

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphan," "Homeside on the Hillside," "Less Rivers," "Hawthorn," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Coastal Maude," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

A party, a big party, such as Maddy had never in her life attended! How her eyes sparkled from mere anticipation as she looked appealingly to her grandfather, who, though classing parties with the pomps and vanities from which he would shield his child, still remembered that he once was young, that fifty years ago he, too, like Maddy, wanted "to see the folly of it," and not take the mere word of older people that in every festive scene there was a pitfall, strewn over so thickly with roses that it was oftentimes hard to tell just where its boundary line commenced. Besides that, grandpa had faith in Guy, and so his consent was granted, and Maddy was soon on her way to Aikenside, which presented a gay, busier appearance than she had ever known before. Jessie was wild with delight, dragging forth at once the pink dress which she was to wear, and whispering to Maddy that Guy had bought a dark blue silk for her, and that Sarah Jones was at that moment fashioning it after a dress left there by Maddy the previous summer.

"Mother said plain white muslin was more appropriate for a young girl, but Brother Guy said no; the blue silk would be useful after the party; it was what you needed, and so he bought it and paid a dollar and three-quarters a yard, but it's a secret until you are called to try it on. Isn't Guy splendid?"

He was indeed splendid, Maddy thought, wondering why he was so kind to her, and if it would be so when Lucy came. The dress fitted admirably. When Maddy was dressing for the party, there was sent up to her room a small round box, scarcely large enough to hold an apple, much less a small scarf. The present proved to be a pair of plain, but heavy bracelets, and a most exquisitely wrought chain of gold, to which was appended a beautiful pearl cross, the whole accompanied with the words, "From Guy."

Jessie was in ecstasies. Clapping the ornaments on Maddy's neck and arms, she danced around her, declaring there never was anything more beautiful or anybody as pretty as Maddy was in her rich party dress. Maddy was fond of jewelry—as what young girl is not?—and felt a flush of gratified pride, or vanity, or satisfaction, whichever one chooses to call it, as she glanced at herself in the mirror and remembered the time when, riding with the doctor, she had met Mrs. Agnes, with golden bracelets flashing on her arms, and wished she might one day wear something like them. The day had come sooner than she then anticipated, but Maddy was not as happy in possession of the coveted ornaments as she had thought she should be. Somehow, it seemed to her that Guy ought not to have given them to her, that it was improper for her to keep them, and that both Mrs. Noah and Agnes thought so, too. She wished she knew exactly what was right, and then, remembering that Guy had said the doctor was expected early, she decided to ask his opinion on the subject and abide by it.

At first Agnes had cared but little about the party, affecting to despise the people in their immediate neighborhood; but when Guy gave her permission to invite from the adjoining towns, and even from Worcester if she liked, her spirits rose; and when her toilet was completed, she shone resplendent in lace and diamonds and curls, managing to retain through all a certain simplicity of dress appropriate to the hostess. But beautiful as Agnes was, she felt in her jealous heart that there was about Maddy Clyde an attraction she did not possess. Guy saw it, too, and while complimenting his pretty mother-in-law, kept his eyes fixed admiringly on Maddy, who started him into certain unpleasant remembrances by asking if the doctor had come yet.

"No—yes—there he was now," and Guy looked into the hall, where the doctor's voice was heard inquiring for him.

"I want to see him a minute, alone, please. There's something I want to ask him." And, unmindful of Agnes' darkening frown, or Guy's look of wonder, Maddy darted from the room, and ran hastily down the hall to where the doctor stood, waiting for Guy, not for her.

He had not expected to meet her thus, or to see her thus, and the sight of her, grown so tall, so womanly, so stylish, and so beautiful, almost took his breath away. And yet, as he stood with her soft hand in his, and surveyed her from head to foot, he felt that he would rather have her as she was when a dainty frill shaded her pale, wasted face, when the snowy ruffe was fastened high about her throat, and the cotton bands were buttoned about her wrists, where gold ones now were shining. The doctor had never forgotten Maddy as she was then, the very embodiment, he thought, of helpless purity. The little sick girl, so dear to him then, was growing away from him now; and these adornments which marked the budding woman, seemed to remove her from him and place her nearer to Guy, whose bride should wear jewels, just as Maddy did.

