AIKENSIDE

BY

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"It was wicked in her to fetch you here," she said to Maddy one day when in Lucy's room she found her sitting upon the floor with her head bowed down upon the window sill. "But, law, she's a triflin' thing, and didn't know 'twould kill you, poor child, poor Maddy!" and Mrs. Noah laid her hand kindly on Maddy's hair. "Maybe you'd better go home," she continued, as Maddy made no reply.

"No, Mrs. Noah," and Maddy's voice was strangely unnatural as she lifted up her head, revealing a face so haggard and white that Mrs. Noah was frightened, and asked in much alarm if anything new had happened.

"No, nothing; I was going to say that I'd rather stay a little longer where there are signs and sounds of life. I should die to be alone at Honedale to-morrow. Do you know that to-morrow will be the bridal?"

Yes, Mrs. Noah knew it; but she hoped it might have escaped Maddy's mind.

"Poor child," she said again, "poor child, I mistrust you did wrong to tell him no."

"Oh, Mrs. Noah, don't tell me that; don't make it harder for me to bear. The Tempter has been telling me so all day, and my heart is so hard and wicked I cannot pray as I would. Oh, you don't know how wretched I am!" and Maddy hid her face in the broad, motherly lap, sobbing so wildly that Mrs. Noah was greatly perplexed how to act, or what to say.

Years ago, she would have spurned the thought that the grandchild of the old man who had bowed to his own picture should be mistress of Aikenside; but she had changed since then, and could she have had her way, she would have stopped the marriage, and, bringing her boy home, have given him to the young girl weeping so convulsively in her lap. But Mrs. Noah could not have her way. The bridal guests were, even then, assembling in that home beyond the sea. She could not call Guy back, and so she pitied and caressed the wretched Maddy, saying to her at last:

"I'll tell you what is impressed on my mind; this Lucy's got consumption, without any kind of doubt, and if you've no objections to a widower, you may——"

She did not finish the sentence, for Maddy started in horror. To her there was something murderous in the very idea, and she thrust it quickly aside. Guy Remington was not for her, she said, and her wish was to forget him. If she could get through the dreaded to-morrow, she should do better. There had been a load upon her the whole day, a nightmare she could not shake off, and she had come to Lucy's room in the hope of leaving her burden there, of praying her pain away. Would Mrs. Noah leave her a while, and see that no one came?

The good woman could not refuse, and going out, she left Maddy by the window watching the sun as it went down and then watching the wintry twilight deepen over the landscape, until all things were blended together in one great darkness, and Jessie found her at last fainting upon the floor.

Maddy was glad of the racking headache which kept her in her bed the whole of the next day, glad of any excuse to stay away from the family, talking—all but Mrs. Noah—of Guy, and what was transpiring in England. They had failed to remember the difference in the longitude of the two places; but Maddy forgot nothing, and when the clock struck four, she called Mrs. Noah to her and whispered, faintly:

"They were to be married at eight in the evening. Allowing for possible delays, it's over before this, and Guy is lost forever!"

Mrs. Noah had no consolation to offer, and only pressed the hot, feverish hands, while Maddy turned her face to the wall and did not speak again, except to whisper incoherently as she half slumbered, half woke:

"Did Guy think of me when he promised to love her, and can he see how miserable I am?"

Maddy was indeed passing through deep waters, and that night, the fourth of December, the longest, the dreariest she ever knew, could never be forgotten. Once past, the worst was over, and as the rarest metal is purified by fire, so Maddy came from the dreadful ordeal strengthened for what was before her. Both Agnes and Mrs. Noah noticed the strangely beautiful expression of her face when she came down to the breakfast room, while Jessie, as she kissed her pale cheek, whispered:

"You look as if you had been with angels."

Guy was not expected with his bride for two weeks or more, and as the days dragged on Maddy felt that the waiting for him was more intolerable than the seeing him with Lucy would be. Restless and impatient, she could not remain quietly at the cottage—while at Aikenside, she longed to return again to her own home, and in this way the time wore on, until the anniversary of that day when she had come from New York and found Guy waiting for her at the station. To stay that day in the house so rife with memories of the dead was impossible, and Flora was surprised and delighted to hear that both were going up to Aikenside in the vehicle hired of Farmer Green, whose son officiated as driver. It was nearly noon when they reached their destination, meeting at the gate with Flora's brother Tom, who said to them:

"We've heard from Mr. Guy; the ship is in; they'll be here sure to-night, and Mrs. Noah is turnin' things ups.de down with the dinner."

