## THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," (Copyright 1905 by Harper & Bros.)

CHAPTED IV.

The Disaster. Ariel had worked all the afternoon over her mother's wedding-gown, and iours were required by her toilet dance. She curled her hair burning it here and there, with a state pencil heated over a lamp-chimney, and she placed above one ear three or four large artificial ses, taken from an old hat of her other's, which she had found in a runk in the store-room. Possessing no allphers, she carefully blacked and lished her shoes, which had been maily resoled, and fastened into strings of each small resettes of n; after which she practiced ging the train of her skirt until was proud of her manipulation of She had no powder, but found her grandfather's room a lump of in, that he was in the habit magnesis, that he was in the habit of taking for heart-burn, and passed it over and over her brown face and bands. Then a lingering gaze into her en a lingering gaze into her mail mirror gave her joy at last; he yearned so hard to see herself ming that she did see herself so. emiration came and she told herself at she was more attractive to than she had ever been in her life, of that, perhaps, at last she might begin to be sought for like other girls. The little glass showed a sort prettiness in her thin, unmatured young face; tripping dance-tunes ran through her head, her feet keeping the time—ah, she did so hope dance often that night! Perhaps Perhapsperhaps she might be asked for every umber. And so, wrapping an old water-proof cloak about her, she took er granfather's arm and sailed

the change began to come. Alone, at home in her own ugly little room, Alone, at her own u herself albeautiful, but here rightly lighted char chamber brightly lighted chamber led with the other girls it was for the mirror was popular—with a sinking spirit. There was the conlike a picture painted and. The other girls all wore dr hair after the fashion introduced Canaan by Mamie Pike the week ore, on her return from a visit to though he was fat. None of them had " and none had bedecked their reases with artificial flowers. iterations of the wedding-dress had not been successful; the skirt was too thort in front and higher on one side y the heavy soled shoes, which had out most of their polish in the waik through the snow. The ribbon rosettes were fully revealed, and as she clanced at their reflection she heard "Look at that train and rosettes!" whipered behind her. end saw in the mirror two pretty young women turn away with their handkerchiefs over their mouths and

ariel wore a train. busy with a hanging thread in her sleeve, She was singularly an alien in the Perhaps mong the young ladies may be best defined by the remark, generally current among them, that evening, to the effect that it was, "very sweet of damle to invite her." Ariel was not like the others; she was not of them. and never had been. Indeed, she did not know them very well. Some of them nodded to her and gave her a word of greeting pleasantly; all of whispered about her with wonder and suppressed amusement; but none talked to her. They were not settindly, but they were young and eager and excited over their own ingentlemen's dressing-room."

Back of the other girls had been escorted by a youth of the place, and, scended the stairs, until only Artel her young hostess's mother timidly. ed her young hostess's mother timidly. Mrs. Pike—a small, frightened-looking woman with a prominent ruby hecklace—answered her absently, and hurried away to see that the imported winters did not steal anything. Ariel sat in one of the chairs against

the wall and watched the dameers with a smile of eager and benevolent guardians nor aunts, were o' nights to duenna the junketings of youth; Mrs. Pike did not reuppear, and Ariel sat conspicuously alone. ere was nothing else for her to do. It was not an easy matter.

When the first dance reached an end, Mamie Pike came to her for a moment with a cherry welcome, and was immediately surrounded circle of young men and women, flushed with dancing, shouting as was their wont, laughing inexplicably over words and phrases and unintelligible monosyllables, as if they all belonged to a secret society and these cries were symbols of things exquisitely humorous, which only they under-stood, Ariel laughed with them more heartly than any other, so that she might seem to be of them and as merry as they were, but almost immedistely she found herself outside of the circle, and presently they all whirled away into another dance, and she was left alone again. So she sat, no one coming near her.

through several dances, trying to maintain the smile of delighted in-terest upon her face, though she felt the muscles of her face beginning to ache with their fixedness, her eyes growing hot and glazed. All the other girls were provided with partners for every dance, with several young men left over, these latter lounging hilay together in the doorways, was careful not to glance tothem, but she could not help the dances she saw Miss Pike speak appealingly to one of the superfluous, glancing, at the same time, in her own direction, and Ariel could see, o, that the appeal proved unsuccess-l until at fast Mamie approached r leading Norbert Flitcroft, partly the hand, partly by will-power. orbert was an excessively fat boy, and at the present moment looked as attent as the blind. But he asked she was "engaged for the next and, Mamie having flitted and, Mamie having flitted stood disconsolately beside her, is for the music to begin. Ariel rateful for him.

steful for him.
hink you must be very goodd, Mr. Flitcroft," she said with
of raillery.
I'm not," he replied, plaintivebeeryhody thinks I am because
it, and they expect me to do
they never dreum of asking
ty else to do. I'd like to see
an ask "Gene Bantry to go and
me of the things they get me
A person isn't good-natured
cause he's fat." he concluded,
""may be might as well be!"

