AIKENSIDE

BY

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Maddy could not explain why it was that she felt glad the doctor would tell Guy. She did not analyze any of her feelings, or stop to ask why she should care to have Guy Remington know the answer she had given Dr. Holbrook. He was going to him now, she was sure, for he arose to leave her, saying he might not see her again before she returned to New York. She did not mention his bill. That was among the bygones, a thing never again to be talked about, and offering him her hand, she looked for an instant earnestly into his face, then without a word, hurried from the room, while the doctor, with a sad, heavy heart, went in quest of Guy.

"Refused you, did you say?" and Guy's face certainly looked brighter than it had before since he left the doctor with Maddy Clyde.

"Yes, refused me, as I might have known she would," was the doctor's reply, spoken so naturally that Guy looked up quickly to see if he really did not care.

But the expression of the face belied the calmness of the voice; and, touched with genuine pity, Guy asked the cause of the refusal—"preference for anyone else, or what?"

"No, there was no one whom she preferred. She merely did not like me well enough to be my wife, that was all," the doctor said, and then he tried to talk of something else; but it would not do. The wound was yet too fresh and sore to be covered up, and in spite of himself the bearded chin quivered and the manly voice shook as he bade good-by to Guy, and then went galloping down the avenue.

Great was the consternation among the doctor's patients when it was known that their pet physician—the one in whose skill they had so much confidence—was going to Europe, where in Paris he could perfect himself in his profession. Some cried, and among them Agnes; some said he knew enough already; some tried to dissuade him from his purpose; some wondered at the sudden start, while only two knew exactly why he was going—Guy and Maddy; the former approving his decision and lending his influence to make his tour abroad as pleasant as possible; and the latter weeping bitterly as she thought how she had sent him away, and that if aught befell him on the sea or in that distant land, she would be held amenable. Once there came over her the wild impulse to bid him stay, to say that she would be his wife; but, ere the rash act was done, Guy came down to the cottage, and Maddy's resolution gave way at once.

Two weeks afterward, Aikenside presented again a desolate, shut-up appearance, for Agnes, Maddy and Jessie had returned to New York; Agnes to continue the siege which, in despair of winning the doctor, she had commenced against a rich old bachelor, who had a house on Madison Square; and Maddy to her books, which ere long obliterated, in a measure, the bitter memory of all that had transpired during her winter vacation.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two years pass quickly, particularly at school, and to Maddy Clyde, talking with her companions of the coming holidays, it seemed hardly possible that two whole years were gone since the eventful vacation when Dr. Holbrook had so startled her by offering her his hand. He was in Europe still, and another name than his was on the little office in Mrs. Conner's yard. To Maddy he now wrote frequently; friendly, familiar letters, such as a brother might write, never referring to the past, but telling her whatever he thought would interest and please her. Occasionally at first, and more frequently afterward, he spoke of Margaret Atherstone, Lucy's younger sister, a brilliant, beautiful girl who reminded him, he said, of Maddy, only she was saucier, and more of a tease; not at all like Lucy, whom he described as something perfectly angelic. Her twenty-fifth birthday found her on a sick bed, with Dr. Holbrook in attendance, and this was the reason given why the marriage between herself and Guy was again deferred. There had been many weeks of pain, succeeded by long, weary months of languor, and during all this time the doctor had been with her as the family physician, while Margaret also had been constantly in attendance. But Lucy was much better now. She could sit up all day, and even walk a little distance, assisted by the doctor and Margaret, whose name had come to be almost as familiar to Maddy as was that of Lucy. Maddy did not say much to Guy of Lucy, but she wondered why he did not go for her, and wanted to talk with him about it, but he was so changed that she dared not. He was not sociable, as of old, and Agnes did not hesitate to call him cross, while Jessie complained that he never romped or played wtih her now, but sat all day long in a deep reverie of some kind.

On this account Maddy did not look forward to the coming vacation as joyfully as she would otherwise have done. Still, it was always pleasant going home, and she sat talking with her young friends of all they expected to do, when a servant entered the room, and glancing over the group of girls, singled Maddy out, saying, as he placed an unsealed envelope in her hand, "A telegram for Miss Clyde."

There was a blur before Maddy's eyes, so that at first she could not see clearly, and Jessie, climbing on the bench beside her, read aloud:

"Your grandmother is dying. Come at once. Agnes and Jessie will stay till next week. GUY REMINGTON."

