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 XIII.

In the course of time Uncle Joseph came as was arranged, and on the day following Maddy and Guy rode down to see him, finding him a tall, powerfully built man, retaining many vestiges of manly beauty, and fully warranting all Mrs. Markham had said in his praise. He seemed perfectly gentle and harmless, though when Guy was announced as Mr. Remington, Maddy noticed that in his keen black eyes there was for an instant a fiery gleam, but it quickly passed away, as he muttered:

"Much too young; he was older than I and I am over forty. It's all right."

And the fiery eye grew soft and almost sleepy in its expression, as the poor lunatic turned next to Maddy, telling her how pretty she was, asking her if she were engaged, and bidding her to be careful that her fiance was not more than a dozen years older than herself.

Uncle Joseph seemed to take to her from the very first, following her from room to room, touching her fair soft cheeks, smoothing her silken hair, telling her Sarah's used to curl, asking if she knew where Sarah was, and finally crying for her as a child cries for its mother, when at last she went away. Much of this Maddy had repeated to Jessie, as in the twilight they sat together in the parlor at Aikenside; and Jessie was not the only listener, for with her face resting on her hand, and her head bent eagerly forward, Agnes sat, so as not to lose a word of what Maddy was saying of Uncle Joseph. The intelligence that he was coming to the red cottage had been followed with a series of headaches, so severe and protracted that Dr. Holbrook had pronounced her really sick, and had been unusually attentive. Anxiously she had waited for the result of Maddy's visit to the poor lunatic, and her face was colorless as marble as she heard him described, while a faint sigh escaped her when Maddy told her what he had said of Sarah.

Agnes was changed somewhat of late. She had grown more thoughtful and quiet, while her manner toward Maddy was not as haughty as formerly. Guy thought her improved, and thus was not so delighted as he would otherwise have been, when, one day about two weeks after Uncle Joseph's arrival at Honedale, she startled him by saying she thought it nearly time for her to return to Boston if she meant to spend the winter there, and asked what she should do with Jessie.

Guy was not quite willing for Agnes to leave him there alone, but when he saw that she was determined, he consented to her going, with the understanding that Jessie was to remain—a plan which Agnes did not oppose, as a child so large as Jessie might stand in the way of her being as gay as she meant to be in Boston. Jessie, too, when consulted, said she would far rather stay at Aikenside; and so one November morning, Agnes, wrapped in velvet and furs, kissed her little daughter, and bidding good-by to Maddy and the servants, left a neighborhood which, since Uncle Joseph was so near, had become so intolerable that not even the hope of winning the doctor could avail to keep her in it.

Guy accompanied her to the city, wondering why, when he used to like it so much, it now seemed dull and tiresome, or why the society he had formerly enjoyed failed to bring back the olden pleasure he had experienced when a resident of Boston. After seeing Agnes settled in one of the most fashionable boarding houses, he started for Aikenside.

It was dark when he reached home, and as the evening had closed in with a heavy rain, the house presented rather a cheerless appearance, particularly as, in consequence of Mrs. Noah's not expecting him that day, no fires had been kindled in the parlors, or in any room except the library. There a bright coal fire was blazing in the grate, and thither Guy repaired, finding, as he had expected, Jessie and her teacher. Not liking to intrude on Mr. Guy, of whom she still stood somewhat in awe, Maddy soon arose to leave, but Guy bade her stay; he should be lonely without her, he said; and so bringing her work she sat down to sew, while Jessie looked over a book of prints, and Guy upon the lounge studied the face which, it seemed to him, grew each day more and more beautiful. Then he talked with her of books, and the lessons which were to be resumed on the morrow, watching Maddy as her bright face sparkled and glowed with excitement. Then he questioned her of her father's family, feeling a strange sense of satisfaction in knowing that the Clydes were not a race of whose blood anyone need be ashamed; and Maddy was more like them, he was sure, than like the Markhams, and Guy shivered a little as he recalled the peculiar dialect of Mr. and Mrs. Markham, and remembered that they were Maddy's grandparents. Not that it was anything to him. Oh, no! Only as an inmate of his family he felt interested in her, more so perhaps than young men were apt to be interested in their sister's governess.

