

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Burg Dams," "The English Orphan," "Remembrance on the Hillside," "Lost Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "The English Orphan," "Remembrance on the Hillside," "Lost Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "The English Orphan," "Remembrance on the Hillside," "Lost Rivers," "Meadowbrook," etc.

CHAPTER X.

It was a long, tiresome ride for grandpa, from Honolulu to Aikenside, and he accepted thankfully the doctor's offer to take Maddy there himself. With this arrangement Maddy was well pleased, as it would thus afford her the opportunity she had so much desired, of talking with the doctor about his bill, and asking him to wait until she had earned enough to pay it.

Quickly the morning passed, and just as the clock struck two the doctor's car appeared over the hill. Up to this moment Maddy had only been in anticipation; but when, with her shawl and bonnet on, she stood waiting while the doctor fastened her little trunk, and when she saw a tear on the wrinkled forehead of both grandpa and her father, she gave way, and a storm of sobs, she said her good-bys and received her grandfather's blessing.

It was very pleasant this afternoon, for the summer breeze was blowing cool across the fields, where the laborers were busy; and with the elasticity of youth, Maddy's tears stopped when she saw that not until the dear old home had disappeared, and they were some distance on the road to Aikenside.

"I wonder how I shall like Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy?" was the first remark she made.

"You'll not see them immediately. They left this morning for Saratoga," the doctor replied.

"Left? Mr. Guy gone?" Maddy repeated in a disappointed tone.

"Are you very sorry?" the doctor asked, and Maddy replied:

"I did want to see him once; I never have."

It would be such a surprise to find that Guy was no other than the terrible inspector, that he would not deceive her, the doctor thought; and so he related into a thoughtful mood, from which Maddy roused herself by breaking the subject of the unpaid bill, asking if he please not trouble grandpa, but wait until she could pay it.

"Perhaps it's wrong asking it when you were so good, but if you only will take me for payment," and Maddy's soft brown eyes were lifted to the doctor's face.

"Yes, Maddy, I'll take you for payment," the doctor said, smiling, half seriously, as his eyes rested fondly upon her.

Even then stupid Maddy did not understand him, but began to calculate out loud how long it would take to earn the money. "There's Aikenside," said the doctor, at last, and it was not long before they came through the gate, guarded by the great bronze lions, and struck into the road leading to the house.

"It's grander, finer, than I ever dreamed. Oh! if I could come time after time just such a home! I don't know what I do make that water up in the air so? Is it what they call a fountain?"

In her excitement Maddy had risen, and with one hand resting on the doctor's shoulder, was looking around her eagerly. Jessie stood on the piazza to receive her teacher. There were warm words of welcome, kisses and hugs; and then Jessie led her friend to the chamber she was to occupy.

"Mother wanted you to sleep on the other side of the house, but Brother Guy said no, you should have a pleasant room; and when Guy says a thing it's so. It's all in here, and close to me. See, I'm right here," and Jessie opened a door leading directly to her own sleeping room. "Here's one trunk," she continued, as a servant brought up and set down a little contemptuously, the small handbag box containing Maddy's wardrobe. "Here's one where the rest," and she was flying after Tom, when Maddy stopped her, saying:

"I have but one—'that's all'."

"Only that little, twenty thing? How funny! Why, mamma carried three 'most as big as my bed' to Saratoga. You can't have many more. What are you going to wear to dinner?"

"I've been to dinner," and Maddy looked up in surprise.

"You have! We never have it till five, when Guy is at home; but now they are gone, Mrs. Noah says we'll have it at one, as folks say. The doctor's car is here, and close to me. See, I'm right here," and Jessie opened a door leading directly to her own sleeping room. "Here's one trunk," she continued, as a servant brought up and set down a little contemptuously, the small handbag box containing Maddy's wardrobe. "Here's one where the rest," and she was flying after Tom, when Maddy stopped her, saying:

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paid, no millionaire had asked to be her second husband. She liked the doctor, but if he did not propose, and some other body did, she should accept that other body, of course. This was her intention when she left Aikenside, and when she came back, it was with the determination to make the single at once, and compel the doctor to surrender. The morning of the return home she should listen with a troubled mind to Jessie's rather exaggerated account of the number of times the doctor had been there, and the nice things he had said to her and Maddy.

What was she that she should care for her? A mere nothing—a child, whom Guy had taken up. Pity there was a Lucy Atherstone in the way of his making her mistress of Aikenside. It would be a pretty romance, Guy Remington and Grandpa Markham's grandchild. Agnes was nervous and tired, and this helped to increase her anger toward the innocent girl, she would take immediate measures, she thought, to put the upstart down, and the sight of Flora laying the cloth for breakfast suggested to her the first step in teaching Maddy her place.

