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Love in Chief

BY ROSE K. WEEKES.

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CHAPTER XIII. THE FIRST DROPS OF THE THUN-DER-SHOWER.

Disk-snowich, Medje, who with thy smiling Hast enchained my heart, once free-" Gounod, whose sweet and senuous nurch music has something of the quali-of good strong thick stupefying in-case-smoke, has written some accept-ble love-songs; such at least was Lu-an's opinion. Aided by the night's Miness and the seductive influence of stream which cradied their boat. sel Farquibar's fine dramatic voice rank

ian's opinion. Alded by the hight a mile infinence and the seductive infinence of in he stream which cradied their beat. Noel Farqubar's fine dramatic voice rang up the valley to the hotel, half a mile way. The twangs and page of Lu-sense banjo did not travel so far. Far-is an a powerful voice, thoroughly well trained; he did not tremble in sen-stional passion and murder time in the hame of liberty, nor yet did he alternate-by spue out his words and puble them down. And he had fire; he could sing "The Lost Chord" and "The Holy City" and "Beauty's Eyes," and other favorites, a please young iadies such as Angela Laurenson and elderly gentlemen who like a little music after dinner. But Lu-ian had a taboo on these; he offered Farguhar the choice between what he called gamey music (meaning the glo-rious modern discords which we all de-light to honour in the abstract) and ditues of the fank Holiday school, with a chorus in which he expressed his desire to join. Whereupon Farguhar hurriedy emborked upon "Kergen Schot we still and starry. The stream's dark glass was filmed with silver mist which waver-et and rose and receded as if it were the valley, breathed peace. For sounds inde the flee breaths of cows wrench-ing the dewy grass; and for scents the mooth hills, spreading dark wings over they all the tinkle of the orchard run-nel and the deep breaths of cows wrench-ing the dewy grass; and for scents the mooth hills, spreading dark wings over they and the tinkle of the orchard run-nel and the deep breaths of cows wrench-ing the dewy grass; and for scents the mooth hills, spreading dark wings over they and the tinkle of the orchard run-nel and the beep breaths of cows wrench-ing the dewy grass; and for scents the start of flowers: flaxen meadow-spreases. "A summer night like this is the best initation of Paradise this side of the folden Gates." and Lucian, leaning down to watch the ripples parting silver-rimed beneath the prow. "A" not give a cent to ge

<text> not give a cent to get into Para-You won't be asked, sonny.". There you're right, for there's no such place." "Tour view on eschatology, my friend. appear demned definite." "Definite? Finite, don't you mean?" Lincian leaned back and folded his arms restfully; he liked nothing better than to explore the recesses of Farquhar's char-acter, which were commonly open only after dark. after dark. "Haven't you any intimations of im-mortality from the recollections of early childhood?" he asked. "None." said Farquhar. "Never had. Seventy years of this world's long enough for me. I don't want an eternity to learn to be good in. Another point: if I believed what you Christians believe, do you think I'd live as you live? Not much. Act up to your creed; there's the secret of happiness." "And what's your creed, then?" tons. Upon the ruiniment of the quarry depended. For three weeks past they ind been to different at work loosening if free from the other blocks which wedged if in; an operation involving nice calculation and accurate if involving nice calculation and accurate if the obeddence. Under Charteeworth's directions, shot-holes three feet deep and six inches apart were bored along the line of cleavage, cleaned out, charged with o clay. With each cartridge and fifterent strands being gathered together in a metal case called the igniter, so that the cartridges called the igniter. So that the fine burned on at three feet per minute the himself nimbly out of the way while the fine burned on at three feet per minute in the cartridge and finished its work. Already several small blasts had taken place, preparatory to a large final explosion which was to dissever the whole block from its bed.
"T guess that's what they're got their as thand in front of the cliff.
"The cart of the cliff.
"The cart of the cliff."
"The control of the stone, eh, Charleworth?"
"The stat a shalt only the stone, eh, Charleworth?"
"T guess they mean to," suid the American the explore the wole block from its bed.
"The stone they'd set about it?"
"T guess they mean to," suid the American them to."
"Well, gee, I guess the same ib thow do you think they'd set about it?"
"Tamper with the cartridges. Overcharge them, id bet, smash the whole black for mouting. That's the whole black for the oblift. And if we went up along with it I guess they wouldn't go into mourful.
"Mell, there's three of us, sir. I reckon the diff. The oblift and the black for the oblift."
"Well, there's three of us, sir. I reckon the diff. The own't heat the the solid as about the show a do be whole the secret of happiness." "And what's your creed, then?" "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may die," said Farquhar, cynically enjoying his own cynicism. "And suppose the workings of Causa-tion came and put a stopper on your eating and drinking? If you were broncht to grinding noority any or to broncht to grinding poverty, say, or got infect-ed with leprosy, or didn't marry Dolly Fane?"