Had Guy then been asked the question, he would, in all probability, have acknowledged that in his heart there was a feeling of superiority to Maddy Clyde; that she was not quite the equal of Aikenside's heir, nor yet of Lucy Atherstone. It was natural; he had been educated to feel the difference, but any haughty arrogance of which he might have been guilty was kept down by his extreme good sense and generous, impulsive nature. He liked Maddy; he liked to look at her as, in the becoming crimson merino which he really and Jessie nominally had given her, she sat before him, with the firelight falling on her hair and making shadows on her sunny face.

It did not take long for the people of Sommerville to hear that Guy Remington had actually turned schoolmaster, having in his library for two hours or more each day Jessie's little girl-governess—people wondering, as people will, where it would end, and if it could be possible that the haughty Guy had forgotten his English Lucy and gone to educating a wife.

The doctor, to whom these remarks were sometimes made, silently gnashed his teeth, then said savagely that "if Guy chose to teach Maddy Clyde, he did not see whose business it was," and then rode over to Aikenside to see the teacher and pupil, half hoping that Guy would soon tire of his project and give it up. But Guy grew more and more pleased with his employment, until, at last, from giving Maddy two hours of his time, he came to give her four, esteeming them the pleasantest of the whole twenty-four. Guy was proud of Maddy's improvement, praising her often to the doctor, who also marveled at the rapid development of her mind and the progress she made, grasping a knotty point almost before it was explained, and retaining with wonderful tenacity what she learned.

It mattered nothing to Guy that neighbors gossiped; there were none familiar enough to tell him what was said, except the doctor or Mrs. Noah; and so he heard few of the remarks made so frequently. As in Honedale, so in Sommerville, Maddy was a favorite, and those who interested themselves most in the matter said Mr. Guy might perhaps be educating his own wife, and insinuating that it would be a great "come up" for Grandfather Markham's child. But Maddy never dreamed of such a thing, and kept on her pleasant way, reciting every day to Guy and going every Wednesday to the red cottage, whither, after the first visit to Uncle Joseph, Guy never accompanied her. Jessie, on the contrary, went often to Honedale, where one at least always greeted her coming, stealing up closely to her, whispering softly: "Daisy is come again."

From the first Uncle Joseph had taken to Jessie, calling her Sarah for a while, and then changing the name to "Daisy"—"Daisy Mortimer, his little girl," he persisted in calling her, watching from his window for her coming, and crying whenever Maddy appeared without her. At first Agnes, from her city home, forbade Jessie's going so often to see a lunatic; but when Jessie described the poor, crazy man's delight at sight of her, telling how quiet and happy he seemed if he could but lay his hand on her head, or touch her hair, she withdrew her restrictions, and, as if moved to an unwonted burst of tenderness, wrote to her daughter: "Comfort that crazy man all you can; he needs it so much."

A few weeks after there came another letter from Agnes, but this time it was to Guy, and its contents darkened his handsome face with anger and vexation. Incidentally Agnes had heard the gossip, and written it to Guy, adding in conclusion: "Of course I know it is not true, for even if there were no Lucy Atherstone, you, of all men, would not stoop to Maddy Clyde. I do not presume to advise, but I will say this, that now she is growing a young lady, folks will keep on talking so long as you keep her there in the house; and it's hardly fair toward Lucy."

This was what knotted up Guy's forehead and made him, as Jessie said, "real cross for once." Somehow, he fancied, latterly, that the doctor did not like Maddy's being there, while even Mrs. Noah managed to keep her out of his way as soon as the lessons were ended. What did they mean? why did they presume to interfere with him? He'd know, at all events; and summoning Mrs. Noah to his presence, he read that part of Agnes' letter pertaining to Maddy, and then asked what it meant.

"It means this, that folks are in a constant worry for fear you'll fall in love with Maddy."

"I fall in love with that child!" Guy repeated, laughing at the idea, and forgetting that he had long since accused the doctor of that very thing.

"Yes, you," returned Mrs. Noah, "and 'tain't strange they do. Maddy is not a child; she's nearer sixteen than fifteen, is almost a young lady; and if you'll excuse my boldness, I must say I ain't any too well pleased with the goin's-on myself; not that I don't like the girl, for I do, and I don't blame her an atom. She's as innocent as a new-born babe, and I hope she'll always stay so; but you, Mr. Guy, you—now tell me honest—do you think as much of Lucy Atherstone as you used to, before you took up school keepin'?"

