

# AIKENSIDE

BY  
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Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Homesick on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Lampost and Sunshine," "Cousin Maudie," etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

How chatty and social he was, trying to cheer Maddy up and make her forget that such a thing as death had so lately found entrance there; talking of Jessie, of Aikenside, of the pleasant little time they would have during the vacation, and of the next term at school, when Maddy, as one of the graduating class, would not be kept in as strictly as heretofore, but allowed to see more of the city. Maddy felt as if she should die for the pain tugging at her heart, while she listened to him and knew that the pictures he was drawing were not for her. Her place was there; and after the breakfast was over and Flora had cleared the dishes away, she shut the door, so that they might be alone, and then standing before Guy, she told him of her resolution, begging of him to help her and not make it harder to bear by devising means for her to escape what she felt to be an imperative duty. Guy had expected something like this and was prepared, as he thought, to combat all her arguments; so when she had finished, he replied that of course he did not wish to interfere with her duty, but there might be a question as to what really was her duty, and it seemed to him he was better able to judge of that than herself. It was not right for her to bury herself there while her education was unfinished, when another could do as well. Her superior talents were given to her to improve, and how could she improve them in Hone-dale; besides her grandfather did not expect her to stay. Guy had talked with him while she was asleep, and the matter was all arranged; a competent woman was to be hired to take charge of the domestic arrangements, and if it seemed desirable, two should be procured; anything to leave Maddy free.

"And grandpa consented to this willingly?" Maddy said, feeling a throb of pleasure at thoughts of release. But Guy could not answer that the grandfather consented willingly.

"He thinks it best. When he comes back you can ask him yourself," he said.

At this point Grandpa Markham came in, and to him Guy appealed at once to know if he were not willing for Maddy to return to school.

"I said she might if she thought best," was the reply, spoken so sadly that Maddy's arms were at once twined around the old man's neck, while she said to him:

"Tell me honestly which you prefer. I'd like so much to go to school, but I am not sure I should be happy there, knowing how lonely you were here at home. Say, grandpa, which would you rather now, honor bright?" and Maddy tried to speak playfully, though her heart-beats were almost audible as she waited for the answer.

Grandpa could not deceive. He wanted his darling sorely, and he wanted her to be happy, he said. Perhaps they would get on just as well without her. When Mr. Guy was talking it looked as if they might, he made it all so plain, but the sight of Maddy was a comfort. She was all he had left. Maybe he shouldn't live long to pester her, and if he didn't wouldn't she always feel better for having stayed with her grandpa?"

He looked very pale and thin, and his hair was white as snow. He could not live many years, and turning resolutely from Guy, who, so long as he held her eyes, controlled her, Maddy said:

"I've chosen once for all. I'll stay with grandpa till he dies," and with a convulsive sob she clung tightly to his neck, as if fearful that without such hold her resolution would give way.

It was in vain that Guy strove to change Maddy's resolution. She was wholly decided, and late in the afternoon he rode back to Aikenside, a disappointed man, with, however, the feeling that Maddy had done right, and that he respected her all the more for withstanding the temptation.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Those were dark, wearisome days to Maddy, and when the long, cold winter was gone from the New England hills, and the early buds of spring were coming up by the cottage door, the neighbors began to talk of the change which had come over the young girl, once so full of life and health, but now so languid and pale. Still Maddy was not unhappy, nor was the discipline too severe, for by it she learned at last the great object of life; learned to take her troubles and cares to one who helped her bear them so cheerfully that those who pitied her most never dreamed how heavy was her burden, so patiently and sweetly she bore it. Occasionally there came to her letters from the doctor, but latterly they gave her less pleasure than pain, for as sure as she read one of his kind, friendly messages of sympathy and remembrance, the Tempter whispered to her that though she did not love him as she ought to love her husband, yet a life with him was far preferable to the life she was living, and the receipt of one of his letters always gave her a pang which lasted until Guy came down to see her, when it usually disappeared. Agnes was now at Aikenside, and thus Maddy frequently had Jessie at the cottage, but Agnes never came, and Maddy little guessed how often the proud woman cried herself to sleep after listening to Jessie's recital of all Maddy had to do for the crazy man, and how patiently she did it. He had taken a fancy that Maddy must tell him stories

