AIKENSIDE

BY

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

He was very pale, and the great sweat drops stood on his forehead and under his white hair, but Maddy wiped them away and listened with a breaking heart while the aged disciple almost home told her of the peace, the joy, that shone around his pathway to the tomb, and of the everlasting arm bearing him so gently over Jordan. Then he talked of herself, blessing her for all she had been to him, telling her how happy she had made his life since she came home to stay, and how for a time he had ached so with fear lest she should choose to go back and leave him to a stranger. "But my darling stayed with her old grandpa. She'll never be sorry for it, never. I've tried you sometimes, I know, for old folks ain't like young; but I'm sorry, Maddy, and you'll forget it when I'm gone, darling Maddy, precious child"; and the trembling hand rested caressingly on her bowed head as grandpa went on to speak of his affairs, his little property which was hers after the mortgage to Mr. Guy was paid. "I've kept up the interest," he said, "but I could never get him to take any of the principal. I don't know why he is so good to me. Tell him, Maddy, how I thanked and blessed him just before I died; tell him how I used to pray for him every day that he might choose the better part. And he will—I'm sure he will, some day. He hasn't been here of late, and though my old eyes are dim, I can see that your step has got slow, and your face whiter by many shades, since he stayed away. Maddy, child, the dead tell no secrets, and I shall soon be dead. Tell me, then, what it is between you two. Does my girl love Mr. Guy?"

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" Maddy moaned, laying her head beside his own on the pillow.

It would be a relief to talk with someone of that terrible pain, which grew worse every day; of that intense longing just for one sight of the beloved one; of Guy, still absent from Aikenside, wandering nobody knew where; and so Maddy told the whole story, while the dying man listened to her, and smoothing her silken hair, tried to comfort her.

"The worst is not over yet," he said. "Guy will offer to make you his wife, sacrificing Lucy for you, and if he does, what will you do?"

Maddy's heart leaped up into her throat and for a moment prevented her from answering, for the thought of Guy's really offering to make her his wife, to shield her from evil, to enfold her in his tender love, made her giddy with joy. But it could not be; she answered through her tears:

"I shall tell him no."

"God bless my Maddy! She will tell him no for Lucy's sake, and God will bring it right at last," the old man whispered, his voice growing very faint and tremulous. "She will tell him no," he kept repeating, until, rousing up to greater consciousness, he spoke of Uncle Joseph, and asked what Maddy would do with him; would she send him back to the asylum, or care for him there? "He will be happier here," he said, "but it is asking too much of a young girl like you. He may live for years."

"I do not know, grandpa. I hope I may do right. I think I shall keep Uncle Joseph with me," Maddy replied, a shudder creeping over her as she thought of living out all her youth and possibly middle age with a lunatic.

But her grandfather's whispered blessings brought comfort with them, and a calm quiet fell upon her as she sat there listening to the words of prayer, and catching now and then her own name and that of Guy's.

"I am drowsy, Maddy. Watch while I sleep. Perhaps I'll never wake again," grandpa said, and clasping Maddy's hands he fell away to sleep, while Maddy kept her watch beside him, herself falling into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a clammy hand pressing on her forehead, and Uncle Joseph's voice, which said: "Wake, my child. There's been a guest here while you slumbered," and he pointed to the rigid features of the newly dead.

CHAPTER XX.

Of the days which followed, Maddy had no distinct consciousness. She only knew that other hands than hers cared for the dead, that in the little parlor a stiff, white figure lay, that neighboring women stole in, treading on tiptoe, and speaking in hushed voices as they consulted, not her, but Mrs. Noah, who had come at once, and cared for her and hers so kindly. That she lay all day in her own room, where the summer breeze blew softly through the window, bringing the perfume of summer flowers, the sound of a tolling bell, of grinding wheels, the notes of a low, sad hymn, sung in faltering tones and of many feet moving from the door. Then friendly faces looked in upon her, asking how she felt, and whispering ominously to each other as she answered:

"Very well; is grandpa getting better?"

