# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

# VOL. XLII

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TE.

CHAPTER VIII-Sheridan tells Bibbs he must go back to the machine shop as soon as he is strong enough, in spite of Bibbs pies to be allowed to write.

CHAPTER IX-Edith and Sibyl, Roscoe Sheridan's wife, quarrel over Bobby Lam-horn; Sybil goes to Mary for help to keep Lamhorn from marrying Edith, and Mary leaves her in the room alone, CHAPTER X-Bibbs has to break to his father the news of Jim's sudden death.

CHAPTER XI-All the rest of the fam-ily helpless in their grief, Bibbs becomes temporary master of the house. At the funeral he meets Mary and rides home with her.

CHAPTER XII-Mrs. Sheridan plead with Bibbs to return to the machine sho for his father's sake, and he consents. Your Father Telephoned Me Yester

CHAPTER XIII-Bibbs purposely inter-upts a tete-a-tete between Edith and amhorn. He tells Edith that he over-eard Lamhorn making love to Roscoe's vife. She broke off with a violent gesture, a sweep of her arm extended at full length, as if she huried something to the ground. "Do you think a girl that really cared for a man would pay any attention to that? Or to you, Bibbs Sheridan!" CHAPTER XIV-Mutual love of mus arouses an intimate friendship betwee Bibbs and Mary.

CHAPTER XV-Mary sells her plano to He looked at her steadily, and his gaze was as keen as it was steady. She met it with unwavering pride. Finally he nodded slowly, as if she had spoken and he meant to agree with "No, no," he answered. "I said 'just a glimpse of one.' I didn't claim-' But her door slammed angrily; and he

turned to his mother. "There," he said, sighing. "That's almost the first time in my life I ever tried to be a man of action, mother, and I succeeded perfectly in what I tried to do. As a consequence I feel

like a horse thief!" "You hurt her feelin's," she groaned. "You must 'a' gone at it too rough, Bibbs." He looked upon her wanly. "That's curtly. "You're most surprising of all when you're sensible, Bibbs."

my trouble, mother," he mutmured. "I'm a plain, blunt fellow. I have rough ways, and I'm a rough man." For once she perceived some mean ing in his queerness. "Hush your non-sense!" she said, good-naturedly, the astral of a troubled smile appearing. "You go to bed."

He kissed her and obeyed. Edith gave him a cold greeting th next morning at the breakfast table.

Doctor Gurney was sitting by the log fire, alone in the room, and he "You mustn't do that under a mis merely glanced over his shoulder when his patient came in. He was not over fifty, in spite of Sheridan's habitual apprehension," he warned her, whet they were alone in the dining room. "Do what under a what?" she asked "ole Doc Gurney." He was gray, how "Speak to me. I came into the

ever, almost as thin as Bibbs, and nearly always he looked drowsy. smoking room last night 'on purpose,'" he told her, gravely. "I have a preju-"Your father telephoned me yesterdice against that young man." day afternoon. Bibbs," he said, not ris-She laughed. "I guess you think it means a great deal who you have prejudices against!" In mockery she adopted the manner of one who im-"Bibbs, for pity's sake promis me, don't use your influence with pap-against him!" And she laughed louder "Listen," he said, with peculiar earn-VOTS estness. "I'll tell you now, because-because I've decided I'm one of the family." And then, as if the earnestestness. aid Gurney. ness were too heavy for him to carry it further, he continued, in his usua



<sup>14</sup>I think we'll find you're so much bet-ter he'll send you back to the shop pretty quick. Something's got hold of you lately; you're not quite so lack-dalsical as you used to be. But I warn you: I think the shop will knock you just as it did before, and perhaps She shook her

You just as it did before, and perhaps ever harder, Bibbs." He rose, shook himself, and rubbed his syelids. "Well, when we go over you this afternoon what are we going to say about it?"

to say about it?" "Tell him I'm ready," said Bibbs, looking at the floor. "Oh no," Gurney laughed. "Not quite yet; but you may be almost. We'll see. Don't forget I said to walk down." And when the examination was con cluded, that afternoon, the doctor in-formed Bibbs that the result was much too satisfactory to be pleasing. "Here's a new 'situation' for a one-act farce," little. I hope so.'

