AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

ora Danne," "The English Orphans." "Homestend on the Hillside," "Less Rivers,"
"Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Soushine," "County Mande," etc.

............

llar way, took up the theme, begging like

enticing looks, but that she might stay

girl to tittering, and would have wrung

With waywardness natural to people

still. But Joseph refused to let him.

sitting before the kitchen fire and evi-

"Maddy," the old man said, "come sit

close by me, where I can look into your

face, while we talk over what must be

With a half-shudder, Maddy drew a

stool to her grandfather's feet, and rest-

ing her head upon his knee, listened

while he talked to her of the future; told

forts me to look at you-to hear your

voice, to know that though I don't see

you every minute, you are somewhere,

and by and by you'll come in. I shan't

live long, and maybe Joseph won't. God's

mother. It'll be hard for you to stay,

harder than it was once; but, Maddy, oh,

Surely Heaven would answer the bless

With her grandfather's hand upon her

"I will, I will," she cried, while into

her heart there crept an intense longing

for the love of Him who alone could make

her task a light one. "If I were good

like grandma, I could bear everything,

she thought, and turning upon her pil

low. Maddy prayed an earnest, childlike

prayer, that God would help her do right,

cause of its loneliness, that pride and

love of her own case and advancement in

preference to others' good might all be

subdued; in short, that she might be God's

It was broad noon ere Maddy awoke,

and starting up she looked rhout her in

bewilderment, wondering where she was

and what agency had been at work in

her room, transforming it from the cold

comfortless apartment she had entered

the previous night into the cheery-looking

chamber, with a warm fire blazing in the

tiny fireplace, a rug spread down upon

he hearth, a rocking chair drawn up be-

fore it, and all traces of the little hired

girl as completely obliterated as if she

had never been. In her grief Maddy

seemed to have forgotten how to make

things cozy, and as, during her grand-

mother's illness, her own room had been

left to the care of the hired girl, Nettie,

t wore a neglected, rude aspect, which

had grated on Maddy's firer feelings, and

made everything so uninviting. But this

morning all was changed. Some skillful

hand had been busy there while she slept,

and Maddy was wondering who it could

be, when the door opened cautiously

and Flora's good-humored face looked in

-Flora from Aikenside. Maddy knew

ow to whom she was indebted for all

this comfort, and with a cry of joy she

welcomed the girl, whose very presence

brought back something of the life with

which she had parted forever.
"Flora," she exclaimed, "how came

you here? Did you make the fire and

"Yes, I made the fire," Flora replied

and fixed up the things a little, hustlin

cause it was not fittin' for you to be

sleepln' with her. Mr. Guy was mad enough when he found it out,"

of our sleeping arrangements?" Maddy

asked, but Flora evaded a direct reply,

saying, "there was enough ways for

things to get to Aikenside;" then contin

me at all, though to be sure I tried to

dress. It's all but noon, and you must

self," Maddy said, stepping out upon the

floor, and feeling that the world was not

ast night she came up to her chamber.

God was comforting her already, and as

she made her simple toilet, she tried to

thank Him for His goodness, and ask for

grace to make her what she ought to be.

came here," she said to Flora, who was

You have not yet told me why you

dark as it had seemed to her when

hungry. Your breakfast's all ready.

"Thank you, Flora, I can dress my

Maddy said, stepping out p nou

still as a mouse. But let me help you

"How tired you must be, Miss Maddy, to sleep so sound as never to hear

"Mr. Guy, Flora? How should be know

that young one's goods out of here; be

fix the room for me?"

cheerfully His will.

send, Maddy could almost feel that the

blessing was descending; but when, in

shrunk, should be blessed

Maddy! stay with me, stay with me!

stay with your old grandpa!"

mother's place."