"Oh, I meant good-natured," returned, with a sprightly laugh, "be-cause you're willing to waltz with me."
'Oh, well," he returned, sighing,
"that's all right."
"that's all right."

The orchestra flourished into Paloma;" he put his arm mournfully about her, and taking her right hand with his left, carried her arm out to a rigid right angle, beginning to pump and balance for time. They made three false starts and then got away. Ariel danced badly; she hop-ped and lost the step, but they persevered, bumping against other couples continually. Circling breathlessly into the next room, they passed close to a long mirror, in which Ariel saw herself, although in a flash, more bitterly contrasted to the others than in the cheval-glass of the dressing-room. The clump of roses was flopping about her neck, her crimped hair frowzy, and there was something ter-ribly wrong about her dress. Suddenly she felt her train to be ominous ly grotesque, as a thing following her

in a nightmare.

A moment later she caught her partner making a burlesque face of suffering over her shoulder, and, turning her head quickly, saw for whose benefit he had constructed it. Eugene Bantry, flying expertly by with Mamie, was bestowing upon Mr. Flitcroft a condescendingly commiserative wink train and fell to the floor at Eugene's feet, carrying her partner with her.

There was a shout of laughter. The young hostess stopped Eugene, who would have gone on, and he had no

hoice but to stoop to Ariel's assistance. "It seems to be a habit of mine." she said, laughing loudly.
She did not appear to see the hand high hopes in her beating was in the dressing room that he offered, but got to her feet with out help and walked quickly away with Norbert, who proceeded to live up to the character he had given himself "Perhaps we had better not try it

"Well, I should think not," he redifferent. There was a big cheval-glass at one end of the room, and the faced it, when her turn came— he took her to the chair against the wall whence he had brought her. There his responsibility for her seemed to cease. "Will you excuse me?" he asked, and there was no doubt that he felt that he had been given more than his share that evening, even

though he was fat.

"Yes, indeed." Her laughter was continuous. "I should think you would be glad to get rid of me after that. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Flitcroft, you know you are!"

It was the deadly truth, and the fat one, saying, "Well, if you'll just excuse me now," hurried away with a step which grew lighter as the dis-

step which grew lighter as the distance from her increased. Arrived at the haven of a far doorway, he mopbrow and shook grimly in response to frequent rally-

Ariel sat through more dances, interminable dances and intermissions, in that same chair, in which, it began retreat hurriedly to an alcove. All to seem, she was to live out the rest the feet in the room except Ariel's of her life. Now and then, if she thought people were looking at her the color of the dress from which they glimmered out, and only into a laugh and nodded slightly, as as they passed, she broke into a laugh and nodded slightly, as if still amused over her mishap.

After a long time she rose, and laughing cheerfully to Mr. Flitcroft, who was standing in the deorway and replied with a wan smile, stepped out chattering room, although she had quickly into the hall, where she al-been born and lived all her life in most ran into her great-uncle, Jonas Tabor. He was going towards the big frent doors with Judge Pike, having just come out of the latter's library, Jonas was breathing heavily and

was shockingly pale, though his eyes were very bright. He turned his back upon his grandniece sharply and went out of the door. Ariel turned from him quite as abruptly and re-entered the room whence she had come. She laughed again to her fat friend as she passed him, and, still laughing, went towards the fatal chair, when her eves caught sight of Eugene Bantry and Mamie coming in through window from the porch. Still laugh-ing, she went to the window and looked out; the porch seemed deserted and was faintly illuminated by a few one by one, joining these excorts in Japanese lanterns. She sprang out, the half outside the door, they de- dropped upon the divan, and burying face in her hands, cried heart was left. She came down alone after brokenly. Presently she felt some-the first dance had begun, and greet-thing alive touch her foot, and, her breath catching with alarm, she started to rise. A thin hand, issuing from tween two of the green tubs and was said Joe. "Don't make a

His warning was not needed; she had recognized the hand and sleeve interest. In Canaan no parents, no instantive She dropped back with a ow sound which would have been hysterical if it had been louder, while could see his face dimly, as he peered What were you going on about?'

he neked angrity.
"Nothing," she answered. "I wasn't. You must go away, and quick. It's too dangerous. If the

"He won't" "Ah, you'd risk anything to see What were you crying about?" he Interrupted.