It was impossible to go that afternoon, but with the earliest dawn she was up, and unmindful of the snow falling so rapidly, started on that sad journey home. It was the first genuine storm of the season, and it seemed resolved on making amends for past neglect, sweeping in furious gusts against the windows, sifting down in thick masses from the leaden sky, and so impeding the progress of the train that the chill wintry night had closed gloomily in ere the Sommerville station was reached, and Maddy, weary and dispirited, stepped out upon the platform, glancing anxiously around for the usual omnibus, which she had little hope would be there on such a night. If not, what should she do? This had been the burden of her thoughts for the last few hours, for she could not expect Guy to send out his horses in this fearful storm, much less to be there himself. But Guy was there, and it was his voice which first greeted her as she stood half blinded by the snow, uncertain what she must do next.

"Ah, Mr. Remington, I didn't expect this. I am so glad, and how kind it was of you to wait for me!" she exclaimed, her voice expressing her delight, and amply repaying the young man, who had not been very patient or happy through the six long hours waiting he had endured.

But he was both happy and patient now with Maddy's hand in his, and pressing it very gently he led her into the ladies' room; then making her sit down before the fire, he brushed her snowy garments himself, and dashing a few flakes from her disordered hair, told her what she so eagerly asked to know. Her grandmother had had a paralytic stroke, and the only word she had uttered since was "Maddy." Guy had not been down himself, but had sent Mrs. Noah as soon as Farmer Green had brought the news. She was there yet, he said, the storm having detained her.

"And grandma?" Maddy gasped, fixing her eyes wistfully on him. "She is not dead?"

No, Guy answered, and asked if he should not remove from the dainty little feet resting on the stove hearth the overshoes, so full of melting snow. Maddy cared little for her shoes, or herself, just then. She hardly knew that Guy was taking them off, much less that, as he bent beside her, her hand lay lightly upon his shoulder as she continued her questionings.

"She is not dead, you say; but do you think—does anybody think she'll die? Your telegram said 'dying.'"

Maddy was not to be deceived, and thinking it best to be frank with her, Guy told her that the physician, whom he had taken pains to see on his way to the depot, had said there was no hope. Old age and an impaired constitution precluded the possibility of recovery, but he trusted she might live till the young lady came.

"She must—she will! Oh, grandma, why did I ever leave her?" and burying her face in her hands, Maddy cried passionately, while the last three years of her life passed in rapid review before her mind—years which she had spent in luxurious ease, leaving her grandmother to toil in the humble cottage, and die at the last, it might be, without one parting word for her.

The feeling that perhaps she had been guilty of neglect was the bitterest of all, and Maddy wept on, unmindful of Guy's attempts to soothe and quiet her. At last, as she heard a clock in the adjoining room strike eight, she started up, exclaiming, "I have stayed too long. I must go now. Is there any conveyance here?"

"But, Maddy," Guy rejoined "you cannot go to-night. The roads between here and Honedale are one unbroken snowbank. It would take hours to break through; besides, you are too tired. You need rest, and must come with me to Aikenside, where you are expected, for when I found how late the train would be, I sent back word to have your room and parlors warmed, and a nice hot supper to be ready for us. You'll surely go with me, if I think best."

Guy's manner was more like a lover than a friend, but Maddy was in no state to remark it. She only felt an intense desire to go home, and turning a deaf ear to all he could urge, replied:

"You don't know how dear grandma is to me, or you would not ask me to stay. She's all the mother I ever knew, and I must go. Would you stay if the one you loved best was dying?"

"But the one I love best is not dying, so I can reason clearly, Maddy."

Here Guy checked himself, and listened while Maddy asked again if there was no conveyance there as usual.

"None but mine," said Guy, while Maddy continued faintly:

"And you are afraid it will kill your horses?"

"No, it would only fatigue them greatly; it's for you I fear. You've borne enough to-day."

"Then, Mr. Remington, oh, please send me. I shall die at Aikenside. John will drive me, I know. He used to like me. I'll ask him," and Maddy was going in quest of the Aikenside coachman, when Guy held her back, and said:

"John will go if I bid him. But you, Maddy, if I thought it was safe."

"It is. Oh, let me go," and Maddy grasped both his hands beseechingly.

If there was a man who could resist the eloquent appeal of Maddy's eyes at that moment, the man was not Guy Remington, and leaving her alone, he sought out John, asking if it would be possible to get through to Honedale that night.

