## CHARLOTTE DAILY OBSERVEL NOVEMBER 11, 1906.



Going slowly, he almost touch

backwards, and the pitchfork

A train had pulled into the station.

tired, travel-worn young man

with his remaining strength to

"If he does, damn you, I'll kill

But it was Eskew Arp who had sav,

was in his master's arms

when one is knocked

He

went

walked

poised on

down)

## CHAPTER XIX. Eskew Arp. -

As the judge continued his walk Main street, he wished pro-ty that the butterfly (which ex-d no annoyance) had been of But before the revolver could be discharged, Respectability had begun to run again, hobbling on three legs and dodging feebly. A heavy stone struck him on the shoulder and he turned across the street, making for the "National House" corner, where the joyful clerk brandished his pitchbulk and more approachable; nd it was the evil fortune of Joe's nongrel to encounter him in the sinis-ar humor of such a wish unfulfilled. Respectability dwelt at Beaver leach under the care of Mr. Sheehan and his master should return; and fork. ed the pimply one as he passed, and the clerk, already rehearsing in his was kind; but the small dog und the world lonely and time long mind the honors which should follow the brave stroke, raised the tines thout Joe. He had grown more d more restless, and at last, this hot above the little dog's head for the coup de grace. They did not descend, having managed to evade of all concerned in his keepeye and the daring youth failed of fame as made off unobtrusively, partly the laurel almost embraced his brows, swimming, and reaching the road. A hickory walking stick was thrust between his legs; and he, expecting atered into town, his ears erect with anxiety, Bent upon reaching to strike, received a blow upon the temple sufficient for his present unperyfrom the doorway of which the planply-checked clerk had thrown a doing and bedazzlement. over potato at him a month before. (not the thing to hold clork, had just laid down The high in as Respectability went by, and, with the force he had intended for inspired to great deeds in behalf of fustice and his native city, he rushed to the door, lavishly seized, this time. Respectability upon his own shin. perfectly good potato, and hurled it descending from a sleeper. rapidly up the street to learn the ocit took the mongrel fairly aside head, which it matched in size. casion of what appeared to be a riot When he was close enough to under-

The luckless Respectability's purstand its nature, he dropped his bag reach Joe's stairway had been and came on at top speed, shouting entirely definite, but upon this violoudly to the battered mongrel, who he forgot it momentarily. 11 tried is not easy to keep things in mind leap toward him through a cordon of when one is violently smitten on kicking legs, while Eugene Bantry mouth, nose, check, eye, and car by again called to the policeman to missile large enough to strike them simultaneously. Yelping and half blinded, he deflected to cross Main him!" Joe saw the revolver raised; and then, Eugene being in his way Judge Pike had elected to street. in the opposite direction, and he ran full-tilt into his stepbrothe the two met in the middle of the

with all his force, sending him to earth, and went on literally over him The encounter was miraculously ed to the judge's need: here was no uttorfly, but a solid body. light with-i, a wet, muddy, and dusty yellow og, eminently kickable. The man as he lay prone upon the asphalt. that being the shortest way to Remongrel and weakly licking his hands. heavily built about the legs, and ed the little dog; for it was his stick which had tripped the clerk, vigor of what he did may have additionally inspired by his recition of the mongrel as Joe Louand his hand which had struck him ". The impact of his toe upon little runner's side was momentdown. All his bodily strength had departed in that effort, but he stagand the latter rose into the The judge hopped, as one hops gered out into the street toward

"Joe Louden!" called the veteran, in a loud voice. "Joe Louden!" and suddenly reeled. The colonel and Squire Buckalew were making their in the night, discovers an unexpected chair. Let us be reconciled to his pain and not re-proach the gods with it—for two of his unintending adversary's ribs were unintending adversary's ribs were way toward him, but Joe holding the

dog to his breast with one arm, threw the other about Eskew. "It's a town—it's a town"—the old dog, thus again deflected, re traced his tracks, shrieking distract and. by one of those ironical fellow flung himself free from the suptwists which Karma reserves for the porting arm-"it's a town you couldn' of the fated, dived for blind even trust a yellow dog to!" He sank back upon Joe's shoulder, rafety into the store commanded by speechless. An open carriage had driven through the crowd, the colored driver urged by two ladies upon the back were shouts; the sleepy square beginto wake up: the boy ywho ked the plainning mill got to his ench loafers strolled to the street; seat, and Martin Pike saw it by the group in the middle of the street where Joe stood, the wounded dog held to his breast by one arm, aged men stirred and rose from the chairs; faces appeared in the old man, white and half faint-ing, supported by the other. Martin windows of offices; sales ladies gentlemen came to the doorways of the trading-places; so that when Respectability emerged from the gro-Pike saw this and more; he saw Ariel Tabor and his own daughter leaning he had a notable audience for from the carriage, the arms of both scene he enacted with a brass pityingly extended to Joe Louden and tinner hell tied to his tail.