Leaning back in the buggy, Maddy felt for a moment as if she were dying. Never, until then, had she realized how, all the while, she had been clinging to an indefinable hope, a presentiment that something might yet occur to spare her from a long lifetime of pain, such as lay before her if Guy were really lost; but the bubble had burst, leaving her nothing to hope, nothing to cling to, nothing but black despair; and half bewildered she received the noisy greeting of Jessie, who met her at the door and dragged her into the drawing room, decorated with flowers from the hothouse, told her to guess who was coming.

"I know; Tom told me; Guy is coming with Lucy," Maddy answered, and relieving herself from Jessie, she turned to Agnes, asking where Mrs. Noah was and if she might go to her.

"Oh, Maddy, child, I'm sorry you've come to-day," Mrs. Noah said, as she chafed Maddy's cold hands, and leading her to the fire, made her sit down.

"I did not know it, or I should have stayed away," Maddy replied; "I shall not stay, as it is. I cannot see them today. Charlie will drive me back before the train is due; but what did he say? And how is Lucy?"

"He did not mention her. There's the dispatch," and Mrs. Noah handed to Maddy the telegram received that morning, and which was simply as follows:

"The steamer is here. Shall be at station at five o'clock p. m.

"GUY REMINGTON."

Twice Maddy read it over, experiencing much the same feeling she would have experienced had it been her death warrant she was reading.

"At five o'clock. I must go before that," she said, sighing as she remembered how, one year ago that day, she was traveling over the very route where Guy was now traveling with his bride. Did he think of it? Think of his long waiting at the depot, or of that memorable ride, the events of which grew more and more distinct in her memory, making her cheeks burn even now as she recalled his many acts of tender care.

Laying the telegram on the table, she went with Mrs. Noah through the rooms, warmed and made ready for the bride, lingering longest in Lucy's, which the bridal decorations and the bright fire blazing in the grate made singularly inviting. As yet, there were no flowers there, and Maddy claimed the privilege of arranging them for this room herself. Agnes had almost stripped the conservatory; but Maddy found enough to form a most tasteful bouquet, which she placed upon a marble dressing table; then within a slip of paper which she folded across the top, she wrote: "Welcome to the bride."

"They both will recognize my handwriting; they'll know I've been here," she thought, as with one long, last look at the room, she walked away.

They were laying the table for dinner now, and with a kind of dizzy, uncertain feeling, Maddy watched the servants hurrying to and fro, bringing out the choicest china, and the glittering silver, in honor of the bride. Comparatively, it was not long since a little, frightened, homesick girl, she first sat down with Guy at that table, from which the proud Agnes would have banished her; but it seemed to her an age, so much of happiness and pain had come to her since then. There was a place for her there now, a place near Guy; but she should not fill it. She could not stay; and she astonished Agnes and Jessie, just as they were going to make their dinner toilet, by announcing her intention of going home. She was not dressed to meet Mrs. Remington, she said, shuddering as for the first time she pronounced a name which the servants had frequently used, and which jarred on her ear every time she heard it. She was not dressed appropriately to meet an English lady. Flora of course would stay, she said, as it was natural she should, to greet her new mistress; but she must go, and she bade Charlie Green bring around the buggy.

One long, sad, wistful look at Guy's and Lucy's home, and Maddy followed Charlie to the buggy waiting for her, bidding him drive rapidly, as there was every indication of a coming storm.

The gray, wintry afternoon was drawing to a close, and the December night was shutting down upon the Honedale hills in sheety rain, when the cottage was reached, and Maddy, passing up the narrow, slippery walk, entered the cold, dreary room, where there was neither fire nor light, nor friendly voice to greet her. No sound save the ticking of the clock; no welcome save the purring of the house cat, who came crawling at her feet as she knelt before the stove and tried to kindle the fire. Charlie Green had offered to go in and do this for her, as indeed he had offered to return and stay all night, but she had declined, preferring to be alone, and with stiffened fingers she laid the kindlings Flora had prepared, and then applying the match, watched the blue flame as it gradually licked up the smoke and burst into a cheerful blaze.

"I shall feel better when it's warm," she said, crouching over the fire, and shivering with more than bodily cold.

There was a kind of nameless terror stealing over her as she sat thinking of the year ago when the inmates of three graves across the meadow were there beneath that very roof where she now sat alon.