of Sarah, describing her as she was now, not as she used to be when he knew her, but now. "What is she now? How does she look? What does she wear? Tell me, tell me!" he would plead, until Maddy, forced to tell him something, and having distinctly in her mind but one fashionable woman such as she fancied Sarah might be, told him of Agnes Remington, and Uncle Joseph, listening with parted lips and hushed breath, would whisper softly, "Yes, that's Sarah, beautiful Sarah; but tell me—does she ever think of me, or of that time in the orchard when I wove the apple blossoms in her hair, where the diamonds are now? She loved me then; she told me so. Does she know how sick, and sorry, and foolish I am?—how the aching in my poor, simple brain is all for her, and how you, Maddy, are doing for me what it is her place to do? Had I a voice," and the crazy man now grew excited, as, raising himself in bed, he gesticulated wildly, "had I a voice to reach her, I'd cry shame on her, to let you do her work, let you wear out your young life and fresh, bright beauty all away for me, whom she ruined."

The voice he craved, or the echo of it, did reach her, for Jessie had been present, when the fancy first seized him to hear of Sarah, and in the shadowy twilight she told her mother all, dwelling most upon the touching sadness of his face when he said, "Does she know how sick and sorry I am?"

The pillow which Agnes pressed that night was wet with tears, while in her heart was planted a germ of gratitude and respect for the young girl doing her work for her. All that she could do for Maddy without going directly to her, she did, devising many articles of comfort, sending her fruit and flowers, the last new book, or whatever else she thought might please her, and always finding a willing messenger in Guy. He was miserable, and managed when at home to make others so around him. The sight of Maddy bearing her burden so uncomplainingly almost maddened him. Had she fretted or complained, he could bear it better, he said, but he did not see the necessity for her to lose all her spirit or interest in everything and everybody. He smothered his impatience, and determining to help her all he could, rode down to Hone-dale every day, instead of twice a week, as he had done before.

Attentions so marked could not fail to be commented upon; and while poor, unsuspecting Maddy was deriving so much comfort from his daily visits, deeming that day very long which did not bring him to her, the Hone-dale gossips, of whom there were many, were busy with her affairs, talking them over at their numerous tea-drinkings, discussing them in the streets, and finally at a quilting, where they met in solemn conclave, deciding that, "for a girl like Maddy Clyde it did not look so well to have so much to do with that young Remington, who, everybody knew, was engaged to somebody in England."

The wife of Farmer Green, Maddy's warmest friend in Hone-dale, did her best to defend her against the attacks of those whose remarks she well knew were caused more by envy than any personal dislike to Maddy, who used to be so much of a pet until her superior advantages separated her in a measure from them. Good Mrs. Green was sorely tried. Without in the least blaming Maddy, she, too, had been troubled at the frequency of Guy's visits to the cottage. Accordingly, next day she started for the cottage, which Guy had just left, and this, in her opinion, accounted for the bright color in Maddy's cheeks and the sparkle in her eye. Guy had been there, bringing and leaving a world of sunshine, but, alas! his chances for coming ever again as he had done were fearfully small, when, at the close of Mrs. Green's well-meant visit, Maddy lay on her bed, her white, frightened face buried in the pillows, and herself half wishing she had died before the last hour had come, with the terrible awakening it had brought; awakening to the fact that of all living beings, Guy Remington was the one she loved the best—the one without whose presence it seemed to her she could not live, but without which she now knew she must.

What was life worth without Guy, and why had she been thrown so much in his way; why permitted to love him as she knew she did, if she must lose him now? Maddy could not cry; there was a tightness about her eyes, and a keen, cutting pain about her heart as she tried to pray for strength to do what was right—strength to cast Guy Remington from her heart, where it was a sin for him to be; and then she asked to be forgiven for the wrong she had unwittingly done to Lucy Atherstone, who trusted her implicitly, and who, in her last letter, had said:

"If I had not so much faith in Guy I should be jealous of one who has so many opportunities for stealing his heart from me, but I trust you, Maddy Clyde. You would not do a thing to harm me, I am sure, and to lose Guy now, after these years of cruel waiting, would kill me."

Going to the table she opened her portfolio, the gift of Guy, and with her gold pen, also his gift, wrote to him what the neighbors were saying, and that he must come there no more; at least only once in a great while, because if he did, she could not see him. Then, when this was written, she went down to Uncle Joseph, who was calling for her, and sat by

him as usual, singing to him the songs he loved so well, and which this night pleased him especially, because the voice which sang them was so plaintive, so full of woe. Would he never go to sleep, or the hand which held hers so firmly relax its hold? Never, it seemed to Maddy, who sat and sang, while the night-bird on a distant tree, awakened by the low song, uttered a responsive note, and the hours crept on to midnight. Human nature could endure no more, and when the crazy man said to her, "Now sing of Him who died on Calvary," Maddy's answer was a gasping cry as she fell fainting on the pillow.