"Nothing, I tell you!" she repeated, the tears not ceasing to gather in her es. "I wasn't."
"I want to know what is was,

insisted. "Didn't the fools ask you to dance? Ah! You needn't tell me. That's it. I've been here for the last three dances and you weren't in sight till you came to the window. do you care about that for?" "I don't!" she answered. "I don't!" Then suddenly, without being able to prevent it, she sobbed. "No," he said, gently, "I see

don't. And you let yourself be a fool because there are a lot of fools in

She gave way, all at once, to gust of sorrow and bitterness; she bent far over and caught his hand laid it against her wet cheek. Joe," she whispered, brokenly I think we have such hard lives, you and I! It doesn't seem right-while we're so young! Why can't we be like the others? Why can't we have

some of the fun?" He withdrew his hand, with the embarrassment and shame he would have felt had she been a boy. "Get

st!" he said, feebly. She did not seem to notice, but, still stooping, rested her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. "I try so hard to have fun, to be like rest-and it's always a mistake, always, always, always!" She rocked herself, slightly, from side to side, "I an a feel, it's the truth, or I wouldn't have come to-night. I want to be at-tractive—i want to be in things. I

want to laugh like they do-"
"To laugh just to laugh, and not "To laugh just to laugh, and not because there's something funny?"
"Yes, I do. I do! And to know how to dress and to wear my hair—there must be some place where you can learn those things. I've never had any one to show me! Ah! Grandfather said something like that this afternoon—poor man! We're in the same case. If we only had some one to show us! It all seems so blind,

here in Canaan, for him and mel I don't say it's not my own fault as much as being poor. I've been a hoyden; I don't feel as if I'd, learned how to be a girl yet. Joe. It's only lately I've cared, but I'm soventeen, Joe, and—and to-day—to-day—I was sent home—and to-night—" She faitered, came to a stop, and her whole body was shaken with sobs. "I hate myself so for crying—for everything!"

"I'll tell you something," he whispered, chuckling desperately. "Generande me unpack his trunk, and I don't believe he's as great a man at

made me unpack his trunk, and I don't believe he's as great a man at college as he is here. I opened one of his books, and some one had written in it, 'Prigamaloo Bentry, the Class Try-To-Be!' He'd never noticed and you own! ticed, and you ought to have heard him go on! You'd have fust died, Ariel—I almost bust wide open! It was a mean trick in me, but I couldn't help showing it to him,

nere in Canaan, for him and mel

Joe's object was obtained. She stopped crying, and, wiping her eyes, faintly. Then she becam "You're jealous of Eugene, grave. sald. He considered this for a momen

"Yes," he answered, thoughtfully, "I am. But I wouldn't think about him differently on that account. And I wouldn't talk about him to any one "Not even to-" She left the question unfinished. "No," he said quietly. "Of course "No? Because it wouldn't be any

use? "I don't know. I never have a chance to talk to her, anyway."
"Of course you don't!" Her voice had grown steady. "You say I'm a fool. What are you?"
"You needn't worry about me," he began. "I can take care—"
"'Sh!" she whispered, warningly

The music had stopped, a loud clatter of voices and laughter succeeding it. "What need to be careful," Joe assured her, "with all that noise going "You must go away," she said, anx

"Not yet; I want-" She coughed loudly. Eugene and Mamie Pike had come to the window, with the evident intention of occupy ing the veranda, but perceiving Arie ing the veranda, but perceiving Ariel engaged with threads in her sleeve, they turned away and disappeared. Other couples looked out from time to time, and finding the solitary figure in possession, retreated abruptly to seek stairways and remote corners for

And so Ariel held the porch for three dances and three intermissions, occupying a great part of the time with entreaties that her obdurate and reckless companion should go. for the fourth time the music sounded, her agitation had so increased that she was visibly trembling. "I can't stand it, Joe," she said, bending over him. "I don't know what would hap-pen if they found you. You've got

were impelled

"No, I haven't," he chuckled. "They haven't even distributed the supper "And you take all the chances," she said, slowly, "just to see her pass that window a few times."

"What chances "Of what the Judge will do if any one sees you.

"Nothing; because if any one saw me I'd leave. Not till-

A colored waiter, smiling graciously, came out upon the porch bearing a tray of salad, hot oysters, and coffee. Ariel shook her head. "I don't want any," she murmured.

" 'Sh!"

The waiter turned away in pity and was re-entering the window, when a passionate whisper fell upon his ear as well as upon Ariel's.

"Take it!"
"Ma'am?" said the waiter.
"I've changed my mind," she replied, quickly.

his elation restored. The waiter, his elation restored, gave of his viands with the superfluous bounty loved by his race when distributing the product of the wealthy. When he had gone, "Give me everything that's hot," said Joe. "You can keep the salad."
"I couldn't eat it, or anything else," she answered, thrusting the plate be-

tween the paims.

For a time there was silence. From within the house came the continuous babble of voices and laughter, the clink of cutlerry on china. people spent a long time over their supper. By-and-by the waiter returnto the veranda deposited a plate of colored ices upon Ariel's knees with noble gesture, and departed.
"No ice for me," said Joe.

'Won't you please go now?" she en-"It wouldn't be good manners," he responded. They might think I only came for supper."
"Hand me back the things. The waiter might come for them any min-

"Not yet. I haven't quite finished. I eat with contemplation, Ariel, be cause there's more than the mere food and the warmth of it to consider. There's the pleasure of being enter-Think what a real kindness I'm doing him, too. I increase his good deeds and his hospitality without his knowing it or being able to help it. Don't you see how I boost his standing with the Recording Angel? If Lazarus had behaved the way I do, Dives needn't have had those worries that came to him in the after-life."

