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.—(Continued.)

"And during the vacations, where must she go then?" Guy asked.

"Go where she pleases, of course. As Jessie is so fond of her, and they are much like sisters, it will not be improper for her to come here, as I see, provided Agnes is here," Mrs. Noah replied, while Guy continued:

"I know you are right; that is, I do not wish to do Maddy a harm by placing temptation in her way, neither will I have everybody meddling with my business. I tell you I won't. I don't mean you, for you have a right to say what no one else has," and he glanced half angrily at Mrs. Noah. "Pity if I can't take an interest in a girl, because I once injured her, without every old woman in Christendom thinking she must needs fall in love with me, and so be ruined for life. Maddy Clyde has too good sense for that, or will have when I tell her about Lucy."

"And you will do so?" Mrs. Noah said.

"Of course I will, and write to Lucy, too, telling her how you talked, and how I care no more for Maddy than I do for Jessie."

"And will that be true?" Mrs. Noah asked.

Guy could not look her fully in the face then, so he kicked the grate until the concussion sent the red-hot coals out upon the carpet as he replied:

"True? Yes, every word of it."

Mrs. Noah noted all this, and thinking:

"I ought to have took him in hand long ago," she came up to him and said kindly, soothingly: "We shall all miss Maddy; I as much as anyone, but I do think it best for her to go to school; and so, after tea, I'll manage to keep Jessie with me, and send Maddy to you, while you tell her about Lucy and the plan."

Guy nodded a little perking kind of a nod, and then Mrs. Noah, as she turned to leave the room, gave vent to the following:

"You know, Guy, as well as I, that pretty and smart as she is, Maddy is really beneath you, and no kind of a match, even if you wasn't as good as married, which you be."

Mrs. Noah's last remark awakened in Guy a singular train of thought. Yes, Maddy was his inferior as the world saw matters, and settling himself in the chair he tried to fancy what that same world would say if he should make Maddy his wife. Of course he had no such intention, he was just imagining something which never could possibly happen, because in the first place he wouldn't marry Maddy Clyde if he could, and he couldn't if he would!

CHAPTER XIV.

Supper was over, and Guy was back again in his library. He had not stopped as he usually did, to romp with Jessie or talk to Maddy Clyde until it was so dark that he could not see her sparkling face, but had come directly back, dropping the heavy curtains and piling fresh coal upon the fire. Mrs. Noah had lighted the lamps and then gone after Maddy, explaining to Jessie how she must stay with her while Maddy went to Mr. Guy, who wanted to talk with her.

"Is he angry with me, Mrs. Noah?" and remembering his moody looks when she went in quest of the book, Maddy felt her heart misgive her as to what might be the result of an interview with Guy.

Mrs. Noah, however, reassured her, and Maddy stole for a moment to her own room to see how she was looking. The crimson dress, with its soft edge of lace about the slender throat, became her well, and smoothing the folds of her black silk apron, whose jaunty shoulder pieces gave her a very girlish appearance, she went down to where Guy was waiting for her. He heard her coming, and involuntarily drew nearer to him the chair where he intended she should sit. But Maddy took instead a stool, and leaning her elbow on the chair, turned her face fully toward him, waiting for him to speak.

"Maddy," he began, "are you happy here?"

"Oh, yes, very, very happy."

It was at least a minute before he spoke again, and when he did, it came out how he had concluded it best to send her and Jessie to school, for a year or two at least; not that he was tired of teaching her, but it would be better for her, he thought, to mingle with other girls and learn the ways of the world. Aikenside would still be her home, still the place where her vacations would be spent with Jessie if she chose, and then he spoke of New York as the place he had in view, and asked her what she thought of it.

Maddy was too much stunned to think of anything at first. That the good she had coveted most should be placed within her grasp, and by Guy Remington, too, was almost too much to credit.

"Oh, Mr. Remington, you are so good to me; what makes you?" said Maddy.

He liked her, and all over Maddy's face there spread a beautiful flush as the words rang in her ears. And then she told Guy how much she wished to be a teacher, and so take care of her grandparents and her poor Uncle Joseph. It seemed almost cruel for that young creature to be burdened with the care of those three half-helpless people, and Guy shuddered just as he usually did when he associated Maddy with them, but when he listened while she told him of all the castles she had built, and in every one of which there was a place for "our folks," as she termed them, it was more in the form of a blessing than a caress that his hand rested on her shining hair.

