctor very prettily to come up to Aikenside while she was there, and bring his lady love. Engaged young men like Guy were so stupid, she said, as with a merry laugh she sprang into the carriage; and, bowing gracefully to the doctor, was driven rapidly toward Aikenside.

Rather slowly the doctor returned to the office, and after fidgeting for a time among the powders and phials, summoned courage to ask Madeline how she felt, and if any of the fainting symptoms had returned.

"No, sir," was all the reply she gave him, never lifting up her head, or even thinking which of the two young men it was speaking to her.

There was a call just then for Dr. Holbrook, and leaving his office in charge of Tom, his chore boy, he went away, feeling slightly uncomfortable whenever he thought of the girl to whom he felt that justice had not been done.

"I half wish I had examined her myself," he said. "Of course she was excited, and could not answer; beside, hanged if I don't believe it was all humbug tormenting her with Greek and Latin. Yes; I'll question her when I get back, and if she'll possibly pass, give her the certificate. Poor child; how white she was, and what a queer look there was in those great eyes, when she said, 'I shall not take it.'"

Maddy was gone, and the wheel ruts of the square-boxed wagon were fresh before the door when he came back. Grandpa Markham had returned, and Madeline, who recognized old Sorrel's step, had gathered her shawl around her and gone sadly out to meet him. One look at her face was sufficient.

"You failed, Maddy?" the old man said, fixing about her feet the warm buffalo robe, for the night wind was blowing cold.

"Yes, grandpa, I failed."

They were out of the village and more than a mile on their way home before Madeline found voice to say so much, and they were nearer home by half a mile ere the old man answered back:

"And, Maddy, I failed too."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Noah, the housekeeper at Aikenside, was slicing vegetable oysters for the nice little dish intended for her own supper, when the head of Sorrel came around the corner of the building, followed by the square-boxed wagon containing Grandpa Markham, who, bewildered by the beauty and spaciousness of the grounds, and wholly uncertain as to where he ought to stop, had driven over the smooth-graveled road around to the front kitchen door.

"In the name of wonder, what codger is that? and what is he doing here?" was Mrs. Noah's exclamation, as she dropped the bit of salisfy she was scraping, and hurrying to the door, called out: "I say, you, sir, what made you drive up here, when I've said over and over again that I wouldn't have wheels tearing up turf and gravel?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I lost my way, I guess, there are so many turnin's. I'm sorry, but a little rain will fetch it right," grandpa said.

Mrs. Noah was not at heart an unkind woman, and something in the benignant expression of grandpa's face, or in the apologetic tone of his voice, mollified her somewhat, and without further comment she stood waiting for his next remark. The meek old man concluded she was a near relation of Guy—mother, perhaps; but no, Guy's mother was dead, as grandpa well knew, for all Devonshire had heard of the young bride Agnes, who had married Guy's father for money and rank. To have been mistaken for Guy's mother would not have offended Mrs. Noah particularly; but how was she when she heard:

"I come on business with Squire Guy. Are you his gran'marm?"

"His gran'marm!" and Mrs. Noah bit off the last syllable spitefully. "Bless you, man, Squire Guy, as you call him, is twenty-five years old."

As Grandpa Markham was rather blind, he failed to see the point, but knew that in some way he had given offense.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I was sure you was some kin—maybe an a'nt."

"If it's Mr. Guy you want, I can tell you he is not at home, which will save your getting out."

"Not at home, and I've come so far to see him!" grandpa exclaimed, and in his voice there was so much genuine disappointment that Mrs. Noah rejoined, quite kindly:

"He's gone to Devonshire with the young lady, his stepmother. Perhaps you might tell me your business; I know all Mr. Guy's affairs."

Mrs. Noah bade him come in, feeling a very little contempt for the old-fashioned camlet cloak in which his feet became entangled, and smiling inwardly at the shrunken, faded pantaloons, betokening poverty.

"As you know all Squire Guy's affairs," grandpa said, when he was seated before the fire, "maybe you could tell whether he would be likely to lend a stranger three hundred dollars, and that stranger me?"

