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THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUED.

Those whose eyes love had not opened supposed Wintoun's attitude to be a necessary defence against his uncle's tyranny. For the laird, having, as he thought, succeeded in compelling his family to accept his plans for their and his own interest, became very authoritative, and fussed and fumed about every petty circumstance and was more and more difficult to manage, as Mrs. Brathons made more frequent demands upon him for money for Katherine's bridal outfit. Every check brought forth a dispute. Every ornament was "needless extravagance." He was worried by the dressmakers in and out of the house, and by Katherine's inexplicable good spirits, and more still by Wintoun's determination not to discuss with him those small details of the expected event which seemed so important to the laird's nature—the kind of wine and wedding cake and wedding cards, the people to be asked and neglected, the length and route of the marriage tour, etc.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of September, Mrs. Brathons was sitting in her room, despondent and worried to an extreme degree. Her easy, sanguine disposition had led her, thus far, in the daily anticipation of "something happening," for she had supreme reliance upon that good fortune which looks after people who trust their affairs to it. But in five days a document must come, which would be a social shock up and down Gala Water. And if Wintoun deserted her daughter for Jessy Telfair, and Mowbray, for any reason, did not keep his appointment, she felt that the chagrin would be intolerable, and her husband's anger so just that for once she would be unable to meet him with her usual weapons.

One of those sudden sick fears that frequently attack the heart just before all reason for fear is taken away, had smitten her in the night, and she had catechised the looks and words of all her acquaintances, the gossip, true and false, that would ring from house to house, the passion of rage that would block Brathons against every human creature, the minister's calm reproaches regarding his own daughter—really, that morning she was feeling as if she might be a very wicked woman. And Katherine did not appear at breakfast. She had "gone for a walk," her maid said; and Mrs. Brathons gratified her lord by a very sincere anger at the girl and her unceremonious way.

"Dabbling her skirts and shoes in the dew, like a sinking maid," she said, fretfully. "It is absurd."

"My dear, she is the Flower of Gala's Water," said Brathons, satirically, "and loves the dew."

The remark turned the lady's wrath upon the speaker, and, after a disagreeable meal, she had retired to her room to think things over, until finally she felt half inclined to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

About ten o'clock Katherine entered the room like a streak of sunshine from Irans. She was dressed exquisitely in pale-blue, with white orchids in her hat and at her waist. Her starry eyes, her delightful smile, her rosy face, her air of perfect happiness, were for the moment, irritating.

"Oh, Katherine!" cried Mrs. Brathons; but she got no further, Katherine was kissing the complaint off her lips.

"Be late, mamma!" she cried. "We are going to see him! Get dressed, mamma! I will help you! He is waiting to see me! Every moment is an hour!"

"Do be sensible, child. Do you mean that Richard Mowbray has come? Where is he?"

"He is staying with Jamie Wintoun. Will you please believe that, of all things? Jessy got Jamie to meet him at the train and take him to Wintoun as his guest."

"Katherine, what a shame!"

"No; Jamie and Richard have to be brothers, and they may as well begin at once. Jessy and I could not have our husbands hating each other."

Then Mrs. Brathons laughed, and began to get interested.

"You see, also, mamma, my guardian will never think of looking for Richard at Wintoun; but he has been at the hotel at Galashiels every day, lately, asking for him. Jamie found that out, and told us, and so Jessy said: 'You must meet Mr. Mowbray, Jamie, love, and ask him to stay at Wintoun.' And when she had whispered to Wintoun, Jamie nodded and smiled and met him last night at the midnight train."

"Jamie is an angel of light, Katherine."

"He is a very good man. Jessy kissed him for being so good. Men are generally 'good' for compensation."

"How are we to get to Wintoun House? And I will not go by the mause, for Doctor Telfair's face hurts me. When he finds out about Jessy, I shall shut myself in my room."

"Jessy is here, and the pony-carriage is waiting. You can drive, mamma."

Then the toilet went rapidly forward, and the laird was astonished to see his wife come downstairs in the sweetest of moods and dressed for a drive.

"We are going to ride over to Wintoun, Alexander," she said, "and we may go to Galashiels, so do not wait for us."

And Brathons answered:

"Very well, my dear;" but as soon as the ponies had passed the gates, he turned to the house for his own horse. "Galashiels!" he muttered. "Galashiels! If you are going there, I am going, too. All three women looked too happy not to have some mischief on hand."