Then Mrs. Noah sat with her for a time, fanning her with a palm-leaf fan and brushing the flies away. Then Flora came up with a man whom they called "Doctor," and who gave her sundry little pills and powders dissolved in water, after which they all went out and left her there with Jessie, who had been crying, and whose soft little hands felt so cool on her hot head, and whose kisses on her lips made the tears start, and brought a thought of Guy, making her ask, "If he was at the funeral."

"No," Jessie said; "mother wanted to write and tell him, but we don't know where he is."

And this was all Maddy could recall of the days succeeding the night of her last watch at her grandfather's side, until one balmy August afternoon, when on the Honedale hills there lay that smoky haze so like the autumn time hurrying on space, and when through her open window stole the fragrance of the later summer flowers. Then, as if waking from an ordinary sleep, she woke suddenly to consciousness, and staring about the room, wondered if it were as late as the western sun would indicate, and how she came to sleep so long. For a while she lay thinking, and as she thought, a sad scene came back to her, a night when her hot hands had been enfolded in those of the dead, and that dead her grandfather. Maddy sank upon the bed, moaning to herself, "Yes, grandpa is dead. I remember now. But Uncle Joseph, where is he? Can he, too, have died without my knowledge?" and she looked around in vain for the lunatic, not a trace of whom was to be found. His room was in perfect order, as was everything about the house, showing that Flora was still the domestic goddess, while Maddy also detected various things which she recognized as having come from Aikenside. Who sent them? Did Guy, and had he been there, too, while she was sick? The thought brought a throb of joy to Maddy's heart, but it soon passed away as she began again to wonder if Uncle Joseph, too, had died, and where Flora was. It was not far to the Honedale burying ground, Maddy could see the headstones from where she sat gleaming through the August sunlight; could discern her mother's, and knew that two fresh mounds at least were made beside it. But were there three? Was Uncle Joseph there? By stealing across the meadow in the rear of the house the distance to the graveyard was shortened more than half, and could not be more than the eighth part of a mile. She could walk so far, she knew. The fresh air would do her good, and hunting up her long unused hat, the impatient girl started, stopping once or twice to rest as a dizzy faintness came over her, and then continued on until the spot she sought was reached. Three graves, one old and sunken, one made when last winter's snow was on the hills, the other fresh and new. That was all; Uncle Joseph was not there, and vague terror entered Maddy's heart lest he had been taken back to the asylum.

"I will get him out," she said; "I will take care of him. I should die with nothing to do; and I promised grandpa——"

She could get no farther, for the rush of memories which came over her, and seating herself upon the ground close to the new grave, she laid her face upon it, and sobbed piteously:

"Oh, grandpa, I'm so lonely without you all; I almost wish I was lying here in the quiet yard."

Then a storm of tears ensued, after which Maddy grew calm, and with her head still bent down, did not hear the rapid step approaching, the manly step coming down the grassy road, coming past the marble tombstones, on to where that wasted figure was crouching upon the ground. There it stopped, and in a half-whisper called, "Maddy! Maddy!"

Then, indeed, she started, and lifting up her head, saw before her Guy Remington. For a moment she regarded him intently, while he said to her, oh, so kindly, so pityingly:

"Poor child, you have suffered so much, and I never knew of it till a few days ago."

Maddy stretched her hands toward him, moaning out:

"Oh, Guy, Guy, where have you been, when I wanted you so much?"

Maddy did not know what she was saying, or half comprehend the effect it had on Guy, who forgot everything save that she wanted him, had missed him, had turned to him in her trouble, and it was not in his nature to resist her appeal. With a spring he was at her side, and lifting her in his arms, seated himself upon her mother's grave; then straining her tightly to his bosom, he kissed her again and again. Hot, burning, passionate kisses they were, which took from Maddy all the power of resistance, even had she wished it, which she did not. Too weak to reason, or see the harm, if harm there were, in being loved by Guy, she abandoned herself for a brief interval to the bliss of knowing that she was beloved, and of hearing him tell her so.