Guy did not like to be interfered with, and naturally high-spirited, he at first flew into a passion, declaring that he would not have folks meddling with him, that he thought of Lucy Atherstone all the time, and he did not know what more he could do; that 'twas a pity if a man could not enjoy himself in his own way, providing that way were harmless, that he'd never spent so happy a winter as the last; that——"

Here Mrs. Noah interrupted him with: "That's it, the very it; you want nothing better than to have that girl sit close to you when she recites, as she does; and once when she was work'n' out some of them pluses and minuses, and things, her slate rested on your knee; it did, I saw it with my own eyes; and then, let me ask, when Jessie is drummin' on the piano, why don't you bend over her, and turn the leaves, and count the time as you do when Maddy plays; and how 's it happen that lately Jessie is one of many, when you hear Maddy's lessons? She has no suspicions, but I know she ain't sent off for pochin'; I know you'd rather be along with Maddy Clyde than to have anybody present; isn't it so?"

Guy began to wince. There was much truth in what Mrs. Noah had said. He did devise various methods of getting rid of Jessie, when Maddy was in his library, but it had never looked to him in just the light it did when presented by Mrs. Noah, and he doggedly asked what Mrs. Noah would have him do.

"First and foremost, then, I'd have you tell Maddy yourself that you are engaged to Lucy Atherstone; second, I'd have you write to Lucy all about it, and if you honestly can, tell her that you only care for Maddy as a friend; third, I'd have you send the girl——"

"Not away from Aikenside! I never will!" and Guy sprang to his feet.

The mine had exploded, and for an instant the young man reeled, as he caught a glimpse of where he stood; still he would not believe it, or confess to himself how strong a place in his affections was held by the beautiful girl now no longer a child. It was almost a year since that April afternoon when he first met Maddy Clyde, and from a timid, bashful child, of fourteen and a half, she had grown to the rather tall and rather self-possessed maiden of fifteen and a half, almost sixteen, as Mrs. Noah said, "almost a woman;" and as if to verify the latter fact, she herself appeared at that very moment, asking permission to come in and find a book, which had been mislaid, and which she needed in hearing Jessie's lessons.

"Certainly, come in," Guy said, and folding his arms he leaned against the mantel, watching her as she hunted for the missing book.

There was no pretense about Maddy Clyde, nothing put on for effect, and yet in every movement she showed marks of great improvement, both in manner and style. Of one hundred people who might glance at her, ninety-nine would look a second time, asking who she was. Not the remotest suspicion had Maddy of what was occupying the thoughts of her companions, though, as she left the room and glanced brightly up at Guy, it struck her that his face was dark and moody, and a painful sensation flitted through her mind that in some way she had intruded.

"Well," was Mrs. Noah's first comment, as the door closed on Maddy, but as Guy made no response to that, she continued: "She is pretty. That you won't deny."

"Yes, more than pretty. She'll make a most beautiful woman."

Guy seemed to talk more to himself than to Mrs. Noah, while his foot kicked the fender, and he mentally compared Lucy and Maddy with each other, and tried to think that it was not the result of that comparison, but rather Mrs. Noah's next remark, which affected him unpleasantly. The remark or remarks were as follows:

"Of course she'll make a splendid woman. Everybody notices her now for her beauty, and that's why you've no business to keep her here where you see her every day. It's a wrong to her, lettin' yourself alone."

Guy looked up, and Mrs. Noah continued:

"I've been a girl myself, and I know that Maddy can't be treated as you treat her without its having an effect. I've no idea that it's entered her head yet, but it will bimeby, and then good-by to her happiness."

"For pity's sake, what do you mean? What have I done to Maddy, or what am I going to do?"

Coming nearer to him, and lowering her voice, Mrs. Noah replied:

"You are going to teach her to love you, Guy Remington."

"And is that anything so very bad, I'd like to know? Most girls do not find love distasteful," and Guy walked hastily to the window, where he stood for a moment gazing out upon the soft April snow which was falling, and feeling anything but satisfied either with the weather or himself; then walking back, and taking a seat before the fire, he said: "I understand you now. You would save Maddy Clyde from sorrow, and you are right. You know more of girls than I do. She might in time get to—to—think of me as she ought not. I never looked upon it in this light before. I've been so happy with her"—here Guy's voice faltered a little, but he recovered himself and went on: "I will tell her about Lucy to-night, but the sending her away, I can't do that. Neither will she be happy to go back where I took her from, for though the best of people, they are not like Maddy, and you know it."