"Now," said Mrs. Brathons, as she flecked her whip for emphasis, "the laird will away to Galashiels as fast as St. Serge can trot him there, and we can have some comfort at Wintoun."

In less than half an hour they arrived at Wintoun, and there they found Jamie and his guest in the breakfast parlor. They were smoking and chatting in the pleasantest manner, Jamie's laugh was their welcome as the door opened, and then what a delightful reunion there was! Katherine was in Mowbray's arms, Jessy and Wintoun were clasping hands, and Mrs. Brathons was effusively thanking Jamie, and thus committing herself deeper to all that these four love-sick young people might propose to do.

And what there was there of a selfish, unreasonable old guardian, when there was such a young man as Richard Mowbray present. His love-darting eyes, his hand-and-face his caressing manner, won him his will, whatever he wanted. He took Katherine into the dressing-room and put his heart in her hands—he would her as if she was the only woman in the world—he left their friends to talk of trains and tunnels, and all the lets and hors, which even lovers have to be subject to. What he had to say had conditions of almost divine eloquence—monosyllables and silences—flashing intelligences beyond words—kisses that were eternal promises, the clasping hands and the touching of soft black hair with tresses like the dawn.

In the meantime Mrs. Brathons discussed with Jessy and Jamie a plan they had arranged for escaping the laird's interference.

"You must have a bride party at Leven-hope as soon as you can," said Jamie to Mrs. Brathons; "and during its progress Katherine will join Mowbray. They will come here. I have already spoken to a young minister from Innerleithen. He knows nothing but that the marriage is proper and honorable, and approved by those who have the right to approve it, and this I certify by my word of honor. The servants can be called as witnesses at the moment needed, and we will not have time to talk or to say any information. When the first transport of discovery is over, I will return to Wintoun and drive them myself to Symington. The laird will be sure they have taken the train either to Edinburgh or Carlisle; he will never think of their going to Glasgow. But from Glasgow they can easily reach Liverpool, and I think Mowbray proposes to carry his bride to Ana river first."

"That is fine, very fine, Jamie. I do not like it," said Mrs. Brathons.

"But they will not be safe from the anyance unless they are a long way off. They are coming round the world to reach their home. I do not know but what Jessie and I will follow them. Mowbray says they will want a New York friend, and Wintoun's eye lighted on his pretty Jessy, and she slipped her hand into his and nodded brightly at the suggestion. And quickly the hours flew by in these discussions, for after lunch they lost themselves in the garden to continue them. At length, however, Mrs. Brathons declared they must return to Leven-hope, "and Jamie, she said, "must go with us, for the laird is a suspicious creature, and we must give him neither word nor sign to go by."

The bride had trotted to Galashiels and back and was tired and disappointed. Yet he could not complain, for he did not want his wife to think that he had any remembrance of Mowbray or any suspicion that Katherine might have written to him, or that he could in any way interfere with her marriage with Wintoun. He thought that by ignoring the danger he might annihilate it. He had satisfied himself that the Englishman was not at any of the inns in Galashiels. He had called at the manse, and finding the doctor had bluntly asked, "if they had had company," and been quite assured by the servant's negative. And yet there was something about Katherine and her mother he could not understand. But how can a man complain of a feeling so vague that it is undefinable?

After Jamie and Jessie had left, Mrs. Brathons seemed inclined to talk, and the laird gladly humored her.

"She is sure to let something out," he thought.

"Jamie says we ought to have a party, a little dance and a supper before the wedding to rehearse the ceremony and introduce people to one another," was her first remark. "What do you think, Alexander?"

"I think it will cost too much money."

"I will pay all the cost out of my private income. Jamie wants it. Some of his people are strangers here."

"Then let Jamie pay for it. Your doing so is only robbing Peter to pay Paul. Katherine has been no end of expense lately. I shall be glad enough when she is away to her own home."

And he looked so sour and ill-natured that Mrs. Brathons answered quickly:

"So shall I! I am sure nobody can wish to stay in your house that can help it!"

"I am sorry enough for my nephew. He will have his hands full with his 'Flower of Gala Water,' and she will wither and fade just like the rest of us."

"Think shame of yourself, Alexander, for saying such unkind words. If Jamie has a drop of your blood in him, he will make a poor husband for any girl. My daughter need not make you sorry for him. If I had taken her into the world for a season, she would have bettered your nephew a thousandfold. If you are sorry for Jamie, stop the wedding at once. Katherine will be glad to have it stopped."

