

# AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Bessie," "The English Orphan," "Monstrous in the Middle," "Less Rivers," "Manselwood," "Touquet and Sunbeam," "Cecilia March," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Alas for Guy! he could not believe he heard aright when, turning her head away for a moment while she prayed for strength, Maddy's answer came, "I cannot, Guy, I cannot. I acknowledge the love which has stolen upon me, I know not how, but I cannot do this wrong to Lucy. Away from me you will love her again. You must. Read this, Guy, then say if you can desert her."

She placed Lucy's letter in his hand, and Guy read it with a heart which ached to its very core. It was cruel to deceive that gentle, trusting girl writing so lovingly of him, but to lose Maddy was to his undisciplined nature more dreadful still, and casting the letter aside he pleaded again, this time with the energy of despair, for he read his fate in Maddy's face, and when her lips a second time confirmed her first reply, while she appealed to his sense of honor, of justice, of right, and told him he could and must forget her, he knew there was no hope, and man though he was, bowed his head upon Maddy's hands and wept stormily, mightily, choking sobs, which shook his frame, and seemed to break up the very fountains of his life. Then to Maddy there came a terrible temptation. Was it right for two who loved as they did to live their lives apart?—right in her to force on Guy the fulfillment of vows he could not literally keep? As mental struggles are always the more severe, so Maddy's took all her strength away, and for many minutes she lay so white and still that Guy roused himself to care for her, thinking of nothing except to make her better.

It was a long time ere that interview ended, but when it did there was on Maddy's face a peaceful expression which only the sense of having done right at the cost of a fearful sacrifice could give, while Guy's bore traces of a great and crushing sorrow as he went out from Maddy's presence and felt that to him she was lost forever. He had promised her he would do right; had said he would marry Lucy, being to her what a husband should be; had listened while she talked of another world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, and where it would not be sinful for them to love each other, and as she talked her face had shone like the face of an angel.

For many days after that Guy kept his room, saying he was sick, and refusing to see anyone save Jessie and Mrs. Noah, the latter of whom guessed in part what had happened, and imputing to him far more credit than he deserved, petted and pined and cared for him until he grew weary of it, and said to her savagely: "You needn't think me so good, for I am not. I wanted Maddy Clyde, and told her so, but she refused me and made me promise to marry Lucy; so I'm going to do that very thing—going to England in a few weeks, or as soon as Maddy is better, and before the sun of this year sets I shall be a married man."

After this all Mrs. Noah's sympathy was in favor of Maddy, the good lady making more than one pilgrimage to Honeedale, where she expended all her arguments trying to make Maddy revoke her decision; but Maddy was firm in what she deemed right, and as her health began slowly to improve, and there was no longer an excuse for Guy to tarry, he gave out in the neighborhood that he was at last to be married, and started for England the latter part of October, an unhappy and unwilling a bridegroom, it may be, as ever went after a bride.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Maddy never knew how she lived through those bright, autumnal days, when the gorgeous beauty of decaying nature seemed so cruelly to mock her anguish. At last there came to her three letters, one from Lucy, one from the doctor, and one from Guy himself. Lucy's she opened first, reading of the sweet girl's great happiness in seeing her darling boy again, of her sorrow to find him, so thin and pale, and changed in all save his extreme kindness to her, his careful study of her wants, and evident anxiety to please her in every respect. On this Lucy dwelt until Maddy's heart seemed to leap up and almost turn over in its casing, so fiercely it throbbled and ached with anguish.

The doctor's next was opened, and Maddy read with blinding tears that which for a moment increased her pain and sent to her bleeding heart an added pang of disappointment, or a sense of wrong done to her, she could not tell which. Dr. Holbrook was to be married the same day with Lucy, and to Lucy's sister, Margaret.

"Maggie, I call her," he wrote, "because that name is so much like my first love, Maddy, who thought I was too old to be her husband, and so made me very wretched for a time, until I met and knew Margaret Atherton. I have told her of you, Maddy; I would not marry her without, and she seems willing to take me as I am. We shall come home with Guy, who is the mere wreck of what he was when I last saw him. He has told me, Maddy, all about it, and though I doubly respect you now, I cannot say that I think you did quite right. Better that one should suffer than two, and Lucy's is a nature which will forget far sooner than yours or Guy's. I pity you all."

This almost killed Maddy; she did not love the doctor, but the knowledge that he was to marry another added to her misery, while what he said of her decision was the climax of the whole. Had her sacrifice been for nothing? Would it have been better if she had not sent Guy away? It was anguish unspeakable to believe so, and the shadowy words never echoed to so bitter a cry of pain as that with which she laid her head on the ground, and for a brief moment wished that she might die.