"Give me the dish and coffee-cup." she whispered, impatiently, pole the waiter came and had to look

She whispered a syllable of warning, and the dishes were hurriedly withdrawn as Norbert Fliteroft, wearing solemn expression of injury, came out

the halted suddenly. "What's that?" he asked with suspicion. "Nothing," answered Ariel, sharply. Where? "Behind those palms."

"Probably your shadow," she laughed; "or it might have been a draught moving the leaves." He did not seem satisfied, stared hard at the spot where the edging back cautiously nearer the

"They want you," he said, after a pause, "Some one's come for you."
"Oh, is grandfather waiting?" She rose, at the same time letting her handkerchief fail. She stooped to pick it up, with her face away from Norbert and toward the palms, whispering tremulously, but with passion-"It isn't your grandfather that has

come for you," said the fat one, slowly, "It's is old Eaken Arp. Something's happened."

She looked at him for a moment, beginning to tremble violently, her eyes growing wide with fright.
"Is my grandfather—is he sick?" "You better go and see. Old Es-kew's waiting in the hall. He'll tell

you."
She was by him and through the window instantly. Norbert did not follow her; he remained for several moments looking earnestly at the paims; then he stepped through the window and beckened to a youth who was lounging in the doorway across

"There's samebody hiding behind those plants," he whispered, when his friend reached him. "Go and tell Judgo Pike to send some of the nig-

him to get his revolver and come here."

Meanwhile Ariel had found Mr. Arp waiting in the hall, talking in a low voice to Mrs. Pike.

"Your granfather's all right," he told the frightened girl, quickly. "He sent me for you, that's all. Just hurry and get your things."

She was with him again in a moment, and seizing the old man's arm, hurried down the steps and toward the street almost at a run.

"You're not telling me the truth," You're not telling me the truth,

she said. You're not telling me the "Nothing has happened to Roger," panted Mr. Arp. "Nothing to mind, I mean. Here! We're going this way, not that." They had come to the gate, and as she turned to the right he pulled her round sharply to the left. "We're not going to your house."
"Where are we going?"
"We're going to your Uncle Jo-

"Why?" she cried, in supreme as-tonishment. "What do you want to take me there for? Don't you know that he's stopped speaking to me?"
"Yes," said the old man, grimly
with something of the look he wore when delivering a clincher at the "Na tional House,"—"he's stopped speaking to everybody."

CHAPTER V.

Beaver Beach. The Canaan Daily Tocsin of the following morning "ventured the as-sertion" upon its front page that "the scene at the Pike Mansion was one of unalloyed festivity, music, and mirth; a fairy bower of airy figures wafting here and there to the throb of waltzstrains; a veritable Temple of Terpsichore, shining forth with a myriae of lights, which, together with the generous profusion of floral decora-tions and the mingled deligths afford-ed by Mind's Orchestra, of Indianapolis and Carterer Jones of Chicago, was in all likelihood never heretofore surpassed in elegance in our city....Only one incident," The Tocsin remarked, "marred an otherwise perfect occa-sion, and out of regard for the culprit's family connections, which are prominent in our social world, we withhold his name. Suffice it to say that through the vigilance of Mr Norbert Flitcroft, grandson of Colonel A. A. Flitcroft, who proved himself a thorough Lecoq (the celebrated French detective), the rascal was siezed and recognized. Mr. Flitcroft, having discovered him in hiding, had a cordon of waiters draw up around his hiding place, which was the charmingly decorated side plazza of the Pike Mansion, and sent for Judge

Pike, who came upon the intruder by surprise. He evaded the Judge's in dignant grasp, but received a well-merited blow over the head from a poker which the Judge had concealed about his person while pretending to approach the hiding place casually Attracted to the scene by the cries of Mr. Flitcroft, who, standing behind Judge Pike, accidentally received a blow from the same weapon, all the guests of the evening sprang to view the scene, only to behold the culprit leap through a crevice between the strips of canvas which enclosed the piazza. He was seized by the colored coachman of the mansion, Sam Warden, and immediately pounced upon by the cordon of Caterer Jones's dusky assistants from Chicago, who were in ambush outside. Unfortu-nately, after a brief struggle he managede to trip Warden, and, the others stumbling upon the prostrate body of the latter and to make his escape in

the darkness.
"It is not believed by many that his intention was burgiary, though what his designs were can only be left to conjecture, as he is far beyond the age when boys perform such actions out of a sense of mischief. He had evidently occupied his hiding-place some time, and an idea of his coolness may be obtained from his having procured and eaten a full meal through an unknown source. Judge Pike is justly incensed, and swears that he will prosecute him on this and other charges as soon as he can be found. sympathy is felt for the culprit's family, who feel his shame most keenly, but who, though sorrowing over the occurrence, declare that they have put up with his derelictions long enough and will do nothing to step between

him and the Judge's righteous indig-

The Pike Mansion, "scene of festivity, music, and mirth" (not quite so unalloyed, after all, the stricken Flitcroft keeping his room for a week under medical supervision), had not been the only bower of the dance in Canaan that evening; another Temple of Terpsichore had shone forth with lights though of these there were not quite a myriad. The festivities they illumined obtained no mention in the paper, nor did they who trod the measures in this temple exhibit any sense of injury because of the Tocsin's omission. Nay, they were of that class, shy without being bashful, exclusive yet not proud, which shuns publicity with a single-heartedness almost unique in our republic, courting observation neither in the prosecution of their professions nor in the pursuit of happiness.