"Darling Maddy," he said, "I went away because you sent me, but now I have come back, and nothing shall part us again. You are mine; I claim you here at your mother's grave. Precious Maddy, I did not know of all this till three days ago, when Agnes' letter found me almost at the Rocky Mountains. I wish I had come before, now that I know you wanted me. Say that again, Maddy. Tell me that you missed me."

He was smoothing her hair now, as her head still lay pillowed upon his breast, so he could not see the spasm of pain which contorted her features as he thus appealed to her. Half bewildered, Maddy could not at first make out whether it were a blissful dream or a reality, her lying there in Guy's arms with his kisses on her forehead lips, and cheeks, his words of devotion in her ear, and the soft summer sky smiling down upon her. Alas, it was a dream from which she was awakened by the thought of one across the sea, whose place she had usurped, and this it was which brought the grieved expression to her face as she answered mournfully:

"I did want you, Guy, when I forgot; but now—oh, Guy—Lucy Atherstone?"

With a gesture of impatience Guy was about to answer, when something in the heavy fall of the little hand from his shoulder alarmed him, and lifting up the drooping head, he saw that Maddy had fainted. Then back across the meadow Guy bore her to the cottage, where Flora, just returned from a neighbor's, whither she had gone upon an errand, was looking for her in much affright.

Up again into her little chamber Maddy was carried and laid upon the bed, which she never left until the golden harvest sheaves were gathered in, and the hot September sun was ripening the fruits of autumn. But now she had a new nurse, a constant attendant, who during the day seldom left her except to talk with and amuse Uncle Joseph, mourning below because no one sang to him or noticed him as Maddy used to do. He had not been sent to the asylum, as Maddy feared, but by way of relieving Flora had been taken to Farmer Green's, where he was so homesick and discontented that at Guy's instigation he was suffered to return to the cottage, crying like a little child when the old familiar spot was reached, kissing his armchair, the cook stove, the tongs, Mrs. Noah, and Flora, and timidly offering to kiss the Lord Governor himself as he persisted in calling Guy, who declined the honor.

Guy had passed through several states of mind during the interval in which we have seen so little of him. Furious at one time, and reckless as to consequences, he had determined to break with Lucy and marry Maddy, in spite of everybody; then, as a sense of honor came over him, he resolved to forget Maddy, if possible, and marry Lucy at once. It was in this last mood, and while roaming over the western country, whither after his banishment he had gone, that he wrote to Lucy a strange kind of letter, saying he had waited for her long enough, and, sick or well, he should claim her the coming autumn. To this letter Lucy had responded quickly, sweetly reproving Guy for his impatience, softly hinting that latterly he had been quite as culpable as herself in the matter of deferring their union and appointing the wedding day for December. After this was settled Guy felt better, though the old sore spot in his heart, where Maddy Clyde had been, was very sore still, and sometimes it required all his powers of self-control to keep from writing to Lucy and asking to be released from an engagement so irksome as his had become. Neglecting to answer Agnes' letters when he first left home, she did not know where he was until a short time before, when she wrote apprising him of grandpa's death and Maddy's severe illness. This brought him, while Maddy's involuntary outburst when she met him in the graveyard, changed the whole current of his intentions. Let what would come, Maddy Clyde should be his wife, and as such he watched over her, nursing her back to life, and by his manner effectually silencing all remark, so that the neighbors whispered among themselves what Maddy's prospects were, and, as was quite natural, were a little more attentive to the future lady of Aikenside. Poor Maddy! it was a terrible trial which awaited her, but it must be met, and so with prayers and tears she fortified herself to meet it, while Guy, the devoted lover, hung over her, never guessing of all that was passing in her mind, or how, when he was out of sight, the lips he had longed so much to kiss, but never had since that day in the graveyard, quivered with anguish as they asked for strength to do right. Oh, how Maddy did love the man she must give up, and how often went up the wailing cry, "Help me, Father, to do my duty, and give me, too, a greater inclination to do it than I now possess."