God.

a very child that Maddy might be inclined

God would guide his darling in all she CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) Guy was a puzzle to himself. He would die, and give her wisdom to make the not admit that during the past year his proper decision; that if it were best she liking for Maddy Clyde had grown to be might be happy there with them, but if something stronger than mere friendship, not, "Oh, Father, Father!" he sobbed, nor yet that his feelings toward Lucy had "help me and Joseph to bear it." He undergone a change, prompting him not could pray no more aloud, and the gray to go to her when she was sick, and not bead remained bowed down upon his to be as sorry as he ought that the mar- chair, while Uncle Joseph, in his pecuriage was again deferred. Lucy had no suspicion of the change, and her childlike trust in him was the anchor which to stay-that no young men with curling held him still true to har in intentions hair, a diamond cross, the smell of musk, at least, if not in reality. He knew might be permitted to come near her with from her letters how much she had learn enticing looks, but that she might stay ed to like Maddy Clyde, and so, he argued, as she was and be an old maid forever! there was no harm in his liking her, too. This was the subject of Uncle Joseph's She was a splendid girl, and it seemed a prayer, a prayer which set the little hired pity that her lot should have been so a smile from Maddy herself had she not ably cast. This was usually the drift of his thoughts in connection with her; felt all the strange petition implied. and now, as he stood there in that cottage, Maddy's home, they recentred to him in his condition, Uncle Joseph that night with tenfold intensity, for well he fore- turned to Maddy for the little services saw that a struggle was before him if his sister had formerly rendered, and he rescued Maddy, as he meant to do, which, since her illness, Grandpa Markfrom her approaching fate. ham had done, and would willingly do

No such thoughts, however, intruded themselves on Maddy's mind. She did Maddy must until his cravat, unbutton not look away from the present, except his vest, and take off his shoes, while It were at the past, in which she feared after he was in bed, Maddy must sit by she had erred by leaving her grandmoth- his side, holding his hand until he fell er too much alone. But to her passionate away to sleep. And Maddy did it cheerappeals for forgiveness, if she ever had fully, soothing him into quiet, and keeping reglected the dying one, there same back back her own choking sorrow for the sake only loving looks and mute caresses, the of comforting him. Then, when this task aged hand smoothing lovingly the bowed was done she sought her grandfather, still head, or pressing fondly the girlish cheeks With the coming of daylight, however, dently waiting for her. there was a change; and Maddy, listening intently, heard what sounded like her pame. The tired tongue was loosed for a little, and in tones scarcely articulate, done. the disciple who for long years had served her Heavenly Father faithfully, bore testimony to the blessed truth that God's promises to those who love Him are not mere promises—that He will go with her all her grandmother had done; told through the river of death, disarm of his own helplessness; of the trial it ing the fainting soul of every fear, and was to care for Uncle Joseph, and then making the dying bed the very gate of in faltering tones asked who was going heaven. This tribute to the Savier was to look after them now. "We can't live her first thought, while the second was here sione, Maddy. We can't. We're a blessing for her darling, a charge to old and weak, and want someone to lean seek the narrow way now in life's early on. Oh, why didn't God take us with morning. Disjointed sentences they were, her, Joseph and me, and that would leave but Maddy understood them all, treasur- you free to go back to the school and the ing up every word even to the last, the life which I know is pleasanter than to the farthest apart and most pain- stay here with us. Oh, Maddy! it comfully uttered, "You-will-care-and-

She did not say whom, but Maddy knew whom she meant; and without then realizing the magnitude of the act, virtually accepted the burden from which Guy was promise is to them who honor father and so anxious to save her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Grandma Markham was dead, and the covered sleigh, which late in the afternoon plowed its way heavily back to last, winding her arms around her grand-Alkenside, carried only Mrs. Nonh, who, father's neck, she whispered: "I will not with her forehead tied up in knots, sat leave you, grandpa. I'll stay in grandback among the cushions, thinking not of the peaceful dead, gone forever to the rest which remains for the people of ings whispered over Maddy by the delight-God, but of the wayward Guy, who had ed old man, and the young girl taking resisted all her efforts to persuade him so cheerfully the burden from which many to return with her, instead of staying would have shrunk, should be blessed of where he was not needed, and where his presence was a restraint to all save one, and that one Maddy, for whose sake he

"She'd be vummed," the indignant old her own little room, the one where she lady said, "if she would not write to Lucy had lain sick for so many weary weeks, herself if Guy did not quit such doin's," her courage began to give way, and the and thus resolving she kept on her way, burden, magnified tenfold by her nervous while the subject of her wrath was, it weakness, looked heavier than she could may be, more than half repenting or sis cision to stay, inasmuch as he began to have an unpleasant consciousness of him self being in everybody's way.

