

# AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Maddy could not explain why it was that she felt glad the doctor would tell Guy. She did not analyze any of her feelings, or stop to ask why she should care to have Guy Remington know the answer she had given Dr. Holbrook. He was going to him now, she was sure, for he knew she had given the answer to New York. She did not mention his bill. That was among the by-gones, a thing never again to be talked about, and offering him her hand, she looked for an instant earnestly into his face, then without a word, hurried from the room, while the doctor, with a sad, heavy heart, went in quest of Guy.

"Refused you, did you say?" and Guy's face certainly looked brighter than it has before since he left the doctor with Maddy Clyde.

"Yes, refused me, as I might have known she would," was the doctor's reply, spoken so naturally that Guy looked up quickly to see if he really did not care. But the expression of the face belied the calmness of the voice; and, touched with genuine pity, Guy asked the cause of the refusal—"preference for anyone else, or what?"

"No, there was no one whom she preferred. She merely did not like me well enough to be my wife, that was all," the doctor said, and then he tried to talk of something else; but it would not do. The wound was yet too fresh and sore to be covered up, and in spite of himself the bearded chin quivered and the manly voice shook as he bade good-by to Guy, and then went galloping down the avenue.

Great was the consternation among the doctor's patients when it was known that their pet physician—the one in whose skill they had so much confidence—was going to Europe, where in Paris he could perfect himself in his profession. Some cried, and among them Agnes; some said he knew enough already; some tried to persuade him from his purpose; some wondered at the sudden start, while only two knew exactly why he was going—Guy and Maddy; the former approving his decision and lending his influence to make his tour abroad as pleasant as possible; and the latter weeping bitterly as she thought how she had sent him away, and that if it were possible she would have been in that distant land, she would be held amenable. Once there came over her the wild impulse to bid him stay, to say that she would be his wife; but, ere the coach was done, Guy came down to the cottage, and Maddy's resolution gave way at once.

Two weeks afterward, Aiken-side presented again a desolate, shut-up appearance, for Agnes, Maddy and Jessie had returned to New York; Agnes to continue the siege which, in despair of winning the doctor, she had commenced against a rich bachelor, who had a house on Madison Square; and Maddy to her books, which are long obliterated, in a measure, the bitter memory of all that had transpired during her winter vacation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two years pass quickly, particularly at school, and to Maddy Clyde, talking with her companions of the coming holidays, it seemed hardly possible that two whole years were gone since the eventful vacation when Dr. Holbrook got so startled by offering her his hand. He was in Europe still, and another name than his was on the little office in Mrs. Conner's yard. To Maddy he now wrote frequently; friendly, familiar letters, such as a brother might write, never referring to the past, but containing all the news he thought would interest her. Occasionally at first, and more frequently afterward, he spoke of Margaret Atherton, Lucy's younger sister, a brilliant, beautiful girl who reminded him, he said, of Maddy; only she was saner, and more of a tease; not at all like Lucy, whom he described as something perfectly angelic.

Her twenty-fifth birthday found her on a sick bed, and Dr. Holbrook in attendance, and this was the reason given why the marriage between herself and Guy was again deferred. There had been many weeks of pain, succeeded by long, weary months of languor, and during all this time the doctor had been with her in the family physician, while Margaret had been constantly in attendance. But Lucy was much better now. She could sit up all day, she could walk a little distance, assisted by the doctor and Margaret, whose name had come to be almost as familiar to Maddy as was that of Lucy. Maddy did not say much to Guy of Lucy, but she wondered why he did not go to her, and wanted to talk with him about it, but he was so changed that she dared not. He was not so sociable, as of old, and Agnes did not hesitate to call him cross, while Jessie complained that he never rattled or played with her now, but sat all day long in a deep reverie of some kind.

On this account Maddy did not look forward to the coming vacation as joyfully as she would otherwise have done. Still, it was always pleasant going home, and she sat talking with her young friends of all they expected to do, and when she entered the room, and glancing over the group of girls, singled Maddy out, saying, as he placed an unsealed envelope in her hand, "A telegram for Miss Clyde."

There was a blur before Maddy's eyes, so that at first she could not see clearly, and Jessie, climbing on the bench beside her, read aloud:

"Your grandmother is dying. Come at once. Agnes and Jessie will stay till next week. GUY REMINGTON."