There was Guy's letter yet to read, and with a listless indifference she opened it, starting as there dropped into her lap a small card de visite, a perfect likeness of Guy, who sent it, he said, because he wished her to have so much of himself. It

would make him happier to know she could sometimes look at him, just as he should gaze upon her dear picture after it was a sin to love the original. And this was all the direct reference he made to the past, except where he spoke of Lucy, telling how happy she was, and how if anything could reconcile him to his fate, it was the knowing how pure and good and loving was the wife he was getting. Then he wrote of the doctor and Margaret, whom he described as a dashing, brilliant girl, the very essence and madcap in the world, and the exact opposite of Maddy.

This letter, so calm, so cheerful in its tone, had a quieting effect on Maddy, who read it twice, and then placing it in her bosom, started for the cottage, meeting on the way with Flora, who was seeking for her in great alarm. Uncle Joseph had had a fit, she said, and fallen upon the floor, cutting his forehead badly against the sharp point of the stove. Hurrying on, Maddy found that what Flora had said was true, and sent immediately for the physician, who came at once, but who shook his head doubtfully as he examined his patient. There were all the symptoms of fever, he said, bidding Maddy prepare for the worst. Nothing in the form of trouble could particularly affect Maddy now, and perhaps it was wisely ordered that Uncle Joseph's illness should take her thoughts from herself. From the very first he refused to take his medicines from anyone save her or Jessie, who, with her mother's permission, stayed altogether at the cottage, and who, as Guy's sister, was a great comfort to Maddy.

As the fever increased, and Uncle Joseph grew more and more delirious, his cries for Sarah were heart-rending, making Jessie weep bitterly as she said to Maddy:

"If I knew where this Sarah was I'd go miles on foot to find her and bring her to him."

Something like this Jessie said to her mother when she went for a day to Aikenside, asking her in conclusion if she thought Sarah would go.

"Perhaps," and Agnes brushed abstractedly her long, flowing hair, winding it around her jeweled fingers, and then letting the soft curls fall across her snowy arms.

"Where do you suppose she is?" was Jessie's next question; but if Agnes knew she did not answer, except by reminding her little daughter that it was past her bedtime.

The next morning Agnes' eyes were very red, as if she had been wakeful the entire night, while her white face fully warranted the headache she professed to have.

"Jessie," she said, as they sat together at their breakfast, "I am going to Honeedale to-day, going to see Maddy, and shall leave you here."

Agnes was not the same woman whom we first knew. All hope of the doctor had long since been given up, and as Jessie grew older the mother nature was stronger within her, subduing her selfishness, and making her far more gentle and considerate for others than she had been before. To Maddy she was exceedingly kind, and never more so in manner than now, when they sat together talking in the humble kitchen at the cottage.

"You look tired and sick," she said. "Your cares have been too much for one not yet strong. I will sit by him till he wakes, and you go to bed."

Very gladly Maddy accepted the offered relief, and utterly worn out with her constant vigils she was soon sleeping soundly in her own room, while Flora, in the little shed, or back room of the house, was busy with her ironing. Thus there was none to follow Agnes as she went slowly into the sick room where Uncle Joseph lay, his thin face upturned to the light and his lips occasionally moving as he muttered in his sleep. There was a strange contrast between that wasted imbecile and that proud, queenly woman, but she could remember a time when in her childish estimation he was the embodiment of every manly beauty, and the knowledge that he loved her, his sister's little hired girl, filled her with pride and vanity. A great change had come to them both since those days, and Agnes, watching him and smothering back the pain which arose to her lips at sight of him, felt that for the fearful change in him she was answerable. Intellectual, talented, admired and sought by all he had been once; he was a mere wreck now, and Agnes' breath came in short, quick gasps, as glancing furtively around to see that no one was near, she laid her hand upon his forehead, and parting his thin hair, said, pityingly: "Poor Joseph."

The touch awoke him, and starting up he stared wildly at her, while some memory of the past seemed to be struggling through the misty clouds, obscuring his mental vision.

"Who are you, lady? Who, with eyes and hair like hers?"

"I'm the 'madam' from Aikenside," Agnes said, quite loudly, as Flora passed the door. Then when she was gone she added, softly: "I'm Sarah—Sarah Agnes Morris."