In the first hour of Maddy's bereave ment he had not spoken to her, but had kent himself aloof from the room where. with her grandfather and Uncle Joseph, she sat, holding the poor aching head of the latter in her lap and trying to speak that He would take from her the proud spirit which rebelled against her lot bea word of consolation to the old, brokenhearted man, whose hand was grasped in hers. But Maddy knew he was there She could hear his voice each time he spoke to Mrs. Nonh, and that made the child, walking where He appointed her esolation easier to bear. She did not look forward to the time when he would to walk without a murmur, and doing be gone; and when at last he told her he was going, she started quickly, and with a gush of tears, exclaimed: "No, no! oh,

"Maddy," Guy whispered, bending over the strange trio, "would you rather I uld stay? Will it be pleasanter for you, if I do?"

"Yes-I don't know. I guess it would not be so lonely. Oh, it's terrible to have grandmother dead!" was Maddy's response; after which Guy would have stayed if a whole regiment of Mrs.

had confronted him instead of one. Maddy wished it; that was reason nough for him; and giving a few directions to John, he stayed, thereby disconcerting the neighboring women who came in to perform the last offices for the dead. and who wished the young man from Aikenside was anywhere but there, watching them all in their movements, as they vainly fancied he did. But Guy thought only of Maddy, watching her so carefully that more than one meaning glance was exchanged between the women, who, even over the inanimate form of the dead, spoke together of what might possibly ocndering what would be the effect Grandpa Markham and Uncle Joseph. Who would take care of them? And then, in case Maddy should feel it her duty to stay there, as they half hoped she would. they fell to pitying the young girl, who d now so wholly unfitted for the

To Maddy there came no definite idea the future during the two days that hite, rigid form lay in the darkened cottage; but when, at last, the deep grave made for Grandma Markham was pied, and the lounge in the little front om was empty-when the Aikenside arriage, which had been sent down for the use of the mourners, had been driven away, taking both Guy and Mrs. Noahwhen the neighbors, too, had gone, leav-ing only herself and the little hired girl itting by the evening fire, with the grandather and the imbecile Uncle Josephthen it was that she first began to feel the ire of the burden-began to ask her elf if she could live thus always, or at least for many years—as long as either of the two helpless men was spared. Maddy was young, and the world as she had seen it was very bright and fair, brighter far then a life of laborious toll, and for a while the idea that the latter alternative must be accepted made her dizzy and

As if divining her thoughts, poor of grandpa, in his prayers that night, ask-ed in trembling tones, which showed how the fair what he was saying, that busy making her bed, and who replied: story window onet!"

************************************* "It's Mr. Guy's work. He thought Pd better come, as you would need help to get things set to rights, so you could go back to school."

Maddy felt her heart coming up in her throat, but she answered calmly, "Mr. Guy is very kind-so are you all; but, Flora, I am not going back to school." "Not going back!" and Flora stopped her bed-making, while she stared blankly at Maddy. "What he you going to do?" 'Stay here and take care of grandpa,' Maddy said, bathing her face and neck in the cold water, which could not cool the feverish heat she felt spreading all

"Stay here! You are crazy, Miss Mad-'Tain't no place for a girl like you, and Mr. Guy never will suffer it, I know, Flora rejoined, as she resumed her work, thinking she "should die to be moped up

in that nutshell of a house," With a little sigh, as she foresaw the opposition she should probably meet with from Guy, Maddy went on with her tollet, which was soon completed, as it did not take long to arrange the dark calico dress and plain linen collar which she wore. She was not as fresh-looking as usual that morning, for excitement and fatigue had lent a paleness to her cheek and a languor to her whole appearance, but Flora, who glanced anxiously after her as she went out, muttered to herself, "She was never more beautiful, and I don't wonder an atom that Mr. Guy thinks so much of her."

