

AIKENSIDE

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CHAPTER X.

It was a long, tiresome ride for grandpa, from Honesdale to Aikenside, and he accepted thankfully the doctor's offer to take Maddy there himself. With this arrangement Maddy was well pleased, as it would thus afford her the opportunity she had so much desired, of talking with the doctor about his bill, and asking him to wait until she had earned enough to pay it.

Quickly the morning passed, and just as the clock struck two the doctor's buggy appeared over the hill. Up to this moment Maddy had only been happy in anticipation; but when, with her shawl and bonnet on, she stood waiting while the doctor fastened her little trunk, and when she saw a tear on the wrinkled face of both her grandparents, her fortitude gave way, and a mid storm of sobs, she said her good-bys and received her grandfather's blessing.

It was very pleasant this afternoon, for the summer breeze was blowing cool across the fields, where the laborers were busy; and with the elasticity of youth, Maddy's tears stopped their flowing, but not until the dear old home had disappeared, and they were some distance on the road to Aikenside.

"I wonder how I shall like Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy?" was the first remark she made.

"You'll not see them immediately. They left this morning for Saratoga," the doctor replied.

"Left! Mr. Guy gone!" Maddy repeated in a disappointed tone.

"Are you very sorry?" the doctor asked, and Maddy replied:

"I did want to see him once; I never have."

It would be such a surprise to find that Guy was no other than the terrible inspector, that he would not deceive her, the doctor thought; and so he relapsed into a thoughtful mood, from which Maddy aroused him by breaking the subject of the unpaid bill, asking if he'd please not trouble grandpa, but wait until she could pay it.

"Perhaps it's wrong asking it when you were so good, but if you only will take me for payment," and Maddy's soft brown eyes were lifted to his face.

"Yes, Maddy, I'll take you for payment," the doctor said, smiling, half seriously, as his eyes rested fondly upon her.

Even then stupid Maddy did not understand him, but began to calculate out loud how long it would take to earn the money. "There's Aikenside," said the doctor, at last, and it was not long before they passed through the gate, guarded by the great bronze lion, and struck into the road leading to the house.

"It's grander, finer, than I ever dreamed. Oh! if I could some time have just such a home! and, doctor, look! What does make that water go up in the air so? Is it what they call a fountain?"

In her excitement Maddy had risen, and with one hand resting on the doctor's shoulder, was looking around her eagerly. Jessie stood on the piazza to receive her teacher. There were warm words of welcome, kisses and hugs; and then Jessie led her friend to the chamber she was to occupy.

"Mother wanted you to sleep the other side of the house, but Brother Guy said no, you should have a pleasant room; and when Guy says a thing, it's so. It's nice in here, and close to me. See, I'm right here," and Jessie opened a door leading directly to her own sleeping room. "Here's the trunk," she continued, as a servant brought up and set down a little contemptuously, the small haircloth box containing Maddy's wardrobe. "Here's one; where's the rest?" and she was flying after Tom, when Maddy stopped her, saying:

"I have but one—that's all."

"Only that little, teeny thing? How funny! Why, mamma carried three 'most as big as my bed to Saratoga. You can't have many dresses. What are you going to wear to dinner?"

"I've been to dinner," and Maddy looked up in some surprise.

"You have! We never have it till five, when Guy is at home; but now they are gone, Mrs. Noah says we will have it at one, as folks ought to do. To-day I coaxed her to wait till you came, and the table is all set out so nicely for two. Can you carve, and do you like green turtle soup?"

Maddy was bewildered, but managed to reply that she could not carve, that she never saw any green turtle soup, and that she supposed she should wait to dinner the delaine she had on.

"Why, we always change, even Mrs. Noah," Jessie exclaimed, bending over the open trunk and examining its contents.

Two calicoes, a blue muslin, a gingham, and another delaine, besides the one she had on. That was the sum total of Maddy's wardrobe, and Jessie glanced at it a little ruefully as Maddy carefully shook out the nicely folded dresses and laid them upon the bed. Here Mrs. Noah was heard calling Jessie, who ran away, leaving Maddy alone for a moment.

Maddy had seen the look Jessie gave her dresses, and for the first time there dawned upon her mind the possibility that her plain apparel and ignorance of the ways of Aikenside might be to her the cause of much mortification.

"And grandma said they were so nice, too—doing them up so carefully," she said, her lip beginning to quiver, and her eyes filling with tears, as thoughts of some came rushing over her.

