

# AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Drake," "The English Orphan," "Reminiscences of the Hills," "Lena Rivers," "Hedgebrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Countess Maud," etc.

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"If I could only take her something," he said, glancing ruefully around his office. "Now, if she were Jessie, nuts and raisins might answer—but she must not eat such trash as that," and he set himself to think again, just as Guy Remington rode up, bearing in his hand a most exquisite bouquet.

"I thought you might be going down to Honedale, as I knew you returned last night, so I brought these flowers for your patient with my compliments, or if you prefer I give them to you, and you can thus present them as if coming from yourself."

"As if I would do that," the doctor answered. "Did you arrange it, or your gardener?" he asked, and when Guy replied that the merit of arrangements, if merit there were, belonged to himself, he began to deprecate his own awkwardness and want of tact. "Here I have been cudgeling my head this half hour trying to think what I could take her as a peace offering, and could think of nothing, while you—well, you and I are different entirely. You know just what is proper—just what to say, and when to say it—while I am a perfect bore."

Guy regarded his friend attentively, noticing that extra care had been bestowed upon his toilet, that the collar was fresh from the laundry, and the new cravat tied in a most unexceptionable manner, instead of being twisted into a hard knot, with the ends looking as if they had been chewed.

"Doc," he said, when his survey was completed, "how old are you—twenty-five or twenty-six?"

"Twenty-five—just your age—why?" and the doctor looked with an expression so wholly innocent of Guy's real meaning that the latter, instead of telling why, replied:

"Oh! nothing; only I was wondering if you would do to be my father, Agnes. I verily believe, is more than half in love with you; but, on the whole, I would not like to be your son; so I guess you'd better take someone younger—say Jessie. You are only eighteen years her senior."

The doctor stared at him amazed, and when he had finished said with the utmost candor: "What has that to do with Madeline? I thought we were talking of her."

"Innocent as the newly born babe," was Guy's mental comment, as he congratulated himself on his larger and more varied experience.

And truly Dr. Holbrook was as simple-hearted as a child, never dreaming of Guy's meaning, or that any emotion save a perfectly proper one had a lodgment in his breast as he drove down to Honedale, guarding carefully Guy's bouquet, and wishing he knew just what he ought to say when he presented it.

The perpiration was standing under Madeline's hair, and when the doctor stepped across the threshold, and she knew he really was coming near her, it oozed her face, while her cheeks glowed with a feverish heat. Thinking he should get along with it better if he treated her just as he would Jessie, the doctor confronted her at once, and asked:

"How is my little patient to-day?"

A faint scream broke from Madeline's lips, and she involuntarily raised her hands to thrust the stranger away. This black-eyed, black-haired, thick-set man was not Dr. Holbrook, for he was taller and more slight, while she had not been deceived in the dark brown eyes which, even while they seemed to be mocking her, had worn a strange fascination for the maiden of fourteen and a half. The doctor fancied her delirious again, and this reassured him at once. Dropping the bouquet upon the bed, he clasped one of her hands in his, and without the slightest idea that she comprehended him, said, soothingly:

"Poor child, are you afraid of me—the doctor, Dr. Holbrook?"

Madeline did not try to withdraw her hand, but raising her eyes, swimming in tears, to his face, she stammered out: "What does it mean, and where is he—the one who asked me those dreadful questions? I thought that was Dr. Holbrook."

Here was a dilemma—something for which the doctor was not prepared, and with a feeling that he would not betray Guy, he said:

"No; that was someone else—a friend of mine—but I was there in the back office. Don't you remember me? Please don't get excited. Compose yourself, and I will explain all by and by."

Madeline was disappointed, and it took her some time to rally sufficiently to convince the doctor that she was not flighty, as he termed it; but composing herself at last, she answered all his questions, and then, as he saw her eyes wandering toward the bouquet, he suddenly remembered that it was not yet presented, and placing it in her hands, he said:

"You like flowers, I know, and these are for you."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, doctor; I am so glad. I love them so much, and you are so kind. What made you think of bringing them? I wanted flowers so badly; but I could not have them, because I was sick and did not work in the garden. It was so good in you," and in her delight Madeline's tears dropped upon the fair blossoms.

For a moment the doctor was sorely tempted to keep the credit thus enthusiastically given; but he was too truthful for that, and so watching her as her eyes glistened with pleasure, he said:

"I am glad you like them, Miss Clyde, and so will Mr. Remington be. He sent them to you from his conservatory."