The kitchen was in perfect order, for Flora had been busy there as elsewhere. The kettle was boiling on the stove, while two or three little covered dishes were ranged upon the hearth, as if waiting for someone. Grandpa Markham had gone out, but Uncle Joseph sat in his acustomed corner, rubbing his hands when he saw Maddy, and nodding mysterlously toward the front room, the door of which was open, so that Maddy could hear the rackling on the hearth.

Maddy entered the room known at the ottage as the parlor, the one where the rag carpet was, the six cane-seated chairs and the Boston rocker, and now the little round table was nicely laid for two, while coxily scated in the rocking chair, reading last night's paper and looking very handsome and happy, was Guy! (To be ontinued.)

SIMPLE DIAMOND TESTS.

Needle Hole in a Card One Means of Detecting Imitation Brilliants. "There are few persons," remarked a jeweler, "who are able to purchase

a diamond on the strength of their own knowledge and observation, and without placing implicit confidence in the man who sells the stone. It is a fact that even pawnbrokers have often been taken in by jewelry and precious stone fakers," says the New York Sun. "Although it takes many years of

actual observation and experience before one can become a diamond expert, there are a few simple tests which will considerably aid a buyer of diamonds. One test is to prick a needle hole through a card and look at the hole through the doubtful stone.

"If the latter is spurious two holes Maddy had a brave young heart, and at will be seen, but if it is a diamond only one hole will be visible. Every imitation stone which resembles a diamond gives a double reflection, while the diamond's refraction is single.

"This is a delicate test, because it is single refraction of the diamond also allows one to determine an uncertain

"If the finger is placed behind it and viewed through the stone with a watchmaker's glass, the grain of the skin will be plainly seen if the stone is not a diamond. But if it is a diamond the grain of the skin will not be distinguished at all.

"A diamond in solid settings may be identified in the same manner. If genulne, the setting at the back cannot be discerned, but if it is a phony stone the foll or setting will be seen.

"There is no acid which has any per ceptible effect upon a genuine diamond. Hydrofluric acid, if dropped on a stone made of glass, will corrode it, but will not affect a diamond one way or the other. A trained eye can see the hardness in a diamond, whereas the imitations appear soft to the vision of the experts."

As General Benjamin F. Butler en tered the lobby of the Boston State House one morning he saw two men whom he knew engaged in a heated argument. "One moment, General," said one of them to him; "can't you settle a dispute? We are arguing as to who

"That's easy. I am," said Butler, with perhaps more truth than mod-

leave It to you."

The two men were somewhat taken

aback. "Er-er-but, General, of course you know-but-but-how can we prove it?" the first speaker managed

to get out. "Prove it? Prove it?" growled Buber. "You don't have to prove it. I admit it."—Woman's Home Companion.

Smith-Excuse me, Jones, but may 1 ask how you manage to have such delicious things to eat?

Jones-It's quite simple. I always kiss the cook before dinner, and hold her on my knee after dinner. Smith-But what does your wife

sny? Jones-Oh, she doesn't object. She's the cook.-Brooklyn Life,

He Had Been Stung. Wedderly-The only way to cure yourself of an attack of love is to run

Singleton-Why didn't you do that when you were courting the girl you married?

Wedderly-I did-I ran away with

She was an heiress and he was poor

but otherwise honest, "How much do you love me, dear?" she asked, after the manner of her sex. "I love you," he replied in a tone replete with candor, "for all you are

"Wus you ever in love, Eddie?" "Naw, but I fell cut of er seco

THE FARMER.

Between the rising and the setting sun he stands, A silhouette against a background sky, He holds the pulse of ages in his hands, He times the heart-beats of eternity. He cradles with his grain the lives of men; The shiews and the museles and the thought Which guide the court, the camp, the mart, the pen, By blin are wrought.