his two burdens, while the stunned and silly crowd stood round them Another potato, flung by the pimstaring, clouds of dust settling down to the impetus of shower of pebbles from the hands of the boys dented the soft asphalt about him; the hideous clamor of the ing bell increased as he turned he next corner, running distractedly dead town had come to life, and inhabitants gladly risked the danwhereby it was a merry chase the dog led around the block. thus some destructive instinct drove um; he could not stop with the un appeasable Terror clanging at his is and the increasing crowd yelling in pursuit, but he tunned to the left at each corner, and thus left at each corner, and thus carna back to Joe's stairway again. unable to pause there or anywhere, unable to do anything except to continue his happiless flight, poor meteor Round the block he went once more. d still no chance at that empty stairway where, perhaps, he thought, here might be succor and safety. Blood was upon his side where Martin boot had crashed, foam and ood hung upon his jaws and lolling gue. He ran desperately, keep-to the middle of the street, and, ing howling, set himself despairing to outstrip the Terror. The mob. fisdaining the sun superbly, pursued as closely as it could, throwing bricks and rocks at him, striking at throwing ter. him with clubs and sticks. Happy Fear, playing "tio-tac-toe," right against left, in his cell, heard the up-Foar, made out something of what was happening, and, though unaware that it was a friend whose life was tage sought, discovered a similarity to his own case, and prayed to his dim god that the quarry might get away. "Mad dog!" they yelled. "Mad dog!" And there were some who cried, "Joe Louden's dog!" that being "Mad equally as exciting and explanatory. Three times round, and still the litgray-helmeted policeman, a big feltle fugitive maintained a lead. - A had joined the pursuit. He had children at home who might be playing in the street, and the thought of what might happen to them if the mad dog should head that way resolved him to he cool and steady. He was falling behind, so he stopped the corner, trusting that Respe on the corner, trusting that Respectwas right, and the flying brownish thing streaked along Main street, passing the beloved stairway for the aurth time. The popliceman lifted he gasped, feebly: "Pos-I-tive-ly-no his revolver, fired twice, missed once, but caught him with the second shot in a forepaw, clipping off a fifth a forepaw, clipping off a fifth one of the small claws that grow we the foot and are always in trouble. This did not stop him: but policeman, afraid to risk another because of the crowd, walted for to come again; and many others, ng the hopeless circuit the mondid likewise, armed with bricks an with bricks and clubs. Among them was the pimply clerk, who had been pired to commandeer a pitchfork m the hardware store. When the fifth round came, lity's race was run. He turnd into Main street at a broken and, limping, parched, voiceless, ked with blood and foam, snap-g feebly at the showering rocks, still indomitably a little shead the hunt. There was no yelp left he was too thoroughly wind-hat-but still in his brilliant pairing eyes shone the agony londer than the tongue of cry louder than the tongue of g could utter: "O master! O the god I know! Where are you the god I know! Where his is in my mortal need?" Now indeed he had a gauntlet to a minimum set of the street was lined with the street who awaited him, while the argument graw closer behind. A number of the hardiest stood squarely in and he hemisted for a sec-

windows commanded as comprehen-sive a view of the next house as did the front steps, and after a time bar housewifely duty so far preval-ed over her indignation at the man's unwholesome stolidity that she fol-lowed him down the hall to preside over the meal, not, however, to par-take largely of it herself. Mr. Louden had no information of Eugene's mishap, nor had Mrs. Lou-den any suspicion that all was not well with the young man, and, hear-ing him enter the front door, she called to him that his dinner was waiting. Eugene, however, made no reply and went up-stairs to his own

ond, which gave the opportunity fo a surer aim, and many missiles struck him. "Let him have it now, officer," said Eugene Bentry, standing with Judge Pike at the policeman's elbow. waiting. reply and reply and went up-stairs to his own apartment without coming into the There's your chance." But before the revolver could be dining room A small crowd, neighboring children.

dren, servants, and negroes, gathered about Ariel's gate, and had Louden watched the working men disperse this assembly, gather up their tools, and depart; then Mamie came out of the house, and, bowing sadly to three old men who were entering e gate as she left it, stepped into r carriage and drove away. The her carriage and drove away. new comes. Col. Flitcroff, Squire Buckalew, and Peter Bradbury, glanced at the doctor's buggy, shook their heads at one another, and slow ly went up to the porch, where Joe met them. Mrs. Louden uttered a sharp exclamation, for the shook hands with her stepson. colonel

Perhaps Flitcroft himself was sur prised; he had offered his hand al most unconsciously, and the greeting was embarrassed and perfunctory; but his two companions, each in turn, gravely followed his lead, and Joe's set face flushed a little. It was the first time in many years that men of their kind in Cansan had offered him this salutation.

"He wouldn't let me send for you. "He said he knew told them. you'd be here soon without that. and he led the way to Eskew's bed side.

and the doctor had undressed Joe the old man, and had put him into night-gear of Roger Tabor's, taken from an antique chest; it was sof and yellow and much more like color than the face above it, for the white half on the pillow was not whiter than that. Yet there was a strange

youthfulness in the eyes of Eskew; an eerle, inexplicable, luminous, live look; the thin cheeks seemed fuller than they had been for years; and though the heavier lines of age and sorrow could be seen, they appeared to have been half erased. He lay not in sunshine, but in clear light; the windows were open, the curtains restrained, for he had asked them not to darken the room.