"I'l strike a light," she said, rising to her feet and trying not to glance at the shadowy corners filling her with fear.

The lamp was found, and its friendly beams soon dispersed the darkness from the corners and the fear from Maddy's heart, but it could not drive from her mind thoughts of what might at that moment be transpiring at Aikenside. If the bride and groom came at all that night, she knew they must have been there for an hour or more, and in fancy she saw the tired, but happy, Lucy, as up in her pleasant room she made her toilet for dinner, with Guy standing by and looking on just as he had a right to do. Did he smile approvingly upon his young wife? Did his eye, when it rested on her, light up with the same expression she had seen so often when it looked at her? Did he commend her taste and say his little wife was beautiful, as he kissed her fair, white cheek, or was there a cloud upon his handsome face, a shadow on his heart, heavy with thoughts of her, and would he rather it were Maddy there in the bridal room? If so, his burden was hard indeed, but not so hard as hers, and kneeling on the floor, poor Maddy laid her head in the chair, and, 'mid piteous moans, asked God to help them both to bear their lot.

The prayer ended, Maddy still sat upon the floor, while over her pale face the lamplight faintly flickered, showing the dark lines beneath her eyes and the tears stains on her cheek. Without, the storm still was raging, and the wintry rain, mingled with sleet and snow, beat piteously against the curtained windows, while the wind howled mournfully as it shook the door and sweeping past the cottage went screaming over the hill. But Maddy heard nothing of the tumult. She had brought a pillow from the bedroom, and placing it upon the chair, sat down again upon the floor and rested her head upon it. She did not even know that her pet cat had crept up beside her, purring contentedly and occasionally licking her hair, much less did she hear above the storm the swift tread of horses' feet as someone came dashing down the road, the rider pausing an instant as he caught a glimpse of the cottage lamp and then hurrying on to the public house beyond, where the hostler frowned moodily at being called out to care for a stranger's horse, the stranger meanwhile turning back afoot to where the cottage lamp shone, a beacon light through the inky darkness. The stranger reached the little gate and, undoing the fastening, went hurrying up the walk, his step upon the crackling snow catching Maddy's ear at last and making her wonder who could be coming there on such a night as this. It was probably Charlie Green, she said, and with a feeling of impatience at being intruded upon she arose to her feet just as the door turned upon its hinges, letting in a powerful draught of wind, which extinguished the lamp and left her in total darkness.

But it did not matter. Maddy had caught a sound, a peculiar cough, which froze the blood in her veins and made her quake with terror quite as much as if the footsteps hurrying toward her had been the footsteps of the dead, instead of belonging, as she knew they did, to Guy Remington—Guy, who, with garments saturated with rain, felt for her in the darkness, found her where from faintness she had crouched again beside the chair, drew her closely to him, in a passionate almost painful, hug, and said, oh! so tenderly:

"Maddy, my darling, my own! We will never be parted again."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hours had gone by, and the clock hands pointed to twelve, ere Maddy compelled herself to hear the story Guy had come to tell. She had thrust him from her at first, speaking to him of Lucy, his wife, and Guy had answered her back: "I have no wife—I never had one. Lucy is in heaven," and that was all Maddy knew until the great shock had spent itself in tears and sobs, which became almost convulsions as she tried to realize the fact that Lucy Atherstone was dead; that the bridal robe about which she had written, with girlish frankness, proved to be her shroud, and that her head that night was not pillowed on Guy's arm, but was resting under English turf and beneath an English sky. She could listen at last, but her breath came in panting gasps; while Guy told her how, on the very morning of the bridal, Lucy had greeted him with her usual bright smile, appearing and looking better than he had before seen her look since he reached her mother's home; how for an hour they sat together alone in a little room sacred to her, because years before it was there he confessed his love.

