

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Doss," "The English Orphan," "Honor on the Hills," "Less Rivers," "Handwritten," "Lapses and Sins," "Casta Mada," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thirteen years! Had they changed her past recognition? She hoped she believed so, and yet in her life had Agnes Remington's heart beaten with so much terror and apprehension as when she entered the reception room where Guy sat talking with the infirm old man she remembered so well. His snowy hair was parted just the same as ever, but the mild blue eyes were dimmer, and it rested on her with a suspicious glance, as partially reassured, she glided across the threshold, and bowed civilly when Guy presented her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Three days after this, a party of four left Aikenside, which presented a most forlorn and cheerless appearance to the passers-by, who were glad almost as the servants when, at the expiration of a week, Guy came back and took up his old

en life of solitude and loneliness, with nothing in particular to interest him, except his books and the letters he wrote to Lucy; unless, indeed, it were those he was going to write to Maddy, who, with Jessie, had promised to become his correspondent. Nothing but these and the picture—the doctor's picture—the one designed expressly for him, and which troubled him greatly. Believing that he had fully intended it for the doctor, Guy felt as if it were, in a measure, stolen property, and this made him prize it all the more.

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

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then I am satisfied," the doctor rejoined "and as you have rather assumed the position of her guardian or brother, I ask your permission to offer her the love

which, whether she accepts it or not, is hers."

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

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

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

"Yes, yes. I'll manage it. I'll fix it right. Don't forget, do you remember, and, by the way, Marcia has got to be a splendid girl. She fancied you once, you know. Old Cutler is worth half a million."

And Guy tore himself away from the doctor, who, now that the ice was broken, would like to have talked of Maddy forever.

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

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

Maddy was getting to be a woman, with womanly freaks, as the reader will readily see. At Guy she was not particularly plighted. She did not take his attentions as a matter of course; still she thought more of him, if possible, than of the doctor, during those five days, saying to herself each morning: "He'll surely come to-day, and to herself each night: "He will be here to-morrow." She had something to show him at last—a letter from Lucy Atherstone, who had gradually come to be her regular correspondent, and whom Maddy had learned to love with all the intensity of her girlhood. To her ardent imagination Lucy Atherstone was but a little lower than the angels, and the pure, sweet thoughts contained in every letter were doing almost as much towards molding her character as Grandpa Markham's prayers and constant teachings.

Maddy did not know it, but it was these letters from Lucy which kept her from loving Guy Remington. She could not for a moment associate him with herself when she so constantly thought of him as the husband of another, and that other Lucy Atherstone. Not for worlds would Maddy have wronged the gentle creature who wrote to her so confidently of Guy, envying her in that she could so often see his face and hear his voice, while his betrothed was separated from him by many thousand miles. Little by little it had come out that Lucy's mother was averse to the match, that she had in her mind the case of an English lord, who would make her daughter "My Lady"; and this was the secret of her deferring so long her daughter's marriage.

In her last letter to Maddy, however, Lucy had written with more than her usual spirit that she would come in possession of her property on her twenty-fifth birthday. She should then feel at liberty to act for herself, and she launched out into joyful anticipations of the time when she should come to Aikenside and meet her dear Maddy Clyde.

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

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

(To be continued.)

The Auto in New York State.

New York State has now one automobile for every 200 of its inhabitants. Over 40,000 automobiles are now registered in New York State, which had, according to the census of 1905, a population a little over 8,000,000, which indicates approximately the percentage estimated above. At the beginning of the current year there were 35,613 automobiles registered in New York, and on May 1, 39,801, showing that 4,248 automobiles were registered during the past four months, as against 3,030 during the same period of 1906—a gain of 1,212. During 1905 the Secretary of State registered 8,625 automobiles; in 1906, 11,753, and he estimates that this year over 18,000 automobiles will be registered at Albany. Approximately, the automobiles sold in New York will total in value \$5,000,000.

Wisdom of Experience.

Newsp (wearily)—It must be time to get up, my dear.

Mrs. Newspaper—Did you hear the clock strike six?

Newsp—No; but the baby has fallen asleep.

Paid For.

Stella—Do you believe that Miss Olden came by her complexion honestly?

Mabel—I know she did. I saw the receipted bill for it.

Same as the Others.