"You are a good girl, Maddy," he said, "and I am glad now that I have concluded to send you where you can be better fitted for the office you mean to fill than you could be here, but I shall miss you sadly. I like little girls, and though you can hardly be classed there now, you seem to me much like Jessie, and I take pleasure in doing for you as I would for her. Maddy——"

Guy stopped, uncertain what to say next, while Maddy's eyes again looked up inquiringly.

He was going now to tell "the little girl much like Jessie" of Lucy Atherstone, and the words would not come at first.

"Maddy," he said, again blushing guiltily, "I have said I liked you, and so I hope will someone else. I have written of you to her."

Up to this point Maddy had a vague idea that he meant the doctor, but the "her" dispelled that thought, and a most inexplicable feeling of numbness crept over her as she asked faintly:

"Written to whom?"

"To Miss Atherstone—Miss Lucy Atherstone. Have you never heard of her?"

No, Maddy never had, and with that same numbness she could not understand, she listened while Guy told her who Lucy Atherstone was, and why she was not at that moment the mistress of Aikenside.

"Would you like to see her picture?" asked Guy.

"Yes," came faintly from the parted lips, about which there was a slight quiver as she put up her hand to take the case Guy drew from his bosom.

Turning it to the light, she gazed silently upon the sweet young face, which seemed to return her gaze with a look as lifelike as her own.

"What do you think of her—of my Lucy? Is she not pretty?" Guy asked, bending down so that his dark hair swept against Maddy's, while his warm breath touched her burning cheeks.

"Yes, she's beautiful, oh! so beautiful, and happy, too. I wish I had been like her. I wish——" And Maddy burst into a most uncontrollable fit of weeping, her tears dropping like rain upon the inanimate features of Lucy Atherstone.

Guy looked at her amazed, his own heart throbbing with a keen pang of something undefinable as he listened to her stormy weeping. What did ail her? he wondered. Could it be that the evil against which he was providing had really come upon her? Guy asked her why she cried.

Child as she was, the real cause of her tears never entered her brain, and she answered:

"I can't tell why, unless I was thinking how different Miss Atherstone is from me. She's rich and handsome. I am poor and homely, and——"

"No, Maddy, you are not;" and Guy interrupted her.

Gently lifting up her head, he smoothed back her hair, and keeping a hand on each side of her face, said, pleasantly:

"You are not homely. I think you quite as pretty as Lucy; I do, really," he continued, as her eyes kindled at the compliment. "I am going to write to her to-night, and shall tell her more about you. I want you to like each other very much when she comes, so that you may live with us. Aikenside would not be Aikenside without you, Maddy."

In all his wooings of Lucy Atherstone, Guy's voice had never been tenderer in its tone than when he said this to Maddy, whose lip quivered again, and who involuntarily laid her head now upon his knee, as she cried a second time, not noisily, but quietly, softly, as if this crying did her good. For several minutes they sat there thus until Maddy, half ashamed of her emotions, lifted up her head and said:

"I do not know what made me cry, only I'd been so happy here that I guess I'd come to think that you only liked Jessie and me. Of course I knew that some time you would see and think all the world of somebody else, but I did not expect it so soon. I am afraid Miss Atherstone will not fancy me, and I know most I shall not feel as free here, after she comes, as I do now. Then your being so good, sending me to school, helped me to cry more, and so I was very foolish. Don't tell Miss Atherstone that I cried. Tell her, though, how beautiful she is, and how glad I am that she loves you, and is going to be your wife."

Maddy's voice was very steady in its tone. She evidently meant what she said, but Guy, the bad man, did not feel as graciously as he ought to have felt in knowing that Maddy Clyde was glad "Lucy loved him, and was to be his wife."

Guy was rather uncomfortable, and as Maddy was in some way associated with his discomfort, he did not oppose her when she arose to leave.

Had Maddy been more a woman, or less a child, she would have seen that it was well for her to know of Lucy Atherstone before her feelings for Guy Remington had assumed a definite form, and she marveled at that little round spot of pain of which was burning at her heart, or why she should wish that Guy would not speak of her in his letter to Lucy Atherstone.

But Guy did speak of her, frankly confessing the interest he felt in her, telling just how people were beginning to talk, and asking Lucy if she cared, declaring that if she did, he would not see Maddy Clyde any more than was necessary. In a little less than four weeks there came an answer from Lucy, who, with health somewhat improved, had returned to England, and wrote to Guy from Brighton, where she expected to spend the summer, half hoping that Guy might join her there, though she could not urge it, as mamma still insisted that she was not able to take upon herself the duties of a wife. Then she spoke of Maddy Clyde, saying: "She was not one bit jealous of her dear Guy. Of course, ignorant, meddling people, of whom she feared there were a great number in America, would gossip, but he was not to mind them." Then she said that if Maddy were willing, she would like so much her picture, as she had a curiosity to know just how she looked, and if Maddy pleased, "would she write a few lines, so as not to seem so much a stranger?"