"It was only a nervous headache," she said to the frightened Flora, who came at Uncle Joseph's call, and helped her young mistress up to bed. "She would be better in the morning, and she would rather be alone."

So Flora left her there, but went often to her door, until assured by the low breathing sound that Maddy was sleeping at last.

"I can't see him, Flora," Maddy said, when the latter came up with the message that Mr. Remington was there with his buggy, and asked if a little ride would not do her good. "I can't see him, but give him this," and she placed in Flora's hand the note, baptized with so many tears and prayers, and the contents of which made Guy furious—not at her, but at the neighbors, the inquisitive, envious, meddling neighbors, who had dared to talk of him, or to breathe a suspicious word against Maddy Clyde. He would see; he would make them sorry for it; they should take back every word; and they should beg Maddy's forgiveness for the pain they had caused.

All this, and much more, Guy thought, as with Maddy's note in his hand, he walked up and down the sitting room, raging like a young lion, and threatening vengeance upon everybody. He must see her; he would see her; and so for the next half-hour Flora was the bearer of written messages to and from Maddy's room; messages of earnest entreaty on the one hand, and of firm denial on the other. At last Maddy wrote:

"If you care for me in the least, or for my respect, leave me, and do not come again until I send for you. I am not insensible to your kindness. I feel it all; but the world is nearer right than you suppose. It does not look well for you to come here so much, and I prefer that you should not. Justice to Lucy requires that you stay away."

That ended it. That roused up Guy's pride, and writing back:

"You shall be obeyed. Good-by," he sprang into his buggy, and Maddy, listening with head and heart throbbing alike, heard him as he drove furiously away.

Those were long, dreary days which followed, and but for her grandfather's increasing feebleness Maddy would almost have died. Anxiety for him, however, kept her from dwelling too much upon herself, but the excitement and the care wore upon her sadly, robbing her eye of its luster and her cheek of its remaining bloom, making even Mrs. Noah cry when she came one day with Jessie to see how they were getting on.

Maddy was glad to see her, and for a time cried softly on her bosom, while Mrs. Noah's tears kept company with hers. Not a word was said of Guy, except when Jessie told her he was in Boston, and it was stupid at home without him.

With more than her ordinary discretion, Flora kept to herself what had passed when Guy was last there, so Mrs. Noah knew nothing except what he had told her, and what she read in Maddy's white, suffering face. This last was enough to excite all her pity, and she treated the young girl with the most motherly kindness, staying all night, and herself taking care of grandpa, who was now too ill to sit up. There seemed to be no disease preying upon him, nothing save old age, and the loss of one who for more than forty years had shared all his joy and sorrow. He could not live without her, and one night, three weeks after Guy's dismissal, he said to Maddy, as she was about to leave him:

"Sit with me, darling, for a little while, if you are not too tired. Your grandmother seems near me to-night, and so does Alice, your mother. Maybe I'll be with them before another day. I hope I may if God is willing, and there's much I would say to you."

(To be continued.)

## Escaped Two Kinds of Death.

"If I have got to be killed, it's the lightning route for mine, every time," declares Michael Chisham, who was knocked off a roof by a shock from a high-power wire. "Never knew what struck me. There was a buzz-z-z-z, like you hear in a planing mill, only dreamy and sweet like pretty music. Then I seemed to be having a delightful sail. Then I woke up in the hospital with my burned hands done up, and they told me I had fallen off the gas-house roof."

Chisham had a remarkable escape from two kinds of death. He and a companion were sent to make repairs on the gas-house roof in Bangor, Me. Chisham knew that there were high-power wires on the roof, and to keep his comrade out of danger took the risky end of the job. He made a slip and touched a wire carrying 12,000 volts. Instantly he was seen to fall, roll down the roof to the other, nearly flat, and bound thence to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, but rallied in a short time, and except for bad burns on his hands was uninjured.

Proposed schemes to irrigate the Desert of Sahara are said to be impracticable because of the great depth of the overlying deposit of sand.

## EPIDEMIC OF GRIP IS SWEEPING COUNTRY

Tens of Thousands of Cases of This Pestiferous Disease Are Being Reported.