She could not force them back, and laying her head upon the top of the dejected hair trunk, she sobbed aloud. Guy Remington's private room was in that hall, and as the doctor knew a book was to have been left there for him, he took the liberty of getting it; passing Maddy's door he heard the low sound of weeping, and looking in, saw her where she sat or rather knelt upon the floor.

"Homelick so soon!" he said, advancing to her side, and then, amid a torrent of tears, the whole story came out.

Maddy never could do as they did there,

and everybody would laugh at her so for an awkward thing; she never knew that folks ate dinner at five instead of twelve—she should surely starve to death—she couldn't carve—she could not eat mud-turtle soup, and she did not know which dress to wear for dinner—the doctor told her? There they were, and she pointed to the bed, only five; she knew Jessie thought it mean.

Such was the substance of Maddy's passionate outpouring of her griefs to the highly perplexed doctor, who, after quieting her somewhat, ascertained that the greatest present trouble was the deciding what dress was suitable to the occasion. The doctor had never made dress his study, but as it happened he liked blue, and so suggested it, as the one most likely to be becoming.

"That!" and Maddy looked confounded. "Why, grandma never let me wear that, except on Sunday; that's my very best dress."

"Poor child; I'm not sure it was right for you to come here where the life is so different from the quiet, unpretentious one you have led," the doctor thought, but he merely said: "It's my impression they wear their best dresses here, all the time."

"But what will I do when that's worn out? Oh, dear, dear, I wish I had not come!" and another impetuous fit of weeping ensued, in the midst of which Jessie came back, greatly disturbed on Maddy's account, and asking eagerly what was the matter.

Very adroitly the doctor managed to draw Jessie aside, while as well as he was able he gave her a few hints with regard to her intercourse with Maddy, and Jessie, who seemed intuitively to understand him, went back to the weeping girl, soothing her much as a little mother would have soothed her child. They would have such nice times, when Maddy got used to their ways, which would not take long, and nobody would laugh at her, she said, when Maddy expressed her fears on that point.

"You are too pretty, even if you do make mistakes!" and then she went into ecstasies over the blue muslin, which was becoming to Maddy, and greatly enhanced her girlish beauty. The tear stains were all washed away, Jessie using very freely her mother's eau de cologne, and making Maddy's cheeks very red with rubbing; the nut-brown hair was brushed until it shone like satin, a little narrow band of black velvet ribbon was pinned about Maddy's snowy neck, and then she was ready for that terrible ordeal, her first dinner at Aikenside. The doctor was going to stay, and this helped to relieve her somewhat.

The dinner was a success, so far as Maddy was concerned. Not a single mistake did she perpetrate, though her cheeks burned painfully as she felt the eyes of the polite waiters fixed so often upon her. After dinner, feeling that she must be homesick, Mrs. Noah suggested that she try the fine piano in the little music room.

Music was a delight to Maddy, and sitting down upon the stool, she touched the soft-toned instrument, ascertaining by her ear several sweet chords, and greatly astonished Jessie, who wondered at her skill. Twice each week a teacher came up from Devonshire to give lessons to Jessie, but as yet she could only play one scale and a few simple bars. These she attempted to teach to Maddy, who caught them so quickly and executed them so well that Jessie was delighted.

Maddy ought to take lessons, she said, and some time during the next day she took to Mrs. Noah a letter which she had written to Guy. It was several days before an answer came to this letter, and when it did it brought Guy's consent for Maddy to take lessons, together with a note for Mr. Simons, requesting him to consider Miss Clyde his pupil, as well as Jessie.

Though greatly pleased with Aikenside, and greatly attached to Jessie, Maddy had had many hours of loneliness when her heart was back in the humble cottage where she knew they were missing her so much, but now a new world, a world of music, was suddenly opened before her, and the homesickness all disappeared. It had been arranged with Mrs. Noah, by Agnes, that Jessie should only study for two hours each day, consequently Maddy had nearly all the time to herself and well did she improve it, making so rapid progress that Simons looked on amazed, declaring her case to be without a parallel, while Jessie was left far behind. Indeed, after a short time Maddy might have been her teacher, and was of much service to her in practicing.