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

Mrs. Homer—Well, haven't you?

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

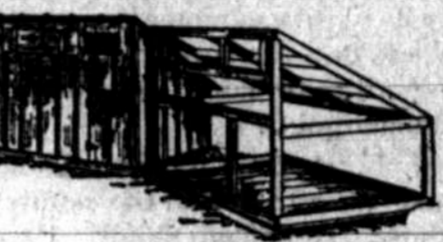


Portable Cot for Hogs.

Following is the description given by the Wisconsin Agricultural Station of a valuable portable hog cot which will be found of use on the farm. The cot is six feet wide, eight feet long, six feet two inches high in front and three feet high in the rear.

The floor is built first, with 2x4s as stringers, and the frame is held on the floor by blocks at each corner. The large sized house is provided with two doors in front and a temporary movable partition and a temporary movable partition in the middle so that the cot can easily be adjusted to accommodate two lots of swine at the same time. On a level with the glass windows, there is also a drop window, preferably hung on hinges, fastened at the top for ventilation and sunlight.

The lumber required for the house is as follows: Twelve pieces, two inches by four inches, sixteen feet long, for frame. Four pieces, one inch by twelve inches, sixteen feet long (rough), for floor. Thirteen pieces, one inch by two inches, sixteen feet long, for roof and ends. Ten O. G.



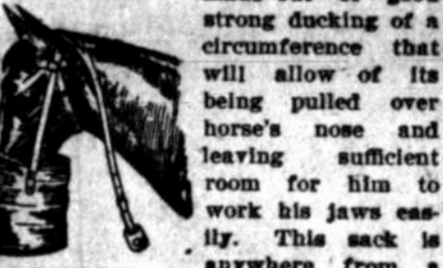
SMALL SIZE HOG COT.

battens, sixteen feet long, for sealing cracks between boards.

The total cost of material to build the cot with floor, door, and window complete amounts to about \$12.50. For neatness, economy, durability, and comfort to animals, this type of cot is excellent. Where it is desirable to keep a number of hogs in one lot the large size is preferable. The cot will accommodate from three to five mature animals and the large cot from seven to nine. Although the Wisconsin station has a large hoghouse with feed room, scales, etc., the cots have been found a convenient means of enlarging the facilities of the piggery.

To Feed the Horse.

A common way of feeding gray horses and other street teams in the city is illustrated here. A sack is made out of good strong ducking of a circumference that will allow of its being pulled over horse's nose and leaving sufficient room for him to work his jaws easily. This sack is anywhere from a foot to fourteen inches in length. The bottom is made of a good stiff piece of harness leather cut out and sewed firmly into the hem, of the ducking. A leather strap is riveted into one side of the mouth of the sack, and a buckle is riveted on the other, so that the whole may be strapped on to the horse's head, as shown. In order to feed a horse must be unchecked, and he soon learns to place the sack on the ground, where he can push his nose to the bottom of it to clean out the last of the food.



NOSE BAG.

For the farmer who takes a day to go to town these sacks will be found very handy, as a horse can be fed with them without any waste of grain providing he is unchecked. A little caution should be used in placing the sack on a horse not accustomed to it, as it may cause him to jerk back. However, after he has once eaten a meal from it he can be considered well broken in.—Iowa Homestead.

Cowpeas Hay.

H. M. Cottrell, after years of experience and observation, says that cowpea hay is nearly equal to alfalfa in feeding value, and contains nearly one-half more flesh and milk making material than clover hay. It is rich in the mineral matter that is needed in forming bone, blood, flesh and milk. These qualities make it especially valuable for feeding growing cattle and pig-dairy cows and fattening steers and hogs. The cowpea enriches the land on which it grows, the same as alfalfa, clover and soy beans. It makes hard soils mellow and aids in holding loose soils together, and stands dry weather well.

Breeding Tip for Eggs.

The Maine experiment station has discovered a hen that laid 250 eggs in one year. In fact, she laid 251 eggs in a year, counting from Thanksgiving day to Thanksgiving day. This hen came from a selected family of 200-egg layers as the original foundation. In the same family there were a number of hens that laid over 240 eggs in a year.

Condiments for Hogs.