"Yes," said Bibbs, as they reached the church steps. "I think Beethoven would like it, too. It must be pleasant the said, gloomly, to his next patient when Bibbs had gone. "Doctor tells a man he's well, and that's his death to look like other people." "I haven't kept you?" Mary said to the organist. "This is Mr. Sheridan, Doctor Kraft. He has come to ilsten entence, likely. Dam' funny world!" Bibbs decided to walk home. It was

a dingy afternon, and the smoke was evident not only to Bibbs' sight, but to his nostrils, though most of the pedes. with me." The organist looked bluntly sur prised. "Iss that so?" he exclaimed. "He iss musician himself, of course." "No," said Bibbs, as the three entrians were so saturated with the smel

tered the church together. "I-I played the I tried to play—" Fortunately be checked himself; he had been about to offer the information that he had failed to master the jews' harp in his boy-hood. "No, I'm not a musician," he

contented himself with saying. "What?" Doctor Kraft's surprise increased. "Young man, you are fortu-nate! I play for Miss Vertrees; she comes always alone. You are the first. You are the first one ever!" creased.

thing had happened to Robert Lam-horn, he would have had a thought far beyond the horizon of faint-hearted Bibbs' thoughts. Lamborn, indeed, They had reached the head of the central aisle, and as the organist fin-ished speaking Bibbs stopped short, would have spoken his thought. He "You jumped because you were thinking of me!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary was the picture of a lady flus tered. Bibbs had paused in his slow stride, and there elapsed an instant be fore either spoke or moved-it was no longer than that, and yet it sufficed for each to seem to say, by look and at titude, "Why, it's you!" Then they both spoke at once, each

Par

day Afternoon."

Shake hands and forgive me, Edith."

Thawing so far as to smile, she un-derwent this brief ceremony, and George appeared, summoning Bibbs to

the library; Doctor Gurney was wait-ing there, he announced. And Bibbs gave his sister a shy but friendly touch

upon the shoulder as a complement to

the handshaking, and left her.

hurriedly pronouncing the other name as if about to deliver a mer He followed her to a seat about halfsage of importance. Then both came to a stop simultaneously, but Bibbs made a heroic effort, and as they beway up the aisle while Doctor Kraft ascended to the organ. "This after-noon some Handel!" he turned to

san to walk on together he contrived to find his voice. "I—I—hate a frozen fish myself," hout. Mary nodded. "Will you like that?" she asked Bibbs. "I don't know. I never heard any "I-I-hate a frozen fish myself," he said. "I think three miles was too long for you to put up with one." "Good gracious!" she cried, turning to him a glowing face from which restraint and embarrassment had sud-denly fled. "Mr. Sheridan, byou're lovely to put it that way. It was an immastion for me to have made you're

Finally he nodded slowly, as if she had spoken and he meant to agree with what she said. "Ah, yes," he said. "I won't come into the smoking room again. I'm sorry, Edith. Nobody can make you see anything now. You'll never see until you see for yourself. The rest of us will do better to keep out of it— "That's sensible." she amount of the sumbalance of the second the second the second the second the second the second second the second the second the second the second the second second the sec is will do better to keep out of It— talking now, though; I must remember that, and not worry about it later. I think I'm talking, though it doesn't sound intelligent even to me. I made when you're sensible, Bibbs."
"Yes," he sighed. "I'm a duil dog. "Yes," he sighed. "I'm a duil dog. Thiswing so far as to smile, she unterwent this brief ceremony, and leorge appeared, summoning Bibbs to house-warning." a crimple would the house-warming, "a cripple would crawl five miles to hear." And at the And at the crawl new miles to hear." And at the merry lifting of it Bibbs frather's son took heart to forget some of his trepi-dation. "I'll be any kind of idiot," he said, "if you'll laugh at me some more. It won't be difficult for me." She did: and Bibbs' cheeks showed little actual color, which Mary per-ceived. They had passed the new house without either of them showing-o possessing-any consciousness that it had been the destination of one of an Merce "I'll keep on talking," Bibbs con-"Young Man, You Are Forte

emiling faintly, "you wouldn't."