Mrs. Noah stared at him aghast. Was he crazy, or did he mean to insult her master? Evidently neither. That was the solution of his audacity, and pityingly, as she would have addressed a half-idiot, Mrs. Noah made him understand how impossible it was for him to think her master would lend to a stranger like him.

"You say he's gone to Devonshire," grandpa said, softly, with a quiver on his lip when she had finished. "I wish I'd knew it; I left my granddarter there to be examined. Mabby I'll meet him going back, and can ask him."

"I tell you it won't be no use. Mr. Guy has no three hundred dollars to throw away," was Mrs. Noah's rather sharp rejoinder.

"Wall, wall, we won't quarrel about it," the old man replied, in his most conciliatory manner, as he turned his head away to hide the starting tear. "I'm an old man, lady, old enough to be your father." Here Mrs. Noah's face grew brighter, and she listened attentively while he continued: "You won't take what I say amiss, I'm sure. I've a little girl at home, a grandchild, who has heard big stories of the fine things at Aikenside. She has a hankerin' after such vanities, and it would please her mightily to have me tell her what I saw up here, so maybe you wouldn't mind lettin' me go into that big room where the silk fixin's are. I'll take off my shoes, if you say so."

"Your shoes won't hurt an atom; come right along," Mrs. Noah replied, now in the best of moods, for, except her cup of green tea with raspberry jam and cream, she enjoyed nothing more than showing their handsome house.

(To be continued.)

CIRCUS SIDE-LIGHTS.

Curious Features That the Public Neither Sees Nor Hears Of.

Before a storm the animals with a tented show become nervous and excited; the lions emit a continuous coughing roar, the cat tribe paces restlessly to and fro, monkeys take to the highest perch in their cage and huddle trembling in the shadows, if the coming storm is to be a severe one, and the elephants sway from side to side more violently than usual, feeling the air with nervous trunks as if in search of something, says a writer in Spare Moments. Under these conditions the wise menagerie superintendent keeps one eye on the weather and the other on his charges. He frequently finds it necessary to put the side pieces on the cages to darken their interiors and quiet the beasts, and then shortens the chains with which the elephants are tethered. These animal weather prophets frequently give their storm warning hours before the storm breaks, and they are heeded by the showman, for he dreads a wind storm.

With every circus one finds an interesting collection of babies, babies whose mothers and fathers astonish the spectators every afternoon and evening with their daring aerial flights. And they are much like other babies, save that they are more lusty than the ordinary youngster, with bronzed cheeks and supple bodies, the latter usually an inheritance from a long line of circus ancestors.

The circus queen is a good mother, who loves her offspring just as fondly and cares for it as tenderly, if not more rationally, than her sisters in other walks of life. All her spare moments are spent in doing for the little one, making its clothes, embroidering a dress for it, or exercising its little limbs that it, too, may in time grow up to do and dare. When the mother goes into the ring for her perilous act, some other performer, who is waiting her turn to go on, entertains the little one by standing her on her head, doing hand stands, leaps and handsprings, usually to the intense delight of the little one.

One of the most frequent causes of loss of animals in a circus menagerie is suicide, of which there are numerous well authenticated cases. In speaking of this characteristic, George Conklin, who has been constantly associated with wild beasts for more than forty years, says: "The instinct for self-destruction is common among all kinds of animals, and the causes are, in many instances, the same as usually impel a man or woman to take his or her life. Probably the most pronounced of these causes are loneliness, homesickness, loss of companions or progeny, and ill health. There are animals that periodically have a return of the suicidal mania, and that can be saved from self-destruction only by the most intelligent and careful treatment. As a rule, however, when the animal has made up its mind, so to speak, to commit suicide, nothing can prevent it, and the keeper, not only for reason of humanity, but also because an animal in that condition is extremely dangerous, often is compelled to end its sufferings by hastening its death."

She Was Wise.

"And you say this was the first time you have ever loved?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what I think you are?"

"Well, what?"

