

Tutt's Pills

FOR TORPID LIVER.
A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces
SICK HEADACHE,
Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.
There is no better remedy for these common diseases than DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS, as a trial will prove. Take No Substitute.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.

DAMERON & LONG
Attorneys-at-Law
E. S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG
Phone 100
Fidelity Building, Raleigh, N. C.
Holt-Nicholson Bldg.,
Burlington, N. C., Graham, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C., North Carolina
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

LONG & LONG,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN H. VERNON
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
Phone 653 - Residence 337
BURLINGTON, N. C.

The Raleigh Daily Times
RALEIGH, N. C.

The Great Home Newspaper of the State.

The news of the World is gathered by private leased wires and by the well-trained special correspondents of the Times and sent to the readers in a concise and interesting manner each afternoon.
As a chronicle of world events the Times is indispensable, while the business in Washington and New York makes its news from the legislative and financial centers of the country the best that can be obtained.
As a woman's paper the Times has no superior, being morally and intellectually a paper of the highest type. It publishes the very best features that can be written on fashion and millinery matters.
The Times market news makes a business man's necessary for the farmer, merchant and the broker can depend upon complete and reliable information upon their various lines of trade.
Subscription Rates:
Daily (mail) 1 mo. \$2.00; 3 mo. \$5.00; 6 mo. \$10.00; 12 mo. \$20.00.
Address all orders to
The Raleigh Daily Times
J. V. Simms, Publishers.

ARE YOU UP TO DATE?

If you are not the NEWS AN OBSERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news—foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 3.50 for 6 mos.
Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.
NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ringbones, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$40 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure known. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

DO THIS!
Less than the cost of a two-cent stamp will put a copy of "The Alamance Gleaner" in your home each week. Send \$1 for a year, 50c for 6 mos., or 25c for 3 mos. DO IT NOW, and you will wonder why you had not done it before.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The Siege of the Seven Suitors

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Copyright, 1913, by Meredith Nicholson

CHAPTER IX.

Cecilia's Silver Slipper.

MISS HOLLESTER disappeared in the hall without a word, and I entered the library to find Cecilia sitting at the table. She put aside a book she had been reading and, seeing that her aunt had not followed me, asked at once as to my visit to the inn.

"I conveyed your message," I answered, "but you have seen Mr. Wiggin's notice, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"Yes," he called this afternoon. I had several callers at the ten hour. I had rather expected you back."

"The fact is," I replied, "that after I had taken luncheon at the Prescott Arms I got lost among the hills, and while in the act of robbing an apple orchard I came most unexpectedly upon your sister."

"Hezekiah!"

"The same. And, oddly enough, I had met her before, though I didn't realize it was she until the meeting in the orchard. It was in the Asoloando that I saw her; she was at the cashier's wicket the afternoon I met your aunt there."

"You have given me information, Mr. Ames. I did not know that Hezekiah had ever been connected with the Asoloando."

"Oh, it was only that one historic day. She says the place was unbearable. She jarred the holiest chords of the divine life by harsh comments on the pre-Raphaelite profile. One of the devotees was so shocked that she dropped a plate or something and, to put it coarsely, Hezekiah got the bounce."

"My description of Hezekiah's brief tenure of office at the Asoloando seemed to amuse Cecilia greatly."

"There is no one like my sister," she said. "There never was and there never will be any one half so charming. Hezekiah is an original, but he breaks all the rules and yet always sends the ball over the net. And it is because she is so inexpensively dear and precious that I am anxious that nothing shall ever hurt her—nothing mar the sweet, beautiful child spirit in her."

It was my turn to laugh now. Cecilia's manifestation of maternal solicitude for Hezekiah seemed absurdly for Hezekiah in her way was older. Hezekiah had raced with Diana and plucked arrows from her griddle—she had heard Homer at the roadside singing of Achilles' shield.

"Hezekiah is reasonably safe, I should say, because she is so amazingly swift of foot and eye and so nimble of speech. It is not to be caught in a net or tripped with a word."

"I suppose that is so," remarked Cecilia soberly. "You thought her happy when you met her today? She did not strike you as being a girl with a wound in her heart? She wasn't particularly?"

"Not more so than sunlight on rippled water or the song of the hawk ascending."

"Of course you made no reference to Mr. Wiggin's. If I had imagined you would meet her I should have."

"She ended with an embarrassed smile. I now understood, and I broke in cheerfully.

"We did mention him. She asked me if I had seen him, and it was the thought of him that evoked her merriest laughter."

She shook her head and sighed, then her manner changed abruptly.

"You delivered my message to Mr. Wiggin?"

"I did. He is badly out of sorts and sees nothing clearly. He is very bitter toward your aunt. He thinks she has treated him outrageously."

"Aunt Octavia has done nothing of the kind," she replied with spirit. "Mr. Wiggin has no right to speak of Aunt Octavia save in terms of kindness. If her will is sharper than his, it is not her fault, that I can see. But there are matters here that I do not understand, Mr. Ames. I trust you, as my aunt evidently does, or I should not be talking to you as I am, and I am moved to ask a favor of you, a favor of considerable weight, in view of the fact that you are a professional man, with, doubtless, many pressing calls upon your time."

I bowed humbly before this compliment. My time had been lightly appreciated by Miss Octavia and again by Wiggin. A long telegram from my assistant that reached me while I dressed for dinner had urged my immediate attendance upon my office. Some of my best clients, my reopening their houses for the winter, were in desperate straits. But Octavia Hollister did not occur in the life of every young man, and both Cecilia and Hezekiah had taken strong hold upon my imagination. Wiggin's pique among the dramatic persons would in itself have compelled my sympathetic attention, and the nice silk hats that I had seen bobbing over the stile still danced before my eyes.