The most valuable "condiments" for hogs are ashes, salt and copperas. A big breeder says he once a week rakes up the cobs in the feeding yard and burns them, thus giving the swine some charcoal; occasionally he hauls in a load of coal ashes, and salt and copperas are mixed with wood ashes and kept in a trough where the hogs can get at them at any time.

For Lowly Stock.

Dip or wash the animals with a 1 or 2 per cent water solution of a tar disinfectant, such as kresol. A convenient way to apply the remedy in the larger animals is with a spray pump, and in sheep or hogs by dipping. Whatever method is used, the coat and skin must be thoroughly wet with the solution. After treating the head, the spables, sheds or sleeping quarters should be sprayed with about a 1 per cent water solution of the disinfectant, or white-wash may be used instead. This is necessary in order to prevent re-infecting the herd from the surroundings. If there is much litter around the yards it is advisable to move the herd to other corals. Tar disinfectants in 1 or 2 per cent solutions do not destroy the eggs or bits, hence it is necessary to treat the animal again in ten days or two weeks. Stockmen sometimes ask if the feeding of sulphur to lousy animals will not drive away or destroy the lice. The feeding of small doses of sulphur will do no harm, nor will it help in getting rid of the lice, and it cannot be considered a remedy for this class of disorders when used in this way. Sulphur is effective, however, when used externally, and the addition of four ounces to every gallon of tar disinfectant solution used greatly increases the effectiveness of the remedy.—Field and Farm.

Football and Pigweed.

Both these weeds are annuals; that is, they grow from seeds each year or season and the plants die after ripening seeds. The way to keep them down is to prevent the plants from ripening seed and making sure that are no seeds in the grain sown upon the farm. Football is troublesome, because it springs up in cultivated fields after the crops are laid by, and then it comes up in stubble and in meadows and pastures. Late cultivation of corn fields, and mowing the stubble, meadows and pastures to keep seeds from forming, is the way to attack this weed. Judging from the way these weeds spring up, whenever conditions are favorable, there must be great stores of them in cultivated fields—showing the seeds are long-lived. Pigweed quickly springs up in corn or potato fields, after cultivation has ceased. These seeds ripen from August 13 to November 1, so it will take vigorous measures to get rid of them. In fact, the only way to get rid of these weeds is to cut them down before seeds mature. If a crop of them is left to mature in corn fields, and then the seeds plowed under the coming season, you have stored away enough seeds to bother you for the next ten years.

Farm Management.

Economy is wealth. Extra and unnecessary expense is a millstone around the neck of many who otherwise would succeed. Discharge the unprofitable employes. Stop every leak of unnecessary expense. Money saved is money made. Money invested in improved machinery is economy. Money invested in the best seeds and appliances is economy. Time wasted, labor wasted, is extravagance.

A successful farmer says he does not have to inspect a farm to see whether it pays or not. "Just give me a chance to look into the barn. The condition things are kept in is all the go-by I want." The barn is a telltale on the careless or wasteful farmer. In fact, economy in farming begins at the barn in the proper handling of food, caring for the manure, care of tools and harness and the care given to the live stock stabled there. There is always a best way to do things, and the best way is generally the paying one.

Money in Peanut Raising.

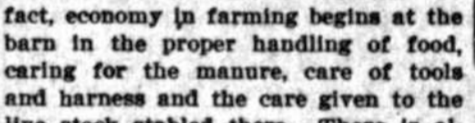
Texas farmers are getting 90 cents a bushel for peanuts, and with a yield of from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre are calling it "big money."

The acreage in peanuts for another year will be large, as this price will bring more than cotton at 10 cents per pound.

The farmers of Burmah have recognized the commercial value of the peanut, and have this year increased the area planted to 78,743 from 37,110 acres last year, and it is reported that a much larger area will be planted to this tuber next season. Thus far most of the peanut planting is done in the provinces of Magwe and Myingyan.

Barn Door Prop.

I have a few large barn doors that are hung on hinges, and when I open them I have always had to get a stick



CONVENIENT BARN DOOR PROP.

or something to keep them open; so I thought of this little thing. I took a 2x4 scantling and put a hinge on the end, as shown in the cut. Then it is always with the door.—Exchange.

Sawdust and Soil.