The doctor was whispering in doctor's way to Ariel at the end of the room opposite the bed, when the three old fellows came in. None of them spoke immediately, and though all three cleared their throats with what they meant for casual cheerfulness, to indicate that the situaction was not at all extraordinary or depressing, it was to be seen that the

colonel's chin trembled under mustache and his comrades showed similar small and unwilling signs of emotion. Eskew spoke first. "Well, boys?"

he said, and smiled. That seemed to make it more difficult for the others; the three white heads bent silently over the fourth upon the pillow; and Ariel saw wav-eringly, for her eyes suddenly filled that the colonel laid his unsteady hand upon Eskew's, which was outside the coverlet, "It's-it's not," said the old soldier,

gently-it's not on-on both sides, is Eskew?

Mr. Arp moved his hand slightly in nswer. "It ain't paralysis," he said. answer. "They call it 'shock and exhaustion,' but it's more than that. It's just my time. I've heard the call. We've all been slidin' on thin ice this long time -and it's broke under me-

Eskew!" remonstrated ury. "You'd oughtn't to way! You only kind of She wen "Eskew, Eskew!" remo Peter Bradbury. "You'd oug talk that-a-way! You only

one a

air, began to cry in the windows came voice of the old man, little queraegain, but Re PELM. itiently, from the or, and from Buc onel, from Peter, and from Bu lew, and now and then a sorro yet almost humorous, protest lew, and now and then a sorrowful, yet almost humorous, protest from Joe; and so she made out that the veteran swore his three comrades to friendship with Joseph Louden, to iend him their countenance in all mat-ters, to stand by him in weal or woe, to speak only good of him and defend him in the town of Canaan. Thus did Eskew Arp on the verge of part-ing this life render justice. The gate clicked, and Ariel saw Eu-gene approaching through the shrub-

gene approaching through the shrub-bery. One of his hands was bandaged bery. One of his hands was ballassed a thin strip of court-plaster crossed his forehead from his left eyebrow to his hair, and his thin and agitated face showed several light scratches.

"I saw you come out." he said. "I've been waiting to speak to you." "The doctor told us to let him have his way in whatever he might ask." Ariel wiped her eyes. "I'm afraid that mean

Arp," interrupted Eugene. "I'm not laboring under any anxiety about him. You needn't be afraid; he's too sour to accept his conge so readily."

"Please lower your volce," she said, rising quickly and moving away from him toward the house; but, as he followed, insisting sharply that he must speak with her, she walked out shot of the windows, and stop-"Very ping, turned toward him. "Very well," she said. "Is it a message from Mamle?

At this he faltered and hung fire. "Have you been to see her?" e continued. I am anxious to know if her goodness and bravery caused her any-any discomfort at home." "You may set your mind at rest

about that," returned Eugene. "I was there when th judge came to dinner. I suppose you fear he may have been rough with her for taking my stepbrother into the carriage. He was not. On the contrary, he spoke very quietly to her, and went on out to ward the stables. But I haven't come to you to talk of Judge Pike, either!" said Ariel. ·· I "No." don't care particuularly to hear from him, but of Mamie.'

"Nor of her, either!" he broke out, "I want to talk of you! There was no mistaking him; no possibility of misunderstanding the real passion that shook him, and her startled eyes betrayed her comprehension

"Yes, I see you understand," he cried bitterly. "That's because you've seen others the same way. God help me," he went on, striking his fore-head with his open hand, "that young fool of a Bradbury told me you re-fused him only yesterday! He was proud of even rejection from you! And there's Norbert—and half a dozen others, perhaps, already, since you've He flung out his hi here." in ludicrous, savage despair. "And ere am I-

"Ah yes," she cut him off, "It is of yourself that you want to speak, after all-not of me!"

"Look here," he vociferated: you going to marry that Joe Louden' want to know whether you are or ot. He gave me this—and this tonot. day!" He touched his bandaged hand and plastered forehead. "He ran into me-over me-for nothing, when I was not on my guard; struck me down -stamped on me-" She turned upon him,

cheek affame, eyes sparkling and dry. "Mr. Bantry." she cried, "he did a

good thing! And now I want you to go home. I want you to go home and try if you can discover anything in yourself that is worthy of Mamie and of what she showed herself to be this morning! If you can, you will have found something that I

that!"

still bent.

walks.

CHAPTER XXI.

were not wholly without effect.

Norbert Walts for Joe.

She went rapidly toward the house, "What do you think

Ty poor al and acquaintances He declared that pathized with the s sin toward his st ude of The To sin toward his stepbrother, gretted that he had previ sisted in emphasizing the pa-tility to Joe, particularly in t et his hand gently upon the where she knelt, but looked up at him when, a little later, he lifted his

ut I

Citisen State.