John shook his head decidedly, but when Guy explained Maddy's distress and anxiety, the negro began to relent, particularly as he saw his young master, too, was interested.

"It'll kill them horses," he said, "but mabby that's nothin' to please the girl."

"If we only had runners now, instead of wheels, John," Guy said, after a moment's reflection. "Drive back to Aikenside as fast as possible, and change the carriage for a covered sleigh. Leave the grays at home and drive a pair of farm horses. They can endure more. Tell Flora to send my traveling shawl. Miss Clyde may need it, and an extra buffalo, and my buckskin gloves, and take Tom on with you, and a snow shovel; we may have to dig."

"Yes, yes, I know," and tying his muffler about his throat, John started off through the storm, his mind a confused medley of ideas, the main points of which were, snow shovels, and the fact that his master was either crazy or in love.

Meanwhile, with the prospect of going home, Maddy had grown quiet, and did not refuse the temporary supper of buttered toast, muffins, steak, and hot coffee which Guy ordered from the small hotel just in the rear of the depot. It was after nine ere John appeared, his crisp wool powdered with snow which clung to his outer garments, and literally covered his cap.

"'Twas mighty deep," he said, bowing to Maddy, "and the wind was getting colder. 'Twas a hard time Miss Clyde would have, and hadn't she better wait?"

No, Maddy could not wait, and standing up she suffered Guy to wrap her cloak about her, and fasten more securely the long, warm scarf she wore around her neck.

"Drive close to the platform," he said to John, and the covered sleigh was soon brought to the point designated. "Now, then, Maddy, I won't let you run the risk of covering your feet with snow. I shall carry you myself," Guy said, and ere Maddy was fully aware of his intentions, he was bearing her to the sleigh.

Very carefully he drew the soft, warm robe about her, shielding her as well as he could from the cold; then pulling his own fur collar about his ears, he sprang in beside her, and, closing the door behind him, bade John drive on.

"But, Mr. Remington," Maddy exclaimed in much surprise, "surely you are not going too? You must not. It is asking too much. It is more than I expected. Please don't go."

"Would you rather I should not—that is, aside from any inconvenience it may be to me—would you rather go alone?" Guy asked, and Maddy replied:

"Oh, no. I was dreading the long ride, but did not dream of your going. You will shorten it so much."

"Then I shall be paid for going," was Guy's response, as he drew still more closely around her the fancy buffalo robe.

The roads, though badly drifted in some places, were not as bad as Guy had feared, and the strong horses kept steadily on; while Maddy, growing more and more fatigued, at last fell away to sleep, and ceased to answer Guy. For a time he watched her drooping head, and then carefully drawing it to him, made it rest upon his shoulder, while he wound his arm around her slight figure, and so supported her.

Occasionally there fitted across Guy's mind a vague, uneasy consciousness that though the act was, under the circumstances, well enough, the feelings which prompted it were not such as either the doctor or Lucy would approve. But they were far away; they would never know unless he told them, as he probably should, of this ride on that wintry night; this ride, which seemed to him so short that he scarcely believed his senses when, without once having been overturned or called upon to use the shovels so thoughtfully provided, the carriage suddenly came to a halt, and he knew by the dim light shining through the low window that the red cottage was reached.

Grandma Markham was dying, but she knew Maddy, and the palsied lips worked painfully as they attempted to utter the loved name; while her wasted face lighted up with eager joy as Maddy's arms were twined about her neck, and she felt Maddy's kisses on her cheek and brow. Could she not speak? Would she never speak again? Maddy asked despairingly, and her grandfather replied: "Never, most likely. The only thing she's said since the shock was to call your name. She's missed you despatly this winter back, more than ever before, I think. So have we all, but we would not send for you—Mr. Guy said you was learning so fast."

"Oh, grandpa, why didn't you? I would have come so willingly," and for an instant Maddy's eyes flashed reproachfully upon the recreant Guy, standing aloof from the little group gathered about the bed, his arms folded together, and a moody look upon his face.

He was thinking of what had not yet entered Maddy's mind, thinking of the future—Maddy's future, when the aged form upon the bed should be gone, and the two comparatively helpless men be left alone.

"But it shall not be. The sacrifice is far too great. I can prevent it, and I will," he muttered to himself, as he turned to watch the gray dawn breaking in the east.

(To be continued.)

No Stain on His Record.