Seated on a low ottoman, with her golden head lying on his lap, she had that morning told him, in her artless way, how much she loved him, and how hard it sometimes was to make her love for the creature second to her love for the Creator; told him she was not faultless, and asked that when he found how erring and weak she was, he would bear with her frailties as she would bear with his; talked with him, too, of Maddy Clyde, confessing in a soft, low tone, how once or twice a pang of jealousy had wrung her heart when she read his praises of his pupil. But she had conquered that; she had prayed it all away; and now next to her own sister, she loved Maddy Clyde. Other words, too, were spoken—words of guileless, pure affection, too sacred even for Guy to breathe to Maddy; and then Lucy had left him her hart-bounding step echoing through the hall and up the winding stairs down which she never came again alive, for when Guy next looked upon her she was lying white as a water lily, her neck and dress and golden hair stained with the pale red life current oozing from her livid lips. A blood vessel had been suddenly ruptured, the physician said, and for her, the fair, young bride, there was no hope. They told her she must die, for the mother would have them tell her. Once, for a few moments, there rested on her face a fearfully frightened look, such as a harmless bird might wear when suddenly caught in a snare. But that soon passed away as from beneath the closed eyelids the great tears came gushing, and the stained lips whispered faintly: "God knows best. Poor Guy!—break it gently to him."

At this point in the story Guy broke down entirely, sobbing as only strong men can sob.

"Maddy," he said, "I felt like a heartless wretch—a most consummate hypocrite—as, standing by Lucy's side, I met the fond, pitying glance of her blue eyes, and suffered her poor little hand to part my hair as she tried to comfort even though every word she uttered was shortening her life; tried to comfort me, the wretch who was there so unwillingly, and who at this prospect of release hardly knew at first whether he was more sorry than pleased. You may well start from me in horror, Maddy. I was just the wretch I describe; but I overcame it, Maddy, and heaven is my witness that no thought of you intruded itself upon me afterward as I stood by my dying Lucy—gentle, patient, loving to the last. I saw how good, how sweet she was, and something of the old love, the boy love, came back to me, as I held her in my arms, where she wished to be. I would have saved her if I could; and when I called her 'my darling Lucy,' they were not idle words. I kissed her many times for myself, and once, Maddy, for you. She told me to. She whispered: 'Kiss me, Guy, for Maddy Clyde. Tell her I'd rather she should take my place than anybody else—rather my Guy should call her wife—for I know she will not be jealous if you sometimes talk of your dead Lucy, and I know she will help lead my boy to that blessed home where sorrow never comes.' That was the last she ever spoke, and when the sun went down death had claimed my bride. She died in my arms, Maddy. I saw her buried from my sight, and then, Maddy, I started home; thoughts of you and thoughts of Lucy blended equally together until Aikenside was reached. I talked with Mrs. Nosh; I heard all of you there was to tell, and then I talked with Agnes, who was not greatly surprised, and did not oppose my coming here to-night. I could not remain there, knowing you were alone. In the bridal chamber I found your bouquet, with its 'Welcome to the bride.' Maddy, you must be that bride. Lucy sanctioned it, and the doctor, too, for I told him all. His own wedding was, of course, deferred, and he did not come home with me, but he said: 'Tell Maddy not to wait. Life is too short to waste any happiness. She has my blessing.' And, Maddy, it must be so. Aikenside needs a mistress; you are all alone. You are mine—mine forever."

The storm had died away, and the moonbeams stealing through the window told that morning was breaking, but neither Guy nor Maddy heeded the lapse of time. Theirs was a sad kind of happiness as they talked together, and could Lucy have listened to them she would have felt satisfied that she was not forgotten. One long, bright curl, cut from her head by his own hand, was all there was left of her to Guy, save the hallowed memories of her purity and goodness—memories which would yet mold the proud, impulsive Guy into the earnest, consistent Christian which Lucy in her life had desired that he should be, and which Maddy rejoiced to see him.

(The End.)

Held in Reserve.

Peppery Colonel (at the club card table)—Good heavens, sir! Haven't you got a black suit?

Irrepressible Sub—Yes, sir; but I'm saving it for your funeral.—London Punch.

Putting Up Silage.

Many people make the mistake of cutting corn too green for silage, writes Dr. G. A. Billings in American Agriculturist. At this stage there is a larger percentage of water, and the silage when taken out has a large amount of acid, less starch and sugar and hence is less nutritious. Corn planted in drills with stalks eight to ten inches apart will mature a good proportion of ears.

Harvesting should not begin until the ears are passing the roasting stage and begin to glaze. Unless the season is exceptionally dry the stalks and leaves will remain green, but too mature or dry corn is more liable to mold. This may be found in spots around the sides or more generally over the silo wherever the air has gained access to cause the fungous growth. This condition may be improved by tramping the material carefully in the silo, adding water by sprinkling with a hose, or if this is not available direct a stream of water into the blower or elevator sufficient to saturate the cut fodder. This moisture assists the material to settle and acts as a seal to keep out the air.