It was impossible to go that afternoon, but with the earliest dawn she was up, and unmindful of the snow falling so rapidly, started on that sad journey home. It was the first genuine storm of the season, and it seemed resolved on making a snowfall for past neglect, sweeping in furious gusts against the windows, sitting down in thick masses from the leading sky, and so impeding the progress of the train that the chill wintry night had closed gloomily in ere the Somerville station was reached, and Maddy, weary and dispirited, stepped out upon the platform, glancing anxiously around for the usual omnibus, which she had little hope would be there on such a night. If not, what should she do? This had been the burden of her thoughts for the last few hours, for she could not expect Guy to send out to be there himself. But Guy was there, and it was his voice which first greeted her as she stood half blinded by the snow, uncertain what she must do next.

"Ah, Mr. Remington, I didn't expect this. I am so glad, and how kind it is of you to wait for me!" she exclaimed, her voice expressing her delight, and rapidly repaying the young man, who had not

going too? You must not. It is asking too much. It is more than I expected. Please don't go."

"Would you rather I should not—that is, aside from any inconvenience it may be to me—would you rather go alone?" Guy asked, and Maddy replied:

"Oh, no. I was dreading the long ride, but did not dream of your going. You will shorten it so much."

"Then I shall be paid for going," was Guy's response, as he drew still more closely around her the fancy buffalo robe.

The roads, though badly drifted in some places, were not so bad as Guy had feared; and the strong horses kept steadily on; while Maddy, growing more and more fatigued, at last fell away to sleep, and ceased to answer Guy. For a time he watched her drooping head, and then carefully drawing it to him, made it rest upon his shoulder, while he wound his arm around her slight figure, and so supported her.

Occasionally these fitted across Guy's mind a vague, uneasy consciousness that though the act was, under the circumstances, well enough, the feelings which prompted it were not such as either the doctor or Lucy would approve. But they were far away; they would never know unless he told them, as he probably should, of this ride on that wintry night; this ride, which seemed to him so short that he scarcely believed his senses when, without once having been overturned or called upon to use the shovels so thoughtfully provided, the carriage suddenly came to a halt, and he knew by the dim light shining through the low window that the red cottage was reached.

Grandma Markham was dying, but she knew Maddy, and the pained lips worked painfully as they attempted to utter the loved name; while her wasted face lighted up with eager joy as Maddy's arms were twined about her neck, and she felt Maddy's kisses on her cheek and brow. Could she not speak? Would she never speak again? Maddy asked despairingly, and her grandfather replied: "Never, most likely. The only thing she's said since the shock was to call your name. She's missed you despatchly this winter back, more than ever before, I think. So have we all, but we would not send for you—Mr. Guy said you was learning so fast."

"Oh, grandpa, why didn't you? I would have come so willingly," and for an instant Maddy's eyes flashed reproachfully upon the recent Guy, standing aloof from the little group gathered about the bed, his arms folded together, and a moody look upon his face.

He was thinking of what had not yet entered Maddy's mind, thinking of the future—Maddy's future, when the aged form upon the bed should be gone, and the two comparatively helpless men be left alone.

"But it shall not be. The sacrifice is far too great. I can prevent it, and I will," he muttered to himself, as he turned to watch the gray dawn breaking in the east.

(To be continued.)

**THE REAL WASHINGTON.**

Charge of "Tax Dodging" Will Not Dim His Glorious Record.

Somebody into whose hands a copy of the records of Fairfax County, Virginia, has fallen has made the interesting discovery that George Washington, in company with fifteen other taxpayers, was "presented" by the grand jury in 1790 for not making a return of "wheel carriages" for the purpose of taxation, says the Boston Transcript.