Maddy's heart did fail her sometimes and she might have yielded to the temptation, but for Lucy's letter, full of eager anticipations of the happy time when she and Guy should never part again.

"Sometimes," she wrote, "there comes over me a dark foreboding of evil—a fear that I shall miss the cup now within my reach; but I pray the bad feeling away. I am sure there is no living being who will come between us to break my heart, and as I know God doeth all things well, I trust Him wholly, and cease to doubt."

It was well the letter came when it did, as it helped Maddy to meet the hour she so much dreaded, and which came at last on an afternoon when Mrs. Noah had gone to Aikenside, and Flora had gone on an errand to a neighbor's, two miles away, thus leaving Guy free to tell his story, the old, old story, yet always new to him who tells it and her who listens—story which, as Guy told it, sitting by Maddy's side, with her hands in his, thrilled her through and through, making the sweat drops start out around her lips and underneath her hair—story which made Guy himself pant nervously and tremble like a leaf so earnestly he told it; how long he had loved her, of the picture withheld, the jealousy he felt each time the doctor named her, the selfish joy he experienced when he heard the doctor was refused; told of his growing dissatisfaction with his engagement, his frequent resolves to break it, his final decision, which that scene in the graveyard had reversed, and then asked if she would not be his— not doubtfully, but confidently, eagerly, as if sure of her answer.

(To be continued.)

MEXICO'S HARDWOODS.

Material for the Woodworker of Which Little Use Is Made.

"I was amazed at the almost infinite variety of woods of value to wood workers that are growing in the forests of tropical Mexico," said a timber expert who recently made a tour of that part of Mexico, to the New York Sun man. "There are several varieties of mahogany, cedar, oak, rosewood, ebony, dyewoods and endless other hardwoods with Spanish names, but corresponding to our hickory, cherry and other fine American woods that are now extremely scarce and costly.

"Many of these tropical woods are as strong as iron. While the mahogany, cedar, rosewood and dyewood are well known to us through importations from there, the unknown varieties of woods that are just as valuable are quite as plentiful.

"Among these is one called zapote, which grows to a great size. Although the wood of this tree has peculiarly valuable qualities for lumber it is seldom used in that way, the tree being valued merely as the producer of chicle, the sap which forms the basis for most chewing gum.

"The wood of the zapote tree is dark red, and is easily worked until thoroughly seasoned, when only the finest edged tools will have any effect on it, and a sharp pointed nail is driven into it with difficulty. The fiber of the wood is so dense that the wood sinks in water like iron.

"In the prehistoric regions that abound in these Mexican tropics are timbers and door frames that are as perfect to-day as when they were first placed in position. The wood takes a magnificent finish, as do nearly all these Mexican hard woods, and would be a rare article for the cabinetmaker.

"There is an odd wood among these forests known as the gran tree, which when tapped yields a black sap, which is sent in large quantities to Germany, where it is used in the making of ink and dye. Another tree yields a sap that is a deep red and Germany also takes largely of it for the manufacture of dyes.

"Besides these that abound in that part of Mexico there are vast areas of pine, a timber that resembles our poplar and different kinds of oak. Much to my surprise, more than 6,000 feet above the sea I found a big sawmill in active operation, with a Yankee from Maine at the head of it.

"And he wasn't bothering with such commonplace logs as mahogany, ebony, cedar, rosewood or such as that, but was cutting away at the white pine and oak, for those are the woods that the native buyers and users of timber demand. As a matter of fact, a Mexican lumber dealer would be willing to trade you mahogany for our yellow pine, log for log."

There is a little story going round the House of Commons about a certain member who abstained from voting on the deceased wife's sister bill. Questioned by one of his friends as to the reason for his abstention, he replied: "Well, my dear fellow, it's just like this—my wime has a sister."

The British Museum contains books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, sheepskin and palm leaves.

Boyce—I understand that Smith is a pieceworker? Joyce—Yes; he makes hash in a restaurant.

KENTUCKY'S TOBACCO War.

Night Riders Inflict an Aggregate Loss of Nearly $1,000,000.