tening filled with it; the universe

seemed to fill and thrill with it The

two sat intensely still, the great sound all round about them, while the church grew dusky, and only the organist's

lamp made a tiny star of light. His white head moved from side to side be-

white head moved from side to side be-neath it rhythmically, or lunged and recovered with the flerceness of a duel-

ist thrusting, but he was magnificent

the master of his giant, and it sans

to his magic as he bade it. Bibbs was swept away upon that

tinually: "I bear! I hear that strain, "I suppose I could," he answered in imple truthfuiness, looking at her. 'But I don't want to. I have a feeland I hear the new one that you are hearing now. I know the dream that these sounds bring to you. Yes, yes, I hear it all! We hear-together!"

ing it's where you're going, and where I'll be sent back." She shook her head in cheery nega-tion. "Not unless you want to be. And though the church grew so dim that all was mysterious shadow except She shook her head in cheery nega-tion. "Not unless you want to be. Would you like to come with me?" "Why-why-yes," he said. "Any-where!" And again it was apparent that he spoke in simple truthfulness. "Then come—if you care for organ music. The organist is an old friend of mine and sometimes he along data the vague planes of the windows and the organist's light, with the white head moving beneath it, Bibbs had no consciousness that the girl sitting be-side him had grown shadowy; he seemed to see her as plainly as ever in the darkness, though he did not look at her. And all the mighty chanting of the organ's multitudinous-volces that afternoon seemed to Bibbs to be cho-rusing of her and interpreting her, sinches the theorem and the sector of the sector of the sector rusing of her and interpreting her, of mine, and sometimes he plays for me. He's a dear old man. That's he, walting in the doorway. He looks like Beethoven, doesn't he? I think he knows that, perhaps, and enjoys it a little I hope so". singing her thoughts and singing for him the world of humble gratitude that was in his heart because she w kind to him. It all meant Mary.

But when she asked him what it meant, on their homeward way, he was from the church without speaking walking slowly.

"I'll tell you what it meant to me." she said, as he did not immediately reply. "Almost any music of Handel's always means one thing above all others to me: Courage! That's it.

makes cowardice or whining seem so infinitesimal—it makes most things in our hustling little lives seem infinitesi-"Yes," he said. "It seems odd,

doesn't it, that people downtown are hurrying to trains and hanging to straps in trolley cars, weltering every way to get home and feed and sleep so they can get downtown tomorrow so they can get downtown tomorrow. And yet there isn't anything down there-worth getting to. They're like servants drudging to keep the house going, and believing the drudgery it-self is the great-thing. They make so much noise and fuss and dirt they for get that the house was meant to live in. The housework has to be done, but the people who do it have been so overpaid that they're confused and worship the housework. They're over-paid, and yet, poor things! they haven't anything that a chicken can't have.

Of course, when the world gets to paying its wages sensibly that will be dif-"Do you mean 'communism'?" she

asked, and she made their slow pace a little slower-they had only three blocks to go. "Whatever the word is, I only mean

that things don't look very sensible now—especially to a man that wants to keep out of 'em and can't! 'Com-munism?' Well, at least any 'decent sport' would say it's fair for all the strong runners to start from the same mark and give the weak ones a fair distance ahead, so that all can run something like even on the stretch. And wouldn't it be pleasant, really, if they could all cross the winning line ther? Who really enjoys beating body-if he sees the beaten man's nybody-The only way we can enjoy get-

racer The only way we can enjoy get-ting ahead of other people nowadays is by forgetting what the other people feel. And that," he added, "is nothing of what the music meant to me. You see, if I keep talking about what, it didn't mean I can keep from telling you what it did mean."

"Didn't it mean courage to you, too -a little?" she asked. "Triumph and praise were in it, and somehow those

"Yes, they were all there," Bibbs said. "I don't know the same of what he played, but I shouldn't think it would matter much. The man that makes the music must leave it to you and what it can mean to you, and the ar. and ars. vertrees sat until after midnight in the library talking. "She needn't to have done that about her plano," vapored Mr. Vertrees. "We could have managed somehow without name he puts to it can't make much difference-except to himself and neo ple very much like him, I suppor it. At least she ought to have consult ed me, and if she indeted I could have

"I suppose that's true, though I'd never thought of it like that." "I imagine music must make feel

arranged the details with the-the ings and paint pictures in the minds of the people who hear it," Bibbs went on, musingly, "according to their own "She thought that it might be-annoying for you," Mrs. Vertrees ex-plained. "Really, she planned for you not to know about it until they had re-moved—until after tomorrow, that is, natures as much as according to the music itself."