"Not Mr. Remington from Aikenside—not Jessie's brother?" and Madeline's eyes now fairly danced as they sought the doctor's face.

"Yes, Jessie's brother. He came here with her. He is interested in you, and brought these down this morning."

"It was Jessie, I guess, who sent them," Madeline suggested, but the doctor persisted that it was Guy.

"He wished me to present them with his compliments. He thought they might please you."

"Oh! they do, they do!" Madeline replied. "They almost make me well. Tell him how much I thank him, and like him, too, though I never saw him."

The doctor opened his lips to tell her she had seen him, but changed his mind ere the words were uttered. She might not think as well of Guy, he thought, and there was no harm in keeping it back.

So Madeline had no suspicion that the face she thought of so much belonged to Guy Remington. She had never seen him, of course, but she hoped she would some time, so as to thank him for his generosity to her grandfather and his kindness to herself. Then, as she remembered the message she had sent him, she began to think that it sounded too familiar, and said to the doctor:

"If you please, don't tell Mr. Remington that I said I liked him—only that I thank him. He would think it queer for a poor girl like me to send such words to him. He is very rich, and handsome, and splendid, isn't he?"

"Yes, Guy's rich and handsome, and everybody likes him. We were in college together."

"You were?" Madeline exclaimed. "Then you know him well, and Jessie, and you've been to Aikenside often? There's nothing in the world I want so much as to go to Aikenside. They say it is so beautiful."

"Maybe I'll carry you up there some day when you are strong enough to ride," the doctor answered, thinking of his light buggy at home, and wondering he had not used it more, instead of always riding on horseback.

Dr. Holbrook looked much older than he was, and to Madeline he seemed quite fatherly, so that the idea of riding with him, aside from the honor it might be to her, struck her much as riding with Farmer Green would have done. The doctor, too, imagined that his proposition was prompted solely from disinterested motives, but he found himself wondering how long it would be before Madeline would be able to ride a little distance, just over the hill and back. He was tiring her all out talking to her; but somehow it was very delightful there in that sick room, with the summer sunshine stealing through the window and falling upon the soft reddish-brown head resting on the pillows. Once he fixed those pillows, arranging them so nicely that grandma, who had come in from her hens and yeast cakes, declared "he was as handy as a woman," and after receiving a few general directions with regard to the future, "guessed, if he wasn't in a hurry, she'd leave him with Maddy a spell, as there were a few chores she must do."

The Aikenside carriage was standing at Mrs. Conner's gate when he returned, and Jessie came running out to meet him, followed by Guy, while Agnes, in the most becoming riding habit, sat by the window, looking unconcerned at his arrival as if it were not the very event for which she had been impatiently waiting. Jessie was a great pet with the doctor, and, lifting her lightly in his arms, he kissed her forehead and said:

"I have seen Maddy Clyde. She asked for you, and why you do not come to see her, as you promised."

"Mother won't let me," Jessie answered. "She says they are not fit associates for a Remington."

"There was a sudden flash of contempt on the doctor's face, and a gleam of wrath in Agnes' eye as she motioned Jessie to be silent, and then gracefully received the doctor. Guy seized the first favorable opportunity to inquire after Madeline.

She was improving rapidly, the doctor said, adding: "You ought to have seen her delight when I gave her your bouquet."

"Indeed," and Agnes bridled haughtily. "I did not know that Guy was in the habit of sending bouquets to such a Clyde girl. I really must report him to Miss Atherton."

Guy's seat was very near to Agnes, and while a cloud overspread his fine features, he said to her in an aside: "Please say in your report that the worst thing about this Clyde girl is that she aspires to be a teacher, and possibly a governess."

There was an emphasis on the last word which silenced Agnes and set her to beating her French gaiter on the carpet; while Guy, turning back to the doctor, replied to his remark:

"She was pleased, then?"

"Yes; she must be vastly fond of flowers, though I sometimes fancied that the fact of being noticed by you afforded almost as much satisfaction as the bouquet itself. She evidently regards you as a superior being, and Aikenside as a second Paradise, and asking innumerable questions about you and Jessie, too."

"Did she honor me with an inquiry?" Agnes asked, sarcastically, though she was greatly interested as well as relieved by the reply:

"Yes; she said she heard Jessie's mother was a beautiful woman, and asked if you were not born in England."