Lucy Atherstone had been educated to think a great deal of birth, and blood, and family, and Guy never did a wiser thing than when he told her that, according to English views, Maddy was a lady. Lucy asked for a line from Maddy, partly to mortify that pride, and partly to prove to Guy how free she was from jealousy.

"Darling little Lucy, I do love her very dearly," was Guy's comment, as he finished reading her letter, feeling somewhat as if her mother were a kind of cruel ogress, bent on preventing him from being happy. Then, as he remembered Lucy's hope that he might join her, and thought how much easier of access New York was than Brighton, he said, half petulantly:

"I've been to England for nothing times enough. When that mother of hers says I may have Lucy, I'll go again, but not before. It don't pay."

And crushing the letter into his pocket he went out upon the piazza, where were assembled Maddy, Jessie and Mrs. Agnes, the latter of whom had come to Aikenside the day before.

At first she had objected to the boarding school arrangement, saying Jessie was too young, but Guy as usual had overruled her objections, as he had those of Grandpa Markham, and it was now a settled thing that Maddy and Jessie both should go to New York. Mrs. Agnes to accompany them if she chose, and having a general supervision of her child. This was Guy's plan, the one which had prevailed with the fashionable woman, who, tired of Boston, was well pleased with the prospect of a life in New York. Guy's interest in Maddy was wholly inexplicable to her, unless she explained it on the principle that in the Remington nature there was a fondness for governesses, as had been exemplified in her own history. As Guy joined them, he began at once to speak of Lucy, telling of the letter, and her request for Maddy's picture.

"Me? Mine? You cannot mean that," Maddy exclaimed, her eyes opening wide with wonder, but Guy did mean it, and began to plan a drive on the morrow to Devonshire, where there was at that time a tolerably fair artist.

Accordingly the next day the four went down to Devonshire, calling first upon the doctor, whose face brightened when he heard why they had come. The doctor's gay spirits helped raise those of Maddy, and as that little burning spot in her heart was fast wearing away, she was in just the mood for a most admirable likeness. Indeed, the artist's delight at his achievement was unbounded, as he declared it the very best picture he had ever taken. It was beautiful, even Agnes acknowledged to herself, while Jessie went into raptures, and Maddy blushed to hear her own praises. Guy said nothing, except to ask that Maddy should sit again; this was good, but a second might be better. So Maddy sat again, succeeding quite as well as at first, but the artist's preference was for the former, it was left to be finished up, with the understanding that Guy would call for it. As the ladies passed down the stairs, Guy lingered behind, and when sure they were out of hearing, said in a low voice:

"You may as well finish both; they are too good to be lost."

The artist bowed, and Guy, with a half-guilty blush, hurried down into the street, where Agnes was waiting for him. Two hours later, Guy, in Mrs. Conner's parlor, was exhibiting the finished picture, which in its handsome casing was more beautiful than ever, and more natural, if possible.

"I think I might have one of Maddy's," Jessie said, half poutingly; then, as she remembered the second sitting, she begged of Guy to get it for her, "that was a dear brother."

But the "dear brother" did not seem inclined to comply with her request putting her off, until, despairing of success, Jessie, when alone with the doctor, tried her powers of persuasion on him, coaxing until in self-defense, he crossed the street, and entering the daguerrean gallery, asked for the remaining picture of Miss Clyde, saying that he wished it for Miss Remington.

"Mr. Remington took them both," the artist replied, commencing a dissertation on the style and beauty of the young girl, all of which was lost upon the doctor, who, in a kind of amaze, quitted the room, and returning to Jessie, said to her carelessly: "He hasn't it. You know they rub out those they do not use. So you'll have to do without; and, Jessie, I wouldn't tell Guy I tried to get it for you."

Jessie wondered why she must not tell Guy, but the fact that the doctor requested her not was sufficient.

"I am going to send Lucy your picture today, and as she has asked that you should write her a few lines, suppose you do it now," Guy said to Maddy next morning, as they left the breakfast table.

(To be continued.)

TOOTH OF WASHINGTON.