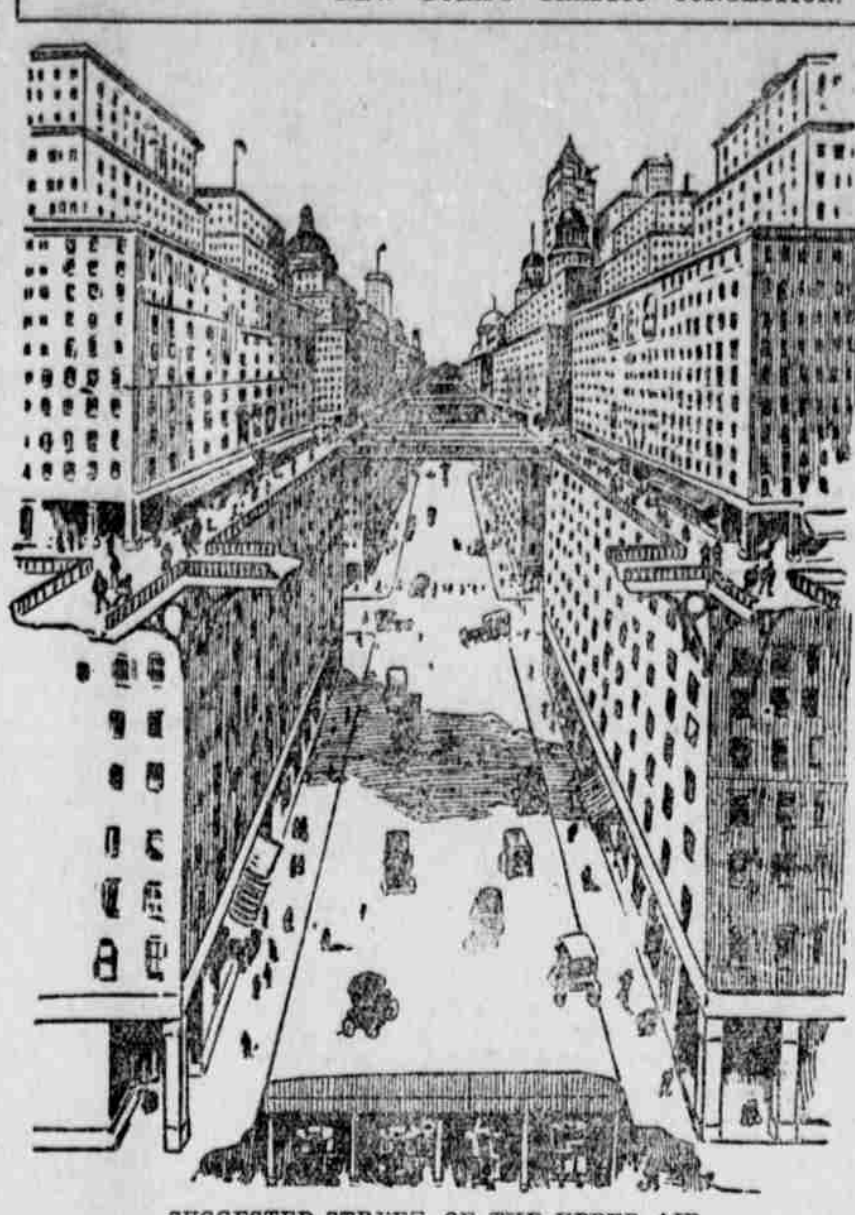
The other interesting fact, what became of the presentation, is missing, and we do not know whether George Washington, Lord Fairfax and George Mason paid fines or won a test case, or whether the "presentation" was prosecuted to judgment. The association of so many men of eminence in one indictment, for substantially a presentation of the grand jury differed in no essential from the modern indictment, suggests that they had made up their minds to test the constitutionality of the statute under which their wheel carriages were taxed. Their defense is missing and, therefore, we cannot know their motives or whether they neglected or refused to make the returns required by law.

The discovery will probably be followed by declarations that it reveals to us "the real Washington," coming mainly from that class of critics who assure us that the gold-and-ivory statue by Phidias was in part plated and that the ivory was of inferior quality. That great characters have infirmities, that they are agreeably human, is no discovery, though a certain element of "historians" appear to think it is. If the "real Washington" should be shown to have dodged his taxes it will be impossible to deprive the "real Washington" of the glory of carrying through the American Revolution to its triumph in the field and its consummation in the establishment of the Federal constitution. Washington, it may be asserted, did not "value money," and his independence of financial considerations was not entirely due to the circumstance that he personally was the wealthiest President the United States has ever had. The man who would put a great estate at the hazard of war was not mercenary, and his reluctance to accept any salary for his services as President is well known.