Yes, Mrs. Noah did know it, and pleased that her boy, as she called Guy, had shown some signs of penitence and amendment, she said she did not think it necessary to send Maddy home; she did not advise it, either. She liked the girl, and what she advised was this, that Guy should send Maddy and Jessie both to boarding school. Agnes, she knew, would be willing, and it was the best thing he could do. Maddy would thus learn what was expected of a teacher, and as soon as she graduated, she could procure some eligible situation."

(To be continued.)

"THERE IS YET TIME."

A Daughter Wakened in Time to the Passing of Opportunities.

It was with a distressing sense of dread that Hortense rang the doorbell of her friend's house. She had not been to see Miriam since the death of her father, and she felt that the visit could not be otherwise than sad. To her relief, Miriam met her with a calm sweetness of manner that at once made her feel more comfortable.

"I am so glad you have come, Hortense," she said, after a few minutes of commonplace conversation. "I've been wishing to talk to you about papa. It's such a comfort to tell those of my friends who I'm sure will understand how good and dear he was. I want every one that cares for me to know how happy I am in the memory of such a father as mine."

Hortense took Miriams hand in hers in silent sympathy, for gathering tears prevented her speaking.

"Somehow, as I look back," continued Miriam, "I feel that I've been more blessed than most daughters, for I have so many hours of happy companionship with my father to remember. The seven years that I drove into town with him to high school, and then later to my office work every morning and home again every evening, when we lived in the country, have furnished me with loving recollections that will make my whole life better and sweeter. I shall never forget all our little jokes, and even the small worries we had now seem precious. Some girls do not have the chance for intimate association with their fathers that I have had, and I feel that I've been unusually fortunate."

Hortense, listening, remembered with shame how she and other friends of Miriam had pitied her for that long, tedious drive, winter and summer, through mud or dust, with no one to talk to but her father.

"I am selfish in speaking so much of myself," said Miriam, after a moment's silence. "How is your father? Well, I hope."

"Yes, pretty well, thank you."

"Does he get out much, now that business no longer takes him away from home?"

"Not so very much, but I'm going to begin walking with him every day."

A faint color rose in Hortense's cheeks as she spoke, for she recalled several of her father's invitations for a walk that she had either declined or postponed.

"Yes, now that the weather is getting pleasant, you will want to go out with him a great deal, I'm sure. How nice it is that he is at leisure, so you can be together!"

"Yes; and, O Miriam, you have made me see my neglected opportunities—how much I have lost in not passing more time with him. I came here to try to help you in your sorrow, and you have helped me. You have awakened me suddenly to the great value of father's days that are still left to me. Oh, I've been careless and blind to my blessings!"

"But there is yet time," said Miriam, softly.—Youth's Companion.

Easily Satisfied.

"I want," said the woman of fashion to the haughty department clerk, "to be surrounded with more 'pomp' than any other woman of my acquaintance. Can you help me do it?"

"Rats!" he answered and immediately directed her to the counter where they were sold.—Baltimore American.

Beyond their power the bravest can not fight.—Homer.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NEXT PANIC DUE IN 1913.

By Prof. Joseph P. Johnson.

If an industrial crisis is on the slate it will, in all probability, not come before 1913. That would seem an appropriate year. In England there is a panic about every ten years, in the United States every twenty years. During the last ten years prices have risen 42 per cent, while the amount of money has increased 70 per cent. During that same time the national banks have increased their loans and discounts two billion to four billion three hundred million dollars, an increase of 115 per cent. Meantime the reserves have been reduced from 19 per cent to 13 per cent.

Wages have not gone up as rapidly as prices have risen, and therefore an increase in wages should be made. If people are to purchase goods at rising prices they must have higher wages. I do not say this from any humanitarian motive, but from the knowledge of the cold fact that if prosperity is to increase we must give some of the money earned to the common people.

I believe that the old United States bank could be established to advantage if a new charter like that of the Bank of France were conferred upon it. If we cannot find twelve honest financiers for the president to appoint to manage its affairs, then I think we had better have a panic. If an industrial crisis is on the slate it will, in all probability, be like that of 1857, from the effects of which the country recovered almost completely within a year. The most serious factor in the present situation is the loss of confidence occasioned by the break in Wall street. There is a popular impression that Wall street discounts future events, and that the March panic means that railroads will be forced to cut dividends within a year or two.

FAIR DEALING IN RAILROAD MATTERS.