Oyster Bay Man Has an Artificial Molar Used by First President.

Theodore Roosevelt is not the only president from whose mouth a tooth has been preserved. Here in Oyster Bay is an artificial molar from the mouth of George Washington, says the Oyster Bay correspondent of the New York World. It is mounted on a six-pointed velvet star, and contained in a gold box, on the lid of which in bas-relief is a profile of Washington.

Of the genuineness of the relic there is no doubt. It is one of many mementoes of the revolutionary period with which the old Townsend homestead, where Major Andre lived up to within a week of his capture, is filled.

The tooth, which is fashioned from the ivory of an elephant's tusk, came into the possession of Peter S. Townsend, and the certificate attesting it to be one of Washington's false teeth is in the handwritinf of Townsend himself. The ink is faded, but with the aid of a glass may be read:

"A tooth that had been worn by General Washington. It was fixed by Mr. John Greenwood, dentist, in New York before the year 1790. Presented to Peter S. Townsend, M. D., by Mr. Isaac J. Greenwood, a son of John Greenwood, at New York, Jan. 2, 1821, together with a letter from General Washington in his own handwriting."

As further corroboration of Peter Townsend's statement there is preserved with it a clipping from a New York newspaper of twenty years ago which reads:

"The American Journal of Dental Science for 1843 states that George Washington lost most of his natural teeth at an early age, relying upon the art and skill of one John Greenwood, a distinguished dentist of New York, to make good the deficiency. Washington's artificial teeth were manufactured from the ivory of the tusk of the elephant, the only material at that time employed for the purpose."

A legend has come down through the Townsend family, however, that the tooth they have was whittled from the tooth of a wolf. Morris Townsend, present representative of the family in Oyster Bay, heard the legend from his father and an uncle, but he believes the tooth was carved out of elephant ivory.

The autograph letter of General Washington to Greenwood disappeared years ago, but the previous generation of Townsends recalled that it was couched in the stately courtesy of the day, and thanked the dentist for his skill in so closely counterfeiting a natural tooth.

Greenwood was one of three dentists who practiced in New York city between 1785 and 1795. His home and office were in Maiden lane. He had the cream of the practice and it is said his income was £200 a year, which was regarded as large. Greenwood also was a cupper and leecher and frequently was called on to demonstrate his ability in those arts by the faculty of King's college, the predecessor of Columbia.

The Honeymoon.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does this paper mean by the calm before the storm?

Pa—It probably has reference to the honeymoon, my son.

On Papa.

"Mamma, what's the size of a dollar?"

"The sighs of a dollar, Johnny, is the noise your father makes when he gives me one."—Houston Post.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

It was a sore trial for Maddy to write to Lucy Atherstone, but she offered no remonstrance, and so accompanying the picture was a little note, filled mostly with praises of Mr. Guy, and which would be very gratifying to the unsuspecting Lucy.

Now that it fully decided for Jessie to go with Maddy, her lessons were suspended, and Aikenside for the time being was turned into a vast dressmaking establishment. With his usual generosity, Guy had given Agnes permission to draw upon his purse for whatever was needed, either for herself or Jessie, with the definite understanding that Maddy should have an equal share of dress and attention.

"It will not be necessary," he said, "for you to enlighten the citizens of New York with regard to Maddy's position. She goes there as Jessie's equal, and her wardrobe must be suitable."

No one could live long with Maddy Clyde without becoming interested in her, and in spite of herself Agnes' dislike was wearing away, particularly as of late she had seen no signs of special attention on the doctor's part. He had gotten over his weakness, she thought, and so was very gracious toward Maddy, who, naturally forgiving, began to like her better than she had ever deemed it possible for her to like so proud and haughty a woman. Down at the cottage in Honedale there were many consultations held and many fears expressed by the aged couple as to what would be the result of all Guy was doing for their child.

A few days before Maddy's departure, grandpa went up to see "the madam;" anxious to know something more than hearsay about a person in whose care his child was to be partially intrusted. Agnes was in her room when told who wanted to see her. Startling quickly, she turned so deadly white that Maddy, who brought the message, flew to her side, asking in much alarm what was the matter.

"Only a little faint. It will soon pass off," Agnes said, and then, dismissing Maddy, she tried to compose herself sufficiently to pass the ordeal she so much dreaded, and from which there was no possible escape.