"I think you are a matrimonial faker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

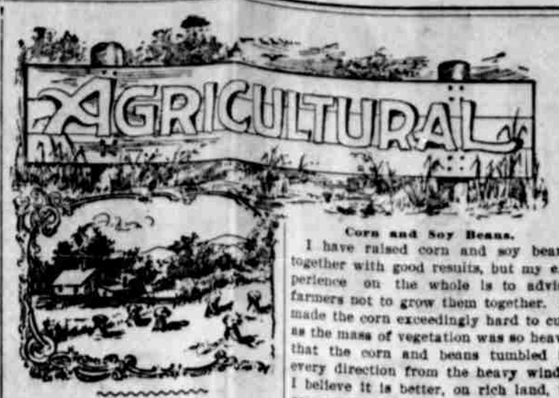
Varied Experience.

The Lady—Yes, I advertised for a cook. You have had experience, I suppose?

The Applicant—Sure, an' Oi hove mum. It's mesilf as wor-rk'd fer a dozen families in th' last six months, mum.—Chicago News.

In Austria field labor is still largely done by the women, who also thresh the grain with flails.

All great men are in some degree inspired.—Cicero.



Growing Alfalfa.

E. C. Dameron, of Pike County, Mo., is credited by an exchange with the following suggestions on growing alfalfa:

"After several years' experimentation, with both success and failure, I unhesitatingly advise fall seeding. While I know of no plant that excels alfalfa in vigor of growth after it is once established, it is extremely timid about its association with other plants in its early life. Weeds and foxtail are its worst foes, and how to avoid them or to reduce them to the minimum is the problem before the alfalfa grower. It is with this in view that I advise the fall seeding. To my mind the piece selected for seeding down next fall should be upland naturally well drained and fertile. If the piece selected is land in wheat I should top dress it during winter with all the stable manure I could possibly get on it—not in great hunks, but well distributed. After the wheat comes off in June I should disk it twice, once each way. After the first shower the weeds will begin to appear, then disk again. Keep this up until Sept. 1. Don't plow under any circumstances, but kill all the weed growth by surface cultivation. All this sounds like work, and it is work, but the best remunerated work a farmer ever did. About Sept. 1, if there be moisture enough for germination, sow twenty pounds of seed per acre. Use a wheelbarrow seeder and sow ten pounds each way. This covers 'skips' and gives a better distribution of the seeds. Then slant your harrow teeth and cover by going over the field at least twice."

Care of Animals.

As man has adapted different animals to different uses it does not infer that they are not subject to natural laws. On the contrary, the subjection is more complete than before, and, as man has been the foster agent in changing the characteristics of most domestic animals, so must the hand of man be ever ready to render that assistance so essential to their well-being. The pasture, shelter and care must be suitable for the accomplishment of the purpose desired, and no neglect can be allowed. Not only must the utmost care be taken in selecting the animals that suit the farm best, but the farm itself must also conform to the animals. One should not attempt to improve unless prepared for it, as failure will be the result, but the preparation is easily made. Better stock means better farming, larger crops and greener pastures. With each year the crops become better, because the system forces them to be so. But those farmers who do not possess facilities for certain breeds of animals need not be discouraged, as all can have a privilege with some kinds that do not come up to the requirements needed. Improvement should be the object with every farmer, for even should the farmer lag behind, the time will arrive when he will be compelled to camp on the same ground that others long before occupied, but who have left it for something better. Keep pace with the time, and keep the flock to the best, by breeding with thoroughbreds and always culling from the bottom.

For Loading Farm Wagons.

Use a handy short stepladder with bent irons securely screwed to the end of the ladder, and that fit to the wagon

TO LOAD WAGONS.

end board. By using a ladder of this kind the loading is made much easier, and very often farm produce can be handled with far less danger of bruising. Very handy for many other kinds of work.

Place for Lanterns.

A place should be provided in every farm building where lanterns are used or likely to be used. Stretch a wire along behind the cows and horses with sliding wire hooks on to which the lantern can be hooked and moved as wanted. A hook of cheap, smooth fence wire can be fixed up without expense almost anywhere, and it is much safer than a nail, as it will generally allow the lantern to hang straight. Be careful that no hay, straw or other inflammable material is near lantern hooks or other holders. Don't set a lantern down.

New Hitching Strap.