"I dare say she will. What does she care for the shame and the talk I would have to meet up hill and down dale and in the market-place? She could then marry that runaway Englishman. I dare say she would be glad. But I am not going to pain and shame Jamie to please her. Poor Jamie!"

"Poor Jamie, indeed! Alexander, you have a bad temper. But take care! The bad tongue eventually gives some words that pay for all the failings."

She lifted her ball of wool, threw her knitting passionately into her work-basket, and left the room. It was to Katherine's room she went. The girl was sitting in her wedding-dress, crooning a song Mowbray had written to her, and her eyes, bright deep, all smiles and dimples, made the tears spring to her mother's eyes. She told Katherine what her guardian had said, and added:

"Now, my dear, I will leave no more scruples. Tomorrow send the invitations to the Heloes and the Hepburns, the Hethrings and all the young people you know. Tell them it is an informal dance on next Monday night, and then tell Richard he must make his arrangements to suit."

"Mamma, darling, how are you going to bear the storm that we shall outlive? The laird and the minister and the people you know—prudes and simpers?"

"I shall tell myself my little girl is happy; that Charlie Jamieson's little girl is happy. As for the laird, he will bluster in public, and swallow on his knees to me when we are alone. I can say things at him! And as for the minister, the laird is sure to call him names and vote the church for another, so far that he is pretty sure to see. What you and Jessy, and you and Jamie, Mowbray and laird do and right. Do not give yourself a care about me, Katherine, my darling daughter. I shall wear something, to break the blow when you are gone from me, and I shall have the field with your grandeur at hand. At any rate it will be pleasant to reflect that he has no longer any excuse to pity his poor nephew."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING.

[illegible]

The bride dance was not further discussed, but the young people of the neighborhood were all invited to it, and in the interval, while the bridegroom was away on day, Katherine's trunks were sent to the Northwestern Hotel, Liverpool. There was telegraphing to and fro, and riding here and there, and nobody had ever seen Jamie Wintoun so busy; but then, when a man is to be married in a day or two, anything is ordinary and expedient.

Fortunately, Monday was one of those lovely days which are the chance of the dying summer, and the night, though moonless, was bright with stars and lively people—and Alexander Wintoun's young men and maidens were gathered at Leven-hope. They trooped through the halls, and ran up and down the stairs and danced in the parlors and flirted in the greenhouses. The laird was important and evasive. Mrs. Brathons was playing waltzes and singing songs and finding partners and sending servants here and there and everywhere. There were fiddlers in the large hall, and they were dancing the Lancers there.

Katherine, in a gown which had the ineffable softness of pale primrose silk, covered with Valenciennes, was a wonderful picture. Her beauty was so harmonious, so radiant with love, so etherealized by the emotions filling her heart, that even Jessy was amazed at her transfiguration. She danced continually. She had a kind word for everyone, she appeared to be the happiest of all that happy company. Jessy kept close at her side, and it was remembered afterward that she was evidently on the watch, and very frequently in the southern greenhouse. This enclosure was entered from one of the parlors, and had a door at the other end opening into the garden shrubbery.

About ten o'clock Jessy was singing, and it was while the delicious strains of "Braw, Braw, Lads o' Gala Water" were floating through the room, that Katherine was aware of the concerted signal. Wintoun was looking into Jessy's face, and taking on his own heart the words dropping so musically from her lips:

"But there is one a dearer one
A man than a' that I love better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STRONG LETTER.

Mr. Bitting Declares Butler's Arguments Against the Amendment

AN INSULT TO THE WHITE MEN

Of the State—Mr. Bitting Studies the Amendment, and Wants No More "Anti" Literature.

The following is a genuine letter sent to Chairman Simmons from Forsyth county. The writer of it, Mr. Z. B. Bitting, was uncertain at one time as to how he would vote, and so expressed himself to a revenue officer who gave his name to Butler, and he (Butler) sent him the letter he refers to. Mr. Bitting thereupon got the amendment and convinced himself that it had been misrepresented to him by the doodlers, and wrote this letter.

MR. BITTING TO SENATOR BUTLER.

Rural Hall, Forsyth Co., N. C., March 14th.

Senator Butler, Dear Sir:—You letter came some days ago, and with it the papers sent up to defeat, as you say, the amendment to the constitution of this State, but sadly the letter you send has so poor a name to do with the description of the miserable condition of our people now, that I think it nothing but right for me to tell you that you will please to not send me any more such. When I read the following in your letter sent to me: "Without hard exertion I neither and said, will this red shirt made be driven from power?" I ask you insult me and every other man who voted in 1896 to get rid of a state of things that has been thrust on us. You may not have intended it to insult me but it is as far as for you, way down east in Washington, to try to lecture on a fight among us down here, who are people and people.