Thirteen years! Had they changed her past recognition? She hoped, she believed so, and yet, never in her life had Agnes Remington's heart beaten with so much terror and apprehension as when she entered the reception room where Guy sat talking with the infirm old man she remembered so well. His snowy hair was parted just the same as ever, but the mild blue eye was dimmed, and it rested on her with no suspicious glance, as, partially reassured, she glided across the threshold, and bowed coldly when Guy presented her.

A little anxious as to how her grandfather would acquit himself, Maddy sat by, wondering why Agnes appeared so ill at ease, and why her grandsire started sometimes at the sound of her voice, and looked earnestly at her.

"We've never met before to my knowledge, young woman," he said once to Agnes, "but you are mighty like somebody, and your voice, when you talk low, keeps makin' me jump as if I'd heard it sum'ers or other."

After that Agnes spoke in elevated tones, as if she thought him deaf, and the mystified look of wonder did not return to his face. Numerous were the charges he gave to Agnes concerning Maddy, bidding her be watchful of his child; then, as he arose to go, he laid his trembling hand on her head and said solemnly: "You are young yet, lady, and there may be a long life before you. God bless you, then, and prosper you in proportion as you are kind to Maddy. I've nothing to give you nor Mr. Guy for your goodness only my prayers, and them you have every day. We all pray for you, lady, Joseph and all, though I doubt me he knows much the meaning of what he says."

"Who, sir? What did you say?" and Agnes' face was scarlet, as grandpa replied: "Joseph, our unfortunate boy; Maddy must have told you, the one who's taken such a shine to Jessie. From the corner where he sits so much I can hear him whispering by the hour, sometimes of folks he used to know, and then of you, who we call madam. He says for ten minutes on the stretch: 'God bless the madam—the madam—the madam!' You're sick, lady; talkin' about him makes you faint," grandpa added, hastily, as Agnes turned white as the dress she wore.

"No—oh, no, I'm better now," Agnes gasped, bowing him to the door with a feeling that she could breathe no longer in his presence.

He did not hear her faint cry of bitter, bitter remorse, as he walked through the hall, nor know she watched him as he went slowly down the walk, stopping often to admire the fair blossoms which Maddy did not feel at liberty to pick.

"He loved flowers," Agnes whispered, as her better nature prevailed over every other feeling, and, starting eagerly forward, she ran after the old man, who, surprised at her evident haste, waited a little anxiously for her to speak. It was rather difficult to do so with Maddy's inquiring eyes upon her, but Agnes managed at last to say:

"Does that man like flowers—the one who prays for the madam?"

"Yes, he used to years ago," grandpa replied; and, bending down, Agnes began to pick and arrange into a most tasteful bouquet the blossoms and buds of May, growing so profusely within the borders.

"Take them to him, will you?" and her hand shook as she passed to Grandpa Markham the gift which would thrill poor Joseph with a strange delight, making him hold converse a while with the unseen presence which he called "she," and then whisper blessings on the madam's head.

Three days after this, a party of four left Aikenside, which presented a most forlorn and cheerless appearance to the passers-by, who were glad almost as the servants when, at the expiration of a week, Guy came back and took up his old-fashioned life of solitude and loneliness, with nothing in particular to interest him, except his books and the letters he wrote to Lucy; unless, indeed, it were those he was going to write to Maddy, who, with Jessie, had promised to become his correspondent. Nothing but these and the picture—the doctor's picture—the one designed expressly for him, and which troubled him greatly. Believing that he had fully intended it for the doctor, Guy felt as if it were, in a measure, stolen property, and this made him prize it all the more.

Now that Maddy was away Guy missed her terribly, wondering how he had ever lived without her, and sometimes working himself into a violent passion against the meddlesome neighbors who would not let her remain with him in peace, and who, now that she was gone, did not stop their talking one whit. Of this last, however, he was ignorant, as there was no one to tell him how people marveled more than ever, feeling confident that he was educating his own wife, and making sundry hateful remarks as to what he intended doing with her relations. Guy only knew that he was very lonely, that Lucy's letters seemed insipid, that even the doctor failed to interest him as of old, and that his greatest comfort was in looking at the bright young face which seemed to smile so truthfully upon him from the tiny casing just as Maddy had smiled upon him when he bade her good-by.

CHAPTER XV.

The summer vacation had been spent by the Remingtons and Maddy at the seaside, the latter coming to the cottage for a week before returning to her school in New York, and as the doctor was then absent from home, she did not meet him at all. Consequently, he had not seen her since she left Aikenside for New York. But she was at home now for the Christmas holidays—was down at the cottage, too; and unusually nervous for him, the doctor stood before the little square glass in his back office, trying to make himself look as well as possible, for he was going that very afternoon to call upon Miss Clyde.

