

AIKENSIDE

BY
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Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homesick on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Conquest and Sunshine," "Louisa Maudie," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thirteen years! Had they changed her past recognition? She hoped, she believed so, and yet, never in her life had Agnes Remington's heart beaten with so much terror and apprehension as when she entered the reception room where Guy sat talking with the infirm old man she remembered so well. His snowy hair was parted just the same as ever, but the mild blue eye was dimmer, and it rested on her with no suspicious glance, as, partially reassured, she gazed across the threshold, and bowed civilly when Guy presented her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, he used to years ago," grandpa replied; and, bending down, Agnes began to pick and arrange into a most tasteful

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

Three days after this, a party of four left Aikenside, which presented a most forlorn and cheerless appearance to the passers-by, who were glad almost as the servants when, at the expiration of a week, Guy came back and took up his old life of solitude and loneliness, with nothing in particular to interest him, except his books and the letters he wrote to Lucy; unless, indeed, it were those who was going to write to Maddy, who, with Jessie, had promised to become his correspondent. Nothing but these and the picture—the doctor's picture—the one designed expressly for him, and which troubled him greatly. Believing that he had fully intended it for the doctor, Guy felt as if it were, in a measure, stolen property, and this made him prize it all the more.

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

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

very afternoon to tell her so. Safe old enough. She was sixteen last October, the—the—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then I am satisfied," the doctor rejoined "and as you have rather assumed the position of her guardian or brother, I ask your permission to offer her the love which, whether she accepts it or not, is hers."

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

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

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

"Yes, yes. I'll manage it. I'll fix it right. Don't forget, da yafter to-morrow night. The Cutlers will be there, and, by the way, Marcia has got to be a splendid girl. She fancied you once, you know. Old Cutler is worth half a million." And Guy tore himself away from the doctor, who, now that the ice was broken, would like to have talked of Maddy forever.

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

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

Maddy was getting to be a woman, with womanly freaks, as the reader will readily see. At Guy she was not particularly piqued. She did not take his attentions as a matter of course; still she thought more of him, if possible, than of the doctor, during those five days, saying to herself each morning: "He'll surely come to-day," and to herself each night: "He will be here to-morrow." She had something to show him at last—a letter from Lucy Atherstone, who had gradually come to be her regular correspondent, and whom Maddy had learned to love with all the intensity of her girlhood. To her ardent imagination Lucy Atherstone was but a little lower than the angels, and the pure, sweet thoughts contained in every letter were doing almost as much towards molding her character as Grandpa Markham's prayers and constant teachings. Maddy did not know it, but it was these letters from Lucy which kept her from loving Guy Remington. She could not for a moment associate him with herself when she so constantly thought of him as the husband of another, and that other Lucy Atherstone. Not for worlds would Maddy have wronged the gentle creature who wrote to her so confidently of Guy, envying her in that she could so often see his face and hear his voice, while his betrothed was separated from him by many thousand miles. Little by little it had come out that Lucy's mother was averse to the match, that she had in her mind the case of an English lord, who would make her daughter "My Lady"; and this was the secret of her deferring so long her daughter's marriage. In her last letter to Maddy, however, Lucy had written with more than her usual spirit that she would come in possession of her property on her twenty-fifth birthday. She should then feel at liberty to act for herself, and she launched out into joyful anticipations of the time when she should come to Aikenside and meet her dear Maddy Clyde.

Guy began to talk with Maddy, asking how she had spent her time, and so forth. This reminded Maddy of the doctor, who, she said, had not been to see her at all. "He was coming this morning," Guy rejoined, "but I persuaded him to defer his call until you were at Aikenside. I have come to take you back with me, as we are to have a party day after to-morrow evening, and I wish you to be present."

(To be continued.)

A woman needs an hour's more sleep than a man.

A Conservative Speech.

There were some doubts in the community as to Homer Floyd's fitness for a position on the school board, owing to certain lapses in his early education; but his first speech in his official capacity silenced the tongues of all critics.