AS A WOOD-WORKING STATE.

"Yes," said Joe, "you, can (TO BE CONTINUED.)

tillity to Joe, particularly in the matter of the approaching murder trial. This being the case, he felt that his effec-tiveness in the service of the paper had ceased, and he must, in justice to the owner resign. "Well, I'm damned!" was the sim-ple comment of the elder Louden when his stepson sought him out at the factory and repeated this state-ment to him. "So am L. L think mid. Free

High Point Citizen Tells Washington Citizen Something of the Old North "So am I. I think said Eugene wanly. "Good bye. I'm going now to see mother, but I'll be gone before Washington Post. Washington Post. "North Carolina," said C. J. Field, of High 'Point, at the Raleigh, "is rapidly becoming the greatest wood-working State in the country. We are now second only to Michigan in this particular industry, and at the present rate of increase will soon sur-puss that State. In the city of High Point we have sixty furniture fac-tories, and make everything, from a hall rack to the finest of bedroom suits.

"Gone where ?"

"Gone where?" "Just away. I don't know where," Eugene answered from the door. "I couldn't live here any longer. I..." "You've been drinking," said Mr. Louden, inspired. "You'd better not let Mamie Pike see you." Eugene laughed desonately. "I don't mean to. I shall write to her. Good bye," he said, and was gone before Mr. Louden could restore enough or-der out of the choas in his mind to

der out of the choas in his mind stop him. Thus Mrs. Louden's long wait

the window was tragically rewarded, and she became an unhappy actor in Canaan's drama of that day. Other ladies attended at other windows, or near their front doors, throughout the afterneen: the families of the three patriarchs awaiting their re turn, as the time drew on, with some turn, as the time drew on, with some-thing akin to frenzy. Mrs. Flitcroft (a lady of temper), whose rheuma-tism confined her to a chair, had her grandson wheel her out upon the porch, and, as the dusk fell and she finally saw her husband coming at a laggard pace, leaning upon his cane ly told Norbert that although she had lived with that man more than fifty.

seven years, she would never be able to understand him. She repeated this with genuine symptoms of hys-teria when she discovered that the colonel had not come straight from the Tabor house, but had stopped two hours at Peter Bradbury's to "talk it over.

One item of his recital, while sufficiently startling to his wife, had a re-markable effect upon his grandson. markable effect upon his grandson. This was the information that Ariel

Tabor's fortune no longer existed. "What's that?" cried Norbert, start-ing to his feet. "What are you talk-

Durham, Kernersville, Mocksville, Tarboro and Rocky Mount. The South is to-day making greater strides than any other part of the country. North Carolina is the most progressive ing about?" "It's true," said the colonel, de-liberately. "She told me se herself. Bskew had dropped off into a sort of doze-more like a stupor, perhaps-and we all went into Roger's old stu

dio, except Louden and the doctor and while we were there, talkin', on of Pike's clerks came with a basket full of tin boxes and packages of papers and talked to Miss Tabor at the door and went away. Then old Peter blundered out and asked her point-blank whwat it was, and she said it was her estate, almost every thing she had except the house Buckalew, trvin to make a jeke, sale he'dbe willin' to swap his house an lot for the basket, and she laughed and told him she thought he'd be sorry; that all there was, to speak of a pile of distillery stock-"

"What?" repeated Norbert, incredu

ously. ney camp with the result that the "Yes. It was the truth," said the colonel, solemnly. "I saw it myself: blocks and blocks of stock in that disfamilies of the hunters have annually been robbed of hundreds of pounds of honey. tillery trust that went up higher'n a kite last year. Roger had put all of

bran, of this place, who in company with the keeper of the camp, James "Not into that!" should Norbert

HO, FOR PANAMAI

CTY

tous Quarters for the Pr Tork H

on the ship, and si e navy yard early

Everything possible has been done to assure the comfort of the Presi-dent and Mrs. Robsevelt on the South-ern trip. Convenient accommoda-tions have been made by tearing out doors and throwing the quarters of the admiral and captain into one suite. New and beautiful furniture was yesterday taken on board, and within the next two days all will be in readiness for the President's re-ception.

In readiness for the President's copies. President Roosevelt's quarters are aft and are separated from the rest of the ship by a temporary bulkhead. In the suite are a large reception room, where state dinners and official receptions will be held on the trip when the President receives the heads of Southern governments, a large living room for general use of the President and his party; a break-fast and smoking room, where the the President and his party; a break-fast and smoking room, where the President will attend to official busi-ness, located in the stern of the bat-tieship, and with fine light; the Pres-ident's stateroom, designed for the admiral's quarters; a large stateroom, intended for the admiral's chief of staff; for Mrs. Roosevelt, and six other staterooms and bathrooms for other members of the party. Never before in the history of the navy have there been such commo-dious quarters in one suite on a bat-