Upon his plow he leans to turn the sod; He feels the rushing sensons by him pass. He rears a nation with that earthy clod, Upholds a cycle with that spear of grass. The morning stars sing out to him alone, The gold of noonday angeoles his head, Beneath his touch the barryoness of stone Becometh bread.

Thus, vestured by the twilight and the dawn, The heart of unture opens to his eyes, The winds of heaven in his path have strown The hidden seeds of hely mysteries. The spade his scepter and his throne the plow, He standeth there, too free for posturing. The royal drops of sweat upon his brow Prochim blue king. 4



pointed out.

"Yes."

and choose."

peculist."

pble about 17?"

Grace.

sufficient youth.

"A specialist?"

haps I am, But why?"

The scranger laughed.

Grace moved uneasily.

is fading?" she said.

the sanlight useful."

remember telling him."

dork garssea.

spected."

are not known."

indeed!"

the stable."

ed at the wires.

"Fullghten me, please."

stupid, or was he pretending?

is something wrong about them,"

considered himself a humorist.

"In the cellar, of course.

"Can you see in the dark?"

and a maid promptly appeared.

and around to the cellar door.

-a sort of sand blindness, you under-

Grace touched a button on the wait

"Have the outside cellar door open-

the steps. "I want you along as helper,

if you please. Besides, I might be

tempted to eat up the preserves. I've

been living, you know, where preserves

"Currents? Oh, I see, I didn't ex-

pect that of you-I didn't really. Is

that what you brought me down here

for? You evidently don't know that it

isn't safe to get into a joking mood

with electricity. That was an old tra-

Somehow she couldn't help smiling

He had such a boyish way about him.

"I am quite sure my presence isn't

necessary," she said with dignity. "If

you need help I will call the man from

"Oh, no." he protested. "I couldn'

think of troubling him. I'd much rather

have you here. There, will you please

bold my glasses?" He thrust them Into

her band. "I can see very well in this

dim light. Ah, here's the nest." He

was up on a chair looking at the wires.

Your father was right. This isn't a

good job. Here are a couple of 'em

in contact. Give 'em a little more time

and they would be ready for any mis-

chief. No wonder your father found

the service bad. Hold on a minute and

drew a knife from his pocket and work-

And then suddenly there was a sharp

crack, a flerce white flame and the

stranger dropped limply across

And yet he sadly needed snubbing.

"Not even currents?" she asked.

stand. But I'm much better, thank

"Where will you look first?"

Grace bit her lip. Was he really

"Pather sald you would look over

'Look over the wires? Why, yes, of

course I will. Anything to make my

self agreeable. Your father must have

edge on the subject-although I don't

you heard from your father?"

"Heard from my father?"

"You knew I was coming?"

soon as he reached the city."

him this afternoon."

The young man started a little.

Grace almost admired his egotism.

demand?" she said, and there was

"Just at present they seem to be,"

"I never thought of that before, Per-

there be specialists in your line?"

flavor of sarcasm in her tone.

"Aren't you a specialist?"

A boy was sitting on a low stone vall reading a paper covered book. He was a small boy with a big cap, and the big cap had a number on its front.

Presently a quick puff of wind came up the roadway, lifting a little cloud of dust and whirling the fallen leaves. It fluttered the leaves of the boy's fascirating romance, too, and then deftly lifted a yellow envelope from a little pile of other yellow envelopes on the wall beside the boy, and toppled it over the stone wall and into the garden on the other side, and then sped along.

When the boy finally roused himself nd thrust the romance into his pocket, e falled to notice the loss of the enrelope. If he remembered right there six messages to deliver, and now there were but five. Perhaps he had been ndstaken. He had been mistaken one several occasions. So he trudged along and the message sent by Shelburn Appar wis not delivered. It was intended for the editication of his daughter, Grace. But she remained in happy ignorance of its contents. This was the message:

"Am sending up Curtiss Thorne on the three-thirty. Meet him at station and make him welcome. There's nothing too good for Thorne. I can't leave here until six."