Meanwhile the doctor came often to Aikenside, praising Maddy's progress in music, and though he did not know a single note, compelling himself to listen while with childlike satisfaction she played him her last lesson. She was very happy now at Aikenside, where all were so kind to her, and half wished that the family would always remain as it was then; that Agnes and Guy would not come home, for with their coming she felt there would be a change. It was nearly time now to expect them. Indeed, Guy had written on one Saturday that they should probably be home the next, and during the ensuing week Aikenside presented that most uncomfortable phase of a house being cleaned. Everything must be in order for Mr. Guy, Mrs. Noah said, taking more pains with his rooms than with the remaining portion of the building. Guy was her idol; nothing was too good for him, few things quite good enough, and she said so much in his praise that Maddy began to shrink from meeting him. What would he think of her? Perhaps he might not notice her in the least, and that would be terrible. But, no, a man as kind as he had shown himself to her would at least pay her some attention, and so at last she began to anticipate his coming home, wondering what their first meeting would be, what she should say to him, and what he would think of her.

CHAPTER XI.

Saturday came at last, a rainy Sep-

tember day, when all nature seemed conspiring to welcome the travelers for whom so extensive preparations were making at Aikenside. They were expected at about six in the afternoon, and just before that hour the doctor rode up to be in readiness to meet them. In the dining room the table was set as Maddy had never seen it set before, making, with its silver, its china and cut glass, a glittering display.

Six o'clock came, but no travelers. Then an hour went by, and there came a telegram that the cars had broken down and would not probably arrive until late in the night, if indeed they did till morning. Greatly disappointed, the doctor took his leave, telling the girls they had better not sit up. Consequently, at a late hour they both retired, sleeping so soundly as not to hear the noise outside the house; the banging of doors, the setting down of trunks, the tramp of feet, Mrs. Noah's words of welcome, and another voice which responded, and another more impatient one which sounded as if its owner were tired and cross.

Agnes and Guy had come. As a whole, Agnes' season at Saratoga had been rather disagreeable. She had been flattered by brainless fops. She had heard her friend called "that beautiful Mrs. Remington," and "that charming young widow," but no serious attentions had been paid, no millionaire had asked to be her second husband. She liked the doctor, but if he did not propose, and some other body did, she should accept that other body, of course. This was her intention when she left Aikenside, and when she came back, it was with the determination to raise the siege at once, and compel the doctor to surrender. The morning of the return home she should listen with a troubled mind to Jessie's rather exaggerated account of the number of times the doctor had been there, and the nice things he had said to her and Maddy.

What was she to do when she should care for? A mere nothing—a child, whom Guy had taken up. Pity there was a Lucy Atherton in the way of his making her mistress of Aikenside. It would be a pretty romance, Guy Remington and Grandpa Markham's grandchild. Agnes was nervous and tired, and this helped to increase her anger toward the innocent girl. She would take immediate measures, she thought, to put the upstairs down, and the sight of Flora laying the cloth for breakfast suggested to her the first step in teaching Maddy her place.

"Flora," she said, "I notice you are arranging the table for four. Have we company?"

"Why, no, ma'am; there's Mr. Guy, yourself, Miss Jessie, and Miss Clyde," was Flora's reply, while Agnes continued haughtily: "Remove Miss Clyde's plate. No one allows their governess to eat with them."

"But, ma'am, and Flora hesitated, "she's very pretty, and ladylike, and young; she has always eaten with Miss Jessie and Dr. Holbrook when he was here. He treats her as if she was good as anybody."

Meantime Maddy had put on her prettiest delaine, tied her little dainty black silk apron, Mrs. Noah's gift, and with the feeling that she was looking unusually well, started for the parlor to meet her employer, Mrs. Agnes, who was alone when Maddy presented herself before her.

(To be continued.)

Troublesome Squirrels.
Greely is contemplating organizing a squirrel hunt to rid the city of the hundreds of squirrels which make their home in Lincoln Park and which destroy the eggs of the songbirds. Ten years ago Greely was the home of many linnets, wild canaries, mockingbirds and robins, writes a correspondent of the Denver Republican, but only a few are seen now, and there are none left in the trees in the park because of the depredations of the squirrels.

Eight years ago some one brought two pairs of squirrels from the East and made houses for them in the park, where they and the progeny became great attractions. They have multiplied so fast, however, as to overrun the park and extend their nesting places to private grounds. In several cases they have gnawed through the roofs of houses in order to make nests in the garrets. At first it was believed that the English sparrow had driven away the other birds, but investigation proves that not even a sparrow's nest can be found.

The placing of the tin collars from eight to ten inches wide around every tree not in the park was suggested for the protection of the birds, but this will prove no remedy because of the ability of the squirrels to spring from one tree to another. The talk of exterminating the squirrels has been going on for two years and people say they must go.