hall rack to the mest of better suits. "Nine hundred solid carloads of furniture are slipped out of High Point every month, Our trade is not confined to the United States, for we ship furniture daily to China, Japan, Australia, Cuba, England, France, Germany, and, in fact, to nearly civilized country in the world. In addious quarters in one suite on a bat-dious quarters in one suite on a bat-tleship. The President will break traditions in the navy by spending so long a time on a ship. There will be no special decorations in the Presi-dent's quarters excepting that there will be a few additional wicker chairs, a large deak where the official padition to the furniture factories, we have one of the largest lumber plants in the United States, the largest street-car manufacturing plant in the South, an iron-bed factory, a mammoth silk mill, three machine shops, an organ factory, basket factory, glass mill, spoke and handle works, two coffin factories, a soap factory, a show-case factory, a tobacco factory, and three

will be a few additional wicker chairs, a large desk, where the official pa-pers will be kept, and lounges for use in tropical elimates. These quarters, which occupy near-ly one-quarter of the space on deck, are light and well ventilated. The reception and living rooms are sep-arated by a corridor from which leads the starways to the deck. flour mills. "We don't have time in High Point

"We don't have time in High Point to pay any attention to politics. We are too busy trying to get cars from the railroad company to ship our goods. The majority of workmen in "The Grand Rapids of the South' own their own homes. Wages are good, and in two years High Point's popu-lation has doubled itself. "High Point, however, is not the only town in the State where furnileads the starways to the deck. At no time during the trip will President Roosevelt be more than an hour away from Washington by wireless. Care has been taken in making the itinerary of the Louisiana to keep within constant cmmunication by wireless with stations on shore, which "High Point, however, is not the only town in the State where furni-ture is manufactured. There are large manufactories in Winston-Sa-lem, Greensboro, Themasville, Lexing-ton, Linwood, Salisburg, Concord, Durham, Kernersville, Mocksville, can at once send messages to or from Washington to the ship.

orge Murray Humphrey proved there is about one centenarian to every 127,000 people, and that of seventy authenticated cases no one reached 110 years; three only are said to have been 108

powers, mental and bodily, is conductive to great age so that there need be no fear of entering heartily, actively and with full interest and energy into the assigned work of life, physical or

side, as in Delabole in North Cornwall, point with pride to the number of hale and hearty octogenarians, onagenarians and centenarians living among them as an evidence of their healthy environments and hygienic lives. So in Paris, with 10,500 octogenarians and 620 nonasenarians, 80 of whom are approach-ing their hundredth year, six inhabi-tants are more than 102 years of age,

Some Cat Superstitions.

London Mirror. Napoleon Bonaparte showed a mor-

the battle of Waterloo a black cat passed near him, and at the sight the

Henry III of France swooned when-

ever he saw a cat, and one of the

erdinands of Germany would trem-

He saw an omen of defeat.

great warrior was completely

The night before

un-

Work and Old Age. London Hospital. The labors of Sir

and one 106. The full exercise of the various

Robbed All Bee Trees and Left No Nimrods returning from Punxsutawney camp in Clearfield county, enmentel the The inhabitants of, any countrypurpose of hunting wild honey, feel

ipon them through the hot air CHAPTER XX.

them

## Three Are Enlisted.

Now in that blazing noon Canaan looked upon a strange sight: an open carriage whirling through Main street behind two galloping bays; upon the back seat a ghostly white old man with closed eyes, supported by two pale ladies, his head upon the shoulder of the taller; while beside the driver, a young man whose coat and hands were bloody, worked over the hurts of an injured dog. Sam Warden's whip sang across the horses; lather gathered on their flanks, and Ariel's voice steadily urged on the pace: "Quicker, Sam, if you can." For there was little breath left in the body of Eskew Arp. Mamie, almost as white as the old

was silent; man, but she had not hesitated in her daming now that she had been taught to dare; she had not come to be Ariel's friend and honest follower for nothing; and it was Ma mie who had cried to Joe to lift Eakew into the carriage. "You must come too," she said. "We will need "You must you." And so it came to pass that under the eyes of Canaan Joe Louden rode in Judge Pike's carriage at the bidding of Judge Pike's daugh-Toward Ariel's own house they sped

with the stricken octogenarian, for he was "alone in the world," and she would not take him to the cotwhere he had lived for many years by himself, a bleak little house a derelict of the "early days" left stranded far down in the town between a wollen-mill and the water works. The workmen were beginning

their dinners under the big trees, but as Sam Warden drew in the lathered horses at the gate, they set down their tin buckets hastily and ran to help Joe lift the old man out. Carefully they bore him into the house and laid him upon a bed in one of

the finished rooms. He did not speak or move and the workmen uncovered their heads as they went out, but Joe knew that they were mistaken. all right, Mr. Arp," he said, as Ariel knelt by the bed with water and restoratives. "It's all right. Don't you

worry.' Then the veteran's lips twitched, and though his eyes remained closed, Joe saw that Eskew understood, for