## GUFFERERS IN MANY CITIES.

Business in Many Places Is Disorganized on Account of Prostrations from This Ailment.

An epidemic of la grippe seems to be sweeping over the country, and tens of thousands of people are suffering from the disease. Pittsburg reports the worst visitation in its history. The business of the city is disorganized on account of the large number of people who have been suddenly forced to remain absent from their places of employment. Factories and mills, offices and stores, are affected seriously.

There is a notable uniformity in the symptoms of the present epidemic, which appears to affect principally the bronchial passages. Bronchitis and pneumonia are its most common accompaniments, and it aggravates fully 50 per cent of the tuberculosis cases. Those most injuriously affected are persons who before the attack were badly run down in their general health. In their cases pneumonia quickly develops, while the heart, brain and other organs become affected.

In Philadelphia an epidemic of grippe is sweeping the city and whole families are prostrated by it. Pneumonia in many cases is followed close upon its heels, and last week many persons died of that disease. Doctors are scarcely able to keep up with the demands made upon them. Baltimore, too, is experiencing an unusual amount of sickness.

Other cities where grippe has made its appearance are Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Milwaukee and New York, and reports from these places indicate that the health authorities fear that the outbreak is only at the beginning. Health Commissioner Evans, of Chicago, has issued a warning to the people, urging them to get plenty of fresh air and to exercise in the open as much as possible. Chicago knows the danger of grippe, for it has been frequently visited by the disease. In 1890 that city had 100,000 grippe sufferers and 112 deaths directly resulted. In 1899 over 300 persons died from the disease, and since the first appearance of the malady the city has paid a tribute of 2,208 lives.

In New York, where the disease is now gaining a strong foothold, sixty-eight deaths resulted last week and there are many cases scattered about the city.

Boston is the worst sufferer on the Atlantic seaboard. There are nearly 100,000 cases there and sixty deaths have resulted. Cincinnati has 2,000 cases and the disease seems to be epidemic in form.

The open winter is held responsible for the spread of the disease. Where it originated no one seems to know. It travels with wonderful rapidity. In 1889, when the grippe appeared in virtual form all over the country, it was tracked back to Europe and thence to Hong Kong in China. The germs of the present epidemic may have come from the same source.



The New Orleans baseball club will erect a \$30,000 steel stand.

A battle between Tommy Burns and Roche was arranged to take place in Dublin on St. Patrick's day.

The Washington State football eleven defeated that of St. Louis university by the score of 11 to 0, at Spokane, Wash.

The Coney Island Jockey Club announced that improvements in its plant now under way will cost at least \$100,000.

There will be half a dozen Smiths in the major leagues next season, the Americans having four players of this name and the Nationals two.

Elmer Collins, the Lynn bicycle rider, continues to add to his already enviable record in Paris, and is hailed by the Frenchmen as the coming world's champion.

Cincinnati has asked for waivers on seventeen men. Provided all these players are turned back to the minors, the next manager of the Reds still will have twenty-two athletes to aid him in capturing a second division berth.

The baseball critics seem inclined to the belief that the Bostonians got all the best of the big deal with New York. The Bean Enters, it would seem, should occupy a higher place in the race than they have held for the past few years.

## For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

"My little boy had a terrible cough. I tried everything I could hear of but in vain until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first night he was better, and he steadily improved until he was perfectly well."—Mrs. S. J. STEELE, Alton, Ill.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's** SASSAPARILLA PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pile and thus hasten recovery.

## Coming to This!

First Broker—How is business?  
Second Broker—Improving a little. I've got a good hanker out in front of my office now.

## Another Nature Story.

To the tail of the dog  
They tied a big log.  
And patted him on the head.  
Old Tray couldn't make  
His narrative shake.  
And the tail wagged the dog instead.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**A Great Man's Little Pleasantry.**  
"Senator," said the correspondent, "you are quoted as advocating the abolition of capital punishment. How about that?"  
"Well," answered Senator Lotsum, "with a grin, 'don't you think capital has been punished about enough?'"

## ADVICE TO VICTIMS

TELLS READERS HOW TO PROMPTLY CURE RHEUMATISM AT HOME.

Directions to Mix a Simple Preparation and the Dose to Take—Overcomes Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly.

There is so much Rheumatism everywhere that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

## Encouraging.

Said an ambitious youth one day to a young lady: "Don't you think I'd better dye my mustache?" caressing the faintly visible progeny.

"I think if you let it alone it will die itself," said the young lady.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

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By whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.  
One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.