Trouble.
"More trouble," sighed McNulty, putting on his coat. "If it ain't one thing it's another!"

"What's the matter now?" queried his good wife.

"More labor troubles," answered McNulty.

"Not another lockout, I hope?" said the partner of his sorrows.

"No; it's worse than that," answered the alleged head of the house. "The boss has yielded, and I've got to go to work again!"—London Tit-Bits.

No Invitations to Perform.
"Is it not our duty," said the moralist, "to keep temptation out of the way of people who may do things they will regret?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornetossel; "that's why I make it a rule when we have summer boarders to keep the piano locked."—Washington Star.

Seeing the Point.

"It is a mistake," said the man in the pained suit, "to say that we English do not enjoy a joke."

"I should think," answered Miss Gayenne, "that you would enjoy a joke very much; it is so seldom you see one."—Washington Star.

Birthdays were kept even as far back as the time of Pharaoh.

HOME VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Worth Many Times Its Cost to Every Farmer's Dinner Table.

Professor J. R. Shinn, horticulturist of the Idaho Experiment station, Moscow, Idaho, in a recent letter gave the following suggestions concerning the home vegetable garden:

"The vegetable garden should be an important factor in every farmer's home throughout the country. It will afford him an economic element in providing for his family; it will add to the comfort and happiness of the mother, the children and himself; and it will do much toward creating an interest in farm life if properly planned and managed."

"The fact that a vegetable garden will aid in keeping down the expenses of the home is likely to appeal strongest to the average man, and for this reason it demands first consideration. In order to gain some definite idea of the exact usefulness of the home garden the experiment station of Illinois conducted experiments with a garden for a period of five years. This garden consisted of one-half acre of black prairie soil and the average net profit for the five years, after all expenses for seed and labor had been deducted, was \$74.85 per year. Some years gave less returns than others owing to the effect of dry seasons but under irrigation it is probable that the returns would be much more constant and even higher. During the best year this plot of one-half acre gave a net profit of \$111.08. Where could the average farmer turn to find a more paying use for his ground?"

In the matter of creating happiness in a family and rendering the home life more comfortable the farmer's vegetable garden may exercise an important mission. Happiness always comes to those who are deeply interested in the things that surround them. If a farmer has a fine herd of Hereford calves he immediately shows his interest by taking his friends or relatives to see them as soon as they arrive at the farm; if the wife has something in the parlor that is attractive and new, no time is wasted before the guests receive information about it, and from these facts the whole household rejoices and the guests are made glad with them.

In like manner the vegetable garden may create another avenue for happiness. Visitors will undoubtedly enjoy seeing a well kept garden and especially if the number varieties is great and the size of the individual vegetables large, the pleasure of the occasion will be at its maximum. Then the comfort of sitting down to a meal where vegetables in great variety adorn the table will be greeted with the utmost satisfaction on the part of guests, but it is to the family that gather around the same board three times each day that such an assortment of food is the most satisfying and comforting. Pork and beans may satisfy hunger adequately for a time, but the same things appearing on the table too frequently become distasteful. The average individual therefore needs a change in his ration often. No other method is so readily accessible to the farmer as the garden to meet this demand for variety for his table.

"Aside from the economic value of the vegetable garden and the satisfaction it brings to the home, the interest which it may create in farm life may be of no small moment. Rightly planned and properly conducted the garden may furnish the first element that shall interest the farm child in his surroundings. The little tots all enjoy garden-making time and no farm garden is complete without certain definite portions set aside for the special provision for the children's garden. Here is where the first lessons in the science of agriculture should be taught, and through these lessons the very sanest and brightest children will decide early in their career to follow the calling of their parents."

"Viewing the vegetable garden from the standpoint of its economic value, its value as a comfort and pleasure to the household, and its usefulness in arousing a deeper interest in the farm, it behooves every farmer to direct his attention toward planning the garden for next year during the long evenings at his disposal this winter."

TOMATO BLIGHT.

Results of Exhaustive Research at Washington State College.

A great many remedies for tomato blight have been suggested by tomato growers, but most of these have proved to be unsuccessful. A couple of years ago the State college experiment station experimented quite extensively with tomato blight at Clarkston, Freeman, Pullman, Wenatchee and North Yakima. We found that tomatoes which were grown in the shade did not blight as badly as those which were grown in the sunlight, but usually, there was about twenty-five per cent of blight, even in the shaded plants. Shading tomato plants can therefore hardly be considered a remedy for the blight.