Prof. W. S. Masey says sawdust from resinous pine decays slowly in the soil, and will sour the land when decayed. Even when used for bedding in stables the manure is not worth half as much as that with ordinary bedding. Look about the remains of sawdust accumulated about abandoned mill sites that are common in the piney woods, and you will see that it takes a long time for any vegetation to start where sawdust has been scattered.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Street railways with cars operated by manual power are in use at Mombasa, in East Africa. The light, narrow-gauge tracks are laid through the street, and the cars are for hire, like cabs, or are the private property of officials and wealthy residents. They are little four-wheel cars with open or two cross-seats, and each is propelled by two natives. Spur tracks are run into private grounds, so that persons can take the cars to their doors.

The administration of the Prussian railroads has recently experimented with wireless telegraphic signals on the line between Berlin and Beelitz, employing a train of four cars carrying antennae and receiving apparatus, the transmitting apparatus being installed between Berlin and Sangerhausen. The transmitting wire was suspended upon telegraphic poles for a distance of 200 feet, about a foot beneath the ordinary telegraph-wires. Within a distance of about seven and a half miles, on each side of the transmitting station, the signals were clearly and distinctly received on the moving train.

Birthmarks, which have always been considered as indelible, are now said, on the authority of two Paris physicians, to yield to the action of radium. The new method, says the Scientific American, has proved equally successful in the cases of adults and children. The marks are effaced by the simple application of a plane covered with varnish containing radium. The action is regulated by the length and frequency of the applications. The applications are said to be painless. The treatment may be applied to an infant during sleep. The doctors add that the birthmarks most easily cured are those which are most highly colored.

A factory has been established at Grossalmerode, a small city in Germany, near Frankfurt, for the manufacture of telegraph poles of glass. The required strength is secured by a reinforcement of strong wire threads. One of the principal advantages of these poles would be their use in tropical countries, where wooden poles are soon destroyed by the ravages of insects and where climatical influences are ruinous to wood. The price of the poles is \$6 for a pole of the length of about 23 feet. The Imperial Post Department, which has control of the telegraph and telephone lines in Germany, has ordered the use of these glass poles on one of its circuits.

Dr. Marage recently presented before the Academy of Medicine at Paris the results of an investigation of the amount of work performed by orators and singers. It appears from his experiments that a bass voice, in order to produce the same impression upon the ears of hearers in a hall, requires the performance of from 17 to 18 times more work than is required for a baritone or tenor voice. The bass voice is always at a disadvantage with regard to the amount of work it demands. Thus Dr. Marage finds that whereas men are always more fatigued than women and children by an equal effort of the voice, men with bass voices suffer the most fatigue.

Mixed Beggars.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the famous theosophist, was being interviewed by a reporter during the Theosophical Society's convention in Chicago.

Mrs. Besant smiled broadly at one of the reporter's questions.

"So far as theosophy goes," she said, "you are a very ignorant young man. This ignorance puts you at a disadvantage, doesn't it? I fall to see how you can write a theosophical article of the slightest value."

She frowned at the confused youth.

"What you write will be ridiculous," she said—"as ridiculous as the plight of the two beggars. These beggars knew no more of reading and writing than you know of theosophy, and when they got their placards mixed they were not aware of it. The public was a good deal amused to see on the placard of the first beggar, a blind man, the words, 'Result of a Fall from a Fifth Story Window,' and on the placard of the second beggar, who had lost both legs, 'A Jealous Woman's Revenge.'"

The Silver Lining.

"Your nephew, that's studyin' to be a doctor—"

"Well, now, he ain't by any means as useless as you'd naturally think," philosophically said honest Farmer Hornbeak. "When he comes home on a vacation I make him not only kill the chickens, as occasion arises, but dress 'em, into the bargain; and what little knowledge he has already got of surgery enables him to do a more artistic job than any of the rest of us can do, in spite of all the practice we have had in an unscientific way. A college education, Enoch, has its bright side, even if it does cost considerable."—Puck.

Caruso Happy.

Caruso has been telling the people in Berlin of his great success in the United States, where, he says, when engaged by a millionaire named Smith to sing two songs, he got a check for \$3,000 and got \$8,000 from a photograph firm for four songs, which because of a percentage on the sale have already brought him \$4,000 additional in one year.

About the best luck that happens to any town is that all of those who look at an autumn scene and wish they could paint it, can't.