By, I guess ours is good enough for any-body, isn't it?" Doliy was reduced to silence, but she was so completely prececupied that she poured cream and sugar into Bernard's cup and filed it up with beer, producing a mixture which he denounced in em-phatic language and emptied out of the window. Presently she interrupted his talk about the farm by asking: "Bernard, are you fond of her?" "She's getting a bit long in the tooth, it's true, but she's a pretty creature still. I guess she suits me a well a any," was the surprising answer.

he surprising answer. "I mean Miss Laurenson."

"I mean Miss Laurenson." "Oh, I thought you were talking about old Empress: I was." "Are you fond of her?" "Yes," said Bernard, composedly. "I

ed and do support it still, estranging men who would be content to work with the noble charter given them by St. Paul: "If meat make my brother to offend. I will eat no flesh while the world standoth

"Yes," said Bernard, composedly. "I am." Dolly shrugged her shoulders. "I hops it will turn out well." "Hope so, too," said Bernard. "She ought to take me simply out of gratitude, Anything more beastly than tea with this cold beef I never did tastet" On the morrow, while Dolly was sweep-ing her room out, Masgie came up gasp-ing, to announce "Miss Lawson;" she had a happy knack of confounding names. It was, in truth, Angela, driven up by a pair of donkeys, as Ella Merton asid, though only one was in the shafts. Mrs. Merton herself would not come in, because she declared, Jehosaphat had a satanic temper and was more complete-ly omivorous than an ostrich; beside devouring reins and boots and tin-tacks, he had a craving for any human flesh except that of his mistress, an exception which Ella triumphantly adduced in sup-port of her self-bestowed name. since

but composed. And Dolly was composed, though she was conscious of a strange exaliation which rosed her check and set her heart throbbing and pulses beating in time with it in every inger. A well-spring of

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mind my saying so. But there's no harm; you aren't like me, you'd hever give way to it."
"If I once began I should never stop," Lal took him up, swifty. "You're right; I'm not like you, Meryon. I haven't your pluck. I had to give up motoring because I could not keep my head while I was driving. I'm as weak as water."
"But as you never do the things, you only want to and don't let vourself. I call that being strong, not weak. That's just what I like. You're so excitable, you have to keep tight hold of yourself for fear you should go to the bad, and yet you never do anything you should't."
Lal only shrugged his shoulders. Meryon, who was still standing, dropped the cards and put his hand on LaFs arm. "What is the matter?" he said, tenderly. "What's worrying you, old fellow?"
Lal did not answer, because he was incapable of explaining. It was necessary for his interlocutor to drag the truth out of him by questions. Dolly had found out this; but whereas LaI's desire had been to escape from her, he was anxious to make confession to Meryon. "I say, old fellow, is it a girl?" questions. He shock his head. "Don't you approve of this?" "I'm afraid I don't like religion when it's vulgar," said Lal. He raised his hat and waiked off down the street, and Dolly and her friends went in. No cause needs salvation from its friends as does this temperance. In tol-erance, exaggeration, bad logic, bad taste, and bad grammar have all support-ed and dos support it still estranging

this? said Doily. You're a good friend." "There wasn't anything in it. I don't think you'd snub me; and if you had I'd have been bound to tell you just the same. Laurenson's been no end good, being friends with an outsider like me." said Meryon, with simplicity. Poor suisider! From a great way off his tired eyes had seen the bright circle of happiness; he came to the light, pass-ed through it, and so out into the cold and lonely twilight, where his own lot was cast. He was made for the life of a home: sociable, contented, affectionate, fond of quiet pleasures, a lover of little children. But the trannous demon who

the held up gracefully, like a Frein girl, with curved wrist and pretilly be hand. Bhe came on, looking straig before her; her lips were hand and h face was hard; no melting mood w hers. Irouy, and a stiff-necked refusal bend before the blast were Dolly's a mour against trouble; she was bitter humiliated, and would not cede an into a sumiliation. Certain constrict here fuces in her hands and an outgrees here. Trony, and a stiff-necked refusal is thend before the blast were Dolly's ar-mour against trouble; she was bittery humiliated, and would not cede an inci-to Bumiliated, and would not cede an inci-bands seemed to have closed round her heart; she had not spent so long a day here the states of an not going to bother you here the afternoon, and thus it mu. "Dear Miss Laurenson, You showe with a cleast by a distance of the her mother's room for the news of her death. "I and mother's room for the news of her death. "The said Meryon, turning to walk with her, was graceful. "Thanks, no; he bites." "This was unpromising. Meryon des-but plunged straight into it. "Tvo just been seeing Lal Laurenson," troug suit, "I beg your pardon, I hope you won't think it awful cheek in me to shove won't think in far?" "Tam not going to tell you. I mean." Having laughed over this better till she cid. Angela was how aimout ready i know highted this year, and anyway I know was red ones. I am sorry I can't sent won you wear red ones. I am sorry I can't sent won you wear red ones. I am sorry I can't sent won you wear or dones. I am sorry I can't sent won the for?" "Tam not going to tell you. I mean." Having la