The late Gen. Butler made an attempt to demonstrate that George Washington was a "salary grabber" and demanded and received "back pay," but the attempt recoiled on his own head, when it was proved that Washington as commander-in-chief of the continental army rendered an account at the close of the war only for his personal expenses, and those calculated on a most moderate scale. He never charged his country one penny for his military services, and when during his quarrel with France he was appointed lieutenant general he stipulated in accepting the appointment that it should carry no pay and emoluments unless he was called into actual service. He died lieutenant general, unpaid. Few more disinterested men lived, since not only did he risk his life, his fortune and his sacred honor in the cause of his country, but his benefices to his less fortunate companions in arms were uncounted and by him unrecouped. Washington was "one of Plutarch's men," as an invulnerable to the "muck raker" as to British bayonets.

John Bull figures out that his country has been successful in 82 per cent of the battles in which it has engaged.

## STREETS IN THE AIR TO RELIEVE NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC CONGESTION.



SUGGESTED STREET OF THE UPPER AIR. Proposed by a New York Architect, as a Solution of the Problem of Traffic Congestion in Lower New York.

The problem of how to handle the street traffic in Lower New York, where the streets are narrow and buildings are high, is becoming increasingly difficult, as sky scrapers, housing thousands of occupants, multiply in numbers. It is a matter of easy demonstration that if all the people in any one of the tall buildings of Lower New York were to try to make their exit at the same time the street could not hold the crowd, with the inevitable danger of life and limb caused by the great number of people brought together at one point in a given time.

A New York architect, Mr. Charles R. Lamb, has therefore devised a unique plan whereby he believes the situation would be relieved, and the streets at the same time assured of continuous light, which would be impossible if a succession of tall buildings, all casting shadows across the street were allowed to be built. Mr. Lamb would adopt the French scheme of "an angle of light" for New York streets. That is to say he would not allow the construction of any building that would cast a shadow in the street at all times, the height of the cornice line of any building being taken into consideration with reference to the width of the street. But Mr. Lamb would modify the French plan to this extent, however, he would permit a building to be erected higher than the restricted facade, provided the additional facade sufficiently far to permit of the construction of an upper street on what would be the roof of the lower building as seen from the street.

These upper streets would be connected at intersections by viaducts running north and south and east and west, and the street could be continued as far as necessary, according to the development of the conditions of congestion and the erection of tall buildings.

Mr. Lamb is full of enthusiasm on the possible development of his idea, and declares it would be worth while even for a block square (without connecting with other squares), as a means of communication from building to building, and relieving the excessive work that the elevator system of each tall building has to do.

"Again," he says, "the great advantage of the upper street would be an entire new possible series of stores for all the lighter businesses appealing to pedestrians. Such a street would be an ideal one for restaurants as being that much further removed from the dirt of the lower thoroughfare. As to the removal of snow and dirt, if letters can be dropped from the top of tall buildings through chutes so dirt and snow can be dropped at regular intervals along the streets into receptacles, to be removed by the Street Cleaning Department, just as now when a building is taken down under the best management all the dirt and material are removed through chutes without difficulty and danger."

In the accompanying sketches the underground system is shown with the express and local trains, which have been put there to emphasize the fact of the congestion of the population, which will become more and more inevitable as the transit facilities are increased.

By establishing the angle of light, as suggested, and restricting the buildings even though stepped back from the front facade, the building could never rise higher than the angle would permit. When the buildings on the upper street may rise to a point higher than the angle of light would permit, they, in turn, would be required to be stepped back toward the center of the block.

The tendency of such a rule would be to induce the selection of larger areas of property and the erection of important buildings so proportioned as to leave the streets free for light, air and sunshine, and would effectually prevent the erecting of lofty towers on restricted ground areas, as is the present day practice in New York.—Montreal Star.

### TELLS WHO IS COMING.

Everybody Is the Useful Device Employed by Philadelphians.

If you were to ask the average person what a busbybody is the reply would probably be "one who does not mind

his or her own business." Such a definition would be laughed at in Philadelphia, says the New York Tribune. A "busbybody" in Philadelphia is an inanimate object which reveals animate objects. Nowhere in the country are busbybodies employed so extensively as in the Quaker City. They are to be found on almost every house, at least on every house of any pretensions.