She was very glad to see him, she said, asking in the same breath why he had not been to the cottage, if she had not grown tall, and if he thought her improved with living in a city.

"One question at a time, if you please," he said, drawing her a little more into the shadow of the hall, where they would be less observed by anyone passing through.

Maddy did not wait for him to answer, so eager was she to unburden her

mind and know if she ought to keep the costly presents, at which she knew he was looking.

"If he remembers his unpaid bill, he must consider me mighty mean," she thought; and then, with her usual frankness, she told him of the perplexity and asked his opinion.

"It would displease Mr. Guy very much if I were to give them back," she said; "but it hardly is right for me to accept them, is it?"

The doctor did not say she ought not to wear the ornaments, though he longed to tear them from her arms and neck and throw them anywhere, he cared not where, so they freed her wholly from Guy.

They were very becoming, he said. She would not look as well without them; so she had better wear them to-night, and to-morrow, if she would see him, he would talk with her further.

It was a brilliant scene which Aikenside presented that night, and amid it all Agnes bore herself like a queen; while Jessie, with her sunny face and golden hair, came in for a full share of attention.

But amid the gay throng there was none so fair or so beautiful as Maddy, who departed herself with as much ease and grace as if she had all her lifelong been accustomed to just such occasions as this. At a distance the doctor watched her, telling several who she was, and once remarking by both look and manner a remark made by Maria Cutler to the effect that she was nobody but Mrs. Remington's governess, a poor girl whom Guy had taken a fancy to educate out of charity.

Breakfast over the next morning, the two young men repaired to the library. The doctor fidgeted for a time, and then broke out abruptly:

"I say, Guy, have you said anything to her about—well, about me, you know?"

"Why, no, I've hardly had a chance; and then, again, I concluded it better for each one to speak for himself," and Guy leaned back in his chair.

"Guy, if you were not engaged, I should be tempted to think you wanted Maddy Clyde yourself," the doctor suddenly exclaimed, confronting Guy, who answered with the most provoking coolness, "You should?"

"Yes, I should; and I am not certain but you do, as it is, Guy," and the doctor grew very earnest in his manner, "if you do care for Maddy Clyde, and she for you, pray tell me so before I make a fool of myself."

"Doctor," returned Guy, folding his hands on his head, "you desire that I be frank, and I will. I like Maddy Clyde very much—more, indeed, than any girl I ever met—except Lucy. Had I never seen her—Lucy, I mean—I cannot tell how I should feel toward Maddy. The chances are, however, that much as I admire her, I should not make her my wife, even if she were willing. But I have seen Lucy. I am engaged to be married. I shall keep that engagement, and if you have feared me at all as a rival, you may fear me no longer. I do not stand between you and Maddy Clyde."

Guy believed that he was saying the truth, notwithstanding that his heart beat faster than its wont, and his voice was a little thick. It was doubtful whether he would marry Maddy Clyde, if he could. By nature and education he was very proud, and the inmates of the red cottage would have been an obstacle to be surmounted by his pride.

"I hear her now—I'll call her," he said; and, on opening the door, he spoke to Maddy, just passing through the hall. "Dr. Holbrook wishes to see you," he said, as Maddy came up to him; and holding the door for her to enter, he saw her take the seat he had just vacated. Then closing it upon them, he walked away, thinking that last night's party, or something, had produced a bad effect on him, making him blue and wretched, just as he should suppose a criminal would feel when about to be executed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Now that they were alone, the doctor's courage forsook him and he could only stammer out some commonplace remarks about the party, asking how Maddy had enjoyed it. He was not getting on at all, and it was impossible for him to say anything as he had meant to say it. Why couldn't she help him, instead of looking so unsuspiciously at him with those large, bright eyes?

At last she came to his aid by saying, "You promised to tell me about the bracelets and necklace, whether I ought to keep them."

"Yes, oh, yes, he believed he did." And getting up from his chair, the doctor began to walk the floor, the better to hide his confusion. "Yes, the bracelets. You looked very pretty in them, Maddy, very; but you are always pretty—ahem—yes. If you were engaged to Guy I should say it was proper; but if not, why, I don't know; the fact is, Maddy, I am not quite certain what I am saying, so you must excuse me. I almost hated you that day you sent the note, telling me that you were coming to be examined; but I had not seen you then. I did not know how, after a while—a very little while—I should in all probability—well, I did; I changed my mind, and I—I guess you have not the slightest idea what I mean." And stopping suddenly, he confronted the astonished Maddy, who replied:

"Not unless you are going crazy." She could not in any other way account for

his strange conduct, and she sat staring at him while he continued: "I told you once that when I wanted my bill I'd let you know. I'd ask for pay. I want it now. I present my bill."