Not quite a mile above the north-

Not quite a mile above the north-ernmost of the factories on the water-front, there projected into the river, near the end of the crescent bend above the town, a long pier, relic of steamboat days, rotting now, and many years fallen from its maritime uses. About midway of its length stood a huge, crazy shed, long ago utilized as a freight store-room. had been patched and propped, and a dangerous-looking veranda attached for them? Quick.

"Take them, then. You'll see that jealousy has nt spoiled my appetite—"
A bottle-shaped figure appeared in the window and she had no time to the window and she had no time to the doorway was placed a sign where the window and she had no time to on might be read the words, "Beaver Beach, Mike's Place." The shore end of the pler was so ruinous that passon the place was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous that passon was offered by a single row of the pler was so ruinous planks, which presented an appearnace so temporary, as well-as insecure, that one might have guessed their office to be something in the nature of a drawbridge. From these a narrow path ran through a marsh, left by the receding river, to a country road of desolate appearance. Here there was a rough enclosure, of corral, with Here there some tumble down sheds which afford ed shelter, on the night of Joseph Louden's disgrace, for a number of shaggy teams attached to those deshaggy teams attached to those te-crepit and musty vehicles known pic-turesquely and accurately as Night Hawks. The presence of such ques-tionable shapes in the corral indicated tionable shapes in the corral indicated that the dance was on at Beaver Beach, Mike's Place, as surely as the short line of cabs and family carriages on upper Main street made it known that gayety was the order of the night at the Pike Mansion. But among other differences was this, that at the hour when the guests of the latter were leaving, those seeking the hospitalities of Beaver Beach had just begun to arrive.

By three o'clock, however, joy at Mike's Place had become beyond question unconfined, and the tokens of it were audible for a long distance in all directions. If, however, there is no sound where no ear hears, sience no sound where no ear hears, sience rested upon the country-side until an hour later. Then a lonely figure came shivering from the direction of the town, not by the road, but slinking through the snow upon the frozen river. It came slowly, as though very tired, and cautiously, too, often turning its head to look behind. Finally it reached the pier, and stopped as if to listen.

men's screams. Then the riot quieted somewhat; there was a clapping of hande, and a violin began to squeak measures intended to be Oriental. The next moment the listener scrambled up one of the rotting piles and stood upon the veranda. A shaft of red light through a broken shutter struck across the figure above the shoulders, revealing a bloody handkerchief clumsily knotted about the head, and, beneath it, the face of Joe Louden. clumsily knotted about the head, and, beneath it, the face of Joe Louden.

He went to the broken shutter and looked in. Around the blackened walls of the room steed a bleared mob, applausively watching, through a fog of smoke, the contortions of an old woman in a red calico wrapper, who was dancing in the center of the floor. The fiddler, a rehicular person who was dancing in the center of the floor. The fiddler—a rubicund person evidently not suffering from any great depression of spirit through the circumstance of being "out on bail," as he was, to Joe's intimate knowledge—sat astride a barrel, resting his instrument upon the foamy tap thereof, and playing somewhat after the manner of a 'cellist; in no wise incommoded by the fact that a tall man (known to a few friends as an expert in the porch-climbing line) was sleeping on his shoulder, while another gentleman (who had prevented many cases of typhold by removing old plumbing from houses) lay on the floor at the musician's feet and endeav@red to assist him by plucking the strings of the fiddle.

Joe opened the door and went in.

Joe opened the door and went in. All of the merry company (who were able) turned sharply toward the door as it opened; then, recognizing the new-comer, turned again to watch the old woman. One or two nearest the door asked the boy, without curiosity, what had happened to his head. He merely shook it faintly in reply, and crossed the room to an open hallway beyond. At the end of this he came to a frowsy bedroom, the door of which stood ajar. Seated at a deal table, and working by a dim lamp with a broken chimney, a close-cropped, red-bearded, red-haired man

his shirt sleeves was jabbing gloomily at a column of figures scrawled in a dirty ledger. He looked up as Joe ap-peared in the doorway, and his syes showed a slight surprise. "I never thought you had the tem-per to git somebody to split yer head," said he. "Where'd ye collect it?"

"Nowhere," Joe answered, dropping reakly on the bed. "It doesn't amount to anything." "Well, I'll take just a look fer my-self," said the red-bearded man, rising 'And I've no objection to not know in' how ye come by it. Ye've always been the great one fer keepin' yer mysteries to yerself."