I would have wondered why the matter was sent to me, a life long Democrat, if you had not enclosed two large blanks for me to fill up and return to you, the marked Ferst No. 1 had on it "List of Democrats who do not approve of and may vote against the amendment." Now I know, like a great many white men, before I studied this amendment, I had my doubts about voting for it. I spoke from the Bible I then had as to its meaning, and I am satisfied that a certain revenue officer of my neighborhood or somebody else, forged my name to you, and that's how I come to get your letter and that's why I received the one sent with the Asheville Gazette, which comes to me as a Democratic paper, but is very bitter on the amendment. I read in that paper:

"Fourth: The 'grandfather clause' would disfranchise whites and negroes both, if they could not read and write. I was troubled, and so I sent for a copy of the amendment to Secretary of State Thompson, at Raleigh, and looked this matter up for myself. In section 4 I found this: 'Every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the constitution in the English language,' that is said clear enough for I read on and in section 5 I read this: 'No male person who was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, or any lineal descendant of him shall be denied the right to vote for the failure to possess the educational qualification mentioned in preceding section.' Now I've got rather enough to know that before 1867, there couldn't have been white people and this certainly means that all white men will vote in, and all negroes who can't read and write will be ruled out, and I am free to say that is exactly what I would like to have done.

Second. But my mind was disturbed this second time by reading in the Gazette afterwards in explaining my asking if this wasn't so, in its saying that if the law could stand like this, yet, though it read and the opposite a fool, but if was two sections and the Supreme Court would knock out the grandfather section 5, part of the bill and let the section and written section 4 and the colors voting and everybody, white and black who was ignorant of book learning to do anything my son. I had lost some faith in the Gazette for calumniated in the first no [illegible] and I want to studying again.

And this is the way I reasoned it out. The Democratic party is made up of white men entirely and it must stand up for its own people. I certainly had to do it ever since the war and it is the party of the laboring people who really dislike a negro's manliness some than you have class office-holders, and I don't mean to offense to you. It is a long time problem. Now a heap of white people can't read and write but they have been sitting bigger votes for the Democratic party ever since Hayes drove young against honest white men, and they begun early and have kept it up late. Would that party, I thought to myself, be fool enough to cut its own throat by handing out of these honest white friends who had no book learning a ticket and say: "There, you can't read but you vote this ticket for the amendment and I guarantee it will destroy your privileges of ever voting for me any more, because you can't vote no more for anything, and to a nigger that's voted against it all his life say, "Here, you educated nigger, you are better than that white man, take this ticket and you and him together will kill his chance to vote any more".

Mr. Butler, anybody knows that's all rot, ridiculous, and so I found that the best men in this State and other States and in the United States Senate all said that the hullabulloo over the constitutionality of the amendment, because it was in two sections and that the bad section was good law and the good section was bad law was just a dust kicked up to save the nigger from being disfranchised, by scaring just such men as me.

I have found out that a law just like this has been working in Louisiana for three years, and is working all right, white men voting right along and niggers have quit voting and feeding and gone to raising cotton, and I thought to myself, "That's just what I want them to go to doing here and I believe I will help to push it along and take the risk," when I heard that to satisfy everybody's doubts, the members of the Legislature that put that law before the people, have sworn it out that it will meet again in June, and the very first thing it does will be to put both section 4 and 5 in one section, and give the white man a chance to rule this country. That's right. Then for CERTAIN every white man who was born and raised in this country, no matter whether he ever looked in a book, can evermore vote, but a nigger who couldn't vote in 1867 and none of his heirs who can't read and write now, could ever vote, and that is honestly about like I want it, for I do not believe that God Almighty ever intended for niggers to have equality over white people, and I know I don't intend to if I can help it, without losing any of my own race and blood.