Unless you have lived in Philadelphia such an explanation would not prove satisfactory, however. A busbybody is composed of three pieces of mirror set at three different angles so that the light reflected from either one of the two angles is reflected into the glass set at the third or opposing angle. The three glasses are arranged on a piece of iron rod so bent and fastened to the lintel of the window in the second story of the building that any person on the second floor of the building can, by looking into the top-most piece of glass, see what is going on in the street below or who or what may be passing up and down the street without opening the window to look out. The mirrors take the place of bay windows.

The primary object in setting up a busbybody is to see who is at the front door, or who may be approaching from either side of the building to the door. The topmost piece of glass is tilted so that it will show the front doorstep. One piece of glass is set at an angle to catch a reflection of all that is going on at the right side of the street and another to reflect the approach to the left.

In Philadelphia, where ninety-nine out of every 100 houses are built out to the sidewalk, and all houses are built in a line, busbybodies become great time savers for housekeepers. If undesirable callers come to the front door the busbybody gives timely notice of their approach, and the person sought need not be at home. By keeping an eye on the busbybody the woman at her sewing can detect the caller the moment he comes within range of the mirrors, and plenty of time is given for prinking.

The busbybody is useless on a house which has its front covered with a porch or which sets back from the street.

### SMOKED A PIPE 100 YEARS.

Kansas City Negro Woman Says She Is 125 Years Old.

At the foot of Lafayette avenue, Kansas City, Kan., lives a negro woman who says she is 125 years old—and that she can prove it, declares the Kansas City Star. Mrs. Nancy Gordon is her name. She was born near Alexandria, Va., about 1782. She was the slave of Mathias Boone, a wealthy cotton planter of that vicinity, who was an officer in the Continental army.

"I was sold, the first time," Mrs. Gordon said recently, "to satisfy a sheriff's warrant. My master's daughter, Ellen, was married to a young planter, William Gillis, and I was given to them as a dowry. My new master was a spendthrift. That's why I was sold at a sheriff's sale to John Gordon of Vicksburg, Miss., a cotton grower. I was put to work weaving cotton cloth. I was married soon after I went to Master Gordon's home. We had nine children, but all except two are dead."

Mrs. Gordon lived with the Gordon family until after the Civil War. Then she moved to Kansas City, Kan., fourteen years ago. She is wrinkled and rheumatic, but still retains all her faculties. She is an ardent Methodist and expounds its doctrines to all who will listen.

Mrs. Gordon, while telling the story of her life, drew from her apron pocket a clay pipe, filled it with tobacco, and lighting it with a piece of paper which she had touched to a live coal in her fire, said: "Well, boy, I've told you enough. Go 'way and let me smoke. I've smoked a pipe for more than a hundred years, and I can't stop it."

### IN MELODRAMA.

Knightly Hero—I say, old chap, that lady's glove episode makes a great hit. Admiring Super—Yes, sir, you're always sure of a hand on that.—Baltimore American.

### TRUE TO NATURE.

"Are you satisfied with your dessert?" "Perfectly. He's a real artist. His false teeth are perfect jewels."

### SIMPLICITY AND NOBILITY.

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in noble nature.—Theophrastus.



## FLASHES OF FUN

"Were the amateur theatricals good?" "Splendid! I never saw anything worse."—Life.

Jones—Is your daughter a finished musician? Smith—No; but the neighbors are making threats.—The Club-Fellow.

"Is she a bill-climber?" "You bet! This machine will get 'em unless they take to trees."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss X.—Wouldn't it be horrible to have to die an old maid? Miss Y.—Not half so horrible as to have to live that way.—Cleveland Leader.

"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Can I have a pass over your line?" "No," replied the railroad man, "law's too strict. We can't pass anything but a dividend now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Out of Town Friend—Say, old man, where is the best place to get umbrellas? New Yorker—Oh, a large reception or a club meeting.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Bacon—Has he been successful with his new archery? Egbert—Partially so. He goes "up in the air" every time he tries to start the thing.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress." "No," replied the woman addressed, "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Eliza—I'm to be married to-morrow and I'm terribly nervous. Stella—I suppose there always is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute.—Brooklyn Life.

Eliza—Did you say Sam was makin' a lot of money out of his voice? Cloe—Sure thing! At de opera. Eliza—At de opera? Cloe—Yes; he calls de carriages!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mifflins—I understand you said that I had outlived my usefulness. Bifflins—You have been misinformed. I said that I didn't believe you ever were of any use.—Chicago Daily News.