The doctor was seriously in love. He acknowledged that now to himself, confessing, too, that with his love was mingled a spice of jealousy, lest Guy Remington should be expending more thought on Maddy Clyde than was consistent with the promised husband of Lucy Atherstone. He wished so much to talk with Guy about her, and yet dreaded it; for if the talk should confirm his suspicions there would be no hope for him. No girl in her right mind would prefer him to Guy Remington, and with a little sigh the doctor was turning away from the glass, when Guy himself drove up in a most dashing equipage.

Guy was in the best of spirits. For an entire half-day he had tried to devise some means for getting Maddy up to Aikenside. There was to be a party at Aikenside—the very first since Guy was its master. The neighbors had said he was too proud to invite them, but they should say so no more. The house was to be thrown open in honor of Guy's twenty-sixth birthday, and all who were at all desirable as guests were to be bidden to the festival. First on the list was the doctor. Guy was all engaged in the matter, and after telling who were to be invited, added rather indifferently: "I'm going now down to Honedale after Maddy; It's better for her to be with us a day or two before. You've seen her, of course."

No, the doctor had not; he was just going there, he said, in a tone so full of sad disappointment that Guy detected it at once.

"I have not seen Maddy since last spring, you know. Is she very much improved?" asked the the doctor.

"Yes, very much. There is no more stylish-looking girl to be seen on Broadway than Maddy Clyde. I took her to the opera once, last month, and the many admiring glances cast at our box proved pretty positively that Maddy's beauty was not of the ordinary kind."

"The opera!" the doctor exclaimed; "Maddy Clyde at the opera! What would her grandfather say? He is very puritanical, you know."

"Yes, I know! and so is Maddy, too. She wrote and obtained his consent before she'd go with me."

Here an interval of silence ensued, and then the doctor began again.

"Guy, you told me once you were educating Maddy Clyde for me, and I tried to make you think I didn't care; but I did, oh, so much! Guy, laugh at me, if you please. I cannot blame you if you do; but the fact is, I believe I've loved Maddy Clyde ever since that time she was so sick. At all events, I love her now, and I was going down there this very afternoon to tell her so. She's old enough. She was sixteen last October, the——the——"

"Tenth day," Guy responded, thus showing that he, too, was keeping Maddy's age.

"Yes, the tenth day," resumed the doctor. "There's 'most eleven years' difference between us, but if she feels at all as I do, she will not care, Guy," and the doctor began to talk earnestly: "I'll be candid with you, and say that you have sometimes made my heart ache a little."

"Me!" and Guy's face was crimson, while the doctor continued:

"Yes, and I beg your pardon for it; but let me ask you one question, and upon its answer will depend my future course with regard to Maddy: You are true to Lucy?"

Guy felt the blood trickling at the roots of his hair, but he answered truthfully as he believed:

"Yes, true as steel," while the generous thought came over him that he would further the doctor's plans all he possibly could.

"Then I am satisfied," the doctor rejoined "and as you have rather assumed the position of her guardian or brother, I ask your permission to offer her the love which, whether she accepts it or not, is hers."

Guy had never felt a sharper pang than that which now thrilled through every nerve, but he would not prove false to the friend confiding in him, and he answered calmly:

"You have my consent; but, doc, better put it off till you see her at Aikenside. There's no chance at the cottage, with those three old people. I wonder she don't go wild. I'm sure I should."

"And you'll manage it for me, Guy? You know how. I don't. You'll contrive for me to see her alone, and maybe say a word beforehand in my favor."

"Yes, yes. I'll manage it. I'll fix it right. Don't forget, da yafter to-morrow night. The Cutlers will be there, and, by the way, Marcia has got to be a splendid girl. She fancied you once, you know. Old Cutler is worth half a million." And Guy tore himself away from the doctor, who, now that the ice was broken, would like to have talked of Maddy forever.

But Guy was not thus inclined, and in a mood not extremely amiable, he went dashing down toward Honedale. For some unaccountable reason he was not now one bit interested in the party, and, were it not that a few of the invitations were issued, he would have been tempted to give it up. Guy did not know what ailed him. He only felt as if somebody had been meddling with his plans. He contented himself with driving like a second Jehu until he reached Honedale, where a pair of soft, brown eyes smiled up into his face, and a little, warm hand was clasped in his, as Maddy came even to the gate to meet him.