-free-seats!" To Mrs. Louden, sewing at an upstairs window, the sight of her step-son descending from Judge Pike's carringe was sufficiently startling, but when she saw Mamie Pike take Respectability from his master's arms

and carry him tenderly indoors, while Joe and Ariel occupied themselves with Mr. Arp, the good lady sprang to her feet as if she had been stung, regardlessly sending her work-basket and its contents scattering over the floor, and ran down the stairs three

steps at a time. At the front door she met her hus-and, entering for his dinner, and she What leaped at him. Had he seen? as it? What had happened? Mr. Louden rubbed his chin-beard, indulging himself in a pause - which was like to prove fatal to his companion, finally vouchsafing the information that the doctor's buggy was just turning the corner: Eskew Arp had suffered a "stroke." it was said, and, in Louden's opinion, was a mighty sick man. His spouse ruplied in no nucertain terms that she had seen quits that much for herself, urging him to continue, which he did with a deliberation that caused

her to recall their wedding day with a gust of passionate self-reproach. Presently he managed to interrupt, reminding her that her dining room

too, and-' "Peter," interrupted the sick man, with feeble asperity, "did you ever manage to fool me in your life?" as he did! I can't bear everything; I tell you-'

0'

Eskew." Well, you're not doin' it now!"

Two tears suddenly loosed them-selves from Squire Buckalew's eyelids, despite his hard endeavor to wink them away, and he turned from ulobs voice: the bed too late to conceal what had happened. "There ain't any call to happened. "There ain't any call feel bad." said Eskew. "It m have happened any time-in 'It might night, maybe-at my house-and all alone-but here's Airie Tabor brought

me to her own home and takin' care of me. I couldn't ask any better way to go, could 1?" "I don't know what we'll do," stammered the colonel, if you-you talk about going away from us, Eskew. We-we couldn't get along-" "Well, sir, I'm almost kind of glad to think." Mr. Arp murmured, be-

tween short struggles for breath, "that it'll be-quieter-on the-'National House' corner!" A moment later he called the docfaintly and asked for a restora-"There," he said, in a stronger tive. voice and with a gleam of tion in the vindication of his belief that he was dying. "I was almost gone then. I know!" He lay pant-

ing for a moment, then spoke the name of Joe Louden. Joe came quickly to the bedside. "I want you to shake hands with the colonel and Peter and Buckalew." "We did." answered the colonel, infinitely surprised and troubled, "We

He passed his own home withou looking up, and did not see his mothe shook hands outside before we came in. beckoning frantically from a window "Do it again," said Eskew. "I want She ran o see you. He did not hear her, but went on toward The Tocsin office with his head And Joe, making shift to smile.

suddenly blinded, so Was that he could not see the wrinkled hands ex-tended to him, and was fain to grope for them

God knows why we didn't all take his hand long ago," said Eskew Arp. "I didn't because I was stubborn. I acknowledge it now before him and before you-and I want the word of "It's it carried!

"It's all right, Mr. Arp," began Joe, tremulously. "You mustn't---" "Hark to me"-the old man's voice lifted higher: "If you'd ever whim-

pered, or givev back talk, or broke out the wrong way it would of been different. But you never did. I've watched you and I know; and you've

just gone your own way alone, with the town against you because you got a bad name as a boy, and once we'd given you that, everything you did or didn't do, we had to give you a blacker one. Now it's time some one stood by you! Airie Tabor 'll do that with all her soul and body. She that with all her soul and body. She told me once I thought a good deal of you. She knew! But I want these three old friends of mine to do it, too. I was boys with them and they'll do it, I think. They've even stood up fer you against me, some-times, but mostly fer the sake of the argument, I reckon: but now they must do it when there's more to stand against than just my talk. They saw it all to-day-the meanest

must do it when there's more to stand against than just my talk, They saw it all to-day—the meanest thing I ever knew! I could of stood it all except that!" Before they could prevent him he had struggled half upright in bed, lifting a clinched fist at the town beyond the windows. "But, by God! when they got so low down they tried to kill your dog—""

incontrollably low, babbling: "What do you thin I'm made of? You trample on me-"Yes, he did. I tell you I saw \$2 1"

"I tell you he didn't. He owned Granger Gas, worth more to-day than it ever was! Pike was Roger's at-But she had lifted her hand with such imperious will that he stopped torney-in-fact and bought it for him before the old man died. The check short. Then, through the window of the sick-room came clearly the quer went through my hands. You don't think I'd forget as big a check as that, do you, even if it was more than a year ago? Or how it was signed and who made out to? It was Martin tell you it was; I heard him speak just now-out there in the yard. hat no-account stepbrother of Joe's! What if he is a hired hand on The Pike that got caught with distillery Tocsin? He'd better give up his job stock. He speculated once too of and quit, than do what he's done to help make the town think hard of ten!

"No, you're wrong," persisted the lonel. "I tell you I saw it my-Joe. And what is he? Why, he's worse than Cory. When that Claudine colonel. self."

Fear first came here, 'Gene Bantry was hangin' around her himself. Joe "Then you're blind," returned his grandson, disrespectfully: "you'r blind or else—or else—" He paused open-mouthed, a look of wonde knew it and he'd never tell but I will I saw 'em buggy-ridin' out near Beaver Beach and she slapped his face struggling its way to expression upon fer him. It ought to be told!" him, gradually conquering every knobby outpost of his countenance. He struck his fat hands together. "I didn't know that Joe knew Eugene stammered huskily.