Grace would have understood this, She knew how Curtiss Thorne was the difficult to see even a sharp and de- famous young engineer whom the fined object through a diamond, The bridge company, of which her father was president, was so anxious to se cure. But at 3:30 o'clock the message was lying in the long grass behind the stone wall on the East hill.

The father of Grace had said nothing to her about the coming of this guest. She knew that the company was anxious to get his services, and that the directors meant to make him a handsome offer. Her father had spoken in high praise of his work, but the engineer was out of the city at the time and nobody second to know just when he would return, So that Curtiss Thorne was not at all in Grace

Apgar's mind. But at breakfast that morning her known that I had some little knowlfather had said something about his fear that the electrical wiring of the house was not in the best of order. There had been a disastrous fire in the neighborhood and the cause had been given as defective wiring.

"I'm going to have a man up here," lead the way?" he said as he passed her coffee cup, "to look the wiring over. I'm a little afraid of electricity myself. And a stitch in time may save a fight with the insurance companies."

"Can't you telephone for a workman, daddy?" Grace asked.

"No," her father answered. "I want something better than an ordinary you." is the greatest lawyer in Massachuworkman. I want an expert to look setts, and as we can't agree we will the thing over and tell me what needs to be done. The ordinary workman can do the rest."

> "What you want is a specialist, daday."

"That's it. A specialist on installs tion. I'll attend to it as soon as I reach the city. Perhaps I can get the man up here to-day."

"All right, daddy, I'll be on the look

out for him." Grace had this electric specialist is mind when she saw a man coming up the gravel walk late that afternoon. She went to the door to admit him He was a well built young man, not far from thirty. He were a neat atting gray suit and a light felt hat and carried a hand satchel. He was rather dark with dark hair, and he were a pair of dark glasses over his presum- dition at the School of Mines. Currents, ably dark eyes

"Home of Shelburn Apgar, I pre sume?" he said in a sharp, quick fash-

"Possibly you are one of his house held?"

"I am his daughter."

He drew off his gray hat. "Glad to meet you." He seemed to look at her with eithe admiration or surprise—the dark glasses quite effectually hiding his eyes.

"Come in." said Grace. He entered the hall and put down his satchel. "Your father prepared me for the fact that I was to meet you-at the

railway station, I think he said." "At the station?" exclaimed Grace. "It is quite a dusty walk," said the stranger. And then he added, "But I I'll have 'em where they belong." He den't mind the dust, and the scenery was pleasing. May I sit down?" Grace started. This was a very

friendly young man. Much too friendly she thought. "Sit down if you are tired," she said | chair and lay there very still.

Grace had shrunk back at the startling interruption. The glasses fell from her hand and tinkled on the floor. Then she sprang forward.

"Are you hurt?" she gasped and lifted his head.

He caught his breath. "The currents got me," he murmured faintly. "You shouldn't have made

that joke." "Rouse up," she said and shook him

gently. "Do it again," he murmured. "I like He raised himself and drew a quick breath. "I'm all right," he added in a stronger tone. "Except my eyes." He stood up, "Let me take your hand," he said. "I think I'd better walk around a little."

She looked in his face. His eyes were tightly closed. Then she took his hand and led him to the steps.

"Shall I call somebody?" she asked. "No, no. Not if you will stay with me. It was all my fault. I was careless and out of practice. I'll have to keep my eyes shut for a half hour or more. That flash has put them to the bad again."

"Here is the step,", she cautioned bim. "Be very careful." "Wait," he said. "You'd better bind

my eyes with a handkerchief. Here is She bandaged his eyes carefully, "I'm

so sorry this thing happened." she said as she tightened the knot. "Ouch!" he mutteerd. "I think you tied some of my hair into that knot." "I'm so sorry," she said, and loos-

ened it. "That's all right," he told her. "I like to have my hair fussed up. Don't

forget the glasses. "I dropped them." said Grace, "They Grace, a good deal against her will, are somewhere on the floor." seated herself, and the presumptive