A New York clergyman, who often spends his vacation in fishing the streams of the Adirondacks, was on one trip adopted by a handsome setter dog, which insisted on following him from camp to camp, as he moved along the stream.

One day he met a party of men working upstream with a native guide. The guide immediately recognized the dog as his own property.

"Trying to steal my setter, are you?" he shouted at the clergyman. "I'll have you to jail for this! There's a law in the woods just as big as you have in the city."

The clergyman endeavored to explain that he was an unwilling companion of the dog, which had refused to be driven away, but to little effect until he added a two-dollar bill to his arguments.

"It's queer what strange things happen to a man up here," he said to the stage-driver who later carried him away from the woods. "That is the first time I was ever accused of stealing a dog."

"Yes, sir," replied the driver, sympathetically, and added, after a moment's pause, "For myself, sir, I have never been accused of stealing anything."

Strong Indication.

"Do you think the intentions of young Gotrox are serious?" asked the anxious mother.

"I'm sure they are, mamma," replied the pretty daughter. "Why, only last night he laughed heartily at one of papa's alleged jokes."—Chicago News.

Appropriate Emblem.

"The emblem of this hotel is an eagle," remarked the observing guest, as he looked up over the door.

"Eagle?" snorted the man who had been charged $8 a day. "It should be a gull."

GRAIN CROPS SHORT, BUT WORTH FAR MORE

Government Final Estimate Shows Great Decline in Cereal Production.

PRICES MAKE FARMERS HAPPY.

They Will Get Half a Billion of Dollars More This Year than Last.

The government report shows a shortage of 785,987,000 bushels in total crops as compared with the crops of 1906, which were the largest ever raised in this country, and a shortage of 377,287,000 bushels as compared with the yields of 1905, which were also very large.

The chief shortage is in the corn crop, with 335,000,000 bushels, oats with 211,000,000 bushels and wheat with 101,000,000 bushels.

There is something of an offset to the big losses in the feeding grains in the increase of 6,431,000 tons of hay as compared to that of 1906, and of 3,045,388 tons as compared to the crop of 1905.

Prominent features of the final revision of its crop estimates for the year by the Department of Agriculture were the increases made in the reports of area seeded to spring wheat, corn and oats. In each of these particulars as well as in the estimated weight of spring wheat and oats the official reports ran more or less counter to the general impressions of speculators. In a few instances, such as the weight of oats, the figures given were at variance with all the experiences of the trade for the year to date.

CROPS OF UNITED STATES FOR THREE YEARS.

	1907, bu.	1906, bu.	1905, bu.
Winter wheat	409,442,000	492,888,004	428,462,834
Spring wheat	224,645,000	242,372,966	264,516,652
Total wheat	634,087,000	735,260,970	692,979,486
Corn	2,592,320,000	2,927,416,091	2,707,993,546
Oats	754,443,000	964,904,522	953,216,177
Rye	31,566,000	33,374,833	27,616,042
Barley	153,317,000	178,916,484	136,651,026
Buckwheat	14,290,000	14,641,937	14,535,085
Flaxseed	25,851,000	25,576,146	28,477,751
Potatoes	297,942,000	308,038,382	260,741,204
Total	5,137,903,000	5,923,890,235	5,515,189,888
Hay, tons	63,577,000	57,145,959	60,531,612

Figures of the Report.

The report gave final estimates of acreage, production and value of farm crops, showing winter wheat acreage to be 28,132,000, production 409,442,000 bushels and value per bushel 88.2 cents.

Spring wheat acreage was 17,079,000, production 224,645,000 bushels and value 86 cents.

Corn acreage was 99,931,000, production 2,592,320,000 bushels and value 51.7 cents.

Oats acreage was 31,837,000, production 754,443,000 bushels and value 44.3 cents.

It was announced that the total value of the farm crops for 1907 was $3,404,000,000, an increase of $428,000,000 for 1906.

The farm value on Dec. 1 of the four crops already mentioned follows: Corn, $1,340,446,000; winter wheat, $361,217,000; spring wheat, $193,220,000; oats, $334,568,000.

The comparative prices for the grain crops for the past three years follow:

	1907.	1906.	1905.	1904.
Wheat	81.7	66.7	74.8	92.4
Corn	51.7	39.9	41.2	44.1
Oats	44.3	31.7	29.1	31.3
Rye	73.1	58.9	60.7	68.8
Barley	44.3	41.5	40.8	42.0
Buckwheat	69.8	59.0	58.7	62.2
Flax	95.6	101.8	95.0	99.3
Potatoes	61.7	51.1	61.7	45.3
Hay	$11.68	$10.37	$8.52	$8.72

Aeroplane's Circular Flight.