"It was—it was—a long time ago—" "If you understood Joe," she said, in a low voice, "you would know that Louden?" he Where's Joe sharply. "I want to see him. Did you leave him at Miss Tabor's?" before these men leave this house, he

"He's goin' to sit up with Eskew. What do you want of him?" will have their promise never to tell His eyes fell miserably, then lifted again; but in her clear and unbear-

"I should say you better ask that!" Mrs. Flitcroft began, shrilly. "It's enough, I guess, for one of this family able gaze there shone such a flame of scorn as he could not endure to to go runnin' after him and shakin' hands with him and Heaven knows look upon. For the first time in his life he saw a true light upon himself. what not! Norbert Flitcroft! and though the vision was darkling.

But Norbert jumped from the porch. the revelation was complete, "Heaven pity you!" she whispered. Eugene found himself alone, and ruthlessly crossed his grandmother's geranium-bed, and, making off at as sharp a pace as his architecture per-mitted, within ten minutes opened tumbled away, his glance not lifted. without Ariel's gate. Sam Warden came forward to meet

him to the door and called him

"Don't ring, please, suh," said Sam. "Dey sot me out heah to tell in-quirin' frien's dat po' ole Mist' Arp

"I want to see Mr. Louden," re-turned Norbert. "I want to see him immediately."

There was meat for gossip a plenty in Canaan that afternoon and evenyit," Sam said, in a low tone, I kin go in an ast' 'em.' "But ing; there were rumors that ran

He stepped softly within, leaving Norbert waiting, and went to the door of the sick room. The door was open, the room brightly lighted, as Eskew from kitchen to parlor, and rumors that ran from parlor to kitchen; spec-ulations that detained housewives in had commanded when, a little earlier,

> Joe and Ariel were alone with him leaning toward him with such white anxiety that the colored man needed no warning to make him remain silent in the hallway. The veteran was speaking and his voice was very weak, seeming to come from a great distance.

"It's mighty funny, but I feel like I used to when I was a little boy. I reckon I'm kind of scared-after all. Airle Tabor-are you-here?"

"I thought-so-but I-I don't see very well-lately. I-wanted-to-

"Yes-to know?" She knelt close saide him. "It's kind of-foolish," he whisper-

"It's kind of-foolish," he whisper-ed. "I just-wanted to know if you was still here. It-don't seem so lone-some now that I know." Bhe put her arm lightly about him and he smiled and was silent for a time. Then he struggied to rise upon his elbow, and they lifted him a lit-ite. them; nevertheless, some echoes of Eskew's last "argument" to the con-clave had sounded in the town and

"It's hard to breathe," gasped the old man. "I'm preity near-the big road. Jos Louden-" "Yea?"

were not wholly without effect. Everywhere there was a hipping ouriosity to learn how Judge Pike ad "taken" the strange performance of his daughter, and the eager were much disappointed when it was truth-fully reported that he had done and said very little. He had merely dis-charged both Sam Warden and Sam's wife from his service, the mild man-ner of the dismissal almost unserv-ing Mr. Warden, although he was fully prepared for bird-shot; and the couple had found immediate employ-ment in the service of Ariel Tabor. These who humanly felt the judge's

Brewer, spent I trees found evidence on every hand of bruin's depredations. During the week they cut six large bee trees, every one of which had been tampered with and when the bear was finally brought to earth the swollen condition of his eves showed that he had recently met with desperate opposition from the bees while making the rounds for honey.

honey will be largely increased.

LOCATED A COLONY OF BEARS.

British Columbia Ranchman to Hunt Bruin by the Wholesale,

Horace Knight, a pioneer ranchen

of Sutherland Creek, near Grand

Forks, B. C., has just returned from

a week's trip through the mountains

lying between Sutherland Creek and

Christina Lake, where he went to lo-

cate the haunts of the big brown and

cinnamon bears that are reported to

there must be at least 200 bears. As

there will be good moonlight very shortly now I am anxious to take ad-

vantage of it. It will be the last moon

them. I prefer hunting bear game

Cat That Seemed to Understand.

heard in a long time comes from Al-ton, N. H., and is vouched for abso-lutely. The cat was accustomed to visit the next door neighbor after each meal to be fed and petted, bring-

As striking a cat story as I

"A good bearskin is worth \$50.

homes.

lieve that next season's supply of wild of the giants.

er shipped to their

Walla Walla Statesman.

abound in that region.

State in the South and High Point the most industrious city in the State."

GLAD THIS BEAR IS DEAD.