He unwound the handkerchief and removed it from Joe's head gently. Whee!" he cried, as a long gash was exposed over the forehead. "I hope

little on the score o' this!" Joe chuckled and dropped dizzily back upon the pillow. "There was another who got something like it," he gasped, feebly; "and, oh, Mike, I vish you could have heard him going on! Perhaps you did-it was only three miles from here."
"Nothing I'd like better!" said the

other, bringing a basin of clear water from the stand in the corner, "It's from the stand in the corner. beautiful thing to hear a man holler when he gits a grand one like ye're wearing to-night." He bathed the wound gently, and

hurrying from the room, returned im-mediately with a small jug of vinegar. Wetting a rag with this tender fluid, he applied it to Joe's head, speaking soothingly the while.
"Nothing in the world like a bit of good cider vinegar to keep off the It may seem a triffe scratchy fer the moment, but it assas-

sinates the blood-p'ison. There ye go! It's the fine thing fer ye, Joeare ye squirmin' about? answered, writhing as the vinegar worked into the gash. "Don't you mind my laughing to myself." "Ye're a good one, Joe!" said the other, continuing his ministrations. "I visht, after all, ye felt like makin' me known to what's the trouble. There's

some of us would be glad to take it up fer ve and-'No, no; it's all right. I was somewhere I had no business to be, and I Who caught ye?"

"First, some nice white people"los smiled his distorted smile-"and then a low-down black man helped me to get away as soon as he saw the it was. He's a friend of mine and he fell down and tripped up the "I always knew ye'd git into large

trouble some day." The red-bearded man tore a strip from an old towel began to bandage the with an unaccustomed hand. taste fer excitement has been growin on ye every minute of the four years "Excitement!" echoed Joe, painfully

linking at his friend. "Do you think I'm hunting excitement?"
"He hanged to ye!" said the redbearded man. "Can't I say a teasing word without gittin' called to order fer it? I know ye, my boy, as well as ye know yerself. Ye're a queer one. Ye're one of the few that must

know all sides of the world—and can't content themselves with bein respectable! Ye haven't sunk to life' because ye're low yourself, but ye'll never git a damned one o' the respectable to believe it. There's a few others like ye in the wide world. and I've seen one or two of 'em. I've been all over, steeple-chasin', sailorman, soldier, pedler, and in the police: I've pulled the Grand National in Paris, and I've been handcuffed in Hong-Kong; I've seen all the few kinds of women there is on earth and the many kinds of men . Yer own kind is the one I've seen the fewest of, but I knew ye belonged to it the first time I laid eyes on ye!" He paused, then continued with conviction: "Ye'll come to no good, either. for yerself, yet no one can say ye haven't talents. Ye've helped many of the boys out of a bad hele with a word of advice around the courts and the jail. Who knows but ye'd be a great lawyer if ye kept on?"

great lawyer if ye kept on?"
Young people usually like to discuss themselves under any conditions—hence the rewards of palmistry—but Joe's comment on this harangue was not so responsive as might have "I've got seven dollars," he said, "and I'll leave the clothes I've got

on. Can you or me up with some thing different?"
"Aha!" cried the red-bearded man.
"Then ye are in trouble! I thought
it'd come to ye some day! Have ye
been dynnymitin' Martin Pike?" "See what you can do," said Joe. "Le want to wait here until daybreak."
"Lie down, then," interrupted the other. "And fergit the hallabaloo in the throng-room beyond."

the throne-room beyond."
"I can easily do that"—Joe stretched
himself upon the bed—"I've got so
many other things to remember." "I'll have the things fer ye, and I'll let ye know I have no use fer seven dollars." returned the red-bearded man, crossly. "What are ye sniffin' fer?"

for?"

"I'm thinking of the poor fellow that got the mate to this," said Joe, touching the bandage. "I can't help crying when I think they may have used vinegar on his head, too."

Git to sleep if re can!" exclaimed the Samaritan, as a hideous burst of noise came from the dance room.

CHAPTER VI.

Ye'll Tak' the High Road." Tak' the Low Road."

The day broke with a scream of wind out of the prairies and such cloudbursts of snow that Joe could see neither bank of the fiver as he made his way down the big bend of ice. The wind struck so bitterly that now and then he stopped and, panting and gasping, leaned his weight against it. The snow on the ground was caught up and flew like sises spume in a hurricane; it swirled about him, joining the fakes in the air, so that it seemed to be snowing from the ground upward as much as from the sky downward. Fierce as it was, hard as it was to fight through, snow from the earth, anow from the sky, Joe was grateful for it, feeling that it velled him, making him safer, though he trusted somewhat the change of costume he had effected at Beaver Beach. A rough, workman's csp was pulled down over his ears and eyebrows; a knitted comforter was wound about the lower part of his face; under a ragged overcout he wore blue overalis and rubber boots; and in one of his red-miltened hands he swung a tin stinner bucket.

When he reached the pearest of the Sinner bucket.