There should be labor and teams enough to keep the cutter running steadily. Nothing is gained by cutting a large amount of corn beforehand, hauling and piling near the machine to be handled over again. Aim to harvest at the least expense a ton. This will be accomplished as follows: If hand cutting is practiced, cut and hand directly to the man loading, not throwing on the ground in bundles, which will require an extra handling. Let each load come to the table of the machine in turn, handling the corn directly to the feeder. If the corn is long and heavy an extra man is needed on the table to assist.

Power should be ample and in proportion to the size of the cutter. The blower is replacing the elevator machine, economizing space and largely doing away with the stopping of an entire crew to repair the elevator. If the corn is heavy and the stalk large cutting in half inch to one inch pieces will have the tendency to partially shred the stalk, and there will be no butts refused by the animals.

Teh material in the silo should be kept level and well trampled, especially around the sides of the silo, and it pays to have sufficient help for this work. Where considerable silage is put up it pays to have a corn harvester and binder, which economizes hand labor. The accompanyin illustration shows part of the outfit used at the New Jersey experiment station in filling the silo for fall and winter feed. The source of power for running the cutter and blower is a gasoline engine.

FILLING THE SILO.

Avoiding Wastes.

The first great lesson to be learned is to avoid waste. Waste has been the curse of agriculture. Why pay taxes on land that is not farmed? Why only half cultivate the fields and so waste both land and labor. Why waste time and capital in raising inferior animals? Why waste money in buying what should be raised on the farm? Why waste energy in trying to do more than any one man can do right? On many farms there is waste in a thousand ways, and no wonder that to some "farming does not pay." The small details must be looked after, and no farm should be larger than what can be properly attended to.

Best Grafting Wax.

The following is claimed to be the best grafting wax, by an old orchardist who says he has tried a great many: To four pounds of rosin and one of beeswax add one pint of linseed oil; put in an iron pot, heat slowly and mix; pour into cold water and pull until it assumes a light color. Work into sticks, and put into a cool place until wanted. Some prefer linseed oil to animal fat for grafting wax.

Manure for the Garden.

Let the barnyard manure for the garden be well rotted if it is desired to cultivate it into the soil early in the spring; but if coarse, green manure has to be used, scatter broadcast during the winter, and rake up or mulch part of it before plants are set in spring. Of course, this applies to ground that has been plowed the past fall.

Fertilizers for Strawberries.

Regarding the effect of different fertilizers on strawberries, land plaster when applied to the bed is said to make the berries more brilliant though lighter in color. Nitrate of soda largely increases the size of the leaves and berries, but the berries are said not to be so firm. Sulphate of potash improves the size and flavor of the berries, and also the color and firmness, while superphosphate increases the yield. The kind of soil, however, is to be considered, as well as the variety of strawberry.

Bran for Poultry.

"Bran is an excellent food for poultry in all stages of growth as well as for laying hens. One great point in its favor is its cheapness. It contains a larger proportion of lime than any other food at the price, and lime is essential to growth of bone, muscles and feathers, as well as the formation of shells for eggs. Lime which is found in food for some reason is much more easily assimilated than in the form of oyster shell and the like. Wheat is a most excellent poultry food, but the high price prohibits many from using it freely. Bran and clover used in connection with oats will produce as good results. Clover and alfalfa are rich in lime and should be had at all times in the green state when possible and in the form of well-cured hay the rest of the year. Cut alfalfa and bran may be fed in the form of a mash. Skim milk is an ideal thing to moisten it with. Fowls, however, will consume quantities of bran dry fed from a self-feeder and they eat alfalfa or clover hay freely from the stack or manger.

"Bran may be used mixed with the cut grain n the self-feeder and perhaps this is the most convenient form of all in which to use it.

"Some of the most valuable food properties contained in the wheat are left in the bran and its food value for poultry is not fully appreciated by many poultry raisers or we would see more of them using it in the ration. If you feed bran, clover and alfalfa you need on oyster shell and very little cut bone or lean meat. In fact a flock will get on and yield lots of eggs without any attempt to furnish meat if the bran and alfalfa is fed."—Poultry Topics.

Overshoe for Horses.