Redd—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind. Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you and your wife take a long trip on your honeymoon?" "It seemed long to me. Her father had promised to settle a snug sum of money on us as soon as we got back."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reddy (putting down a gold piece)—Ticket for Del Monte. Ticket Clerk—Change at Castrolville. If you take this train, Reddy—I'll wait then, for I want my change right here, uncle.—Monterey Gossip.

She—I see where a fellow married a girl on his deathbed, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He—Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live?—Puck.

"What would you do if you were one of dese millionaires?" said Meandering Mike. "I 'spose," answered Plodding Pete, "dat I'd get meself a golf outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid' of from necessity."—Washington Star.

Mabel—Jack proposed to me last night. Stella—Poor fellow! So he did keep his word after all? Mabel—Why, what do you mean? Stella—When I refused him last week he said it would cause him to do something desperate.—Chicago Daily News.

The Actress—In this new play I'm supposed to die from a broken heart. Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves? The Manager—I'll tell you what to do. You study the author of this play after he sees the first rehearsal.—Illustrated Bits.

Mrs. Ascum—Have you any 5-cent stamps? Drug Clerk (absent-mindedly)—No, ma'am, but we have something just as good. Mrs. Ascum—Ha! ha! force of habit. That's where I caught you. Drug Clerk—Not at all, ma'am. I can give you two twos and a one.—Philadelphia Press.

"Katy, who's in the high school," remarked Mr. Dolan, "have been readin' Herbert Spencer to me." "Who's Herbert Spencer?" "He's wan in the smartest min on earth. He could explain anything at all at ye if ye could only be polite enough to stay awake an' pay attention."—Washington Star.

"Which is the cow that gives the butter-milk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give butter-milk."—Springfield Journal.

Younghub—What are you crying about, my dear? Mrs. Younghub—The cook got m-mad and left to-day without giving me a m-moment's notice. Younghub—Well, you ought to be glad of it. You said you were going to discharge her, anyway. Mrs. Younghub—Eyes, b-but the m-mean thing b-beat me to it.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses 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

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.**

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.

No Smoker.

The bishop of London, at a dinner in Washington, told a story, as the cigars came on, about one of his predecessors.

"When Dr. Creighton was bishop of London," he said, "he rode on a train one day with a small, meek curate. Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case and with a smile said: 'You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?'"

"The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly: 'Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick.'"

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

75 "Guaranteed"

New Style of Sleeping Car.

On the Shore Line of the New York & Hartford Railroad a new style of sleeping car has been adopted for the midnight express. It was used for the first time a few nights ago on the express leaving the city at midnight, says the New York Times.

Instead of the berths being separated from the rest of the car by curtains, each passenger will be able to obtain a compartment which approaches in size the average size single rooms of a hotel, and fitted with toilet conveniences. There will be ten of these in each compartment with two berths in each room. The rooms will open out on a corridor running the length of the car, and may be taken in suites. Doors open from one compartment to another so that members of the same party will not be separated.

In the new cars rare woods have been used. In one compartment the finishing is in tigerwood, which resembles the markings of a tiger. In another a wood from the Philippines is used, of which the experts at Washington have not yet determined the origin and species. Jigue wood, Spanish mahogany and goubari are other of the unusual finishes which have been employed to make these cars luxurious and comfortable.

The Sand Hills, considered worthless, along the Salt Fork river have been demonstrated by J. W. Bird, of Pond Creek, to be especially adapted to the growth of black locust trees, says the Ponca City (Okla.) Courier. Mr. Bird bought some raw land in the sand hills for his project and broke out several acres and planted about 300,000 black locust seed last spring, expecting to get about one-fourth that number of plants. He now has between 80,000 and 100,000 vigorous, healthy young trees which have made an average growth of three feet. Next spring he will transplant them on eighty acres of the sand hills. In five years the trees will be large enough to begin cutting posts out of the forest, and within ten years for posts alone the value will exceed \$100 an acre.

### FRIENDS HELP

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down."

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum."

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum."

"So many cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Don't take up a man's time in talking to him about the smartness of your children. He wants to talk to you about the smartness of his children.

Simplicity and Nobility.

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in noble nature.—Theophrastus.