She was very glad to see him. The cottage with its humble adornings did seem lonely, almost dreary, after the life and bustle of New York, and Maddy had cried more than once to think how hard and wicked she must be growing when her home had ceased to be the dear old home she once loved so well. Jessie had been there five days now, and notwithstanding the efforts of her grandparents to entertain her, each day had seemed a week in its duration. Neither the doctor nor Guy had been near her, and capricious little Maddy had made herself believe that the former was sadly remiss in his duty, inasmuch as he had not seen her for so long.

Maddy was getting to be a woman, with womanly freaks, as the reader will readily see. At Guy she was not particularly piqued. She did not take his attentions as a matter of course; still she thought more of him, if possible, than of the doctor, during those five days, saying to herself each morning: "He'll surely come to-day," and to herself each night: "He will be here to-morrow." She had something to show him at last—a letter from Lucy Atherstone, who had gradually come to be her regular correspondent, and whom Maddy had learned to love with all the intensity of her girlhood. To her ardent imagination Lucy Atherstone was but a little lower than the angels, and the pure, sweet thoughts contained in every letter were doing almost as much towards molding her character as Grandpa Markham's prayers and constant teachings. Maddy did not know it, but it was these letters from Lucy which kept her from loving Guy Remington. She could not for a moment associate him with herself when she so constantly thought of him as the husband of another, and that other Lucy Atherstone. Not for worlds would Maddy have wronged the gentle creature who wrote to her so confidingly of Guy, envying her in that she could so often see his face and hear his voice, while his betrothed was separated from him by many thousand miles. Little by little it had come out that Lucy's mother was averse to the match, that she had in her mind the case of an English lord, who would make her daughter "My Lady"; and this was the secret of her deferring so long her daughter's marriage. In her last letter to Maddy, however, Lucy had written with more than her usual spirit that she would come in possession of her property on her twenty-fifth birthday. She should then feel at liberty to act for herself, and she launched out into joyful anticipations of the time when she should come to Aikenside and meet her dear Maddy Clyde.

Guy began to talk with Maddy, asking how she had spent her time, and so forth. This reminded Maddy of the doctor, who, she said, had not been to see her at all.

"He was coming this morning," Guy rejoined, "but I persuaded him to defer his call until you were at Aikenside. I have come to take you back with me, as we are to have a party day after to-morrow evening, and I wish you to be present."

(To be continued.)

HINDOOS SAVED THEIR FOOD

Hand of United States Customs Officers Nearly Profaned It.

Five Hindoos, attired in native costume, were steerage passengers on board the steamship Panama, which arrived from Colon. They were taken to Ellis Island for examination, says the New York Post.

The men were greatly excited when, in handling their baggage, which was wrapped in heavy cloths, the customs officers nearly touched and polluted one bundle which contained food. The customs men quickly appreciated the situation and drew back their hands, and thus the food was not profaned.

Two of the men called themselves Bishen Singh, two Nands Singh, and the fifth Wir Singh. The latter appeared to be of lower caste than the rest, and he was treated accordingly. Various were the tales about the Hindoos. Some persons said they were members of a theatrical troupe, others believed them to be in search of work.

One Bishen Singh, whose English was by no means perfect, appeared to be the leader of the party. His turban was red, while the others wore white head cloths. He said that he had been working in Peru as a watchman. He and his companions were sikhs, having held various engagements in the British army. He himself had served five years, said Bishen Singh.

He showed a letter of recommendation, and vouched for his fellows, saying they had worked at watchmen on the Panama canal. They would return to India, remarked Bishen Singh gravely, if they could find no work here.

C. J. Anderson, third officer of the Panama, and Charles Mitchell, the freight agent, were detailed to take the Hindoos to Ellis Island from the pier at the foot of West 27th street. The party started to walk to the elevated station at 23d street and 9th avenue. The Hindoos had their baggage under their arms. It was a long walk. They had gone about half way when they began to grumble. Suddenly all laid down their baggage.

"We no go," said the spokesman, Bishen Singh. "Where you take us? See, there is a carriage. You make us walk. Everybody on street look at us. Think we have no money when we walk. Why you no give us a carriage?"

Anderson was sure that the line would not pay cab fare for five steerage passengers. The Hindoos, however, were obdurate. Finally an idea struck Anderson. He pointed ahead to the elevated and said:

"See up in the air. There is the carriage on the tracks. Come on." His wards followed.

The Hindoos cooked their own food on shipboard, and said their daily prayers with much ceremony.

Really the Truth.