"Not smashed?" young man took the chair she had "I-I think not." "You'd better think not. If you don't "Ah," he said, "that's better. Then find those glasses you will have to go

cut and buy a string with a dog at tached to it-to lead me around." "Please don't talk like that," sald the girl. "Let me help you up the "Father said be would secure you as steps." She put her hand under his

arm and assisted him to the outside walk and then up the front steps and "Did he? That's strange. He sidn't into the parlor. seem at all sure about it when I met Grace had the stranger sit in the big easy chair by the window. Then she turned on a single light. All her re-"I suppose your services are in great

sentment against him seemed to have "Can I do something for you?" she asked.

he said. "Enough so, at least, to make "Nothing," he replied. "Except give it a little embarrassing where to pick me your society.' "Of course, I'm not going to desert Really, this was a remarkably selfyou," she said. "Do your eyes pain

"I suppose that's the penalty of be "Not exactly," he repaid. "They are ing a specialist," said the sarcastic just aching a little because they can't see you."

> Grace drew back. "If you mean that for a compil ment," she said, "I don't like it."

"Don't you?" he retorted. "I'm sorry "This is an age of specialists," said It seems to me rather poetical. You Grace. "We find them everywhere, see I haven't really had a good look Specialists for every disease, specialists at you yet. Those black glasses cloud in science and in law-why shouldn't everything, and the cellar light was dim. As for the flash light, that passed too quickly. Of course, your father "Why not indeed? Heafter I'm a gave me no ideas regarding your persons appearance."

"My father! Why should he?" "Have you noticed that the daylight "Why, indeed? More especially when I was coming here and you were to "So it is. Is there anything remarkmeet me-at the station."

"There is some mistake about that." "No, caly ! fancled you would find

sald Grace quickly. "I began to think so myself when saw you were not there. But, never mind, let us talk of something else Did you ever sit alone in the dark, or with your eyes tightly shut, and make the electric wires. He is afraid there pictures?" "No."

"You've missed quite a pleasant or cupation. I'm making a picture of vor now. It is based on your voice-which is very pleasant, and on your manner -may I speak of your manner?"

"If it entertains you?" Grace stated at him. He evidently "Oh, it does. Well, your manner ! a little cold, and a little haughty, and a little discouraging for the stranger within the gates. Wait. I can see that you do not take newcomers at their She bes'tated with a glance at his own estimation. That you are careful and cautious. I can see, too, that one has to know you for a little while pe "Much better in the dark," he anfore one can hope to be admitted to

swered. "It's the light that affects me your good graces." The girl flushed warmly. "You seem to be a person of con siderable imagination for a-a specialist,' she said.

He softly laughed.

"You are too gentle," he said. "You ed, Mary. The wires are to be inknow that you think I am an impudent young ruffian. Yes, you do." Grace drew back coldly. Then she

The maid withdrew and then Grace suddenly smiled. Of course he couldn't led the stranger down the front steps see her. "Come," he said as he went down

"Are you sure there is nothing I can order for you? Perhaps you would like to have the maid bring you a cooling drink?"

"Hold on," he cried. "You must'nt go away. It's bad enough to be in the dark without being deserted. And your conscience should tell you that I got into this scrape at your suggestion." "At my suggestion?" cried Grace.

"Of course. Do you suppose I would zo into a strange cellar and meddle with a lot of tangled wires of my own accord?"

"Why, why?" stammered Grace. "Of course I'm not complaining," said the stranger. "It served me right, But it does seem as if the least you could do would be to avoid irritating me in my extremely helpless condition. I ask you to stay here and keep me company for a little while. There is only one thing else I want, and that's

my dinner." Grace could only stare at him. Sh fancled he must have been dazed by the shock.

"Perhaps you would like to have something noneishing brought to you now?" "No. I can walt until your father

omes." "My father!" "Yes, he's coming, isn't he?"

"Of course. He should be here in few minutes."

"Good. What time is it, please?" She looked at the clock. "Half past six."

"May I ask you to remove this handkerchief? I am sure I cannot solve the intricacies of the knot."