Some growers at North Yakima have gotten fairly good results by planting the seeds rather thickly in the rows, and afterwards thinning out. Instead of planting the seeds in the hotbed, and transplanting to the field. Various methods of irrigation and cultivation have been investigated, but no satisfactory results have been obtained. See **Short Suggestions.**

Egg spoons that are stained should be rubbed with damp salt before polishing. Place tea grounds around the roots of ferns and be rewarded with a rich growth of leaves. Frequently change the leaves.

If canned pears have a flat taste, and moist pears do, they will be improved by adding stick cinnamon to them while cooking.

enty different varieties of tomatoes have been tested in our own experiment station, and all have blighted more or less. Unfortunately, Sparks Earlsiana, one of the favorite varieties for early tomatoes, is one of the worst to blight. We have found that the Dwarf Champion is less susceptible to blight than any of the varieties we have tried. At Clarkston, it was the general opinion of the growers that the blight was due to a hot wind which blows up the Snake river valley about the first of July. However, in our experimentation there, we discovered that seventy-five per cent of the blighting occurred before the hot winds came.

A peculiar phase of the situation regarding tomato blight is that it occurs only in the Northwest. Although it has been investigated by our station staff for the past ten years, we have failed to discover a remedy, or the cause, although it seems probable that it is due to the attacks of fungi, or a bacterial disease. Blighted plants may be recognized by the leaflets beginning to curl and turn over. Next the plants cease to grow, and gradually turn yellow. An examination of the roots of diseased plants shows that the interior of each root is blackened. Insects have nothing to do with the blight, as far as this station has been able to discover. Indeed, tomato blight is one of the puzzles which thus far has not been solved by investigators, and is a serious menace to tomato growing in the Pacific Northwest.

R. Kent Beattie, Botanist.

DIPPING OF SHEEP.

Formula for Killing Lice and Mange Successfully.

In response to numerous inquiries, the State College department of veterinary science has prepared the following formula for the making of sheep dip. From several regions of the Northwest, word has been sent of the existence of mange and other infectious maladies among the sheep, which it is hoped to eradicate by properly dipping the sheep.

Use twenty-four pounds flowers of sulphur; eight pounds unslaked lime; one hundred gallons of water. Place the unslaked lime in a mortar box, or suitable vessel, adding enough water to slake the lime and form a lime paste, or "putty." Sift into this lime paste the flowers of sulphur, and stir the mixture well. Be sure to weigh both the lime and the sulphur. Do not trust to measuring them in a bucket, or to guessing at the weight. Place the sulphur and lime paste in a kettle, or boiler, with about twenty-five to thirty gallons of boiling water. Boil the mixture for two hours at least, stirring the mixture and sediment. The boiling should be continued until the sulphur disappears, or almost disappears from the surface, at which time the solution will be a chocolate, or liver color. The longer the solution boils, the more sulphur is dissolved, and the less caustic the ooze becomes.

Pour the mixture and sediment into a large tub, or barrel, and allow it ample time (from two to three hours, and more, if necessary) to settle. Draining off the liquid is a great advantage over dipping it out, in that less commotion occurs in the liquid, and therefore it remains freer from sediment. Add enough warm water to make one hundred gallons. Under no circumstances use the sediment for dipping purposes.

In order to attain success in the treatment of mange by dipping, care and sureness of method must be observed. Animals that have been exposed should be dipped, as well as those that show distinct evidence of the disease. After the elapse of two weeks following the first dipping, the animals should be subjected to a second dipping, in order that parasites that may have survived the first treatment, or that may have gotten on the animals from corals or elsewhere, may be destroyed. The liquid at the time of dipping should have a temperature of 102 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit. Each animal should be kept in the dip for two minutes, and in unusually bad cases of mange the sheep should be hand rubbed, and kept in the dip for four minutes.

The treatment just outlined applies to mange or scab. If, however, you desire a dip for lice, make a solution of crude tobacco leaves and water, used in the ratio of three pounds of tobacco to ten gallons of water. Boil the tobacco until its properties have been thoroughly taken up by the water, and then dip the sheep the same as prescribed for mange.

F. B. Hadley, Instructor in Obstetrics.

Care of the Filter.