By Gov. Charles E. Hughes of New York.

GOV. C. E. HUGHES.

I am fully conscious, as is every one who professes to have a modicum of intelligence, of the tremendous advantages which the country and every community in it have derived from the extension of our railroad facilities.

They are the arteries of commerce; our communities would be lifeless, our trade would collapse, we would all be worse than dead were it not for these opportunities of communication and these facilities of transportation.

We honor all that has been done in a just effort to make these possible. We want more; we want extension; we want greater facilities. We want every opportunity afforded to enable the people to remove their produce, and we want fair treatment to those who are engaged in this very necessary activity.

Yet it is said that, despite the prosperity of the country and the great benefits that have been derived from the extension of our transportation facilities, there is a state of unrest; that there is a general condition of discontent throughout the country. Why? Is it because of extension of means of communication? Will any one suggest to an intelligent audience that American citizens are in revolt against their own prosperity?

What they revolt against is dishonest finance. What they are in rebellion against is favoritism which gives a chance to one man to move his goods and not to another; which gives one man one set of terms and another set to his rival; which makes one man rich by giving him access to the seaboard and drives another man into bankruptcy, or into combination with his more successful competitor.

It is a revolt against all the influences which have grown out of an unlicensed freedom and of a failure to recognize that these great privileges, so necessary for public welfare, have been created by the public for the public benefit and not primarily for private advantage.

FINAL TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE.

By Dr. E. C. Sweet.

DR. E. C. SWEET.

Victory has followed victory, and many of the most dreaded diseases have become powerless in the conquest with preventive medicine. The clientele of the physicians is growing smaller and smaller, but their glory as humanitarians and scientists is rising and will reach the zenith after coming generations of more erudite physicians have conquered and laid at their feet the two worst enemies of mankind—tuberculosis and cancer. Preventive medicine is the medicine of the future, and the final triumph of scientific medicine will be the suppression of disease. In this struggle with the causes of disease we need not only the earnest and united support of the medical profession in the front ranks of this movement but the encouragement and financial aid of the governments, general, state, county, city and village. A new and much needed specialty in medicine should be created—scientific sanitation. But to accomplish our final object in public sanitation means must be provided for popular instruction in hygiene and sanitation in our schools and by popular lectures, in order to reach the mass of the people, and by doing so enlist their interest and secure their co-operation.

MENACE OF MACHINE MUSIC.

By Carl G. Schmidt.

The one thing Americans have been repeatedly accused of is a lack of thoroughness. We are told that we seek to accomplish in months that to which other nationalities devote years. We are in a hurry with our arts and business. These criticisms are in many respects true. As a people we seem no longer content to enrich our lives by years of careful study; we prefer rather to obtain our music with ease and rapidity, hence the mechanical piano players, phonographs, etc.

That these machines tend to disseminate knowledge is unquestionable, but that they bring one into a close touch with the refining influence of music which comes with actual association and study is not quite so clear. To have music at hand is certainly to enjoy it, but to come into close relationship with each thought and mood of the composer is to love it.

There may be many reasons for machine music, but that does not for a moment alter the fact that this country needs men who are willing to devote years of life to the furtherance of music and art. To do this we must now and for all time banish the spirit of haste.—Etude.

FAMOUS LIFE ROMANCE.

Divorce Ends the Hasty Marriage of Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner.

Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner is again Mrs. Yerkes, having secured a decree of divorce from her second husband, Wilson Mizner. Her sudden marriage to the latter and her speedy divorce have added a sensational denouement to a famous life romance. Mrs. Yerkes was Mary Adelaide Moore, the daughter of a chemist. She was the second wife of Charles T. Yerkes, the multi-millionaire, banker and traction magnate. At the time of her marriage Yerkes was a broker in Philadelphia. When his firm failed it was found that he was in debt to the city for bonds sold on account. Neglecting to make the city a preferred creditor, he was sent to jail, but subsequently released and the sentence declared illegal.