"Flora," she said, "I notice you are arranging the table for four. Have we company?"

"Why, no, ma'am; there's Mr. Guy, yourself, Miss Jessie, and Miss Clyde," was Flora's reply, while Agnes continued haughtily: "Remove Miss Clyde's plate. No one allows their governess to eat with them."

"But, ma'am," and Flora hesitated, "she's very pretty, and ladylike, and young; she has always eaten with Miss Jessie and Mr. Holbrook when he was here. He treats her as if she was good as anybody."

Meanwhile Maddy had put on her prettiest dress, the little blue and white striped dress, and she was looking unusually well, started for the parlor to meet her employer, Mrs. Agnes, who was alone when Maddy presented herself before her.

(To be continued.)

FINDS WHAT MALARIA IS.

Scientist Discovers It Is Due to Millions of Blood Parasites.

The three classic types of malaria, namely, the quotidian, tertian and quartan fevers, with recurring attacks of from one to three days' interval, were shown by Golgi of Pavia to be caused by three varieties of a parasite, averaging a billion to each patient, all sporulating at once in periods of seventy-two hours. Every parasite bursts the vitelline blood corpuscle in which it is enveloped and attacks another.

The simultaneous onslaught of the billion little animals causes the shivering and the burning fever. Dr. Laveran, the French army surgeon, in 1880 discovered the parasites, two and a half centuries after Peruvian bark, the specific that kills them, was found by an obscure villager of Malacatos, near Lima, in Ecuador. Pelletier and Cavenant in 1820 separated its essential alkaloid, quinine. This drug has saved more lives than have been lost in the battles of the civilized world. Koch and his successors discovered that the natural antitoxin sufficed to render tropical children immune, if they survive the fever. Nevertheless, exact investigation shows conclusively that:

"The disease hangs like a cloud over the tropics, prostrating or slaying every year untold millions of human beings, especially of the young; crippling not only the native but the pioneer, the soldier, the trader and the administrator, and shutting out civilization from many of the most fertile tracts of the world."

An American, A. F. A. King, first suggested in 1883 that the infection is caused by the bites of mosquitoes. Savage tribes, including the Cingaleses, had, it is true, adumbrated the theory centuries ago. Since 1891 the researches of Ross and Manson, of Koch and of practical investigators like Bigland established the fact that the miasma or "bad air" of marshes cannot communicate the fever, but the anopheline mosquitoes, which rise from the stagnant waters. There is no other way by which malaria is spread and the mosquitoes derive the parasites from infected patients.

The anophelines feed by themselves. With scientific knowledge of the vectors in which they breed and with modern systems of drainage, Major Ross sees for tropical sanitation a glorious future.—New York Times.

Trouble. "More trouble," sighed McNulty, putting on his coat. "If it ain't one thing it's another!"

"What's the matter now?" queried his good wife.

"More labor troubles," answered McNulty.

"Another one, I hope?" asked the partner of his sorrows.

"No; it's worst than that," answered the alleged head of the house. "The boss has yielded, and I've got to go to work again!"—London Tit-Bits.

Till Something Offered.

"Yes," said the notorious confidence man and shell worker. "I am going to reform and join the church; can you give me something to do by which I can support myself?"

"Well," replied the minister thoughtfully, "until you get something honest to do you might get up a church fund for us to help clear off the church debt."—Houston Post.

No Invitations to Perform.

"Is it not our duty," said the moralist, "to keep temptation out of the way of people who may do things they will regret?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Courtessell; "that's why I make it a rule when we have summer boarders to keep the piano locked."—Washington Star.

Seeing the Point.

"It is a mistake," said the man in the pail suit, "to say that we English do not enjoy a joke."

"I should think," answered Miss Cayenne, "that you would enjoy a joke very much; it is so seldom you see one."—Washington Star.

More Pitty.

Wife (during the spat)—I only married you because I pitied you.

Husband—Well, everybody pities me now.

Birthday was kept even as far back as the time of Pharaoh.

CHRONOSCOPE READS THE MIND.



MACHINE WHICH LAYS BARE INNERMOST THOUGHTS.

Startling revelations have been made of the secret tests applied to Harry Orchard, the self-confessed multi-murderer and chief witness at the trial of William D. Haywood at Boise, Idaho, by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard. The disclosures are contained in an article by Prof. Munsterberg in McClure's Magazine.