With a scared, miserable feeling, Maddy listened to him, wondering where she should get the money, if it were possible for her grandfather to raise it, and how much her entire wardrobe would bring, suppose she should sell it. With a half-stifled sob she began to speak, but he silenced her by a gesture, and sitting down beside her, said, in a voice more natural than the one with which he had at first addressed her:

"Maddy, I know you have no money. It is not that I want, Maddy; I want—I want—you."

He bent down over her now, for her face was hidden in her hands, all sense of sight shut out, all sense of hearing, too, save the words he was pouring into her ear—words which burned their way into her heart, making it throb for a single moment with gratified pride, and then growing heavy as lead as she knew how impossible it was for her to pay the debt as he desired.

"I can't, doctor; oh, I can't!" she sobbed. "I never dreamed of this; never supposed you could want me for your wife. I'm only a little girl—only sixteen last October—but I'm so sorry for you, who have been so kind. If I only could love you as you deserve! I do love you, too; but not the way you mean. I cannot be Maddy Holbrook; no, doctor, I cannot."

She was sobbing piteously, and in his concern for her the doctor forgot somewhat the stunning blow he had received.

"Don't, Maddy, darling!" he said, drawing her trembling form closely to him. "Don't be so distressed. I did not much think you'd tell me yes, and I was a fool to ask you. I am too old; but, Maddy, Guy is as old as I am."

The doctor did not know why he said this, unless in the first keenness of his disappointment there was a satisfaction in telling her that the objection to his age would apply also to Guy. But it did not affect Maddy one whit, or give her the slightest inkling of his meaning. He saw it did not, and the pain was less hard to bear. Still, he would know certainly if he had a rival, and so he said: "Do you love someone else, Maddy? Is another preferred before me, and is that the reason why you cannot love me?"

"No," Maddy answered, through her tears. "There is no one else. Whom should I love, unless it were you? I know nobody but Guy."

That name touched a sore, aching chord in the doctor's heart, but he gave no sign of the jealousy which had troubled him, and for a moment there was silence in the room; then, as the doctor began faintly to realize that Maddy had refused him, there awoke within him a more intense desire to win her than he had ever felt before. He would not give her up without another effort, and laying her unresisting head upon his bosom, he pleaded again for her love, going over all the past, and telling of the interest awakened when first she came to him that April afternoon, almost two years ago. There was a great lump in Maddy's throat as she tried to speak, but it cleared away, and she said very sadly, but very earnestly:

"Dr. Holbrook, would you like me to say yes with my lips, when all the time there was something at my heart tugging to answer no?"

This was not at all what Maddy meant to say, but the words were born of her extreme truthfulness, and the doctor thus learned the nature of the struggle which he saw plainly was going on.

"No, Maddy, I would not have you say yes unless your heart was in it," he answered, while he tried to smile upon the tearful face looking up so sorrowfully at him.

But the smile was a forlorn one, and there came instead a tear as he thought how dear was the fair creature who never would be his. Maddy saw the tear, and as if she were a child, wiped it from his cheek; then, in tones which never faltered, she told him it might be in time she'd learn to love him. She would try so hard, she'd think of him always as her promised husband, and by that means should learn at last not to shrink from taking him for such. It might be ever so long, and perhaps she should be twenty or more, but some time in the future she should feel differently. Was he satisfied, and would he wait?

Her little hand was resting on his shoulder, but he did not mind its soft pressure or know that it was there, so strong was the temptation to accept that half-made promise. But the doctor was too noble, too unselfish to bind Maddy to himself unless she were wholly willing, and he said to her that if she did not love him now she probably never would. She could not make a love. She need not try, as it would only result in her own unhappiness. They would be friends just as they always had been, and none need know of what had passed between them, none but Guy. "I must tell him," the doctor said, "because he knows that I was going to ask you."

(To be continued.)