Tiermoon."
"Tidd."
"Tim avform to soling to tell you. I mean."
"Tam not going to tell you. I mean."
"Tam not going to tell you. I mean."
"Tim avfoll, "I don't want to be rude, but
"To an to going to tell you. I mean."
"Wait because you saw him in at the
Salors Arms?"
"Dolly hemitated for a minute; then she
answered: "Yes."
"Tim avfoll belian why he was there."
"Wait," said Dally. "Who told you
"Toos he know you have come to me?!"
"To an believe it.""
"To an believe it.""
"To an believe it.""
"To a believe it.""
"To be had run away from her home and for there of betrothal: seeing herself more of the your for white romes, hould fare if here lover turned tyraht?
The be had run away from her home and for there of holing. He and first. They brought your fores."
To that kind of thing. He and Miss fane to go back. He goes in toohout first.
he had run away from her home and for there own money, but it's better than a parson, for he doesan't ever preach, he juat lives. It had to break my promise. I'd on the

'Shall I?"

always ruled, not I.

always ruled, not 1." "Do you think so?" "Yes. And he will. And I'm afraid." Lal held her quietly. Presently he said: "I think you're mistaken Angela." "Do you?" Angela said, looking up with tears on her lashes. "Do you really,

to you ner?"

arm, and so they descended the stairs. They made a handsome couple, though Lal looked quieter and lazier even than was his wont. On the last step, Ange-la came to a pause of dismay; she col-

ia came to a pause of diamay; she col-oured crimson, snatched her hand from Lal's arm, and fied into the drawing room. Lal hesituted; he also changed colour; finally, he' made a very formal bow, and followed his sister without speaking. Dolly and Bernard had just been admitted into the hall. "I guess that chap's gone cracked!" said Bernard, sotto vove. But Dolly held

but it's Lai that has to do with working it; he's better than a parson. for he "I doean't ever preach, he just lives. If he'd been anywhere in Europe that lime I had to break my promise, I'd never have given way as I did and become the beart I am. He'd have seen me through. He respects you, and you somply can't help being what he thinks. He never told me about that Hame, I just found it out. T've been over h with him. I never shall forget it." Lal smiled as he read it. "Well, and aren't you going to wear "Shall I?" "Are you in doubt?" "Yee, rather." "Why?" "I'm afraid. Lal." "Is it that you don't care-7" Angela shook her head. "Then you must wear them," Lal said. He came to her and fastened them. An-gela looked down at the roses and up at his face; suddenly she threw her arms round his neck. "I'm a humbug, Lal." she said. "You always ruled, not 1." I never shall forget it." "Do you know the name of the girl he saw at the Sailors' Arms?" "Hilda Davis. She comes from here." "I see Thank you." said Dolly. "Yes; I am glad to know." Meryon stopped. "T'm glad you don't think it was cheek of me. I'd better go back now; I'll just catch my train." "Did you come here simply to tell me this?" said Dolly. "You're a good friend."

with tears on her lashes. "Do you really, Lal?" "I do. Fane isn't exactly an ogre, you know." Lal smiled. "I shall be quite ready to give you away to him." "And giad, too, I expect; ungrateful boy that you are!" Angela released her-self, and began with unsteady fingers to pull out her crushed curls. Wait till you're married yourself, and see how you like it!"