The Harvard professor of psychology probed to the very recesses of the convict's brain, and used for his startling researches perhaps the most remarkable scientific instrument ever devised—the chronoscope.

The use of this instrument on an actual criminal in connection with a murder trial marks an epoch in legal history, the final developments of which may substitute this mute, inexorable revealer of the inside of a man's or a woman's brain for judge, jury, district attorney and police inquisitor alike.

Imagine the use to which the perfected chronoscope will be put—indeed, can now be put. Suppose the suspect arrested in some mysterious murder, like the Tavshanjan crime. No police "third degree," but an absolutely certain decision, by the application of the chronoscope, will declare whether or not the man is guilty.

The chronoscope is affixed. Two little metal bits are placed, one in the mouth of the inquisitor, the other in that of the suspect. A dial, divided into the thousandth part of a second, is in electric contact with the bits, and then a single word is spoken by the inquisitor.

The prisoner is told to speak, in reply, the first word that comes to his mind in response. The time this takes is recorded on the dial. If the prisoner refuses to speak it is a confession of guilt. If he replies his guilt or innocence can be surely proven. For other words follow, and the time of the answering ideas is taken. Then when

the inquisitor, taking the suspect unaware, pronounces "trunk," there comes the crucial test.

If guilty the suspect will seek to put the inquisitor off the track and may answer "strap," "leather," "railroad" or something else of a similar nature. But in his brain the word "trunk" has suggested the idea of the dead body within it. He must think of two things instead of one. That takes time, and the inexorable dial with its indicator will show what has occurred.

In Prof. Munsterberg's article in McClure's he tells of applying the chronoscope in the case of Harry Orchard in his cell in the jail at Boise. Prof. Munsterberg called out in succession fifty words. Orchard lent himself to the researches and replied with the first answering word that came to his mind.

The first word spoken by Prof. Munsterberg was "river." Orchard answered "water." Then "ox," and the answer was "yoke;" then "mountain," and he said "hill," then "tobacco," and the reply was "pipe."

All this time Orchard did not know that the time taken for him to reply was being registered. The time averaged seven-tenths of a second. Then Prof. Munsterberg proceeded to put test words, such as "confession," "revolver," "religion," "jury," "death," "blood," "prayer" and "railroad." "Blood" suggested "knife" to Orchard and the other words similar significant replies, but there was no hesitation. The case was made exhaustive and the inference was where, by reason of such rehearsal, he believed his own confession.

Scientists believe the chronoscope, now only in the first stages of its perfection, will before long be evolved into something resembling a diver's helmet, which, fitted over the criminal's head, would become the microscope of the mind.

Work on the plank road was begun in April, 1853, and the last spike was driven in October, 1854. It was a gigantic enterprise for that day and the people thought it solved the transportation problem for all time. They didn't dream that within four or five years steam engines would be converting around in these parts and that the bulk of business would sweep by regardless of the river.

"At Huntsville the arrival of the first coach on the new road was made a general holiday by official proclamation. The schools were dismissed and but little of anything was done until the mail coach got in. I was among the crowd of youngsters that gathered around in admiration too deep for words."

"The Glasgow and Huntsville Road Company was a duly incorporated concern and had its offices just like a railroad company. William Smith, who is yet living at Moberly, ran the stage line. A coach left Glasgow and Huntsville about the same time each morning, furnishing daily mail each way. And Bros. operated large freight vans and had a healthy business. The late W. R. (Bob) Samuel of Huntsville was secretary for the road, an important position which paid quite well during the days of the road's activity."

Roads, in Howard county, was the biggest town between the terminals. It grew up into quite a place during the plank road's prosperity and many stores were operated there. But by the time the railroad came, the old road was torn up for firewood and Roadside was marooned far back in the country, swelling a long list of one good towns that have become lost or forgotten."

Flight of the Butterflies.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the isthmus of Panama. Where they come from or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveler who observed it. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea, and as the days go by the number increases until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

Mrs. White (sympathetically)—So your husband is in trouble again, Maud? Mrs. Black (cheerily)—No; he's out of trouble, deep now—de sounders in jail.—Puck.

The only thing we can recommend is to endeavor to make an uninteresting life interesting as possible.



FARM AND GARDEN

Picking Apples.