The musician might com but I decided to-to mention it. You see, she didn't even tell me about it unthing and play it, wanting you to think of the Eoly Grail, and some people who heard it would think of a prayer meeting, and some would think of

ifficult to go on. "Her other idea is—that is, it was a glimpse of him," said Mr. Vertrees. a glimpse of him," said Mr. Vertrees. a glimpse of him," said Mr. Vertrees. "I wouldn't know him if I saw him, bit your impression of him is—" He broke off suddenly, springing to his feet in agitation. "I can't imagine to be a suddenly and the began to be a suddenly and the began to be a suddenly and the began "I don't think i've caught more than a glimpse of him," said Mr. Vertrees. "I wouldn't know him if I saw him, bit your impression of him is—" He broke off suddenly, springing to his feet in agitation. "I can't imagine cult to go o -- I think it can be avoided, of course-it was about her furs." won't have it! You must see to that. I'd rather not talk to her about it, but "I'd rather not falk to her about it, but you mustn't let her." "I'll try not," bis wife promised. her-oh no!" he gasped. And he began She seems to be troubled about the-

E

play. I know you liked this afternoon but-" "Tes." said Bibbs. "It was the greatest happiness I've ever known." It was too dark to see his face, but his volce held such plain honesty, and he spoke with such complete uncon-sciousness of saying anything especial-ly significant, that she knew it was the truth. For a moment she was non-plussed, then she opened the gate and went in. "You'll come after dinner, then?" Get Rid of Tan. Sunburn and Freckler by using HAGAN'S

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about half after five in the

"Oh, yes," he agreed, moor far as that goes I don't sup neighbors are paying much just now, though I hear Sher back in his office early the after the funeral."

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then?" "Yes," he said, not moving. "Would you mind if I stood here until time to come in?" Bhe had reached the steps, and at that she turned, offering him the re-sponse of laughter and a gay gesture of her muff toward the lighted win-dows of the new house, as though bló-ding him to run home to his dinner. That night, Bibbs sat writing in his notebook: notebook:

And high, prove set writing as any notebook: Music can come into a blank life and fill it. Everything that is beautiful is music, if you can listen. There is no gracefulness like that of a graceful woman at a grand plano. There is a swimming loveliness of line that seems to merge with the running of the sound, and you seen, as you watch her, to see that you are heating and to hear what you are seeing. There are women who make you think of plife woods coming down to a sparkling sen. The air about such a woman is brac-ing, and when she is near you, you feel atrong and ambitious; you forget that the world doesn't like you. You think that perhaps you are a great follow, after It

then ?"

sea. The air about such a worman is prac-ing, and when she is near you, you feel strong and ambitious; you forget that the world doesn't like you. You think that perhaps you are a great fellow, after all. Then you come away and feel like a boy who has fallen in love with his Sunday school teacher, You'll be whipped for it-and ought to be. There are women who make you think of Diana, crowned with the moon. But they do not have the "Greak profile," 1 do not believe Helen of Troy had a "Greak profile," they would not have full that long. The Greak mose is a bout an eighth of an loch shores. Much of the music of Wagner, it ap-pears, is not suitable to the plano. Wag-ner was a composer who could interpret into muck such things as the primitive impliese of humanity-he could interpret into muck such things as the primitive made a machine shoot juto music. But not if he had to work in it. Wagner was a way dealing in immensities- a ma-ching in a stand as the shoot of the mession of the had to work in it. Wagner was a way dealing in immensities- a ma-ching in a grand a gizard as the. There is a mystery about planos, fil was a way dealing in immensities as the was alway dealing in more pools greak of the printing as the year to be "seat are not such thave grane pools greak of the printering in sent to prison." But planos are not sent to prison. But planos are not avent to prison and they are no why ate planos "sent to grand age shifts the motiones a glorious day shifts into the motion de spond house of that life is former the print after such a day is the more real to prison. But planos are not avent to grand and shifts. Have the motion and epinetial after such a day is the former than the to be more than the file. And the should main the more the umble when the baseut and kindness of a day the have day doing. The the avent ha base the to be them to a shok ramp has better rem after the funeral." Mrs. Vertrees made a little sound of commiseration. "I don't believe that was because he wasn't suffering, though. Mary told me he seemed wrapped up in his son's succeeding. He isn't vulgar in his beasting, I un-derstand; he doesn't talk a great deal about his-his actual money. No, his bragging usually seemed to be about his family and the greatness of this city."