It seemed for a moment to burst upon him in its full reality, and to her dying day Agnes would never forget the look upon his face, the smile of perfect happiness breaking through the rain of tears, the love, the tenderness mingled with distrust, which that look betokened as he continued gazing at her, but said to her not a word. Again her hand rested on his forehead, and taking it now in his he held it to the light, laughing insanely at its soft whiteness; then touching the costly diamonds which flashed upon him the rainbow hues, he said: "Where's that little ring I bought for you?"

She had anticipated this, and took from her pocket a plain gold ring, kept until that day where no one could find it, and holding it up to him, said: "Here it is. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, yes," and his lips began to quiver with a grief, injured expression. "He could give you diamonds and I couldn't."

That's why you left me, wasn't it, Sarah—why you wrote that letter which made my head into two? It's ached so ever since, and I've missed you so much, Sarah! They put me in a cell where crazy people were—oh! so many—and they said that I was mad, when I was only wanting you. I'm not mad now, am I, darling?"

His arm was around her neck, and he drew her down until his lips touched hers. And Agnes suffered it. She could not return the kiss, but she did not turn away from him, and she let him caress her hair, and wind it round his fingers, whispering: "This is like Sarah's—you're Sarah, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Sarah," she would answer, while the smile so painful to see would again break over his face as he told how much he had missed her, and asked if she had not come to stay till he died.

"There's something wrong," he said, "somebody dead, and seems as if somebody else wanted to die—as if Maddy died ever since the Lord Governor went away. Do you know Governor Guy?"

"I am his stepmother," Agnes replied, whereupon Uncle Joseph laughed so long and loud that Maddy awoke, and, alarmed by the noise, came down to see what was the matter.

Agnes did not hear her, and as she reached the doorway, she started at the strange position of the parties—Uncle Joseph still smoothing the curls which drooped over him, and Agnes saying to him: "You heard his name was Remington, did you not—James Remington?"

Like a sudden revelation it came upon Maddy, and she refused to leave, when Agnes, lifting her head, called her to come in. She did so, and standing at the opposite side of the bed, she said, questioning: "You are Sarah Morris?"

For a moment the eyelids quivered, then the neck arched proudly, as if it were a thing of which she was not ashamed, and Agnes answered: "Yes, I was Sarah Agnes Morris; once for three months your grandmother's hired girl, and afterward adopted by a lady who gave me what education I possess, together with that taste for high life which prompted me to jilt your Uncle Joseph when a richer man than he offered himself to me."

"That was all she said—all that Maddy ever knew of her history, as it was never referred to again except that evening, when Agnes said to her, pleadingly: "Neither Guy nor Jessie nor anyone need know what I have told you."

"They shall not," was Maddy's reply, and from that moment the past, so far as Agnes was concerned, was a sealed page to both. With this bond of confidence between them, Agnes felt herself strangely drawn toward Maddy, while, if it were possible, something of her own love was transferred to the helpless man who clung to her now instead of Maddy, refusing to let her go; neither had Agnes any disposition to leave him. She should stay to the last, so she said; and she did, taking Maddy's place, and by her faithfulness and care winning golden laurels in the opinion of the neighbors, who marveled at first to see so gay a lady at Uncle Joseph's bedside, attributing it all to her friendship for Maddy, just as they attributed his calling her Sarah to a crazy freak.

She did resemble Sarah Morris a very little, they said; and in Maddy's presence they sometimes wondered where Sarah was, repeating strange things which they had heard of her; but Maddy kept the secret from everyone, so that even Jessie never suspected why her mother stayed day after day at the cottage, watching and waiting until the last day of Joseph's life.

She was alone with him then, so that Maddy never knew what passed between them. She had left them together for an hour, while she did some errands; and when she returned Agnes met her at the door, and with a blanched cheek, whispered: "He is dead; he died in my arms, blessing you and me; do you hear, blessing me! Surely my sin is now forgiven?"

## CHAPTER XXII.

There was a fresh grave made in the churchyard and another chair vacant at the cottage, when Maddy was at last alone. Unfettered by care and anxiety for sick ones, her aching heart was free to go out after the loved ones over the sea, to the dim-shaded mansion she had heard described so often, and where now two brides were busy with their preparations for the bridal hurrying on so fast. Since the letter read in the smoky October woods, Maddy had not heard from Guy directly, though Lucy had written since, a few brief lines, telling how happy she was, how strong she was growing, and how much like himself Guy was becoming. Guy had left no orders for any changes to be made at Aikenside; but Agnes, who was largely imbued with a love of bustle and repair, had insisted that at last the suite of rooms intended for the bride should be thoroughly renovated with new paper and paint, carpets and furniture. This plan Mrs. Noah opposed, for she guessed how little Guy would care for the change; but Agnes was resolved, and she had great faith in Maddy's taste, she insisted that she should go to Aikenside and pass her judgment upon the improvements. It would do her good, she said—little dreams, with her wretched heart ached, as Maddy went through the handsome rooms fitted up for Guy's young bride; but Mrs. Noah guessed it all, pitying so much the white-faced girl, whose deep mourning robes told the loss of dear ones by death, but gave no token of that great loss, tenfold worse than death.