He made a fortune out of Jay Cooke's failure and went to Chicago. There he exploited street railways, bought newspapers and manipulated the municipal government to a degree that the town became unhealthy as a residence for himself and his wife. Mrs. Yerkes went to New York, built a palace on 5th avenue and tried to break into society; Mr. Yerkes went to London and captured franchises for underground tubes, constructed electric railways and heaped up more millions and more scandal. He estranged his wife, who remained in New York and surrounded herself with a circle of friends, none of whom was able to open the charmed door of social recognition. Her house became the Mecca of artists and writers, politicians and railway officials, and her entertainments were lavish. Suddenly her truant husband returned to America to die. A beautiful ward watched over his last moments and shared his dying hour

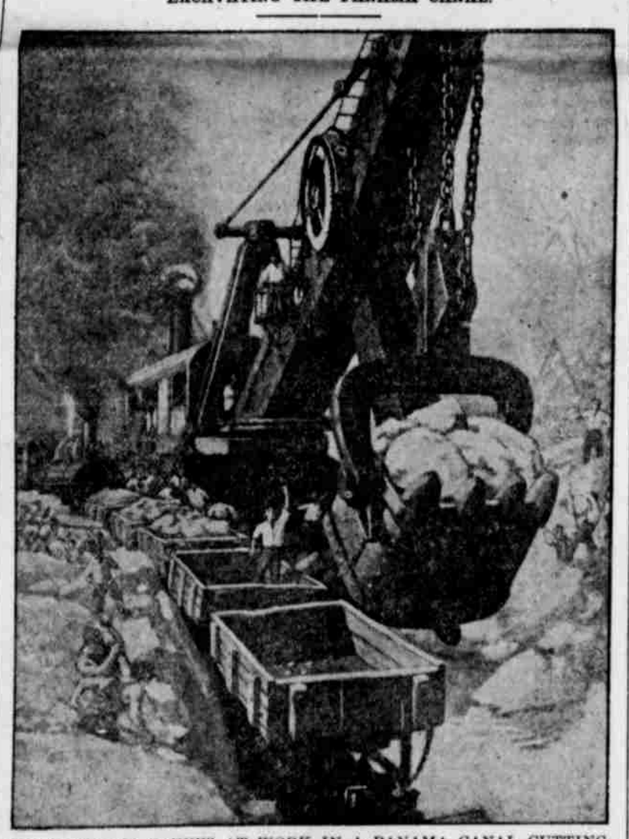
MRS. MARY ADELAIDE YERKES.

with the rightful spouse. Yerkes left his ward a palace in New York and a huge fortune; his wife, a life interest in many millions.

It was just after Christmas day, 1906, that Yerkes died at a New York hotel. In a little over a month the tongues were set a-wagging by the announcement of the rich widow's sudden marriage to the young California mine prospector and gentleman of fortune, Wilson Mizner. The ceremony was secret, and was not revealed until two days after it occurred.

The papers hummed with the affair, but within a week were obliged to print the news that the "cooing" Mizner had already begun to ask saucily for money. Rumors wafted out of the portals of the art palace that Wilson demanded a cool million—that's all. Separation followed and the six-foot bridegroom went back to the mines. Mrs. Yerkes-Mizner, too, disappeared, but the directions taken by the estranged couple were not the same. It was said that Mizner tried to effect a reconciliation, that he again and again bombarded his wife's abode in Chicago, but her love had cooled. She sued for divorce, but the papers suddenly disappeared. Vague hints of the return of the dove of peace wafted around the public prints, only to vanish in thin air. The divorce went on—Mizner went to Europe and to his whilom wife was restored her erstwhile name.—Utica Globe.

EXCAVATING THE PANAMA CANAL.



HUGE "STEAM NAVVY" AT WORK IN A PANAMA CANAL CUTTING.

The Panama Canal is being excavated by means of digging machines having the appearance of mechanical hands armed with steel nails, which tear away nearly a truckload of material at a single effort. A line of "flat cars" is seen waiting for the soil as the arm comes swinging back from the face of the cutting. The sight is a fascinating one to watch.

Photographing the Voice.

"After the problem of obtaining a record of the human voice had once been solved by the invention of the phonograph, many inventors turned their attention toward some suitable process for photographing spoken words," so writes Dr. Alfred Gradenwsits in the Technical World Magazine. "Though a phonographic record constitutes a true picture of the voice, it is not distinct enough to be deciphered by mere inspection.

"This photographic phonograph or photographophone invented by Herr Ruhmer affords a far more characteristic graphical rendering of spoken words. In this apparatus an electric arc lamp inserted in the circuit of a microphone is made to give out a radiation the intensity of which corresponds to the sound vibration in the microphone, this radiation being fixed photographically on the film running past in front of a narrow slot. By a convenient inversion of the whole process, the original sound can then be reproduced from the photographic record."