The last exploit of the Kentucky tobacco night riders in seizing the city of Hopkinsville, destroying $20,000 worth of property and seriously wounding two men, has aroused an intensity of interest throughout the State and far beyond its borders. These riders are the most conspicuous feature of the war that is being waged by the tobacco growers of Kentucky against the American Tobacco Company. By reducing the competition in the buying of tobacco to practically nothing the company forced down the price of leaf tobacco until the growers say they can not realize enough to pay for raising it. The tobacco crop is a mainstay in many parts of Kentucky, and thousands depend on it for their daily bread. The growers determined to force the price up.

The plan proposed in the beginning, and which is still being followed, was to form a combination of the growers to oppose the combination of the manufacturers and by withholding the tobacco make the tobacco trust come to terms. Many associations of growers have been formed in the different tobacco raising regions of Kentucky. But some of the growers did not come into the association ranks and others grew weary of waiting and sold their crops. The more violent men in the associations have resorted to the measures that gave rise to the night riders, and by destroying the property of the tobacco company and the growers who are not allied with them have sought to carry through their plan by force and terror.

The Hopkinsville raid was the second time in twelve months that the night riders seized and terrorized a city. On December 1, 1906, they entered Princeton, Ky., a town of several thousand inhabitants, about thirty miles north of Hopkinsville, took possession of the police and fire departments, the water works, the telephone and telegraph offices and with the town shut off from the rest of the world dynamited and set fire to the Steger & Dollar and the John C. Orr tobacco factories, which were allied with the trust.

The first appearance of the night riders was in November, 1906, when they destroyed some tobacco barns and small factories in Todd County, with a loss of about $10,000. The first raid came on the night of November 11, 1906, when masked bands entered the towns of Eddyville and Kuttawa, situated close together in Lyon and Caldwell Counties, and destroyed the plants of the American Snuff Company and M. C. Rice, with $20,000 loss.

Besides these there have been many smaller raids and visits to individual growers. Tobacco barns have been burned, growers who refused to join their tobacco have been taken from their homes and whipped, houses have been fired into and the occupants wounded. The aggregate losses by these raids amount to nearly $1,000,000.

A Synthetic Health Creed.

The "back-to-nature" movement, of which the most prominent leaders are Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek, Dr. Dewey, Profs. Fisher and Chittenden of Yale and Prof. Metchnikoff of Russia, has now found a synthetizing exposition at the hands of Dr. Daniel S. Sager in a new book published by Stokes, entitled, "The Art of Living in Good Health." This new apostle of the simpler life, with the added authority of a successful "M. D." commends much of the work of those pioneers and founds his system on a creed, the vest-pocket edition of which is: "Breathe deep; chew long; drink enough; eat little." Bathing, exercise, early sleep and cheerfulness are other articles.

American Wins Nobel Prize.

The University of Chicago hears that the head of its department of physics, Prof. Albert A. Michelson, is to receive the year's Nobel prize for the best work in his line. Prof. Michelson is now in London, where the Copley medal has been awarded to him by the London Royal Society. Dr. Michelson is the discoverer of a method of measuring the velocity of light. Though born in Germany, he has lived here since childhood and is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He is now 50.

Carnegie Abolishes Age Limit.

On observing his 70th birthday anniversary recently Andrew Carnegie expressed the opinion that a man's usefulness increases with age. When asked if a man could accomplish as much at 70 as at 40, he replied: "More, bless you, more. All things being equal, a man's efficiency is increased at 70. He is equipped with greater experience." The recipe he gave for happiness was "To obey the judge within and make others happy."

The report of the bureau of manufactures just issued sets the value of the annual production by manufacturers in the United States at $15,000,000.

CARE FOR EX-PRESIDENTS. IS PLEA OF GROVER CLEVELAND

Urges Duty to Make Provision for Men Who Have Filled Highest Post in Nation.