city." "Greatness of this city" Mr. Ver "'Greatness of this city"" Mr. Ver-trees echoed, with dull bitterses. "It's nothing but a coal hole. Of course Sheridan says it's 'great."" Mrs. Vertrees seemed unaware of this outburst. "I believe," she began, timidly, "he doesn't boast of this began I understand he has never seemed so Interested in the the other one." Her husband's face was dark, but at Her hisband's race was cars, out as that a heavier shadow fell upon it; he jooked more haggard than before. "'The other one,' "he repeated, avert-ing his eyes. "You mean-you mean the third som-the one that was here this evening?"

This evening?" "Yes, the-the youngest," she re-turned, her voice so feeble it was al-most a whisper. And then neither of them spoke for

CHAPTER XV.

And then neither of them spoke for several minutes. Nor did either look at the other during that slience. At last Mr. Vertrees contrived to cough, but not convincingly. "What-ah-what was it Mary said about bim this afternoon? I didn't ah-hap-uen to each tt?" en to catch it."

"She—she didn't say much. All she said was this: 'He's the most wistful That "mystery about pir nos' which creature I've ever known."

Init investory about primos which troubled Ribbs had been a mystery to Mr. Vertrees, and it was being ex-plained to him at about the time Bibbs scribbled the reference to it in his notes. Mary had gone upstairs upon Bibbs' departure at ten o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees sat until afte

this evening?"

said was this: 'He's the most wistful creature I've ever known.'' "Well?" "That was all. He is wistful-look-ing; and so fragile. If I hadn't known about him I'd have thought he had quite an interesting face." "If you 'hadn't known about him'? Known what?" "Oh, nothing, of course," she said, hurriedly. "Nothing definite, that is. Mary said decidedly, long ago, that be's not at all insace, as we thought at first. It's only-well, of course it is odd, their attitude about him. I sup-pose it's some pervous trouble that times, so that he can't apply himself to anything-or perhaps does odd things. But, after all, of course, we only have an impression about it. We don't know-that is, pasitrely. I--" She paused, then went on: "I didn't know just how to ask-that is-I didn't mention it to Mary. I didn't--I--". The poor lady foundered piti-fully, concluding with a mumble. "So The poor lady f fully, concluding with a numble.

too, I'm afraid. It's—it's—" "Well?" he urged, as she found it

except 'Largo.' I don't know anything about music. I don't even know how

turning to look at Mary Vertrees in a dazed way that was not of her perceiv ing; for, though she stopped as he did, her gaze followed the organist, who was walking away from them toward the front of the church, shaking his white Beethovian mane roguishly. "It's false pretenses on my part," "You mean to be kind to

Bibbs 'said. more. I'm so well I'm going back to work in a few days. I'd better leave before he begins to play, hadn't I?" "No," said Mary, beginning to walk forward. "Not unless you don't like great music."

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one, "I'm drunk with power, Edith." "What do you want to tell me?" she demanded, brusquely. "Lamhorn made love to Sibyl," he

Edith hooted. "She did to him!" "No," he said, gravely. "I know." "How?"

hie.

"I was there, one day a week ago, with Roscoe, and I heard Sibyl and Lamhorn-'

Edith screamed with laughter, "You were with Rosco-and you heard Lamhorn making love to Sibyl!" "No. I heard them quarreling." "You're funder than ever, Bibbs!" she cried. "You say he made love to her because you heard them quarrel-