The most desirable hitching strap is one which gives the horse plenty of freedom and at the same time takes up the slack, preventing the animal from becoming entangled in it. A very simple apparatus for this purpose is being placed on the market in the shape of a piece of pipe of suitable length with the means at the ends of securing it to the stall. The upper end has a roller, over which the hitching strap or rope passes, and is secured to a weight moving in the interior of the pipe

Corn and Soy Beans.

I have raised corn and soy beans together with good results, but my experience on the whole is to advise farmers not to grow them together. It made the corn exceedingly hard to cut, as the mass of vegetation was so heavy that the corn and beans tumbled in every direction from the heavy winds. I believe it is better, on rich land, to grow each of the crops separately, says an Ohio farmer. When the land is not so rich and it is not desired to cut and shock the corn, soy beans can be grown to advantage to turn hogs or cattle on after the corn is gathered. The most satisfactory soy bean that I have tried is the early yellow variety known as Hollybrook; they are some three weeks earlier than the mammoth yellow, grow a fine quality of vine and an excellent yield of seed. It grows off more promptly than the mammoth and gets out of the way of weeds and grass sooner, and for the same reason it is not so much in the way in cultivating a corn crop, if it is desired to plant them in a cornfield. And one decided advantage they have over the mammoth, they do not shell so badly after getting ripe.

One of the New Breeds of Fowls.

Thinking to improve the Barred Rocks, we crossed them with Buff Cochins, then used what we supposed were pure Black-Breasted Red Games with them. As part of these games had yellow legs and pea combs, we now feel sure that they had been mixed with the Cornish Indian Game before we got them, and here is where we got the pea comb. This mixup produced a bird or two red as foxes, with yellow legs, and I conceived the idea of raising a whole flock like them.

BUCKEYE RED.

As layers the Buckeye Reds are simply peerless. Heat or cold has no terrors for them, as their small combs do not suffer from frost. They have a long body from the wishbone back upon which to carry plenty of meat. They are not coarse or bony, yet males weigh from nine to ten pounds and females from five to seven.

They have the rich yellow skin and legs so dear to the American epicure, and the skin is not thick and tough as in some yellow-skinned fowls. They are vigorous from the shell, alert and gamy, though not inclined to fight among themselves, says Mrs. F. Metcalf of Ohio in American Agriculturist, in which a Buckeye Red of ideal shape is illustrated. The surface color of the male is a dark rich velvety red, approaching cardinal or garnet, never buff or bricky, head, neck, hackle, back, saddle and wingbows richly glossed with metallic luster, under color a lighter shade.

Food Value of the Peanut.

Prof. N. E. Jaffa, the nutrition expert of the State University at Berkeley, Cal., has issued a bulletin saying 10 cents' worth of peanuts contain more protein than a meal of roast beef, and six times the amount of energy involved in a big fat porterhouse steak.

Prof. Jaffa punctures the old idea that salt eaten with nuts makes them more easily digested, says a Berkeley dispatch to the New York World. He also explains why nuts seem to upset the digestive organs.

"With the exception, perhaps, of dried beans and cheese no food material has such a reputation for indigestibility," he says. "Discomfort from nuts is largely due to insufficient mastication, and from eating them when not needed, as after a hearty meal or late at night."

Brood Hens.

If broody hens are properly treated nine out of ten will begin to lay again within two weeks after being removed from the nest. But if they are half-drowned, starved a week, or bruised and abused, it is more than likely they will get even with their owners by declining to lay a single egg until they have fully recovered from their ill-treatment and acquired the customary tranquillity.

Care of the Pig Pen.

The hog is not able to endure severely cold weather, yet it is kept in the most uncomfortable situation of any other animal. The pig pen should be well littered and dry, and the shelter should contain no cracks or openings for droughts of air.

Poultry Notes.

For rapid growth feed the chickens often.

Lice brood, breed and hide under the roosts.

Gravel should always be supplied to fowls that are fattened in confinement.

Of two things, the breed and feeding, the latter is the more important.

Dry salt is as good as any material that can be used for preserving eggs.

Ducks may be picked when four months old and every six weeks afterwards.