## (To be continued.)

## All It Amounts To.

"The wise folks began unusually early this year."

"Began what?"

"Advising people to do their shopping early."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## No Private Chutes.

"I suppose you had hardships in the old days, grandpopp?"

"Hardships! Many a time I got up and walked four blocks to borrow a book from a Carnegie library."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Auto Delayed.

Policeman—Here, you'll have to move on.

Hobo—Dat's all right. I'm waiting for me auto.

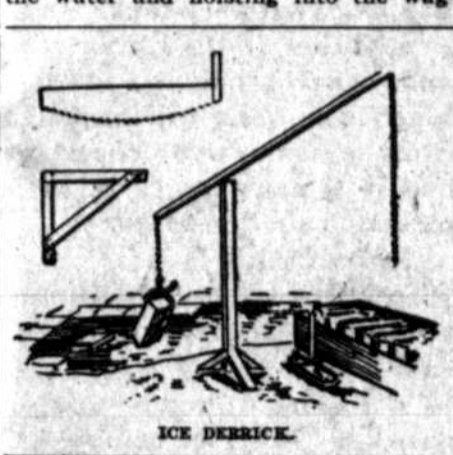


## Ice Harvesting.

Every year the use of ice increases. It is not merely a luxury, but becomes a necessity as soon as its value is known by experience. Ice in the dairy is almost indispensable for holding milk and cream at a proper temperature.

Ice should be cut with a saw into blocks of regular size, so that they will pack solidly into the ice house without leaving spaces between them. A regular cross-cut saw with one handle removed will answer the purpose.

The ice derrick is convenient and safer to use for lifting the cakes from the water and hoisting into the wagon or sleigh box.

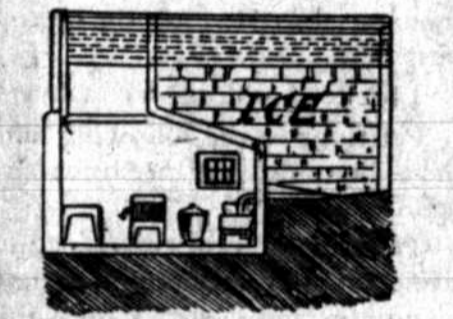


Use two strong white oak poles to make the derrick and sweep. The upright, B, may be cut from any strong piece of lumber, or made up by splicing together two pieces of 2x4 studding. It should be 12 to 15 feet long and well braced at the base, as shown in the sketch. The bottom should be smooth in order to slide freely over the ice.

The sweep, C, should be about 16 feet long, or over, with a rope attached to each end. The sweep is pivoted on top of the upright, B, from one-quarter to one-third projecting over, where the ice tongs are attached. The remaining portion, with the rope, D, attached gives plenty of leverage for lifting the heavy cakes.

After a "season" of cutting ice, the two men proceed to lift out and load up. One seizes the tongs and catches onto the floating cakes, while the other man presides at the rope, D. The sleigh should be in the handiest position to swing the sweep around and land the cake of ice into the box.

The combination style of ice-house represented in the illustration is not the best for all purposes, yet has some features to recommend it. The sides of the building are nine feet above the ground and the height of the dairy seven feet. The outside walls of the ice-house are made of two-inch planks, ten inches wide, set upright, with inch and a half planks nailed on the inside. They are weather boarded on the out-



COMBINED DAIRY AND ICE HOUSE.

side and filled with spent tan bark or other dry non-conducting material. The partition wall between the dairy and the ice-house and between the cool room and the ice-house is half the thickness, and not filled, thus forming closed air spaces between the studs.—Montreal Star.

## Presents in Pork.

Why do not the farmers put up more of their pork, cure it and sell it in the summer? This would bring more profit than marketing the hog to the butcher.