"She mixed me up with Lucy. Guy, you must go down and enlighten her," Agnes said, laughing merrily and appearing more at ease than she had since Maddy Clyde had been the subject of conversation.

Guy did not go down to Honedale—but fruit and flowers found their way to the old red cottage, always brought by Guy's man, Duncan, and always accompanied by Mr. Remington's compliments. Once, hidden among the rosebuds, was a childish note from Jessie, some of it printed and some of it in the uneven hand of a child just commencing to write:

"Dear Maddy—I think that is such a pretty name, and so does Guy, so does the doctor, too. I want to come see you, but mamma won't let me. I think of you ever so much, and so does Guy. I guess, for he sends you lots of things. Guy is a nice brother, and is 'most as

old as mamma. Ain't that funny? You know my first ma is dead. The doctor tells us about you when he comes to Aikenside. I wish he'd come oftener, for I love him a bushel—don't you? Yours respectfully,

JESSIE AGNES REMINGTON.

"P. S.—I am going to tuck this in just for fun, right among the buds, where you must look for it."

This note Maddy read and reread until she knew it by heart, particularly the part relating to Guy. Hitherto she had not particularly liked her name, greatly preferring that it should have been Eliza Ann, or Sarah Jane; but the knowing that Guy Remington fancied it made a vast difference and did not even recast her. She did not even notice the clause, "and the doctor, too." His attentions and likings she took as a matter of course, so quietly and so constantly had they been given. The day was very long now which did not bring him to the cottage; but she missed him much as she would have missed her brother, if she had one, though her pulse always quickened and her cheeks glowed when she heard him at the gate. The motive power did not lie deeper than a great friendliness for one who had been instrumental in saving her life. They had talked over the matter of her examination, the doctor blaming himself more than was necessary for his ignorance as to what was required of a teacher; but when she asked who was his proxy, he had again answered, evasively:

"A friend from Boston."

And this he did to shield Guy, who he knew was enshrined in the little maiden's heart as a paragon of all excellence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Latterly the doctor had taken to driving in his buggy, and when Maddy was strong enough he took her with him one day, himself adjusting the shawl which grandma wrapped around her, and pulling a little farther on the white sunbonnet which shaded the sweet, pale face, where the roses were just beginning to bloom again. The doctor was very happy that morning, and so, too, was Maddy, talking to him upon the theme of which she never tired, Guy Remington, Jessie, and Aikenside.

"I suppose Mr. Guy will be bringing a wife there some day when he finds one," and leaning back in the buggy Maddy heaved a little sigh, not at thoughts of Guy Remington's wife, but because she began to feel tired, and thus gave vent to her weariness.

The doctor, however, did not so construe it. For the first time when listening to her as she talked of Guy, a keen throbbing pain shot through his heart, a something as near akin to jealousy as it was possible for him to feel. But all unused as he was to the workings of love, he did not at that moment dream of such an emotion in connection with Madeline Clyde.

"Yes, Guy will undoubtedly marry," he began, just as over the top of the easy hill they were ascending horses' heads were visible, and the Aikenside carriage appeared in view. "There he is now," he exclaimed, adding quickly: "No; there's only a lady inside. It must be Agnes."

It was Agnes driving out alone, for the sole object of passing a place which had a singular attraction for her, the old red cottage in Honedale. She recognized the doctor, and guessed whom he had with him. Putting up her glass, she scrutinized the little figure bundled up in shawls, while she smiled her sweetest smile upon the doctor.

"Oh, what a handsome lady! Who is she?" Maddy asked.

"That was Jessie's mother, Mrs. Agnes Remington," the doctor replied. "She'll feel flattered with your compliment."

"I said what I thought. She is handsome, beautiful, and so young, too. Was that a gold bracelet that flashed so on her arm? I wonder if I'll ever wear one like that?"

"Would you like to?" the doctor asked, glancing at the small white wrist, around which the dark calico sleeve was closely buttoned.

"Yes," came hesitatingly from Maddy, who had a strong passion for jewelry. "I guess I would, though grandpa classes all such things with the pomps and vanities which I must renounce when I get to be good. I've seen only a bit of pomp and vanity, but I must say that I like what I have seen, and wish to see more. It's very wicked, I know," she kept on, as she met the queer expression of the doctor's face; "and I know you think me so bad. You are a Christian, I suppose?"