"That's it. If you want to know what's 'between' people, you can-by what's between people, you can -the way they quarrel," "fou'll kill me, Bibbs! What were they quarreling about?" "Nothing. That's how I know. Peo-the who guarrel over nothing!--it's

ple who quarrel over nothing!-it's always certain-Edith stopped laughing abruptly, but

continued her mockery. "You ought to know. You've had so much experidirt, the scramble-the whole bl craze to 'get on.' You'd like to go somewhere in Aiglers, or to Taormina, ence, yourself!" "I haven't any, Edith," he said. "My perhaps, and bask on a balcomy, smell-ing flowers and writing sonnets. You'd grow fat on it and have a delicate lit-tie life all to yourself. Well, what do you say? I can lie like sixty, Bibbs! life has been about as exciting as an incubator chicken's. But I look out through the glass at things." "Well, then." she said, "if you look out through the glass you must know what effect such stuff would have up-on me!" She rose, visibly agitated. "What if it was true?" she demanded, Shall I tell your father he'll lose an-

what effect such stuff would have up-on me!" She rose, visibly agitated. "What if it was true?" she demanded, bitterly. "What if it was true a hun-dred times over? You sit there with your silly face hair ready to sliggle and haif ready to sniffle, and tell me stories like that, about Sibyl picking on Bobby." Shall I tell your father he'll lose an-other of his boys if you don't go to Sicily?" "I don't want to go to Sicily," said Bibbs. "I want to stay right here." The doctor's drowsiness disappeared for a moment, and he gave his patient a sharp glance. "It's a risk," he said.

ou keep in. Come around here in front of laughing. I'm amounting to something between me and the fire. I want in the world this afternoon. I'm makagain. Come around here in front of pretend, I would." to see if I can see through you." ing a noise, and that makes you make music. Don't be bothered by my bleat

"You mean you're too sleepy to move," returned Bibbs, complying. "I think you'll mote that I'm getting by frightened. I don't remember talking as much as this more than once or twice in my life. I suppose it was always in me to do it, though, the first time I met anyone who didn't know "Taken on about twelve pounds." "Thirteen, maybe

them.

"Twelve." "Well, it won't do." The doctor me well enough not to listen." rubbed his eyelids. "You're so much

"But you're not really talking to me," said Mary. "You're just think-ing aloud." "No," he returned, gravely. "I'm better I'll have to use some machinery on you before we can know just where you are. You come down to my place this afternoon. Walk down-all the not thinking at all; I'm only making vocal sounds. I seem to be the sub-ject of what little meaning they pos-

way. I suppose you know why your father wants to know." Bibbs nodded. "Machine shop." "Still hate it?" sess, and I'd like to change it, but I don't know how to manage it."

"You needn't change the subject on my account, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "Not even if you really talked about Ribbs nodded again "Don't blame you!" the doctor grunt-. "Yes, I expect it'll make a lump in your gizzard again. Well, what do yourself." She turned her face toward you say? Shall I tell him you've got him as she spoke, and Bibbs caugh ou say! Shan I ten min you've got he old lump there yet? You still want o write, do you?" "What's the use?" Bibbs said, smilhis breath; he was pathetically amazed by the look she gave him. It was a

glowing look, warmly friendly and un-derstanding, and, what almost shocked ing ruefully. "My kind of writing!" "Yes," the doctor agreed. "I suppose if you broke away and fived on roots him, it was an engerly interested look. Bibbs was not accust and berries until you began to 'attract like that. the favorable attention of editors' you

might be able to hope for an income of four or five hundred dollars a year by almost vivid.

"That's about it," Bibbs murmured. she was still looking at him, and she saw the strange radiance that came into his face. There was some-"Of course I know what you want to do," said Gurney, drowsily. "You don't hate the machine shop only; you hate thing about him, too, that explained the whole show-the noise and jar and

> quaintly natural person she had ever met. He waited, and became coherent. "You say something how," he said. "I don't even belong in the chorus, and

here I am, trying to sing the funny man's solo! You—" "No," she interrupted. "I'd rather play your accompaniment." "I'll stop and listen to it, then."