The American Agriculturist has made a careful estimate of the waste in slaughtering hogs at home, which shows facts that will be profitable to the pork raiser. Take a hog weighing at home 200 pounds, on a basis of a 5-cent market, live weight. Its value is \$10. If fat, the hog loses about 20 per cent, or 40 pounds, leaving 160 pounds edible portion. Approximately the dressing will be: Two hams, 30 pounds; two shoulders, 24 pounds; four strips bacon, 28 pounds; spare ribs, head, feet and backbone, 35 pounds, leaving about 45 pounds for sausage and lard. The meats to be smoked will increase about 10 per cent in weight in the pickle, but lose about the same as the dressing weight. The following are very conservative prices for a country-dressed hog: Thirty pounds ham, at 14 cents, \$4.20; 28 pounds bacon, at 15 cents, \$4.20; 24 pounds shoulder, at 9 cents, \$2.16; 45 pounds lard or sausage, at 12½ cents, \$5.60; 25 pounds backbone, spare ribs, etc., at 6 cents, \$1.50; soap fat, about 25 cents; total, \$17.91; cost of hog, \$10; profit, \$7.91.

## Farmer Should Advertise.

The average farmer is too backward about advertising his products. One's county paper ought to be used more as an advertising medium. It helps the editor and publisher to make a better paper, and this in itself is good for a community, while the advertising, if one has good stock or seeds or anything of the kind to offer, will certainly pay.

## How to Dress and Ship Poultry.

Birds that are to be marketed should be penned ten days before killing and well fed. Withhold all food for twenty-four hours previous to killing, but give plenty of clean water. Full crops injure the appearance and are liable to sour, and when this does occur correspondingly lower prices must be accepted than obtainable for choice stock.

Kill by bleeding in the mouth, hang the bird by the feet until properly bled. Leave head and feet on and do not remove intestines or crop. For scalding fowls, the water should be as near the boiling point as possible without boiling—160 to 175 degrees Fahrenheit; pluck the legs dry before scalding; hold by the head and legs and immerse and lift up and down five or six times; if the head is immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrunk appearance, which causes dealers to look on them with suspicion; the feathers and pin feathers should then be removed immediately, while the body is warm, very cleanly and without breaking the skin; then "plump" by dipping ten seconds in water, nearly or quite boiling, and then immediately into ice-cold water. The shaping of poultry is a very important point and well worth the extra trouble. The bird should be laid on its back on a table; the legs are drawn up against the sides of the breast, as though the bird were roosting; the wings are also folded against the body. Then, while in this position, a damp cloth is wrapped tightly about the carcass and fastened. Leave on a board to drain until the animal heat is all out of the body. Pack in boxes holding about 100 pounds and lined with manila or straw paper. Be sure to pack snugly, so as to prevent marring about in any way.

Turkeys should be handled in the same way, except that they should always be dry-picked.—E. K. P., in Country Gentleman.

## Berry Culture.

An authority says that on an acre of rich, cultivated land \$500 worth of berries may be grown, and that an acre should produce at the rate of 200 bushels.

Causes for a short crop may be laid at the door of land deficient in fertility or plant food. Such land should have composted manure applied and turned under and top dress. Ashes should also be broadcasted. Another reason is improper preparation of the soil. Plow deeply and harrow until fine, light and mellow. Again, there is a poor crop when varieties are planted that are not adapted to that particular kind of soil and climate. This can be determined either by the success of neighboring farmers of that locality, or by testing a limited number of plants. Failure often comes from setting poor plants; only hardy, vigorous plants should be purchased. Carelessly setting out plants will also cause a shortage. They should not be exposed to the sun or wind before setting. When put out the roots should be well spread and fine dirt firmed around them.

Using imperfect fertilizers is another cause. There is a sex in plants. Pistillates (female) must have stimulants (male) set with them to insure good crops. Cultivation must not be neglected. The ground at all times must be fine, mellow and free from weeds.

Both frost and drought are enemies of a good crop, and the most difficult to overcome. Berry fields well cultivated are several degrees warmer than uncultivated fields, therefore less liable to damage by frost. Retain mulching as late as possible on strawberries in spring.

Selecting Dairy Cows. While there may be no infallible rule by which a man can be governed in selecting a high-class dairy cow, there are many points that will assist and if carefully considered will prevent disappointment as a rule. Remember that a cow is a machine and is intended to change the different products on which she is fed into something of more value. There are two distinct types of these machines. One manufactures or converts feed into beef; the other into milk. There is a very decided and pronounced difference in the type of the animal that makes beef and the one which manufactures milk. In the dairy type we have an animal that is angular, thin, somewhat loose-jointed and with prominent bones. She is wedge-shaped from the front, with a lean head, moderately long face slightly dished and a general contented expression of the features. The muzzle is large, mouth large, nostrils wide and open, a clear, full bright eye, a broad, full and high forehead, ears medium size, fine texture, covered with fine hair and orange yellow inside. The neck is thin, moderately long, with little or no dewlap, and the throat is clean. Wide space between the jaws, the withers lean and sharp, the shoulders lean and oblique and the chest deep and wide, which indicates vigor and constitution.—Field and Farm.