All handling of the apple crop should be done with the idea of bruising the fruit as little as possible, says a bulletin from the Maryland Experiment Station. In all apples of good quality a bruised specimen soon becomes

PORTABLE TABLE. A rotten one. Apples should be picked into bags or from these into the barrels or on to padded baskets and carefully rolled from these into barrels or on to the sorting table. A very handy picking bag is made by placing a pebble in a corner of a grain sack and tying the corner by means of the pebble to one side of the mouth of the bag. This makes the bag into a loop, which may be hung over the neck of the picker.

The mouth of the bag comes to the front and is held open by passing a stiff bent wire under the arm. This kind of picking bag leaves both hands of the worker free for picking. A gang of pickers will empty their picking bags and baskets directly on to a portable sorting table placed between the rows on which they are working. This table is placed on low truck wheels and has a single whiffletree, so that a horse can move it to any desired point as work proceeds. A cut of this kind of sorting table is here shown. It should be made large enough to hold not less than two barrels of fruit. The rear bolster is higher than that at the open end so that culls can be rolled.

A long, heavy plank is placed on the ground on each side of this table on which the barrels are set for filling. The workers pick the apples from the table into padded wicker baskets, which have low or folding handles, which permit of their being placed down into the barrel before being dumped. Apples would be greatly injured if dumped from the mouth to the bottom of the barrel. The fruit is sorted into two grades, first and second. In sorting exclude all fruit that are ripe, for if a fruit is ripe at packing time it will soon decay and spoil its neighbors. Fruits that are too green or poorly colored should be left out, as they are always of inferior texture and flavor. Undersized, diseased, wormy, bruised or misshapen specimens should of course go as culls. The culls are allowed to roll into a pile from the lower end of the grading table.

After being properly "racked," to insure a tight pack, and when ready for heading, the fruit should stand as evenly as possible at about one-half to three inches above the chime of the barrel. A corrugated paper cap or excelsior cushion should be placed on, the head laid and the press applied. The figure shows the barrel with the screw press in position ready for driving down the head. Just beneath the head may be seen the excelsior cushion. After a little experience a handy man learns lots of little knacks about heading up fruit.

How They Store Sweet Potatoes.

The New Jersey sweet potato house is a stone building, say 10x15 feet on the inside, with walls 10 feet high and a good roof. The building is half underground and the earth is banked up around it. There is a passageway through the center, and the bins for the sweet potatoes are 6 to 8 feet square and 8 to 10 feet deep. With a door on the south side, with window above, and a stove is placed inside the building for use when required. The walls are plastered, and the underside of the roof is also covered with lath and plaster, and the place is thoroughly weatherproof. A house of this kind will afford storage room for 3,000 or more bushels.

Good Days for Farmers.

The last ten years has been the golden age of American agriculture. More advance has been made than in any twenty or thirty years in the nation's history. Land has increased enormously in value since 1890, and is destined to go higher in the farming sections. Prices for products have been good all the time and are better now than ever. If the importance of agriculture and the farmer increases at the same rate the agricultural life will be considered the ideal one, and to own a good farm the very acme of felicity.—New Haven Leader.

Consolidated Farms.

To make one large farm out of several small ones may prove a good disposition for cheap farm properties in some localities. Large consolidated farms seem to be doing well in many instances and to have less trouble with the labor problem than do the smaller farms.—American Cultivator.

To Keep Fleas Off Dogs.

A very simple and easy way is to saturate a string in oil of pennyroyal and tie it around the neck of the animal.

Kainit with Manure.

Kainit is one of the best substances to use with manure. It does not liberate ammonia, but changes it into sulphate of chloride, and thus "fixes" it. Kainit is a potash salt, and also contains common salt. It is one of the best fertilizers for clover, and increases the value of the manure. Applied to the land in the spring, it is beneficial, not only as a plant food, but in its chemical effect on the soil. It is also cheap compared with some other fertilizers.

Forming a Wind Break.

A grove should have forest conditions. By this is meant that the leaves falling should remain and form a leaf mold which will act as a fertilizer and hold moisture during severe winter weather. To accomplish this to a certain extent low growing trees and shrubbery may be planted among the trees, and near the outside some evergreens, such as red cedars or the white spruce. These will break the force of the high winds and leave at least part of the leaves upon the ground.

To sum up the different varieties that may be grown with success on our prairie soil, I will mention the black walnut, butternut, white ash, elm, basswood or Linden, shillbark hickory, bur oak, box elder, wild black cherry, white birch (inclusive of the European and cut leaved varieties), also the catalpa, cottonwood and willow.—I. W. Hoffmann.

Outclassed.