Horses undoubtedly require an overshoe when the ground is snowy and coated with ice as much so as the average human being. Drivers, although anxious to protect horses from injury by falling have been unable to procure practical and satisfactory overshoes. Those made of rubber prevent the horse from slipping, but they wear out so quickly their cost is prohibitive. In the illustration is shown one which seems well fitted to serve the purpose, invented by a Massachusetts man. It is made along similar lines to the "gripper" chain placed on automobile ties. The tread is formed of a number of metallic links. When the overshoe is adjusted on the foot the links intervene between the hoof and the ground, affording a firm grip. This overshoe need not necessarily be worn on the horse all the time, but in case of sudden freeze can be quickly adjusted in position and removed when desired.

STRAPS ON HOOF.

Result of Corn Breeding.

From numerous experiments made in Wisconsin there has been developed a strain of white dent corn which grows on a very short, thick-set stalk, and which matures a good-sized ear, and the ears run remarkably uniform. The growth centers in the ear rather than in producing a big stalk at the expense of a small ear. After four years of careful, persistent work, there are numerous corn fields in Southern and Central Wisconsin which will yield 60 to 80 bushels per acre, and 100 bushels have been reported several times. Such results coming from a State which a few years ago was considered out of the corn belt demonstrate what corn breeding will accomplish when carried on along sensible lines.

Clover and Fodder.

Clover and corn furnish a fodder ration that can not easily be improved upon for dairy cows. Two factors should be taken into account when determining the amount of grain to feed. One is the extent to which clover or alfalfa is fed, and the second is the production of the cow. The rule with some is to feed one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced. When clover or alfalfa form a large part of the ration it would seem reasonable to suppose that a less quantity of grain would suffice than the amounts named.

Cheap Fertilling.

Some of the best farms in the East have been brought to the highest degree of fertility by the use of clover, lime and manure. The farmers who have accomplished such results have aimed to save every pound of manure, and also to preserve it in the best manner. Lime is used extensively by those who know that lime is an essential ingredient of plants, and also because it is excellent for increasing the clover crop. Clover enriches the land by promoting the supply of nitrogen in the soil, hence lime and clover make an excellent combination.

Wire-Winding Machine.

The frame of this wire-winding machine is constructed of 2x4 lumber, 6 feet by 2 feet 5 inches. Standards for

MACHINE TO WIND WIRE.

holding shaft, 2 feet 10 inches. Shaft for holding wire spool, 3 feet 5 inches long with crank. For wheels, swill-cart wheels will do.

Cowpeas and Alfalfa.

Experiments at the Tennessee Experiment Station show that alfalfa thrives much better where cowpeas have been turned under. That does not necessarily prove that cowpeas have provided the right alfalfa bacteria; it may only show that they have filled the soil with available plant food and the alfalfa is working on that, whereas if it had the right bacterium at its command it could forage for itself.

Australia is twenty-six times larger than the British Isles.

LEADING FIGURES IN THE THAW TRIAL.

EVELYN NESBIT THAW.

MARTIN W. LITTLETON THAW'S CHIEF COUNSEL.

HARRY K. THAW.

DEFENSELESS PACIFIC COAST.

One Cruiser ona Foggy Night Could Destroy Seattle and Tacoma.

The departure of the fleet of sixteen battleships for its long cruise has at least served the purpose of drawing attention to the lamentably weak and unprotected condition of our Pacific coast, writes a Washington correspondent. From Lower California to the Canadian boundary we have absolutely no protection against invasion, save at San Francisco. Representative Humphrey, of the State of Washington, made it plain to President Roosevelt recently that a second-class cruiser on a foggy night could steam into Puget Sound and shell Seattle and Tacoma off the face of the earth without receiving a shot in reply.

The President was so impressed that he asked Mr. Humphrey to prepare a report, in conjunction with his Pacific coast colleagues, as to what defenses and coast protection were necessary and desirable.

San Diego and San Pedro in California are equally as unprotected as the Washington cities, and are wholly at the mercy of any enemy which may approach from the sea. It would not cost much, however, to give San Diego reasonable protection and to prepare there a rendezvous for a Pacific fleet. It is estimated that $150,000 expended in dredging out the approach would furnish San Diego with a splendid harbor, easily defended by land fortifications and by battleships, the latter of which would be instantly available for service anywhere along the coast.

Just what the great Atlantic fleet will do when it reaches our Pacific coast is a question not definitely settled. Mexico has granted us permission to make use of Magdalena bay for target practice, but it is claimed by experts that the ships will be in no condition for anything except to go into drydock for a complete overhauling. For this the Pacific coast is absolutely unprepared. There is not a drydock or a navy yard commensurate for the task it would be called upon to meet. The Mare Island navy yard at San Francisco is absolutely inadequate.