(To be continued.)

## Cut Rate Contributions.

In a certain parish of Greater New York the rector, while admonishing his flock on Sunday last that the collection basket receipts were steadily growing less, took occasion to declare that "certain parishioners contribute according to their means, but others give in keeping with their meanness." He added that in measure such exhibitions of false pretense reminded him of the story told of the pilgrim fathers upon their arrival at Plymouth Rock. "First they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines."

## The Folly of Delay.

It is one of the strangest things in life how few people have settled in their own minds what it is they really want or who will take the trouble to be happy. "I have often thought how much I should like to do so and so," we hear people say, and nine times out of ten it is something they could very easily have done, only they always put it off.—London Spectator.

## Quick Fingers.

The dexterity of a modern virtuoso's fingers made a deep impression on an old farmer who was among the audience at a piano recital. Clapping both hands suddenly down upon his knees, he was heard to exclaim, "I'd give \$100 to have that man pick peas for me!"

Pens made of reed on the same lines as the steel pen have been found in the tombs of Egypt dating probably 2,500 years B. C.

Be true to your word, your work and your friend.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

# REVOLUTIONIZE LEGISLATIVE METHOD

## Adoption of Proposed Changes Will Make a Radical Change in Representation—Recall Measure Will Lift from Office All Who Fail to Do Their Duty

Drafts of constitutional amendments and laws sought to be adopted by the people of Oregon have been prepared and are being circulated throughout the state by a large committee of prominent men with a view of getting the measure before the voters for their consideration. Efforts will be made by those who have drafted and are promoting the measures to form a People's Power league and to raise \$3,000 to defray the expenses of the coming campaign to be carried on for the success of the measures.

Included in the list of the measures which are being presented are: An amendment to the state constitution providing for the recall of unworthy office holders; the draft of a bill for the election of United States senators by people's instruction; the draft of a bill providing for proportional representation and majority elections, and a draft of the Huntley corrupt practice act.

Those who have compiled the list of amendments and bills and are now sending them out and asking for the formation of a people's league are: Johnathan Bourne, Jr., Earl C. Bronaugh, Jerry Bronaugh, W. C. Bristol, Lee M. Clark, H. W. Drew, C. H. Gram, Thomas G. Greene, Clyde V. Huntley, J. E. Hedge, V. R. Hyde, G. W. Holcomb, Harry Lane, T. M. Leabo, T. A. McBride, Henry E. McGinn, E. S. J. McAllister, F. McKerrin, P. McDonald, G. M. Orton, B. Lee Page, C. Scheibel, Ben Selling, Alex. Sweet, C. E. S. Wood, Frank Williams, W. S. U'Ren and John C. Young.

In discussing the measures which they have placed before the people the promoters set out their ideas as follows:

"We believe all citizens agree that every political party should be represented in the government in proportion to the number of its supporters among the people; that no political party should ever have a greater majority of the officers of government than it has of the votes of the people; that the people should be able to express their disapproval of any officer's acts by recalling him from office; that the people should elect and choose their United States senators; that character, and not the possession of wealth, or the secret or public support of great corporations, or wealthy citizens, should be of advantage to any man aspiring to public office. The measures herein offered by members of the People's Power league of Oregon are expected to aid in obtaining these results."

In discussing the recall amendment to the constitution the proposer says it will be second only to the initiative and referendum. It is pointed out that the people of the state cannot now recall an officer once elected without proving him guilty of a crime beyond a reasonable doubt.

It is pointed out that almost continually district attorneys and sheriffs contend they are unable to enforce the laws, or an assessor says it is impossible to assess all property fairly or to make great wealth bear its just share of the burden of government. It is argued that if one-fourth of the voters of the state or district could bring such officers face to face with public discharge for incompetency they would do their work or else the people would get officers who would do it for them. It is asserted that should the law be passed the mere threat of invoking it would be effective in the great majority of cases and the people would hear less of maintaining the dignity of an office and more of maintaining its efficiency.

In the draft itself it is provided that 25 per cent of the voters who cast their votes for an election of justice of the Supreme court at the election prior to the action for recall may file their petition demanding the recall of an officer who is not enforcing the law.

The petition shall set forth the reasons for demanding the recall and if the officer does not resign within five days after the filing of the petition then a special election shall be held within 20 days to determine whether or not the officer shall be recalled.