Third: The time to instead of being satisfied at this prospect of having the amendments married in June and everybody happy, so it could not be decided by the court to be unlawful in the good part and lawful in the bad part, but lawful all over them jumped another rabbit and it was the white men, after 1868 who can't read and write can't vote. I got my law and it is again and I found that it says, in section 5: "All persons who register and vote before 1908 shall have their names enrolled and kept [illegible] you see their names are kept on the record in the court house, so that there can never be any dispute as to their not always voting. This only means persons who get to be 21 after then and I explained this to one of my revenue officer friends, who seems to take a great interest in my amendment, and he said that would be all right, but the trouble is that after then there would be more educated niggers than white men, and I couldn't help from telling him that if he thought this much better of a nigger than a white man, I sympathy, I don't, and if I had who I know that mean hurt and determined [illegible] to vote for the amendment [illegible] cut off a [illegible] against my outgeneral my children. And I couldn't help from asking him if he was so much concerned about a nigger voting after 1908, how in the name of common sense he was so anxious to keep him voting now. He had a chance to stop it right away. He left silent [illegible] cut up somebody's still and I never heard his reply.

The last report I have heard [illegible] went out from revenue [illegible] Winston. They say that it is that all who failed to pay their tax by the first of March [illegible] were willing to vote under the amendment. I picked up the tax and went to [illegible] again and I found the [illegible] before he shall be entitled to vote. He shall have paid his poll tax [illegible] before the last day of March for the previous year."

Now that did please me a little, and it common sense and a little Gazette [illegible] me that as it could not be a law until we voted on it, and we did not [illegible] I said August, 1900, how [illegible] could anything in March, 1900, [illegible] my rights, but I kept on reading and when I sat down to sum up I said to myself: "The provisions of the constitution, etc., shall go into effect on the first day of July, 1902." So that looked like a contradictory report No. 2.

Now, Mr. Butler, I have [illegible] told you the trouble of my [illegible] now I come to experience [illegible] about the amendment [illegible] the more I read it, the more I like it, but I can't help [illegible] darkness, for I was [illegible] myself. The more I read on this [illegible] I can answer [illegible] Asheville Gazette, [illegible] Republicans [illegible] deceiving and I hate a [illegible] I do not think you could [illegible] amendment [illegible] to Mr. F. M. Simmons, Raleigh, N. C., for a copy, he will send you one, or if you prefer to [illegible] our new county chairman, at Winston, N. C., Mr. Andrew Joyner, and he will send you or anybody else [illegible] Governor Charles Aycock's speech to show that he's genuine article, just like it passed Congress this long before. I suppose you might well be wrong to be [illegible] and everybody means well by writing to me.

Yours truly,
ZEBULON BAIRD BITTING.

ANOTHER REPUBLICAN LIE.

A Ridiculous One This Time.

The 3rd section of the amendment provides:

Section 3. Every person offering to vote shall be at the time a legally registered voter as herein provided and in the way herein provided, and the General Assembly of North Carolina shall enact general registration laws to carry into effect the provisions of this article."

The Republicans, although [illegible] not print it in their papers, because they know that then that the world soon be exposed, are saying the usual doodlers and other [illegible] to tell the people that under this section of the amendment the Legislature is given the power to [illegible] through the registration laws the grandfather section of the amendment and say it can under this section pass registration laws which will require everybody to register under the 4th section.

Of course it is only necessary to call attention to this falsehood in order that everybody may see how ridiculous it is. It will be plain to every man of sense when he reads this section that it simply authorizes the Legislature to pass registration laws in accordance with the other provisions of the amendment and that the Legislature would have no power to pass any registration law that would in any way conflict with or nullify any provision of the amendment. There is no danger of any sensible man who has read the amendment, being misled by the statement of these bush-whackers. They are only making this statement to persons who they think have not read the amendment, or who will probably not read the amendment. It is simply another result of the Republicans in their desperation to fool and mislead the uneducated whites. This, like the other misrepresentations of the advocates of negro domination, will not avail them. They will learn before the election that it is always best to be frank and honest with the people.

FOOLHARDY COURAGE.

The Asheville Gazette, Republican Organ, Says it is Better to Steal Than to Belong to a Democratic Club

The Asheville Gazette, which is [illegible] the Republican organ of the State and published under the auspices of Pritchard, Pearson and Hal[illegible] in a recent issue in commenting upon the prosecution of the Wilmington Post and certain North Carolina journals of the last [illegible] December [illegible] John D. Bellamy, had occasion to [illegible] the police of Wilmington only [illegible] of robbing a drunken man [illegible] and put in jail for [illegible] the following language:

Howling was [illegible] White Union [illegible] Democrats [illegible] in connecting [illegible] Democrats [illegible] the following just [illegible] drunken [illegible] Nov. [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democrats [illegible] Democrats [illegible] Democrats