"I see no immediate prospect of that," said Lal. "And now, does it not chose

d. "And now, does it not decur that we might go down to dinangela slipped her hand through his

children. But the trannous demon who had ruled him would grant no peace; Meryon was driven out into the wilder-ness, where he lived and where he died. CHAPTER XVL

was analysis to make the a girl?" ques-"I say, old fellow, is it a girl?" ques-tioned the gambler. "Yes." "Then, of course, it's serious; it would be with you. Won't she have you?" "I haven't asked her." "Have you had a quarrel?" "I have just met her, and she cut me dead. Heaven knows why; I d∉'t." Marven hy a string or questions, con-At Swanbrought there were two evang-At Swanbrought there were two evang-elists, whose name appeared on the pro-gramme as Rev. Dr. Brown and Rev. S. Jones, for your true temperance evange-list eachews the adjective as rigidly as temperance in his speeches. The one spoke on "Gospel Dynamics"; the other proved the Bible a total-abstinence book and, incidentally, himself no orator. Angela found it hard to be pleased; she looked at Bernard, and saw him yawn-gin undisguisedly, and then at Doily, who sat with hands folded, inattentive but composed.

dead. Heaven knows why; I do t." Meryon, by a string or questions. con-trived to elicit the story of Lai's court-ship. The cause of Dolly's coldness puzzled him, as it had puzzled Lal, but after several abortive inquiries he hit at last on the right track. "I don't see what could have happened while the meeting was going on to make her change so. What were you doing all the time?"

"Buielde will wasn't wasn't lake good care it wasn't al death. I wonder, now, if they'd give al death. I wonder, now, if they'd give me Christian burial?" "Not if I was anywhere around, sonny: you may depend on that. So you serious-by contemplate suicide as a possible end of your life?" "Probable, not possible: I keep my re-"Probable, not possible: I keep my re-"Probable, not possible: I keep my re-

re's always the ultimate remedy."

"Which means, being interpreted?" "Which means, being interpreted?" "Suicide while of unsound mind: I'd ake good care it wasn't called accident-i death. I wonder, now, if they'd give ne Christian burial?" "Not if I was anywhere around, sonny:

acter, "Haven't you mertality from th childhood?" he v "None." said years v

said

Trobuint, not possible: I keep my re-volver loaded. I've had that before me even since I remember."
"Well, I'll give you credit of being consistent; only, don't you holude me among the Christians, for I'm not one. You can put down my inconsistencies to that if you like. If I'd owned a creed, I believe I might have stuck to it-toler-shiv well."
"Tou're sorry you've none?" "Yes." said Lucian.
"Tou're sorry you've none?" "Yes." said Lucian.
"Tou're sorry you've none?" "Tou're sorry well."
"Tou're sorry well."
"Don't you blaspheme." said Lucian.
To an't say I believe that there is a fed, but I know I don't believe that there isn't. When little boys like you are profane, you make me think of some kids I knew, who had a midnight sup-per in the church-yard to show they weren's afraid of bogies. And it rained, and one got rheumatic fever; that was me "be approved up to chart was

weren's afraid of bogies. And it rained, and one got rheumatic fever; that was me," he wound up, cheerfully. Farouhar laughed, and broke off to ask, "Ts that any one calling?" "Wha'd look us up at this time of night, 'cept it was the postman?" "Are you expecting a letter?" "I had my weekly budget yesterday, and so did you, sonny; don't be fealous." "I am jealous; I'm confoundedly jeal-ous."

and so did you, sonny; don't be jealous." "I am jealous; I'm confoundedly jeal-ous." "To see your letter." "To see your letter." "Lucian was fully alive to the fascina-tion of playing with a tiger; he pulled out Dolly's grey envelope and played a tune on the back of it. "Here it is; what do you want to know?" "I want to know how she addresses you and signs herself, and what the sub-stance of it's like, and how many sheets he sends you?" "How many does she send you?" "Not much. Suppose she called yor darling and me only dear?" "By Heaven, Lucian, I shouldn't won-der if I murdered you in my sleep some night?" "Td not do it in my senses, for I'm no wish to be hanged for murder; but. I tell you I can't get the thought of those letters of yours out of my head. And when the will's in abeyance the body your door locked: mind. I've warned you." "Then my solemn honour, old Farqu-

Tid not do it in my seenses, for Twe no wink to be hanced for murder; build you, I can't get the thought of those between of yours door locked: mind. Two warms the door method were seen at the bott is a book of the life. You know you are a savage?' exclumed Lutter, "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Take the thing away; keep it out of my selt."
 "Tou're right, I should. Td have other of the sealt f; confourd her?"
 Lucian gave him a queer glance. That or one thing, he knew that it was necess and the sealt f; confourd her?"
 Lucian gave him a queer glance. That or one thing, he knew that it was necess and the sealt f; confourd her?"
 Lucian gave him a queer glance. That or one thing, he knew that it was necess any difference of mouther, he knew that it was necess any difference of mouther, he knew that it foot the last wore the sole of the output of the sealt first on the last were the sole of the sole

"Way up at the hotel I heard you sing-ing and I made out you must be down have all that was needed, without a rops were all that was needed without a rops were all that a rops were all that the that hat a rops were a rops were all that a rops

CHAPTER XIV.

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