The water filter must have an occasional cleansing, and one of the best preparations is a solution of permanganate of potassium. Dip a small brush in the solution and go over every atom of the surface after washing with hot soapsuds and thoroughly rinsing. Should some small amount of the solution remain after several rinsings, it is not injurious. A cheap filter can be made from a large new flower pot thoroughly cleaned, with the hole in the bottom covered with a piece of clean, new sponge held down by a layer of coarsely powdered charcoal covered with a layer of clean sand with a top layer of coarse gravel stones. This will filter the water as successfully as an expensive apparatus.

Line a pieplate with good crust and half fill with ripe, stoned cherries, sprinkle over one cup sugar, a little flour and a few bits of butter; then fill in more cherries and sugar and put strips of the pastry on top. Bake in a hot oven.

Lemons will keep longer if placed in covered glass jars. By some it is said they will keep longer if the jars are filled with water. If wrapped in tissue paper and placed in bran they will last many weeks during hot weather.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1171—Henry II. landed in Ireland and styled himself King of All Ibernia.

1448—Turks defeated the Hungarians at battle of Cosovo.

1820—Magellan discovered and entered the strait which bears his name.

1840—De Soto and his force engaged in battle with the Mobile Indians in Alabama.

1882—The Gregorian calendar introduced.

1812—Champlain arrived in Canada to take up his work as governor of the country.

1636—First general court in America held at Boston.

1631—Massachusetts Puritans limited suffrage to members of the church.

1668—Jean Talon resigned his office as Intendant of New France.

1675—Hatfield, Mass., repulsed an attack of Indians under King Philip.

1690—Massachusetts invaders retired from before Quebec without making an attack.... An English fleet from Massachusetts attacked Quebec.

1692—British government took away William Penn's proprietary rights in Pennsylvania.

1710—Fort Royal, S. C., captured by an English fleet.

1725—First issue of the New York Gazette, first newspaper in that city.

1746—Bill introduced in the New York Assembly to raise money for the erection of Columbia college.

1775—Town of Falmouth (Portland), Maine, burned.... American troops captured Chamby, Quebec.... Peyton Randolph, first president of the Continental Congress, died.

1777—Americans repulsed British attack on Fort Mercer, Red Bank, N. J.

1781—Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown; Va.

1788—President Washington started on a tour of the Northern States.

1798—Marie Antoinette guillotined.

1800—Spain ceded the territory of Louisiana to France.

1803—Congress assembled in extra session to act on the Louisiana Purchase treaty.

1805—Horatio Lord Nelson killed at the battle of Trafalgar.

1812—American sloop Wasp defeated the British brig Frolic off the coast of Virginia.

1813—Napoleon defeated at the battle of Leipzig.

1826—The last "State Lottery" drawing held in England.

1828—The Delaware and Chesapeake canal opened.

1831—Arms' bill passed for the repression of crime and insurrection in Ireland.

1834—British Parliament houses, Westminster, destroyed by fire.

1839—Charles Edward Poulett Thomson succeeded Sir John Colborne as governor of Canada.

1842—First submarine telegraph in America laid between Governor's Island and New York.

1845—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, French tragedienne, born.

1846—Nathan Clifford of Maine became Attorney General of United States.

1849—Chopin, the great musical composer, died in Paris.

1852—Abd-el-Kader, deposed ruler of Algeria, released from his confinement by Louis Napoleon.

1853—Filibusters, under Col. William Walker, sailed from San Francisco to establish a pro-slavery colony in lower California.

1856—Seven persons killed in panic in London while Mr. Spurgeon was preaching.

1859—Col. Robert E. Lee captured John Brown and his men at Harper's Ferry.

1861—Col. Baker, friend of Lincoln, killed at battle of Balls Bluff.... Stratford-on-Avon purchased the birthplace of Shakespeare.

1863—Gen. Grant appointed to the command of the western armies.

1864—Gen. Sheridan turned defeat into victory at Cedar Creek.

1866—Austria evacuated Lombardy.

1872—Steamship Missouri burned at sea with loss of 87 lives.

1883—Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, surrendered to the British.

1884—Marquis of Lansdowne sworn in as governor general of Canada.

1889—King Carlos of Portugal ascended the throne.

1892—World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago formally dedicated.

1904—Frederick Augustus III., ascended the throne of Saxony.

A Floating Trout Pond.

One of the novel features of the steamship Amerika of the Hamburg-American line is a tank in which fish, principally trout and carp, are kept alive and served to customers in the restaurant when ordered. The tanks are of zinc, and the water is supplied with oxygen by pumping air through perforated pipes extending into the water. More than 500 fresh trout and 150 carp were sold on a recent trip from Hamburg to New York.