Henry Farman has continued his marvelous flights at Paris with his famous aeroplane, built by the Voisin brothers on the general plan of the Chanute soarer. Before a great and wildly enthusiastic throng of people he repeatedly maneuvered his machine one kilometer in a complete circle, returning to the point of departure. This was regarded as a demonstration of practical aerial flight by machines heavier than air or without the aid of gas bags. The machine first rolled slowly along the ground on its two pneumatic tired wheels; then, as the speed increased from the action of the propellers, the big winged thing shot off into the air at a gentle angle, all the time Mr. Farman steering with apparent ease and confidence and keeping an even keel and a steady course to the turning point and back. The machine resembles a huge dragon fly, with upper and lower sets of wings attached to a light frame carrying motor, machinery and operator.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

President B. F. Winchell of the Rock Island at Guthrie, Okla., said his road would accept the 2-cent fare provision of the Oklahoma constitution.

Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi was prevailed upon to take a ride in Baldwin's airship at Jackson, Miss. Ten feet above the ground was the limit and the trip was very short.

William E. Shiebler, the telegraph operator who received the first message over the Atlantic cable sent to President Buchanan by Queen Victoria died in Brooklyn, N. Y. He also received the message from the front announcing the fall of Richmond at the close of the Civil War.

UNCLE SAM A CAPITALIST.

As a Shipbuilder Outranks All Others in the United States.

The United States government maintains nine navy yards, representing a capitalization of more than $60,000,000 and employing nearly 15,000 men, including officers. The total wages paid in the navy yards of the government is approximately $10,000,000 annually, the cost of materials used being about $7,000,000 annually and the value of the products, depending upon the number of vessels built, runs well up into the millions every year. In 1905 the output of the government yards was over $17,000,000.

As a shipbuilder the government outranks all other ship owners in the United States. In 1904 the government launched 170,000 tons of battle ships of more than 1,000 tons burden each. While only 3.7 per cent of all vessels launched that year were the property of the nation, these vessels constituted 27.7 per cent of the total tonnage launched that year. These same vessels represented also more than half the value of all vessels over five tons launched, the contract value of the government ships being $39,513,600. Despite its own facilities for building and repairing warships, only one government yard has been used in recent years for turning out a modern up-to-date battle ship.

All told, the government owns fifteen dry docks where vessels of the navy undergo most of their repairs. All but two of these are located on the Atlantic coast. Another dock is being completed on Puget sound, giving three on the Pacific coast. In addition to the naval dry docks there are thirty-eight in the United States owned by private corporations or individuals. In time of war the navy should find no trouble in taking care of its smaller vessels, but the big battle ships would have long distances to travel on either coast, in event of injury, before finding adequate docking facilities.

HALF A MILLION A DAY.

That Is the Amount Which Chicago Puts Into Stimulants.

Chicago's consumption of stimulants is amazing, according to a correspondent. The money spent in saloons alone totals up between $120,000,000 and $130,000,000 annually. At least $10,000,000 more is spent for stimulating drugs in the 900 drug stores in the city.

If tobacco can be classed as a stimulant it may be said that there are between 35,000 and 40,000 places in the city where cigars and tobacco are sold. Probably $100,000 per day is not an exaggerated estimate for Chicago's smoking bill.

At the lowest estimate, taking alcoholic beverages, tobaccos, and all manner of drugs into account, it is impossible to figure that Chicago spends less than $500,000 per day on stimulants of various kinds, and the chances are the amount is considerably higher.

Of this enormous sum, how much does the worker spend? Fully 75 per cent, if all business men, officers of corporations and all men who work with hand or brain are included. But for the worker, the saloonkeepers themselves say, they would have to close up shop in a few days. The remaining 25 per cent of the $500,000 must be set aside between women who lead domestic lives and non-workers of all kinds. Women perhaps are the heaviest of all users of drugs.

The Universalist general convention at Philadelphia listened with approval to the plea for closer fellowship between their denomination and the Unitarian, made by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

The Evangelical general conference, at its recent session at Milwaukee, took a decisive step toward the union of the Evangelical church and the United Evangelical church, adopting the report of the committee on revision, which recommended the appointment of a commission from each church to arrange details of the union. It was also decided to open negotiations with other Protestant churches, including the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, with a view to a federation on all lines of church work into which denominational differences do not enter.