## New Dam to Cost \$4,000,000.

The Standley dam, named after a Denver banker, who projected the enterprise, to be located nine miles above Denver which will confine the flow of five years, is one of the great projects of the age.

It will be a mile and a quarter long, 150 feet high and will impound 10,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. For its construction 5,000,000 cubic feet of material will be used. It will cost \$4,000,000 and will be completed in 1910.

The Standley will not be as long as the Assouan in Egypt, nor as high as some, but it will irrigate more land than any other—100,000 acres.



As usual, the innocent bystander is one of the worst parts of a bank run.—New York Mail.

The diabolical craze may not last long. There was a ping-pong spasm once.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Now, then, get down to business and pick out your candidate for President.—Philadelphia Press.

The average man whose wife is a good cook doesn't care how freakish her hats look.—Washington Post.

The Westinghouse concerns might have used some of their own airplanes to advantage.—Philadelphia Press.

The cost of funerals has gone up. Another increase in the "cost of living"—for the survivors.—New York World.

We are making financial history, but the prophets are not agreed as to the final chapter.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It looks as if that reduction in the wholesale price of meat would be a long time getting to the consumer.—Philadelphia Press.

If Saturn is getting tired of its rings, perhaps King Edward might utilize one to set his \$750,000 diamond in.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

More elasticity of the currency and less elasticity of the financial conscience are desiderata of equal importance.—New York Sun.

An Indiana woman went to jail rather than pay a fine of 1 cent. That sounds like economy carried to excess.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In New Jersey seven physicians have been elected Mayors. Those cities must have been sick of the way things were going.—Philadelphia Press.

A panic may be "a blessing in disguise," but most of us would prefer to have our blessings put on a more cheerful front.—Washington Post.

Ocean freight rates are to be increased at an early date, but it is hoped that all that foreign gold will get in first.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The great drawback about a peanut diet is that after you get used to it you won't enjoy peanuts at the circus and ball games.—Washington Post.

The great majority of American citizens only know that there are new \$10 coins in circulation because they read 't in the papers.—Washington Post.

Regardless of panics and politics, the chorus girl continues her conquering march through princes, belted earls and mere millionaires.—New York Mail.

The Kaiser is said to have left \$10,000 in tips at Windsor Castle. What a welcome visitor he would be here at the present moment!—New York Sun.

Jerome K. Jerome says he is back in this country for some new jokes. He is likely to soon find out that the cost of living here is not one.—Washington Post.

Now if the motto on dimes were the subject under discussion, it would be something that all of us could talk about more intelligently.—New York Mail.

It seems that the per capita circulation in 1893 was \$23.23, while now it is \$33.23. We hope none of the hoarders is alarmed over that 23.—New York Tribune.

Brokers' wives, owing to the tightness of things monetary, have resolved to play bridge only sixteen hours a day instead of twenty, as heretofore.—New York Mail.

There is nothing whatever in business or financial conditions in this country to cause uneasiness to any man who is engaged in an honest business.—Washington Post.

There will be a further drop in the prices of provisions and meats," says an Armour manager. "Further?" Has anyone noticed the previous drop?—New York World.

At the Weather Bureau these days they are enjoying a delightful new game, known as "Earthquake, earthquake, who's got the earthquake?"—Washington Herald.

A seat on the New York Stock Exchange has dropped to the insignificant sum of \$53,000. Doubtless, standing room is down as low as \$38,326.17.—Washington Herald.

Japan is buying great quantities of American-made steel rails. Let her alone! A rattling good railroad problem will give her all the war she wants at home.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Pennsylvania judge announces that applicants for divorce must prepay costs. Why not be forehanded and insert a divorce codicil in the marriage certificate?—Philadelphia Press.

That Massachusetts case, in which a man got a divorce from his wife because she went through his pockets every night, was probably raised before the money stringency came on.—Philadelphia Press.

# Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

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All vegetable and gently laxative.

Lightning clouds are always near the ground. They are seldom at a greater height than 2,000 feet.

Prince Louis Napoleon is a general in the Russian army. This is not a reminder of Moscow, 1812.

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SAID TO BE INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness Though Harmless and Pleasant to Take.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well known authority, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

In France for the privilege of wearing men's trousers the government charges women a tax of about \$10.

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One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