## Anthrax and Earth Worms.

From recent experiments it is certain that earth worms are responsible for conveying the spores and anthrax from various buried carcasses to the surface of the earth and thus bringing about a reinfection. This process of reinfection was urged by M. Louis Pasteur, but without success.

## Crop Rotation.

There are some crops that will not follow each other, nor will they follow certain other crops, while, on the other hand, there are some that will grow year after year on the same land and also follow any other crop.



## The Signal Corps of the War Department.

The Signal Corps of the War Department has made public specifications for the construction of a dirigible balloon to be used in a series of tests at Fort Myer next spring. Proposals for furnishing the balloon will be opened at the department on Jan. 15 next. The balloon is to consist of a gas bag of silk, to be covered with an aluminum preparation. The material for the bag and the hydrogen with which it will be inflated will be furnished by the government. The dimensions and shape of the bag will be left to the bidders, except that the length must not exceed 120 feet. It must be designed to carry two persons having a combined weight of 350 pounds; also at least 100 pounds of ballast. A speed of twenty miles an hour in still air is desired, and the scheme of ascending, descending and maintaining equilibrium must be based on shifting weights, movable planes or some method which will not necessitate balancing or changing of position by the aeronaut. The balloon must have all the fittings necessary for successful and continuous flights. It will be accepted only after a trial flight to be held at Fort Myer next spring.

In a recent address at New York City Francis E. Leupp, commissioner of Indian affairs, took occasion to reply to some of the criticisms that have been made regarding the treatment of the Indians by his bureau. He outlined the present policy of the government as that of absorbing the Indian into the white man's civilization, thus reversing the old policy of assisting him in his ardent desire of keeping as separate from the white man as he possibly could. He expressed the opinion that the final solution of the problem would be reached by intermarriage. He described the success of the government in making the Indian work; even the Utes, he said, were now working on the railroads and helping to build up the country of which they were a part. The commissioner said it was true that about 85 per cent of the Indians that went to Indian schools, such as Carlisle and others, and went back to the reservations sooner or later reverted to the blanket. But their children started away ahead of where their parents did, so that the schooling was by no means wasted.

An unusual view of the army has lately been presented in a complaint over the decrease in strength of the coast artillery regiments. The Tenth Company, for instance, which mustered a hundred and one men in 1900, was able to get out only fourteen in the ranks in October. The explanation offered is that the men in the coast artillery receive training in some branch of mechanics, and can get employment outside at good wages. One officer instructed his company in the art of telephone repairing, and made the men so efficient that the telephone company in the neighboring city offered them sixty and seventy dollars a month, and in some cases bought the discharge of the men, so that they might begin work before their enlistment expired. If the army can train its men as effectively as this, it ought to be a pretty good school.

If there are not forty-eight stars on the flag within a year or two it will not be for lack of effort on the part of Arizona and New Mexico. A convention of delegates from every part of New Mexico adopted resolutions the other day demanding the admission of the territory as a State. The governor of Arizona has reported that the statehood sentiment in that territory is stronger than ever before. Bills were introduced in the Senate on the first working-day of the session of Congress, providing for the creation of two new States out of the territories. As the effort to pass a joint statehood bill has been abandoned, it is now necessary for the two territories to convince Congress that they are worthy to be admitted to the family of States.

According to Terence V. Powderly, formerly grand master of the Knights of Labor and now connected with the government Bureau of Immigration, extensive railroad building in Italy, the approach of the presidential election and scare headlines in the newspapers, aside from the financial flurry, are the causes for the present exodus of aliens from the United States. "No alarm need be felt because of the ebb in the tide," he says. "There is more work to do in this country than there ever was before; there is a necessity for men and women to do it, and the first months of the next year will see a return of aliens, who will be able to find remunerative employment in this country."

The War Department has published a general order of the President requiring every field officer to make each year practice marches of three consecutive days of not less than thirty miles each. In his order the President says it is just as much the duty of army officers to pursue such habits as will maintain a physical condition fit for active service as to cultivate their minds for the intellectual duties of their profession.