Referring to the poverty of Jefferson when he left the presidency as a blow to national pride, Grover Cleveland, writing in the Youth's Companion under to title "Our People and Their ex-Presidents," argues that definite and generous provision should be made for the maintenance of chief magistrates at the expiration of their terms. He deals with the subject at length and explains that he feels he can do so without his sincerity being questioned, since he is beyond the need of aid from the public treasury.

"The condition is by no means met," Mr. Cleveland writes, "by the meager and spasmodic relief occasionally furnished under the guise of a military pension or some other pretext, nor would it be best met by making compensation dependent upon the discharge of senatorial or other official duty. Our people ought to make definite and decorous provisions for all cases alike, based on motives of justice and fairness, and adequate to the situation."

Mr. Cleveland describes the limitations that his former high office place on a retired President in his choice of occupations and means of livelihood, and how popular conception of him as a repository of national dignity enforces a scale of living that may not be within his private means.

"There is a sort of vague, but none the less imperative, feeling abroad in the land that one who has occupied the great office of President holds in trust for his fellow citizens a certain dignity which, in his conduct and manner of life, he is bound to protect against loss or deterioration. Obedience to this obligation prescribes for him only such work as in popular judgment is not undignified. This suggests without argument a reciprocal connection between the curtailment of opportunities and a reasonable obligation of indemnification."

One division of the Cleveland article is devoted to the "Occupations of an ex-President," and in it the former President reveals the multiplicity of things which persons endeavor to bring to the attention of the retired statesman and the class of affairs he is asked to engage in.

Striped Suits Abolished.

John V. Coggey, commissioner of correction at New York City, has announced the abolishment of striped suits and the lock step at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. The reason given for this action is that it saves the prisoner from a humiliation which he can never forget. He gives it as his opinion that there is a germ of decency in every human being and that with proper treatment there is hope for the reformation of many of those who pass through the prisons of Greater New York. Particularly does this apply to first-term offenders, but to afford any prospect of success in this direction the heart must not be crushed out of the unfortunate by piling humiliating indignities upon him.

NEWS OF MINOR NOTE.

Fire in the York building in Boston, caused a loss of $100,000 to several manufacturing firms and to the owner of the building.

Judge Strimple, in Cleveland appointed Owen L. Wilcox as receiver for the Cleveland and Sharon Electric Railway Company in order to defeat the alleged plot of majority stockholders to freeze out the minority.

Dr. John M. Flint, formerly of Chicago, now of the University of California, was chosen to succeed Dr. William Carmall as head of the department of surgery in the Yale Medical school at New Haven, Conn.

Sir John Roger, Governor of the English Gold Coast colony, told a Philadelphia audience the negro was the greatest problem confronting civilization and was becoming as acute in the English colonies as in the United States.

Queen Alexandra of England spent her birthday at Sandringham, where the customary celebrations were held. The King and Queen of Norway were among the visitors. Handsome gifts were received from most of the crowned heads of Europe.

According to advices received from Washington, the government officials are not satisfied with the new double eagle being coined at the Philadelphia mint, and have ordered coinage stopped temporarily to permit a change in the process. The design of the coin will not be changed.

James Douglas, vice president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, has presented to the government four acres of land on the palisades of the Hudson, near Fort Lee, as a site for a monument to commemorate the deeds of the continental soldiers during the Revolutionary war.

ESTATES OF OLD SOLDIERS.

An Ohio County to Fight United States for $500,000.

Frank W. Howell, a Dayton lawyer, is now entitled to the world's record as administrator of estates. He has been appointed by Judge C. W. Dale as administrator of 8,432 estates, and has been compelled to give bond in the sum of $3,200,000.

The appointment as administrator grew out of the following situation: The central branch of the National Military Homes is located at Dayton, and was established by the United States government, by a special act, March 3, 1865. The jurisdiction of this large tract of ground, more than a mile square in extent, was ceded to the United States government by the State of Ohio April 13, 1867.

Upon this land the Central Branch of the National Military Homes was built for disabled soldiers and sailors who have fought the battles for liberty and union. As far as the United States government is concerned nothing has been neglected, and the central branch is a veritable paradise.