When he reached the nearest of the

When he reached the nearest of the factories he heard the exhaust of its engines long before he could see the building, so blinding was the drift. Here he struck inland from the river, and, skirting the edges of the town, made his way by unfrequented streets and alleys, bearing in the general direction of upper Main street, to find himself at last, almost exhausted, in the alley behind the Pike Merricov. the alley behind the Pike Mansion. There he paused, leaning heavily against a board fence and gazing at the vaguely outlined gray plane which was all that could be made of the house through the blizzard. He had often, very often, stood in this same place at night, and there was one window (Mrs. Pike's) which he had window (Mrs. Pike's) s guessed to be Mamie's.

The storm was so thick that he could not seen this window now, but he looked a long time through the thickness at that part of the gray plane where he knew it was. Then his lips parted. "Good-bye, Mamie," he said softly.

He bent his body against the wind and went on, still keeping to the back ways, until he came to the alley which passed behind his own home, however, he paused only for a moment to make a quick survey of the premises. A glance satisfied him; he ran-te the next fence, hoisted himself wearily over it, and dropped into Roger Tabor's back yard. He took shelter from the wind for

a moment or two, leaning against the fence, breathing heavily; then he stumbled on across the obliterated paths of a vegetable garden until he reached the house, and beginning with the kitchen, began to make the cirto the kitchen, began to make the cir-cuit of the windows, peering cau-tiously into each as he went, ready to tap on the pane should he catch a glimpse of Arlel, and prepared to run if he stumbled upon her grand-father. But the place seemed empty; he had made his reconnaisance apparently in vain, and was on the point of going away, when he heard the click of the front gate and saw Ariel com-ing towards him, her old water-proof cloak about her head and shoulders, the patched, scant, faded skirt, which he knew so well, blowing about tumultuously. At the sound of the the side of the house, but she saw him

She stopped abruptly and hed, looked at him through the driven fog of snow. One of her hands was stretched towards him involuntarily. and it was in that attitude that he long remembered her, standing in the drift which had piled up against the gate almost knee-deep, the shabby skirt and the black water-proof flapping like torn sails, one hand outstretched like that of a figure tableau, her brown face with its thin features mottled with cold and unlovely, her startled eyes fixed on him with a strange, wild tenderness that held something of the laughter of whole companionship in it mingling with a loyalty and championship that was almost feroclous—she looked an Undine of the snow.

Suddenly she ran to him, still keep-ing her hand out-stretched until it "How did you know me?"

"Know you!" was all the answer she made to that question. "Come into the house. I've got some coffee the stove for you. I've been up and down the street waiting for you ever since it began to get light."
"Your grandfather won't—"

He's at Uncle Jonas's; he won't be back till noon. There's no one here." She led him to the front where he stamped and shook himself he was snow from head to foot. "I'm running away from the good omorrah." he said, "but I've stopped Gomorrah." he said, "but I've stopped to look back, and I'm a pretty white

"I know where you stopped to look back," she answered, brushing him heartily with her red hands. "You came in the alley way. It was Mamie's window.

He did not reply, and the only vis-ible token that he had any consciousmess of this clairvoyance of hers was a slight lift of his higher eyebrow. the wasted no time in getting him to the kitchen, where, when she had re-moved his overcoat, she placed him in a chair, unwound the comforter, and, as carefully as a nurse, lifted the cap from his injured head. When the strip of towel was disclosed she stood quite still for a moment with the cap in her hand, then with a broken little cry she stooped and kissed a lock of his hair, which escaped, discolored,

his hair, which escaped, discolored, beneath the bandage.
"Stop that!" he commanded, horribly embarrassed.
"Oh, Jos." she cried, "I knew! I knew it was there—but to see it! And it's my fault for leaving you—I had to go, or I wouldn't have—I—"

"Where'd you hear about it?" he asked, shortly.
"I haven't been to bed," she sn-swered. "Grandfather and I were up all night at Uncle Jonas's, and Colonel Flitcroft came about 2 o'clock, and he told us."
"Did he tell you about Norbert?"

"Did he tell you about Norbert?"

"Yes—a great deal." She poured coffee into a cup from a pot on the stove, brought it to him, then placing some thin silces of bread upon a gridiron, began to toast them over the hot coals. "The Colonel said that Norbert thought he wouldn't get well," she concluded; "and Mr. Arp said Norbert was the kind that never die, and they had quite an argument."

"What were you doing at Jonas Tabor's?" asked Joe, drinking his coffee with a brightening eye.

"We were sent for," she answered. "What for?"

She toasted the bread attentively without replying, and when she decided that it was brown enough, piled it on a warm plate. This she brought to him, and kneeling in front of him, her elbow on his knee, offered for his consideration, looking steadfastly up at his eyes. He began to eat ravenously,

back—"Wait." she interrupted. "Would, you have to go to prison right away if they caught you?"

"Oh, it isn't that," he laughed, sadiy. "Rut I'm going to clear out. I'm not going to take any chances. I want to see other parts of the world, other kinds of people. I might have gone anyhow, soon, even if it hadn't been for last night. Don't you ever feel that way?"