Select the stock of pullets you intend to keep as soon as they are well developed.

Coal ashes should always be sifted before putting them in the dust box for the use of poultry.

Much of the disease with which fowls are afflicted may be traced to a neglect in ventilating the fowl house.

As a general rule there is more profit in marketing fowls early; prices are not any better, but there is a great saving in feed.

It does not cost any more to keep thoroughbred stock than it does to keep scrub stock, but it pays better when it comes to selling.

WHERE LIVING IS COOL.

Refrigerators Supply Comfort for 135,000 Hotel Dwellers.

The rich are drifting to the cities as well as the wage earners. They are going to the hotels and big apartment houses to live rather than creating homes, writes a New York correspondent. It is said that the permanent hotel population of New York City is to-day not less than 135,000, and everybody who is familiar with the city knows that as fast as the big hotels are opened they are filled with permanent boarders and casual patrons like the big apartment houses in Washington; although it is difficult to determine where the people all come from.

There are 136 new, up-to-date, high-priced hotels in New York City, where the rates for lodging alone in the humblest rooms are at least $2.50 per day, and range from $4 to $6 per day with a bath and without meals. It is stated that 9,000 families have given up their homes and are now permanently established in the hotels and apartment houses, chiefly to avoid the annoyances and the expense of housekeeping. The difficulty of getting servants, the enormous increase in wages of all domestics, the increase in the cost of food, the trouble of marketing and other cares and anxieties connected with housekeeping are thus avoided, and for those who are able to pay the bills there is a greater degree of luxury and comfort, with absolute independence from care, for the same money in a well-appointed hotel than can be had in an ordinary residence.

Furthermore, the sanitary conditions in the modern hotels are much safer than those in rented houses, or even in the most carefully built private residences. The ventilation and the plumbing of the modern hotels, those that have been built within the last ten years, are absolutely perfect. In some of them the water passes through filters before it reaches the rooms; the ice is made in the house of boiled water; all the air in the corridors and rooms is forced through water and damp cheese cloth to catch the floating germs and purify it, and a climate is manufactured in the basement stories to suit the tastes of the guests in the twenty floors above. Down in the underground regions is a network of coils and ducts connecting all the rooms with a shaft through which the atmosphere is drawn from a height of nearly 300 feet above the pavement of Fifth avenue, far beyond the germ line. Through these the air is forced to all the rooms and corridors, and while on its way is chilled with a refrigerating plant. The floors are swept by compressed air. The chambermaid or the hall man attaches a hose to a pipe in the hall and when he turns the valve a series of vacuum pumps in the basement suck in the impurities of the atmosphere and carry them down to the basement, and, as they pass a piece of perforated tubing over the floor, it sucks up the dust and leaves the carpet perfectly pure and clean.

Marriage de Convenience.

Gelett Burgess, at the recent dinner of the American Booksellers' Association in New York, said he thought that too many authors wrote for money purely.

"Hence," the creator of the Goop went on, "the result is unpleasant. Anything done purely for money is bound to be unpleasant. There are bound to be involved in it all sorts of unpleasant things that, like weeds in a garden, keep continually cropping up. I once knew a San Franciscan who married a girl for her money. She was not a pretty girl, and, as time passed and love cooled, she developed a rather nasty tongue. One day her husband bought with his quarter's allowance a 20-horse-power automobile. He took the car home gaily, and brought his wife out to the front door to look at it. She gave it one sneering glance, and then said:

"'It's very nice, but if it hadn't been for my money it wouldn't be here.'

"'Well, Mamie,' said the husband quickly, 'if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here yourself.'"

Irrigation's Work in Egypt.

Sir William Garston has recommended that the great dam at Assouan, Egypt, be raised nearly 23 feet, which would more than double the present water supply. The dam now supplies about a quarter of the water which eventually will be needed in Egypt. With the proposed enlargement about 950,000 acres of land would be brought under cultivation. The change would cost about $7,500,000. Since the establishment of the Assouan reservoir the sale value of lands already provided with perennial irrigation has increased by about $122,500,000, and this figure, when canals now under construction are completed, will be increased to approximately $140,000,000. In addition to this the cotton crop, which last year amounted to $140,000,000, has been assured.