She hesitated a moment. Then she lowered the light a little and went to him. Her quick fingers unfastened the knot and drew the handkerchief from

his eyes. He slowly raised the lids and looked

Whereat Grace flushed and occay

back and tried to look provoked. And just at that moment there was the sound of an opening door and a

quick step in the hall. "Ah, here you are," said Shelburns Apper as he looked into the room, "And of course Grace has made it pleasant

for you? Dinner ready, dear?" "As soon as you are, father." "Give me a moment or two to freshen

He turned from the door and they

heard his step on the stair. Grace looked at the young man.

"There-there has been a mistake," she stammered. . "Yes."

"Who are you?" "My name is Thorne."

"Are you Curtiss Thorne, the famous engineer?"

"I am Curtiss Thorne." "I-I took you for some one else."

He laughed. "That explains several things," he said.

She looked at him appealingly. "Please don't tell father."

"Any bribes to offer?" "Bribes?"

He came a litle nearer. "I'm a very impulsive fellow," he said. "Your father wants me to enter the service of his company. I have been undecided about it. The offer from the company in New York seems equally attractive, But now I think I would like to stay here. If you will say that you want me to stay I'll promise to keep our little comedy of this afternoon

hear him coming." Grace flushed. Her father's step

a secret from your father. Quick, 1

grew louder. "I want you to stay," she softly murmured.

And then Shelburne Apgar entered the room.-W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plaindenler.

OPERAS OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

America Still Content with Old-Fashioned, Passionless Productions.

Because the city of New York possesses two great opera houses and because there are throughout the country a number of pretentions musical organizations whose concerts are largely attended, we are prone to believe our musical taste is up to date. As a matter of fact, in my humble opinion, this s very far from the truth, says Mary Garden in Everybody's. Of the great modern school of music the American oublic knows as yet scarcely anything, and it is to-day quite content and happy with the operas of its grandmoth-

America is still satisfied with "tone," as opposed to inferpretation. This is shown by the great popularity of Melba and Sembrich, perhaps the last, and certainly the greatest, exponents of the olorature school, which charmed the world until near the close of the nineteenth century. To-day we see the beginning of the great modern school, the music of which deals with and carries to the hearts of its audiences great human truths. This modern music aims not wholly at the senses, but also at the mind. It does not aim merely at providing a vehicle for the production of glorious tones. It goes deeper than tone. It strives for a musical interprelation of the impulses and motives of the human mind and heart and sont.

It represents not persons, but passions, In France it no longer suffices for a fine large woman to walk more or less stiffy through the scenes of a long opera, until, at a signal from the conductor, she suddenly steps forward. squares herself toward the audience and emits the few glorious tones of an aria. The top note may thrill and astonish an audience, may even gain the approval of the critics, but this is not art, it is mere vocal acrobatics, No thought is conveyed. No one pure tone, nor even a whole flock of pure tones, can of themselves make an opera. Were it not for the actor's art modern open could not endure.

On to Her Calling. Our Landlady-It's the stranges

thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday. Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph, will you have another piece of Mr. Rudolph (promptly)-No, thank

Our Landlady (an hour later)-That is three more pies saved. This season

will be a profitable one, indeed.-London Tit-Bits. A Frenk of Memory. "Why in the world are you carrying

two umbrellas?" somebody asked the forgetful man, and he looked amazed at the question. "I should think you'd guess that

easily, knowing me so well," he said. "I'm carrying two so that if I forget and leave one anywhere I shall still have the other!"-Youth's Companion.

Helping Him. "Jinx is dressing better than usual

lately."

"Yes, his wife has been helping him to reduce expenses." "His wife? Why, man, she was divorced from him a year ago!"

"I know it; but she has married again, so he doesn't have to pay any more alimony."-Houston Post.

All They Deserve. "Some people claim they don't get

nuthin' out o' life." "And they are the kind that don't put nuthin' into it to draw interest on." -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Worse and Worse. "Dearle, why are you so worried

about your husband?" "He goes out every night."

"Oh, cheer up! Mine starts out in the afternoon."-Cleveland Leader.

Art for art's sake would be all right if food wasn't necessary for the stomach's sake.

at her. "How very pretty you are," he slowly