"She says she gets so tired of shopping; it makes her so weary."

"Such airs! as if she had any time for it. Of course, I don't know, but I'll bet she works all day."

"That's just it; she's a saleswoman."—Philadelphia Press.

Same as the Others.

Homer—I thought I had at least one unselfish friend in Griggsby.

Mrs. Homer—Well, haven't you?

Homer—No. Only this morning he wanted to borrow $10.

WILL ADD TO MISERY OF A HARD WINTER.

European Labor Leaders Alarmed Over Increase in Homecoming Contingent.

STEAMSHIPS ARE LOADED DOWN

Hundreds of Destitute Aliens Wandering Streets of Paris on Verge of Destitution.

The increasing contingents of homecoming Italians, Lithuanians and other Mediterranean steerage passengers are disconcerting not only to the steamship companies, who have inadequate facilities for dealing with such a sudden and unexpected traffic, but to the labor leaders of Europe, who deny that these newcomers have sufficient money to pass the winter without working, and declare that they will thus add to the misery of what is sure to be a hard winter among the European working classes.

The figures given by the French labor bureau as to the returning emigrants are corroborated by Nicholas Martin, agent of the American line, who says that all the steerage capacity of every vessel has been taken until Feb. 1, while thousands more will be unable to return to Europe before spring. If this keeps up, a Paris correspotdent says, some special measures must be taken to repatriate the hordes of disappointed adventurers, for the ordinary means are insufficient.

"To my knowledge several hundred of more or less destitute aliens are wandering in the streets of Paris on the verge of starvation, and the prefecture police books will probably multiply this figure by three," said one of the officials at the ministry of works to the correspondent. "The best we can do is to expedite their return to their native countries. Something like half of them have no more money than is barely sufficient to pay their fare."

Never since the first ship sailed out of New York harbor has there been anything like the present exodus of emigrants from that port. Day by day the crowds clamoring for transportation abroad grow greater, with no prospect of their reduction in numbers.

WORK OF IRRIGATION.

New Plans Adopted Contemplate Many Improvements.

In the irrigation division of the Agricultural Department the three main lines of work will be, as heretofore, dissemination of practical information, scientific and technical investigations, and reporting on irrigation conditions in certain districts. In view of the fact that probably about 5,000,000 acres of land provided with water for irrigation will be available for settlement at the close of 1908, it is believed that in no other way can more good be done than in supplying practical information through publications and expert advice to the new settlers on this land, and it is therefore deemed advisable to broaden the scope of this work so as to make it valuable to every class of farmers dependent upon irrigation and to every project, whether public or private.

The scientific and technical investigations will be a continuation and extension of what has already been done. Prominent features of the work will be to determine what becomes of the large quantity of water which is annually spread over cropped soils, involving a study of evaporation, seepage and distribution of losses, with a view to securing higher economy in the use of water; the relation of irrigation water to quantity and quality of crop and the adaptation of methods to different soils and crops, and a study of the more technical features of the measurement, conveyance, storage and distribution of water on farms, and the various devices used for pumping.

In the study of irrigation conditions in different localities emphasis is to be laid especially on possible improvements of present methods which will lead to a more economical use of water.

Can Copper Be Made?

That the recent experiments of Sir William Ramsay, the English chemist, are not likely to result in the artificial manufacture of copper is the conclusion of President Ira Remsen, who recently made an address on the subject before the Scientific Association of the Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. Dr. Remsen said that the experiments in question indicated that the substance we call copper, and which we have hitherto regarded as a stable elementary form of matter is capable of undergoing a very slight decomposition, but while it is possible that a minute quantity of the element lithium can be obtained from copper by the action of radium emanation, the change is very slight, and it does not seem probable that any method can be devised by which it can be markedly increased.

One in 300 Insane.

According to the report of the New York State Commission on Lunacy, the total number of persons confined in institutions for the insane in that State is 26,357. This is a proportion of about one to every 300 of the population. The indications are that insanity has been steadily on the increase since 1897. While the percentage of foreign born to the population is 26, the percentage of foreign-born insane is 46. Insane patients of Irish and German nativity are on the decrease, while those of Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy are increasing.

The Evangelical general conference, at its recent session at Milwaukee, took a decisive step toward the union of the Evangelical church and the United Evangelical church, adopting the report of the committee on revision, which recommended the appointment of a commission from each church to arrange details of the union. It was also decided to open negotiations with other Protestant churches, including the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, with a view to a federation on all lines of church work into which denominational differences do not enter.