"Perhaps-" she began, but after

the enchanted cave, and that-for Bibbs-was what made its magic dazing. It seemed to him a long, long time since he had been walking home ned to anything

it seemed to him that he had set out upon a happy journey since then, and that he had reached another planet, "I-you-I-I'm-" he stammered, and the faint color in his cheeks grew where Mary Vertrees and he sat alone She was still looking at him and

together, listening to a vast choiring of invisible soldiers and holy angels. There were armies of voices about them, singing praise and thanksgiving: how "queer" many people might think him; but he did not seem "queer" to Mary Vertrees; he seemed the most and yet they were alone. It was in-credible that the walls of the church were not the boundaries of the uni-verse, to remain so forever; incredible that there was a smoky street just yon-

der, where housemaids were bringing in evening papers from front steps and where children were taking their last spins on roller skates before being haled indoors for dinner.

He had a curlous sense of communi-cation with his new friend. He knew it could not be so, and yet he felt as if

all the time he spoke to her, saying pausing thoughtfully she made a ges-ture with her muff, indicating a large brick church which they were ap-"You hear this strain? You hear that ture with her muff, indicating a large strain? You know the dream that these brick church which they were ap-proaching. "Do you see that church, to him as though she answered con-

of they were them a hnn a b to pretend I do. If I knew enough to might think of himself at the head of a "No," said Mary, looking at him and olemn procession, carrying a banner and riding a white horse. And then, and riding a white norse. And the if these were some jubilant passage in the music, he'd think of a circus." She turned away as a great sound began to swim and tremble in the air They had reached her gate, and she the huge empty space of the church filled with it, and the two people lisset her hand upon it, but did not oper

Bibbs felt that this was almost the kindest of her kindnesses-not the kindest of her kindnesses not to be prompt in leaving him. "After all," she said, "you didn't

tell me whether you liked it. "No. I didn't need to." "No, that's true, and I didn't need ask. I knew. But you said you

to ask. were trying to keep from telling me what it did mean.

"I can't keep from telling it any longer," he said. "The music meant to me\_\_it meant the kindness of—of you.'

mighty singing. Such a thing was wholly unknown to him; there had "Kindness? How?" "You thought I was a sort of lonely tramp-and sick-" "No," she said, decidedly. "I thought wholy unknown to him, there had been no music in his meager life. Un-like the tale, it was the Princess Be

her and and use and used of the ar Doctor Kraft play. And you did." "It's curious; sometimes it seemed to me that it was you who were playdrulbudour who had brought him to

ing.

Mary laughed. "1? I strum! Plano drearly from Doctor Gurney's office; A little Chopin-Grieg-Chaminade. You wouldn't listen!" Bibbs drew a deep breath. "I'm

frightened again," he said, in an un steady voice. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm pushing, but-" He paused, and the words sank to a murmur.

"Oh, if you want me to play for you!" she said. "Yes, gladly. It will be merely absurd after what you heard this afternoon. I play like a hundred thousand other girls, and I like it. I'm glad when anyone's willing to listen, and if you-" She stopped, checked by a sudden recollection, and laughed ruefully. "But my plano won't be here after tonight. I--I'm sending it away

tomorrow. I'm afraid that if you'd

like me to play to you you'd have to come this evening." "You'll let me?" he cried.

"Certainly, if you care to." "If I could play...", he said, wist-fully, "if I could play like that old man in the church I could thank you." "Ab. but you haven't heard me to pace the floor. "A half-witted epi-leptic!" "No, no!" she cried. "He may be all right. We-"

right. We—" "Oh, it's horrible! I can't—" He threw himself back into his chair again, sweeping his hands across his flace, then letting them fail limply as his sides.

Mrs. Vertrees was tremulous. . "You musn't give way so," she said, inspired for once almost to direct discourse. For once almost to direct discourse. "Whatever Mary might think of doing, if wouldn't be on her own account; if would be on ours. But if we should— should consider it, that wouldn't be on our own account. It isn't because

"Oh ourselves." "Oh God, no!" he groaned. "Not for us! We can go to the poorhouse, but Mary can't be a stenographer!" TO BE CONTINUED

#### The Best Laxative.

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an aboudance of fruit and vegetables, and also establish a regular habit and be sure that your bowels move once a day. When medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleas-ant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywh

Needn't to Have Done That About the Plano."

Carl Control

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the coal matter and-about Tilly. Of course the plano will take care of som things like those for a while and—" "I don't like it. I gave her the plano to play on, not to—" "You mustn't be distressed about it in one way," abe said, comfortingly. "She arranged with the -with the pur-

the state of the state

chaser that the men will come for it