Under the direction of Rev. Hugh Birkhead and his associates of St. George's Episcopal church, New York, a club has been started on lines similar to that maintained by Emmanuel church, Boston, and Christ Presbyterian church of New York, namely, its membership made up entirely of persons having incipient tuberculosis. Each member promises to care for his health, to give up all work, stop worrying, live an outdoor life and obey all the rules of the club. All are supplied with a tent attachment to be fastened to the window sills so that they may sleep with their heads in the open air. Weekly meetings are held, when all tell of their progress.

WILL ADD TO MISERY OF A HARD WINTER.

European Labor Leaders Alarmed Over Increase in Homecoming Contingent.

STEAMSHIPS ARE LOADED DOWN

Hundreds of Destitute Aliens Wandering Streets of Paris on Verge of Destitution.

The increasing contingents of homecoming Italians, Lithuanians and other Mediterranean steerage passengers are disconcerting not only to the steamship companies, who have inadequate facilities for dealing with such a sudden and unexpected traffic, but to the labor leaders of Europe, who deny that these newcomers have sufficient money to pass the winter without working, and declare that they will thus add to the misery of what is sure to be a hard winter among the European working classes.

The figures given by the French labor bureau as to the returning emigrants are corroborated by Nicholas Martin, agent of the American line, who says that all the steerage capacity of every vessel has been taken until Feb. 1, while thousands more will be unable to return to Europe before spring. If this keeps up, a Paris correspondent says, some special measures must be taken to repatriate the hordes of disappointed adventurers, for the ordinary means are insufficient.

"To my knowledge several hundred of more or less destitute aliens are wandering in the streets of Paris on the verge of starvation, and the prefecture police books will probably multiply this figure by three," said one of the officials at the ministry of works to the correspondent. "The best we can do is to expedite their return to their native countries. Something like half of them have no more money than is barely sufficient to pay their fare."

Never since the first ship sailed out of New York harbor has there been anything like the present exodus of emigrants from that port. Day by day the crowds clamoring for transportation abroad grow greater, with no prospect of their reduction in numbers.

WORK OF IRRIGATION.

New Plans Adopted Contemplate Many Improvements.

In the irrigation division of the Agricultural Department the three main lines of work will be, as heretofore, dissemination of practical information, scientific and technical investigations, and reporting on irrigation conditions in certain districts. In view of the fact that probably about 5,000,000 acres of land provided with water for irrigation will be available for settlement at the close of 1908, it is believed that in no other way can more good be done than in supplying practical information through publications and expert advice to the new settlers on this land, and it is therefore deemed advisable to broaden the scope of this work so as to make it valuable to every class of farmers dependent upon irrigation and to every project, whether public or private.

The scientific and technical investigations will be a continuation and extension of what has already been done. Prominent features of the work will be to determine what becomes of the large quantity of water which is annually spread over cropped soils, involving a study of evaporation, seepage and distribution of losses, with a view to securing higher economy in the use of water; the relation of irrigation water to quantity and quality of crop and the adaptation of methods to different soils and crops, and a study of the more technical features of the measurement, conveyance, storage and distribution of water on farms, and the various devices used for pumping.

In the study of irrigation conditions in different localities emphasis is to be laid especially on possible improvements of present methods which will lead to a more economical use of water.

Can Copper Be Made?

That the recent experiments of Sir William Ramsay, the English chemist, are not likely to result in the artificial manufacture of copper is the conclusion of President Ira Remsen, who recently made an address on the subject before the Scientific Association of the Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. Dr. Remsen said that the experiments in question indicated that the substance we call copper, and which we have hitherto regarded as a stable elementary form of matter is capable of undergoing a very slight decomposition, but while it is possible that a minute quantity of the element lithium can be obtained from copper by the action of radium emanation, the change is very slight, and it does not seem probable that any method can be devised by which it can be markedly increased.

According to the report of the New York State Commission on Lunacy, the total number of persons confined in institutions for the insane in that State is 26,357. This is a proportion of about one to every 300 of the population. The indications are that insanity has been steadily on the increase since 1897. While the percentage of foreign born to the population is 26, the percentage of foreign-born insane is 46. Insane patients of Irish and German nativity are on the decrease, while those of Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy are increasing.