Everybody's "kickin'." "Kickin' 'bout the best; Kickin' 'bout the price; We pay for things to eat; Kickin' 'bout the railroad; An' the government; Kickin' 'bout the taxes; And the way they're spent; Kickin' 'bout the auto; And the pace they set; Kickin' 'bout the grafters; An' the pull they get. Old mule looks dejected. Says in tones demure, 'When it comes to kickin' I'm an amachoor!'" —Washington Star.

Profile Hen.

Professor Gowell, of the Zoological Research Laboratory of Maine University, has been breeding White Wyandottes for the past year, with the view of increasing their laying capacity. He has the record in this respect. He claims that he has one hen which laid 252 eggs in one year. In the month of May she laid an egg on every day but one, and in thirty-three days laid thirty-four eggs.

The Avocado.

Interest in the avocado as a salad fruit continues to increase. The market demand is so strong in eastern cities during late autumn and winter that south Florida growers are enlarging their plantings of the late ripening sorts of the West Indian type, such as the Trapp, the expectation that their culture will prove highly profitable.—Bureau of Plant Industry.

Farm Notes.

A little line is an excellent thing to put in the hog's drinking water.

Profit depends as much on the cost of production as on the selling price.

The good, square walk as a gift for a farm horse is the most valuable of any.

The rotation of crops does not call for more plowing, but less, and more stirring of the soil.

It is the surplus or increase of price above the cost of production that adds to the prosperity of the people.

The difference between a good and inferior care taker is everything in the matter of success or failure in cattle feeding.

In nearly all cases the offspring of immature, undeveloped animals is inferior to that of mature and full grown parents.

Where the pungent smell of ammonia is noticed escaping from the manure it may be taken as an indication of loss.

In one respect the stories we hear about the creamery trust and the grain growers' combine, are like most of the old stories we hear about our neighbors, they are not true.

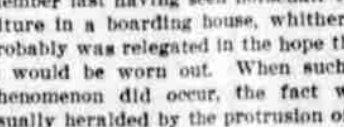
Try to have time to stop and chat with a neighbor occasionally; merely a nod and a grunt are not conducive to a friendly feeling.

Some men never have money to spare to buy clover seed or to do tilling with. Perhaps they invest their money in something that pays better, but it is very doubtful.

The farmer who finds himself overburdened with work all the time should stop and investigate. There must be a screw loose somewhere because no man was intended to be on a level with a beast of burden.

FADE OF THE PAST.

It has taken many years for horsehair covered furniture to pass into oblivion, for the reason that there was no wear-out to it, except in a boarding house. Most people, therefore, will remember last having seen horsehair furniture in a boarding house, whether it probably was relegated in the hope that it would be worn out. When such a phenomenon did occur, the fact was usually heralded by the protrusion of a



HORSEHAIR FURNITURE.

rusty spring and a mossy bunch of curled stuffing.

But the remainder of the cover would remain in such unyielding good repair that the owner would be loath to sacrifice the piece of furniture, which made it a white elephant, there being no way to repair it unless the whole cover was replaced.

Another thing that tended to longevity on the part of the almost immortal hair furniture was the difficulty of sitting on it. Its curves were steep and its surface slick, so it was much like trying to cling to a slide rail. You would slide first imperceptibly, and then with the speed of a roller coaster, till you hit the floor in a heap.

EARLY DAY PLANK ROAD.

When the Railroads Came This Missouri Highway Was Abandoned.

"This talk about a highway across the State recalls to mind a small enterprise prosecuted in the interior of the State in the steamboat days," says the Kansas City Star. "It was a twenty-five-mile plank highway between Glasgow and Huntsville," recently remarked Milton C. Hanson, Mo., whose father was interested in the road and who used to live in Huntsville.

"The road between Huntsville and Glasgow was a succession of clay hills the greater part of the way and in muddy weather the Christian religion made want headway in these parts. We didn't know it then, but we do now, that those anthracitized red hills were a blessing to Missouri, for they served to develop the largest and strongest mules in the world and their big-boned descendants are now moving over merchandise than the steam cars."

"Glasgow was the distributing point for up-the-country merchandise. A dozen hack lines run out from there, the main one of which journeyed to Huntsville. The traffic over those molasses candy hills became so great and was attended by so many difficulties that something had to be done. Various kinds of road material were discussed at: timber decided upon because it was plentiful and most of the pioneers were skilled in its use. The hills were cut through and the bottoms raised so the roadway was fairly level. Oak plank, twenty feet long, two inches thick and eighteen inches wide were