He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he rose to address the school, "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board, and some are not," he said, with a genial smile. "It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of District Number Three."

"As to whether your answers were or were not correct, it is not my place to say. Your teacher knows, and in her hands I leave the matter."

Radium in the Simplon Tunnel.

Prof. Joly, who made a geological examination of the stones and the debris collected during the construction of the Simplon tunnel, reports that he has found rich traces of radium, indicating larger deposits than have yet been discovered elsewhere in Europe. He believes that the existence of so much radium caused the abnormal heat developed in the construction of the tunnel. He is continuing his researches. Although scientists believe that radium, discovered by Mme. Curie in 1902, is widely distributed over the world in minute quantities, the present principal source is the pitchblende of Joachimsthal, North Bavaria, where a few grains of radium appear in a ton of pitchblende. A pound of radium, if it could be bought, would cost about \$900,000.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not So Vital.

Domestic—The idea of your thinkin' I was listenin' to what you an' Mr. Ferguson said when you an' him was wranglin'! I didn't hear the first word of your talk! Mistress—I wouldn't have minded that so much, Verena. But didn't you hear the last words of it?

Large Contract.

"What are you going to do now, colonel?" inquired the intimate friend. "I expect to spend the remainder of my days," said the retired statesman, "living down the lies that have been published about me in fourteen political campaigns."

The thumb has more strength than all the other fingers together.

Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Gushleigh—He's your next husband, is he? Allow me to offer my— Mrs. Muechling—O, you misunderstood me. I said "ex-husband." Mrs. Gushleigh—Indeed? Well, I congratulate you on that.

A dainty book in colors, called the "Jingle Book," will be sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby, and the tops from two one-pound cartons of "20-Mule-Team" Borax and 5c in stamps. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

Little Ambiguous.

Very commendable is the zeal displayed in recent years in the effort to put an end to the obnoxious habit of expectorating in places frequented by the public. Still, the offense would probably be classed under the head of "venial"—and it might be well to adjust the punishment to the crime.

After crossing on one of the ferry lines that convey passengers over the North River to New Jersey points, and carefully considering the possible logical connection between the two parts of the "Notice to Passengers" hanging in a conspicuous place, one wonders if perhaps the reforming zeal of the ferry company may not have carried it too far.

The signs read: "Spitting on the floor is prohibited. Life preservers are provided for all passengers."

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 30 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost bald for years."—Mrs. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

A railroad in Nigeria, Africa, will be constructed by the British colonial government to develop the resources of the country, and in particular to stimulate the cotton growing industry. The road will be about 400 miles long.

PLENTY GOOD WATER

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND THE KIDNEYS.

Gives Readers Advice; Also, a Simple Prescription to Make a Home-Made Mixture Said to Give Prompt Relief.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, also drink plenty of water. You can't drink too much of it.

Just try this simple home-made mixture, and don't forget the water, at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost. Almost any druggist in the smaller towns can supply the ingredients named as they are commonly used in the prescription department.

A Criticism.

"Mrs. Chatterton is a perfect talking machine."

"As a piece of machinery, though, she lacks one detail."

"What is that?"

"The exhaust."—Baltimore American.

Only One "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Evidently a Mistake.

"That watch," said the jeweler, handing it back, "is one of the kind that's made to sell."

"Durn it!" exploded Uncle Josh, who had bought the timepiece at a State street auction establishment. "I've showed that there watch to 'leven different jewelers. They all tell me it was made to sell an' yit I can't git a blamed cent fur it no-where!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Execution.

Dissatisfied Artist—I don't like the way you have hung my painting.

Member of Committee—Neither do I, but I was outvoted. My judgment was that it ought to be hanged.



"OUCH" OH, MY BACK

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY THE PAIN AND STIFFNESS GO WHEN YOU USE

ST. JACOBS OIL

THIS WELL-TRIED, OLD-TIME REMEDY FILLS THE BILL

25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS.—50c.

CONQUERS PAIN