On the sample ballots at this election the petitioners shall set forth in not more than 200 words the reasons for their action while the officer shall set forth in another 200 words his justification for his acts. At this same election other candidates for the office shall be nominated and the one receiving the highest vote in nomination shall be deemed to be elected.

In the event the accused official receives the highest number of votes at the election he shall remain in office. Petitions of recall may be filed against members of the legislature after he has served five days or longer in the first session following his election. In the case of other officers six months must elapse before such a petition is filed.

After one recall petition has been filed and election held no other petition may be filed against the same officer unless the petitioners pay into the pub-

## Apple Sauce.

Wash but do not peel tart apples. Slice them from the core, add just enough water to keep them from burning and set at the side of the range to simmer slowly. Cook until very soft, rub through a colander and return to the fire with sugar to taste, a dash of cinnamon, if it is liked, and the juice of a small lemon. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then take from the fire and set aside to cool.

lic treasury the whole amount of its expense for the preceding election.

The proposed bill for the selection of United States senators by a vote of the people is short and to the point. In effect it is nothing more than an expressed instruction of the legislature by the people to vote for one candidate for senator. It is argued that after such an instruction no politician would put his private opinion above the voted expression of the people of the state. The bill says:

"Section 1. That we, the people of the state of Oregon, hereby instruct our representatives and senators in our legislative assembly, as such officers, to vote for and elect the candidates for United States senators from this state who receive the highest votes at our general elections."

In argument for the proportional representation bill, it is shown that the present house of representatives in the Oregon legislature is composed of 59 Republicans and one Democrat. If the voters in the state were represented in proportion to the ratio of their numerical strength as shown at the last election the house would be composed of about 33 Republicans, 20 Democrats, four Socialists and three Prohibition members. It is further pointed out that since 1893 the Republicans have always had from 44 to 59 of the members of the house, though in 1895 and 1896 the vote of the Republican party throughout the state was less than one-half of all the votes cast.

It is argued that proportional representation would give each party a fair proportional vote in the legislature, just as it has in the general elections. The text of the proposed law is as follows:

"Section 16. In all elections authorized by this constitution until otherwise provided by law, the person or persons receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared elected, but provision may be made by law for elections by equal proportional representation of all the voters for every office which is filled by the election of two or more persons whose official duties, rights and powers are equal and concurrent."

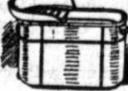
"Every qualified elector resident in his precinct and registered, as may be required by law, may vote for one person for each office. Provision may be made by law for the voter's direct or indirect expression of his first, second or additional choices among the candidates for any office. For an office which is filled by the election of one person it may be required by law that the person elected shall be the final choice of a majority of the electors voting for candidates for that office. These principles may be applied by law to nominations by political parties and organizations."

The Huntley corrupt practice act is known to a great many of the people of the state, as it is the bill which was introduced in the last session of the legislature by Huntley, of Clackamas, and defeated on the ground that it was too voluminous and detailed.

In brief, it provides for the regulation of all elections as to campaign expenses, setting out a maximum expense bill for every office voted upon by the people, both at the primaries and at the general elections. These amounts are graded according to the importance of the office and the scope of the campaign necessary to present the candidate before the people. Rigid provisions are made against indirect campaign contributions and secret expenses, and it is required that all political parties must file statements of expense, as must the candidates, with the officials having record jurisdiction over the positions for which the candidates are contesting."

## Drainer for Wash Boilers.

A simple device that greatly adds to the usefulness of the wash boiler is a recent patent of an Oregon man. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a drainer that is attached to the top of the wash boiler. The drainer is formed of a series of parallel rods, which rest on the top of the wash boiler. Each rod terminates into a hook designed to engage the beaded rim of the boiler. Around the edges of the rod is a projecting ledge, to prevent the water dripping on the floor. After wringing out the clothes they are conveniently placed on the drainer, the water dripping back into the boiler. The device is readily removed when desired.



CLOTHES DRAINER

The Best Way to Do It.

A writer gives a recipe for making stale cookies fresh. The best recipe on the subject, however, is to make new ones. Fresh cookies are a delight, but stale ones are an abomination, and no self-respecting housekeeper should tolerate them nor spend time trying to restore them to freshness.