"You know I do," she said. "I've told you—how often! But, Joe, Joe—you haven't any money! You've got to have money to live!"

"Tou needn't worry about that," returned the master of seven dollars, genially. "I've saved enough to take care of me for a long time."

"Joe, please! I know it isn't so,

"Joe please! I know it isn't so.
If you could wait just a little while
—only a few weeks—only a few,
Joe— What for ?"

"I could let you have all you want.
It would be such a beautiful thing for me, Joe. Oh, I know how you'd feel; you wouldn't even lett me give you that dollar I found in the street last year; but this would be only lending it to you, and you could pay me back some time-

"Ariel!" he exclaimed, and, setting his empty cup upon the floor, took her by the shoulders and shook her till the empty plate which had held the toast dropped from her hand and broke into fragments. "You've been reading the Arabian Nights!"
"No, no." she cried, vehemently.
"Grandfather would give me anything.
He'll give me all the money I ask

"Money!" said Joe. "Which of us is wandering? Money? Roger Tabor things have to be settled first."
"What things?"
"Joe." she

"Joe," she asked earnestly, "do you think it's bad of me not to feel things ought to feel?"

"Then I'm glad," she said, and something in the way she spoke made him start with pain, remembering the same words, spoken in the same tone, by another voice, the night before on the veranda. "I'm glad, Joe, because I seemed all wrong to myself. Uncle Jonas died last night, and I haven't been able to get sorry. Perhaps it's because I've been so frightened about you, but I think not, for I wasn't sorry before Colonel Flitcroft told me about you."

VJonas Tabor dead!" said Joe. "Why, I saw him on the street yester-"Yes, and I saw him just before I

came out on the porch where you were. He was there in the hall; he and Judge Pike had been having a long talk; they'd been in some specu-lations together, and it had all turned out well. It's very strange, but they say now that Uncle Jonas's heart was say now that Uncle Jonas's heart was weak— he was an old man, you know, almost eighty—and he'd been very anxious about his money. The Judga had pesuaded him to risk it; and the shock of finding that he'd made a great deal suddenly—"

"I've heard held had that same shock before," said Joe, "when he sold out to your father."

out to your father."

"Yes, but this was different, grandfather says. He told me it was in one of those big risky businesses that Judge Pike likes to go into. And last night it was all finished, the strain was over, and Uncle Jonas started home. His house is only a little way from the Pikes', you know; but he out to your father." dropped down in the snow at his gate,

and some people who were going by saw him fall. He was dead before grandfather got there."
"I can't be sorry," said Joe, slowly. "Neither can I. That's the dreadfu! part of it! They say he hadn't made a will, that though he was sharper than anybody else in the whole world about any other matter of business, that was the one thing he put off. And we're all the kin he had in the And we're alighte kin he had in the world, granfather and I. And they say"—her voice sank to a whisper of excitement—"they say he was richer than anybody knew, and that this last business with Judge Pike, the very thing that killed him—something about grain—made him five times richer than before!"

She put her hand on the boy's arm, and he let it remain there. Her eyes still sought his with a tremulous ap-

still sought his with a tremulous ap-"God bless you, Ariel!" he said. "It's going to be a great thing for you."
"Yes. Yes, it is." The tears came suddenly to her eyes. "I was foolish last night, but there had been such a long time of wanting things; and now—and now grandfather and I can

"You're going, too!" Joe chuckled.

"You're going, too!" Joe chuckled.
"It's heartless, I suppose, but I've settled it! We're going..."

"I know," he cried "You've told me a thousand times what he's said ten times a thousand. You're going to Paris!"

"Paris! Yes, that's it. To Paris, where he can see at last how the great ones have painted... where the others can show him! To Paris, where we can study together, where he can learn how to put the pictures he sees upon canyas, and where I..."

"Gon on," Joe encouraged her. "I want to hear you say it. You don't mean that you're going to study painting; you mean that you're going to leagn how to make such fellows as Eugene ask you to dance. Go shead Eugene ask you to dance. Go shead

"Yes—to learn how to dress!" she Joe was silent for a mement. Then he rose and took the ragged overcoat from the back of his chair. "Where's

"Till the estate is settled and you can coax your grandfather to—"
"No, no! But you could go with

"He would take you as his secre-"Aha!" Joe's voice rain of the coffee, as he rose, refreshed by the coffee, toast, and warmth she had given him. "You've been story-reading, Ariel, like Eugene! "Secretary!" "Please, Joe!" House, pat!?" He

"Please, Joe!"

"Where's my tin dinner-pail?" He found it himself upon the table where he had set it down. "I'm going to earn a dishonest living," he went on. "I have an engagement to take a freight at a water-tank that'n a friend of mine, half a mile south of the yards. Thank God. I'm going to get away from Cansan!"

"Walt, Joe!" She caught at his aleeve, "I want you to-"

He had swung out of the room and was already at the front door. She followed him closely. "Good-bye, Arie!"