If all the veterans who entered the central branch had lived there would have been no contention and nothing to narrate. When death comes the veteran receives a decent and honorable burial, and his belongings are collected, and if not claimed by relatives, are sold, and the money, together with all of the pension money to which he is entitled, is placed in the "posthumous fund," which is in the keeping of the treasurer of the Central Branch, National Military Homes. Sometimes the deceased veteran leaves considerable property which he has gained by investment or speculation with his pension money. Four test cases are now being fought out to determine whether these estates shall revert to the Montgomery County treasurer of the United States government. It is contended by Mr. Howell, the administrator, that the money left by the old veterans who die intestate belongs to Montgomery County and should go toward the school fund. United States District Attorney McPherson of Cincinnati is looking after the interests of the government. He claims that the money belongs to the United States. The amount involved in the cases represented by Mr. Howell, the administrator, is something over $500,000.

Sea Test of Gyroscope.

The claim made some time ago that steadiness might be imparted to ships at sea in heavy weather by means of a gyroscope was received with some incredulity by practical mariners. Recent dispatches from London, however, indicate that the matter has been put to a thorough test, with most gratifying results. The experiments were made in the North Sea, off Tynemouth, under the direction of Dr. Schlick, the inventor. The vessel used was a boat of the torpedo class, the Seebar, 116 feet long. The water during the three days of the test was such as to cause considerable rolling of vessels of even greater dimensions. The effect of the gyroscope was most remarkable. While the vessel heaved up and down with the waves, the deck remained almost horizontal. It is said that arrangements are being made to install the apparatus on several commercial lines.

An Apostle of Happiness.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, daughter of the well-known artist and author of several successful novels, has come from her English home to lecture in America on "Happiness." When asked by a New York reporter to tell what she meant by happiness, Miss Alma-Tadema said it would take an hour and twenty minutes to tell that, and it had taken her five months to write down what had required years to learn. As to how it could be attained, she is quoted as saying: "By managing one's self; by working hard and developing one's self to the limit. It never comes except by being sought. It is not a matter of condition or of wealth. It does not depend on marriage." Happiness lies in the curtailment of desire. Do without things.

Our Manufacturing Output.

John M. Carson, chief of the Bureau of Manufactures at Washington, now estimates that the annual production of manufactures in the United States is $15,000,000,000, this being the total published in his annual report. Of this total, about $1,086,000,000 worth were exported, including foodstuffs partly manufactured and parts for further use in manufactures. This was over half the entire export trade of the year.

Law Exempts Baby Carriages.

Under the wheel tax law recently passed by the Illinois State Legislature, and which the Governor has intimated his intention of signing, every vehicle in Chicago on wheels that uses the city streets, with the single exception of baby carriages, will pay a wheel tax. The money thus raised is to be expended on the repair of the streets. It is expected that the revenue will amount to $500,000 each year.

SKETCH OF COURT ROOM AND CHIEF FIGURES IN THE THAW TRIAL.

AMERICA IS RICHEST AMONG THE NATIONS

William E. Curtis Says Croesus Was Pauper Beside Our Uncle Sam.

FIGURES SHOW BIG GROWTH.

Per Capita Wealth in 1870 Was $779.83; in 1907 It Was $1,310.11.

As a rule, the average newspaper reader does not like statistics, but here are some figures that everybody should read, because they mean so much. They measure our greatness as a nation and our prosperity as a people, and although they are so stupendous that the human mind almost refuses to comprehend them, they carry a lesson that every citizen and every school boy should learn. Uncle Sam is richer than any other nation that exists or ever has existed. Croesus, King of Lydia, whose name has been a synonym for wealth for ages, was a pauper compared to him.

From the reports of the bureau of statistics, the census bureau, the Treasury and Agricultural Department William E. Curtis, the Washington correspodent, has compiled a few significant figures showing the material development of the United States within the last thirty-seven years. He has selected the year 1870 as a basis of comparison, because that was the beginning of a new era in American commerce and industry that followed the Civil War. Although the panic of '73 arrested the growth of the country for a time, the present period of development began then.