There is doubt expressed by those who ought to know, having had experiences in the commissary end of the navy, that the provisioning of the fleet, when it arrived in the Pacific, may turn out to be as poorly prepared for as are the other functions.

A Toad 1000 Years Old.

Director Hornaday of the New York Zoological Park has placed upon exhibition a toad which he believes to be not less than 1,000 years old, it having been found several months ago in a pocket of a block of limestonle in a silver mine at Butte, Mont., 700 feet below the surface of the mountain. When found the toad appeared to be dead, but upon instructions from the operator, who knew Mr. Hornaday, it was placed in a glass jar, sealed up and sent to New York. There an inspection revealed the truth that it moved sluggishly, although the eyes had long been useless and it had neither eaten nor drunk for centuries. This appears to prove the old theory that toads can live untold years in a state of suspended animation. The director believes that if he should try to feed the creature it would certainly die. It is quite plump and a perfectly formed, medium-sized toad of the spadefoot variety.

Horse Completes Electric Circuit.

A novel device by which a horse is made part of an electrical circuit has been reported to the War Department by Lieut. A. C. Knowles of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Infantry, at Fort Leavenworth, where tests have been made for permitting communication between mounted operators. By placing a small piece of copper properly connected with the telegraph or telephone instrument against the animal's body, a ground connection is completed through the horse's feet, and the operator is enabled to transmit messages to his base without stopping his horse.

Hudson (Wis.) unionists have organized a new machinists' union.

Labor World

The Glass Workers' Union has 6,000 members and $100,000 in the treasury.

A branch of the Canadian labor party has been formed in London, England.

The advance in wages of the miners has been general throughout Great Britain.

Bartenders of Denver, Colo., are taking steps to organize a union to procure the eight-hour day.

Barbers of Hamilton, Ont., want more wages and threaten to strike if their demand is not met.

The forty-first annual trade union congress of Great Britain will convene at Nottingham on Sept. 7, 1908.

Labor organizations of Baltimore, Md., are assisting the policemen of that city in an effort to have one day off each week.

A convention of independent shoe workers' organizations, to form a national organization, is to be held at Lynn, Mass., this month.

Since the national convention of textile workers of the United States in 1986 the international body has issued sixty charters to new unions.

In Austria 547 per 1,000 work ten hours or less each day, and 438 from two to eleven hours. Comparatively few work more than eleven hours.

W. E. McEwen, secretary-treasurer of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor, is being urged by many of his friends to run for Mayor of Duluth at the spring election.

At a conference of representatives of national lithographic organizations recently held in Washington, D. C., it was decided soon to amalgamate the allied lithographic trades.

In consequence of a dispute over an agreement between the employers and the boiler makers, the labor barometer in the shipbuilding trade of Great Britain at present shows "stormy."

Ben Tillett, the English labor leader, has sent word that he is again to visit this country. He is now in Australia. Mr. Tillett is also a member of Parliament. He is a docker union official.

It is said that the longest strike on record in England was that of the quarrymen at Bethesda, which commenced in 1900 and did not terminate until the close of 1903. It cost the district $1,820,000.

The State Federation of Labor of Oklahoma, at a recent session, adopted a resolution in favor of woman suffrage. The federation proposes to make this a test question in the support of candidates for office.

The Eight-Hour League of America is conducting an agitation among the trades unions with the object of making the "universal eight-hour workday" the paramount issue of the coming presidential campaign.

The United Hebrew Trades, an organization of about 120 Jewish trades unions, in New York City, has a membership of some 75,000, most of whom are Socialists working in the clothing, fur and cap industries.

Preliminary steps have been taken in Minneapolis, Minn., to induce all unions in the building trades to cast aside petty jealousies and join the building trades council of that city. This is with a view to strengthening the central body.

The Rhode Island Label League declares its intention publicly to fight the trusts by the use of the union label. The league will conduct its operations in that State, and it is hoped to get every union throughout the State affiliated with the organization.

Plans for the formation of local and district anti-child labor leagues throughout New York have been completed at Albany. A State League will also be formed. The recent convention of the New York State Workingmen's Federation at Syracuse adopted resolutions favoring the league and instructed the delegates to take the matter up with their locals and do what they could toward effective organization.