## German Pickles.

One peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions. Slice and mix with a cupful of salt. Let stand five or six hours, drain and add one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water. Again drain and add two pounds of sugar and three quarts of vinegar; also two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, allspice and mustard and a dozen finely chopped green peppers. Boil again from one to two hours, and seal in glass or earthen

## FLAT DWELLERS' WAYS.

Watering the Fire Escape Garden—Pipe-Smoking Etiquette.

"What I don't understand," said Mrs. Flatdweller, to a New York Sun man, "is the way some folks water the plants they keep on the fire escape."

"Now, you see, we've got a few plants out of your fire escape, and when I water them I take care always not to flood either the pots or the saucers. There are people living under us, and it is not impossible that they might have out on their fire escape something drying, or they might have plants there that they don't want water to drip on, if they have nothing there they don't want water dripping down from above anyway, because it would spatter from the fire escape to the windows."

"I have lived under people, nice people, too, who seemed to forget entirely that there was anybody living under them, and who would simply pour water on their plants and let it run down in streams to spatter everywhere. Don't you think it's queer about that?"

"What gets me," said Mr. Flatdweller, "is how a man can sit at an open window smoking a pipe and when he gets through smoking knock the ashes out of his pipe on the window sill."

"There may be sparks in the pipe as well as ashes, and both are liable to be blown into open windows below. I don't exactly see how men can be so thoughtless as to do this, but some men are. So, you see, women are not the only thoughtless creatures. There are thoughtless men also."

"But I don't pour water down the fire escapes," said Mrs. Flatdweller, "and you don't knock ashes out of the window."

"True," said Mr. Flatdweller, growing philosophical now, "but if we should consult our neighbors and they would tell us frankly, I dare say that we should discover that we do, without thinking, things that they don't like, just as they do some things that don't strike us pleasantly. It is so much easier for us to see the faults of others than it is for us to realize our own."

## RABBIT DANCERS.

A captured rabbit brought an evening's amusement to a party of campers in the Rocky Mountains. In "Nimrod's Wife" Mrs. Grace Seton tells of securing the rabbit in the "telescope case," a good-sized valise made of leatheroid, which acted as a sounding board to his drumming.

"If there are any rabbits within hearing they will come. The little fellow is thumping for them. It's the rabbit way of calling for help," said Nimrod. "There, did you see that? Keep quiet, and don't move."

A big rabbit had dashed into the circle of the freight. In a few minutes another fitted in. Thump! thump! could be heard from different parts of the forest.

Bobby brought out a lighted acetylene lantern. The rabbits, startled at first by the strange light, were quiet, almost watching. Then one bold chap, moved by curiosity, hopped cautiously near; others followed. No harm resulting, the first one advanced still nearer and leaped across the patch of lighted ground. One, a dozen rabbits, big and little, followed him. Circling, he came back again and again, each time nearer to the queer little sun. What he did others did, in augmenting numbers, until we counted twenty playing the game of follow the leader.

Hop, hop, hippety-hop, backward and forth and round went the shadows, a fairy scene. But a venturesome jack came so close to the lamp in his investigations that he burned his nose and sprang back.

Instantly every rabbit disappeared. For long we sat quiet, hoping for a return of our entertainers, but the charm was broken.

## Riding the South Sea Surf.

"I shall never forget the first big wave I caught out there in the deep water," says Jack London in the Woman's Home Companion. "I saw it coming, turned my back on it and paddled for dear life. Faster and faster my board went, until it seemed my would drop off. What was happening behind me I could not tell. One cannot look behind and paddle the windmill stroke. I heard the crest of the wave hissing and churning, and then my board was lifted and flung forward. I scarcely knew what happened the first half-minute. Though I kept my eyes open, I could not see anything, for I was buried in the rushing white of the crest. But I did not mind. I was chiefly conscious of ecstatic bliss at having caught the wave. At the end of the half-minute, however, I began to see things and to breathe. I saw that three feet of the nose of my board was clear out of water and riding on the air. I shifted my weight forward and made the nose come down. Then I lay, quite at rest in the midst of the wild movement, and watched the shore and the bathers on the beach grow distinct. I didn't cover quite a quarter of a mile on that wave, because, to prevent the board from diving, I shifted my weight back, but shifted it too far, and fell down the rear slope of the wave."

Always Late.

Blacksmith—Tha knows 'im. 'E was 't mayor one year.

Old Man—Nay, 'e never got an 'igh s that. 'E wor nobbut ex-mayor—unch.

The most wearisome cross of religion is a poor preacher.