The population of the country in 1870 was 38,558,371, or 12.74 to the square mile; the population on the 30th of June, 1907, according to the estimates of the census bureau, was 85,593,303, or 28.28 per square mile.

The tangible wealth of the country, the true valuation of real and personal property, according to the census of 1870, was $30,068,518,000, while in 1907 it is estimated at more than three times that amount, or $107,104,211,917.

As far back as 1850 the per capita wealth of the United States was estimated at $307.69. In 1870 it had more than doubled and was estimated at $779.83. In 1907 it had almost doubled again, and has reached the sum of $1,310.11 per capita, which proves that we are the richest people that ever existed. In other words, if the real and personal property belonging to the inhabitants of the United States could be equally distributed among them, each man, woman and child living on the 30th of June last would have been entitled to $1,310.11.

In 1870 the deposits in national banks for the whole United States amounted to $542,261,563, while on the 30th of September last they were $4,322,880,141.

In 1870 the deposits in savings banks were $549,874,558, while on the 30th of September, 1907, they were $3,630,078,945.

Taking the two together and including all the banks—national, State, private and savings—the deposits have increased eightfold during the last thirty-seven years—from $1,092,135,921 in 1870 to $8,023,288,886 in 1907.

The bank clearings for the entire country are not given for 1870. The earliest available figures are for 1890, when the total for the United States was $58,845,279,506, which has increased to $157,749,328,913 for the last fiscal year.

The national bank circulation in 1870 was $288,648,081, while on Dec. 14 last it was $675,231,305.

In 1870 we had only $25,000,000 silver and gold coin. To-day we have $1,233,705,869, of which $756,665,869 is gold and the remainder silver.

The interest-bearing debt of the United States has been reduced from $2,046,455,722, or $60.46 per capita of population, in 1870 to $869,003,010, or $10.26 per capita, in 1907. The annual interest charges on the public debt have been reduced from $118,784,960, or $3 per capita of population, to $21,628,914, or 25 cents per capita of population.

Notwithstanding the reductions in war taxes since 1870, the ordinary revenues of the government have increased from $395,959,854 in that year to $693,140,434 in 1907, and the ordinary expenditures have increased from $164,421,507 to $554,422,589. This does not include the receipts or expenses of the postal service, which is almost self-sustaining. Last year the receipts from postage were $183,585,005 and the expenses $191,214,987, leaving a deficit of $7,629,387 to be paid out of the treasury.

The total revenues of the government in 1907 were $840,725,339 and the total expenses $819,840,150.

The increase in the pension roll has been enormous. The total in 1870 was $28,340,202, and in 1907 it is $139,906,514. The cost of the army in 1870 was $57,560,675, and in 1907 $122,576,465. The cost of the navy during the same period has increased from $21,780,230 to $97,128,469.

The imports of merchandise in 1870 amounted to $435,958,408, and our exports were $392,771,768 that year, while in 1907 the imports were $1,434,421,425 and the exports $1,880,851,078. In 1870 the exports per capita of population were $9.77, and, notwithstanding the enormous increase in population, the per capita in 1907 was $21.96.

The foreign commerce of the United States for the calendar year of 1907 has been larger than in any previous year in the history of the country, both in imports and exports, and our trade with every grand division of the world is in excess of any previous year. The imports during the eleven months ending Nov. 30 exceeded $1,330,000,000, while the exports were worth $1,716,000,000. If the increase has continued during December the total of exports will reach nearly two billions of dollars. The exports for November were the largest for any single month on record and reached $204,444,090, which was nearly seven millions a day. Our exports to Europe were $40,000,000 more than in 1900, when they were larger than for any other year. Our exports to North American countries also gained $40,000,000. Our exports to South America gained $7,000,000, to Asia $11,000,000 and to Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines more than ten millions.

In 1850 there were only 251,354 depositors in the savings banks of the United States; in 1870 this number had increased