How Women Purify Politics.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, has a peculiar municipal franchise. Every person who pays a $2 dog tax is entitled to vote in elections for mayor and aldermen. The system has led to abuses. It has been discovered that six enterprising women voted on the strength of a single dog. Worse still, one ingenious woman, unable to get a real dog in time to qualify, took out a license for a china dog on her mantelpiece. Municipal franchise reform is now regarded as a question of urgency in Victoria, and the unkind associations of dogs with mayors and aldermen is doomed.

A Relay.

In North Terrace Park yesterday evening a crowd of boys were running races. Every kind of handicap had been run, but the ingenuity of the boys' leader was not exhausted. When asked what to do next he announced, importantly:

"Now we will run a rebate race."—Kansas City Times.

A Man Story.

The Big Fish (boastfully)—Yes, sir, he was at least ten feet long and must have weighed 500 pounds if he weighed an ounce, but the line broke and I got away from him.—Puck.

Old Favorites

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For, though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Warren's Address.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your home retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?
—John Pierpont.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

How a Change in Name Improved Prospects of a New York Doctor.

"It's strange what a little thing may make or mar a man," says a New York physician. "When I first moved into this office, just after being graduated, I stuck a shingle in my window labeled 'J. K. Smith, M. D.' An occasional patient dropped in and sometimes I got an emergency call from one of the residents of the same apartment house here; but all the fees I got didn't suffice to pay my board bill. I was particularly surprised that the people living in the house didn't patronize me more, as I saw other doctors coming in and I knew there was illness here.

"One day a chap who had been graduated from the same college two years ahead of me, and who already had a thriving practice uptown, asked me how I was getting on. I told him.

"'Well, now, John,' he said. 'Let me give you a tip. I see your sign in the window reads, "J. K. Smith, M. D." What does the K. stand for, anyhow?'

"'Kinard,' I answered.

"'Fine,' he said. 'Get a new sign and have it read, 'Doctor J. Kinard Smith,' just that and nothing more or less. And now another thing: the appearance of your office is all right, inside and out, but your clothes look a little worn. Have you any money left?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'but I am clinging to my last hundred.'

"'Go out right now and buy a new suit. Get a cloth of the best quality and see that it fits. Then go to a haberdasher's and lay in a fresh line of furnishings. Then put 'em all on and try to look as if you had just stepped out of a bandbox.'

"I did as he said. I put out the new sign, reading 'Doctor J. Kinard Smith,' and I bought the new clothes. Within two weeks I had five calls from this house and I had office calls from strangers. Business brisked up till now I have no reason to complain.

"I reasoned out the psychology of it afterward. 'J. K. Smith, M. D.' was common. Any one might be named J. K. Smith. But 'Doctor J. Kinard Smith' was different. It imparted 'tone' and that 'Kinard' differentiated me from all other Smiths. The new clothes gave me a prosperous 'front.' And there you are."

Those Who Tie Knots.

Can any one tell why the landlubber in tying a cord around a package or anything else will always make a granny knot instead of a square knot? We all do it in spite of thunder. To tie a reef knot or sailor's knot requires thought and experience. Yet it is as easy as a granny knot. Never believe for a moment that sailors are the only people in the world who can tie knots. Go to an operating theater in some big hospital and take note of the skill with which surgeons and even nurses employ bandages and ligatures. Learn from them how to tie the clove hitch, the combined surgeon's and reef knot, the Staffordshire knot, the common surgeon's knot, the friction knot, Hensen's knot, Tait's knot, etc.—New York Press.

Disadvantages of Travel.

"Mamma, Mrs. Oldcastle just went wild over our new bust of Shakspeare when she was here this afternoon."

"Burst, my dear, burst. Mercy sakes, how can you use such slang? And you've been to Europe twice, too!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sure of a Good Time.

Friend—Did you have a good time chaperoning the party last night?

Young Matron—Lovely. All of the girls were so much older than I.—Detroit Free Press.

Widows seem to shed tears with one eye, and use the other to "look around."