"Miss Hollister," I said, "my time is yours to command. My office is well organized, and I am sure that my assistance is equal to any demands that may be made upon him. Pray state in what manner I may serve you."

"I am going far, I know, Mr. Ames, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and choked, the smoke ballooned in a great swirl and then poured out into the room.

After my examination of the fire in the morning I had dismissed them from my mind, and this extraordinary behavior of the library fireplace was a perfectly normal replacement, built in the most approved fashion and with chimneys that rise into the clear as ether as October can bestow could set so monstrously without the intervention of some malign agency. We had discussed all the possibilities the previous night, and I was not anxious to hear further lay opinions. The chimney's conduct was annoying, the more so that to my professional sense it was inexplicable.

Lord Arrowwood had retreated discreetly toward the door, and the others had risen and stood close behind Cecilia, whose gaze was bent rather anxiously upon me.

A dark thought had crossed my mind, but I beg that you will not be in haste to leave my aunt's house. She must have been strongly prejudiced in your favor or she would not have asked

you here on so short acquaintance. I am confident that she has no thought of your leaving. She expressed her great liking for you at luncheon, and I am sure that she will see to it that you do not lack for snowflakes. I assume that you must have gathered from what Mr. Wiggin told you of my acquaintance with him the peculiar plight in which I am placed."

I bowed. If she gaped in the dark and needed my help in finding the light she was not the man to desert her. I had dropped my plumb line into too many dark chimneys not to feel the fascination of mystery. As I expressed again my entire willingness to abide at Hopefield Manor as long as she wished, the footman announced Mr. Hartley Wiggin.

We had hardly exchanged greetings before another man was announced, and then another. I should say that it was at intervals of about three minutes that the sedate servant appeared in the curtained doorway and announced a caller until almost ten o'clock. My spirits soared high at the sight of the gentlemen from the Prescott Arms appeared one after the other. The earlier arrivals rose to greet the later ones, and as they were all in evening clothes I experienced, as when I had seen the same gentlemen in their afternoon raiment crossing the stile, a sense of something fantastic and eerie in them. In the interest of brevity and to avoid confusion, I tabulate them here with a notation as to their residence and occupation, taking such data from the notebook in which, at subsequent dates, I set down the facts which are the basis of this chronicle.

Hartley Wiggin, lawyer and farmer, here and Tortoise club, New York.
Lunaire B. Henderson, planter, Roanoke Va.
Cecil High, Lord Arrowwood, no occupation, Arrowwood, Hants, England.
Daniel P. Ormsby, manufacturer of knit goods, Utica, N. Y.
S. Forrest Hume, lecturer on Scandinavian literature, Occidental university, Long Trail, Okla.
John Stewart Dick, pragmatist, Omaha, Neb.
Eugene J. Arbuthnot, banker and horseman, Lexington, Ky.
Perceval B. Shallenberger, novelist and small fruits, Sycamore, Ind.
George W. Gorse, capitalist, Redlands, Cal.

"We rose and stood in our several places when a moment later Miss Octavia entered. She greeted the suitors graciously and then in her own peculiar manner called one after the other to sit beside her on a long davenport, the time apportioned being weighed with nicety, so that none might feel himself slighted or preferred. These interviews consumed more than half an hour, and the movement thus occasioned gave considerable animation to the scene."

It may seem ridiculous that these gentlemen thus paying court to a young woman should call upon her at the same hour, but I must say that the suitors of the suitors and the entire sobriety of Cecilia did not affect me humorously, nor did I feel at all out of place in this strange company. I found myself agreeably engaged for several minutes in discussing with the Oklahoma professor, who proved to be a delightful fellow. Her experience of the suitors was called in to aid her, and he told me with an engaging frankness of his meeting with the Hollisters in France and of his pursuit of them over many weary miles the previous summer. As no one had elected his courses in the university at the beginning of the term, he had been granted a leave of absence, and this accounted for his freedom to press his suit at Hopefield Manor at this season. He was a big fellow, with clean cut features and bore himself with a manly determination that I found attractive.

He alone, I may say, of the nine men who had thus appeared in Miss Octavia's library met me in a cordial spirit. Even Wiggin seemed to wholly please to find me there again though he had asked me to remain.

The manner of the others expressed disdain, suspicion or fierce hostility.

When the last man rose from the davenport Miss Octavia called me to her side. She seemed contrite at having neglected me during the day, but assured me that later she hoped to place an entire day at my disposal. As we talked the nine suitors sat in a semicircle about Cecilia, while the group listened to an anecdotal exchange between Professor Hume and Henderson, the Virginia planter. My opinion of Cecilia Hollister as a girl of high spirit, able to carry off any situation no matter how difficult, rose to new altitudes as I watched her. If this strange wooing was not to be like the certainly-made-the-best-of-it she capped Henderson's in negro dialect, no professional entertainer could have improved upon her recital. As she finished we all joined in the general laugh, Lord Arrowwood's guffaw booming out a trifle boisterously, when Miss Octavia quietly rose and excused her self. About five minutes later, when the company had plunged into another series of anecdotes, I suddenly became conscious that the fireplace, near which I sat, had all at once begun to set strangely. Much in the manner of its performance the previous night, it abruptly gasped and