Exculpated.

The regular patron was indignant as the waiter spilled the soup.

"You're tipsy!" he exclaimed.

"Couldn't be on your tips. See?" responded the waiter; at least not so inebriated as to impede his mental processes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Early to bed and early to rise gives the average man's wife a surprise.

LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.

China produces 400,000 ounces of gold yearly.

The world's gold production in 1905 has been figured at $376,289,200.

The first street to be lighted by gas was Pall Mall. This was in January, 1807.

The coal consumption per head is greater in England than of any other country.

A new wash boiler has a sectional lid which greatly facilitates the laundry work.

Dynamos have been successfully and economically driven by gas engines in Boston.

Africa leads in the matter of gold production and the United States is second.

In 1830 the world contained but 210 miles of railway; now there are over 350,000 miles of line.

Needle making and filecutting seem the occupations most susceptible to the ravages of consumption.

The average temperature of the year in England has risen just over a degree in the past half century.

The ranks of the miners and charcoal burners are less affected by consumption than any other occupation.

The work of erecting the superstructure of the Manhattan bridge across the East River has been begun.

A Japanese electrician has invented a wireless system which is asserted to be superior to anything now in use.

One of the newest domestic conveniences is a jointed clothes prop, which folds up for convenience in storing away.

The machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

England has 144 churches for every 100,000 people. In Russia there are only fifty-five churches for a similar number.

A healthy adult breathes from fourteen to twenty-four times per minute. The rate of the pulse is four times that of the respiration.

The larger kind of West Indian firefly gives a light so brilliant that by it printed matter may be read at a distance of 2 to 3 inches.

One of the most remarkable railway bridges in the world is that which connects Venice with the mainland. Built on 223 arches, it is 12,050 feet long.

The project for electric railways which since the late war have been put forward in Japan aggregate an estimated expenditure of $390,000,000.

Ostrich feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stumps wither and fall out.

Great Britain and Canada will join in subsidizing a trans-Atlantic steamship line, which will be a serious rival to the lines plying between the United States and Europe.

The average life of an American ship is only eighteen years, while that of a British vessel is twenty-six years. The Scandinavian average is the best. It is thirty years.

The increase of the rice crop in this country has been the means of bringing a great portion of Texas land, so that it is now worth ten times what it was valued at ten years ago.

The sperm whale can remain below the surface for about twenty minutes at a time. Then it comes to the surface and breathes fifty or sixty times, taking about ten minutes to do so.

Quick-growing vegetation is a great trouble to railway companies in South Australia. No less a sum than $80,000 a year is paid for removing the weeds which grow on the permanent way.

In a discussion in the House of Parliament relative to the danger of cordite, Mr. Haldane said that he had a walking stick made of this explosive, which he had often carried into the cloakroom of Parliament.

The attempt to work up interest in the project to build a tunnel across the English channel has failed again. This scheme is brought up every few years, and the prospects of its success were greater on the last occasion than ever before.

It is estimated that 21,000,000 acres are available for rice growing in Louisiana and Texas, and the value of such a crop would be $400,000,000. This would make the rice crop fifth in point of value among the cereals of this country.

A Cleveland skyscraper, twenty stories high, will be topped by a Goddess of Liberty holding a torch, from which a leaping flame of gas will be burning at all times. The exact hour of the day and night will be indicated by causing the flame to shoot high into the air during the minute preceding each hour.

Lace from Leaves.

The women of Fayal, in the Azores, make a lace out of the fibers of the leaves of the century plant, and it is not less beautiful than costly. These women are the only makers of the lace left in the world to-day, and travelers stopping at Fayal on their South Atlantic voyage should not miss the opportunity of seeing these women at work. The peasants at Abissola once possessed the same art. They made of the century plant's leaves a beautiful black lace, but it would not wash.

The Fatal Letter.

A year had passed since they faced the parson together, and upon his return home he found his wife in tears.

"What are you crying about?" he asked.

"I've j-just been r-reading the l-letter in which you p-proposed," she sobbed.

"Well, I don't blame you," he rejoined. "Every time I think of that letter I feel like swearing."

Garfield's Wit.

At one of Proctor's lectures a lady wished for a seat, when Gen. Garfield brought one and seated her.

"Oh, you're a jewel," said she.

"Oh, no," replied Garfield, "I'm a jeweler; I've just set the jewel."—Judge.