Honey for the Hunters.

grateful to Sunday ole Wilson for re-

moving their chief competitor. The big black bear which Mr. Wilson

shot last Monday also had a sweet

been making the rounds of the bee

trees in the vicinity of the Punxsutaw-

David Hooper and Thomas Alle-

pecially those who go there for

tooth and for several seasons

Punxsutawney Spirit.

ble in his boots if a harmless tabby got in the line of his vision. Among the Romans, cat was a symbol of liberty. The Egyptians held the animal in veneration under the During the week, however, Mesars. Brewer, Hooper and Allebran secured name of Aelurus, a deity more than 200 pounds of honey, which they rendered in camp and latman body and a cat's head. Whoever killed a cat, even by accident, was put to death. Diana assumed the With bruin out of the way the hunters be-

hid horror of cats.

nerved.

Card Playing Taught in Boarding Schools.

rm of a cat and excited the fury

London Evening Standard.

Card playing has become so general among German women of the upper class that regular lessons in playing are now given in all fashionable boarding schools for girls.

The education of a German girl is not considered complete unless she has acquired the knowledge how to take a hand at bridge, ecarte, or one of the other games now in vogue, Gambling has increased to an alarming extent. Many households, not content with the elements of chance in card playing, have introduced minlature roulettes and other Monte Carlo games into their drawing rooms, and the stakes are high.

Wedding Gifts in Sixteenth Century. Country Life.

In the list of presents received at the wedding of the daughter of Mr. Moore, of Losely, in 1567, from M. that the bears will see until the spring and the best time to hunt Boulam, Esq., out of Mashland in Norfolk, appear the following: "Cranes, nine; hernshawes, curlewes, one; ducks mallards, fortyfour; teeles, twenty-six; plovers, nine dozen; swannes, nine; larks, thirtyand I expect to clear up from \$\$00 eight dozen; bytters, sixteen; knois, four dozen and four; styntes, seven

dozen; godwytts, twenty-two." It is a formidable list, including some 850 birds, of which 456 are larks, and must, one would imagine, have been something of an embar-rassment to Mr. Moore's daughter.

Cat Amuses the Baby. Elkhart correpsondence Indiannapolis

ing also two kittens. One of the women at the house thus News. A cat in the household of William

A cat in the household of William Jamison shows unusual sitention to the baby of the family and faithful-ly lays at the child's feet every mouse she catches. The other day she captured a ret-which she did not kill before she brought it to the child, and allowed the rodent to scamper away several times, recapturing it each time as though to impress the baby with her skill. Members of the family in an adjoining room heard the sounds of the baby's give and investigated, dis-covering what was going on.

Man Suffocated by a Cat.

Mr. Walter Schroeder held an in-putry at the St. Pancras coroner's court last night into the death of Al-

Star of Zion, Colored. The scaroly of negro labor is par-tiality accounted for in the multitude now engaged in railroad construction, crection of great power plants on our rivers and other public works. These laborers receive from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars per day, and since' farm labor is much obsaper, they have gone where wages are bet-ter. Not idleness but prudence is thus proven. bert Parnell. Lying close to Parnell's face was his favorite tabby cat. The doctor who was called expressed the opiniou that death was due to asphyxis, com-bined with heart trouble and bron-chitis, the asphynis being caused by the cat tying on the man's face. The coroner observed that this was the first inquiry heid by him of an adult death in such direumstances.

One of the women at the house thus visited, who had entertained a dis-like for cats, finally, on observing the animals, expressed aloud a liking for the gray kitten and said she intended to ask to be allowed to keep it. The next day when Mother Cat came for her bits only one kitten ac-companied her, but she took away some choice moreels for the one left at home. This continued several days, when the woman who had at first expressed intention to get the kitten which the cat was feeding re-marked that she had given up wholly the idea of securing the gray kitten. All three felines appeared at the next meal and have done so since. Why Negro Labor is Scarce. Star of Zion, Colored.

alone.

to \$500 on my trip."

Boston Record.

"I have located the haunts of great number of bears and am making arrangements to go bear hunting for the next month," said Mr. Knight. "I will start in a few days. From what I saw I am satisfied that within a radius of fifteen miles between Sutherland Creek and Fife station

"you're

wonder

mighty low."

"I don' reckon he kin come out

he awoke.

talk across front gates; wonderings that held cooks in converse over

that held cooks in converse over shadeless back fences in spite of the heat; and canards that brought Main street clerks running to the shop doors to stare up and own the side-

Out of the confusion of report, the

judicious were able by evenfail to ex-tract a fair history of this day of

revolution. There remained no doubt that Joe Louden was in attendance at the death-bed of Eskew Arp, and somehow it came to be known

somehow it came to be known that Colonel Filtcroft, Squire Buckalew, and Peter Bradbury had shaken hands with Joe and declared them-selves his friends. There were those (particularly among the relatives of the hoary trio) who expressed the opinion that the colonel and his com-rades were too old to be responsible and a commission ought to sit on them. nevertheless, some echoes of 'Yes, Mr. Arp.'

-to know-

"Yes?" "You'd have been-willing-willing to change places with mo-just now-when Airle-" Joe laid his hand on his and Eskew smiled again. "I thought sol And, Joe-" "Yes?" "Yes?" "You always-always had the-the best of that joke between un. Do