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BAPTIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7 30 P.M. very Sunday. Prayer m eting Thursday night. H. H. Mashburns, Pastor.

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CONTINUED.

reckon somebody must 'a' told 'em the news last night." "Come on in, old woman," Truitt said to his wife. "Nobody hain't a-goin' to hurt you." He took the chair Kenner was proffering and placed it near the stove. Then he leaned unsteadily on the short staff of the furled flag. The bugle rattled on the brass buttons of his long overcoat as his arm hung

"The camp meets today," he said haskily, "but I hain't blowed a note yit, an' I hain't stuck up the flag. The boys will wait on ol' Bas this mornin'. I wish some o' my tried comrades could be here to listen to what I got to say. George Buckley, I'm goin' to speak to

George had flushed all over with embarrassment. His profile was to the door, but out of the corner of his eye he had caught a glimpse of a woman's figure in the main doorway. The thought flashed through his brain that it was Mrs. Hillyer or Hortense Snowden, and he wanted to direct Hill-yer's attention thither, but with set, expectant features the merchant was

staring at the speaker. "Jeff told us jest how it happened," Truitt went on, his earnest eyes half full of tears, "an' me an' my old woman felt like we wanted to see, to look at, the man that saved our child. Thar he is, Matilda; thar he is! . Thar's the chap that stood up in the teeth o' that ragin' mob an' said ef they got our boy it ud be over his dead body. George Buckley done it. He"-the old man's voice sank so low for a moment that it was scarcely audible-"he done it! I wish God would help me talk, but he won't, an' I cayn't. I had lots to say, but I cayn't talk. I want to show what I feel, but I cayn't. I 'lowed that a-a man that fit fer Jackson an' it fer the world, but"-Lee an' Davis was good enough, but world that stoops down an' offers his life fer a pore, weak, scared boy is better'n a soldier. He's more like God than a soldier. He's actuated by love an' pity, while the soldier is fightin' fer spite. I-I jest wish God would give me a chance to show what I feel. Matilda, ef you want to say anything, say it. Yore old man's made a fool of

"Oh, don't, don't, Mrs. Truitt!" George protested as the old woman pushed back her bonnet and began to speak,

"I cayn't say what I want to, nother," she sobbed, "but I kin pray fer you, George, an' I will. I hope the Master will shower blessings down on yore head. I've knowed 'im, gentlemen, sence he was a little boy, an' he always was one o' the best children that ever lived. God knows he's had trouble, but it jest seems to 'a' sancti-



Show me, Mr. Buckley, where it happened.

fled 'im. Folks says he hain't a happy here in town an' that it looks like he cayn't git all he wants, but he will, God bless 'im, ef my prayers kin do any good. I'm a-goin' to ask the Lord A'mighty to give 'im peace an' all he wants!" She drew her bonnet over her face and fell to sobbing aloud. Truitt stood his flag in a corner and led her to the door, and, as all eyes followed him, George looked and saw Lydia Cranston and Kitty Cosby stand-

ing a few feet from him. They had heard aft. In Lydia's eyes great tears stood, and in her face shone a kindling light upon which her very soul seemed to breathe. Covered with embarrass ment, Buckley went to them. "I'm very sorry," he began, but Lydia put up her gloved hand and

"Don't, don't!" she said gently, almost reverently, as she looked straight into his eyes. "Don't!"

He had not been introduced to her companion, and the fact seemed to have escaped her. The three walked to silly. "I am Miss Cosby, Mr. Buckley,"

Kitty said sweetly. "Lydia has completely forgotten that we don't know each other."

"I am delighted to meet you," he faltered, red in the face. "This is a rather rough and tumble camp meeting reception to offer you the first time you honor the old warehouse with your presence, Miss Cosby," he managed to get out, "but we are an emotional peo-

"Hush!" suddenly exclaimed Lydia, facing him with her great, wondering eyes. "Don't speak lightly of that." Then her voice sank into ineffable sweetness. "Show me, Mr. Buckley, where it happened. I mean from

which direction did the mob come, and is this the door-where the poor boy-George grew redder; he essayed a light laugh, but she was persistent. She laid her hands on his arm. "Tell

me," she urged, "is this the very spot?"
"That's right, miss," said Truitt, coming up. "The gang come runnin' right down that walk after Jeff. He hain't a plumb coward, but a mob o' fifty bloodthirsty men would rattle any boy that's been made a pet of all his life. They was all right on his heels, an' he seed George Buckley's open door an' made a break fer it. George let 'im in an' then stood right on that sill thar an' dared one of 'em to pass 'im. He had a gun, but they could 'a' ground 'im to sausage meat One man cocked a revolver, an' George heard it an' yelled out an' dared 'im to shoot 'im while he stood in the light, an' bemeaned 'km fer a coward an' all he could think of. His pure grit, an' the respect they had fer 'im, shamed the gang, an' they left. But thar's a hero, miss. You young ladies study about leaders of great battles that are this an' that, but I'm a old soldier, an' what George Buckley done last night was the bravest thing I ever

seed or heard tell of." "We thought Major Cranston was here." Miss Cosby explained when Truitt had gone. "We have been looking all over town for him."

George accompanied them to the carriage and helped them in. He was still flushed and embarrassed. Lydia was quiet and thoughtful. "You must come up and see us very

soon," she said. "I want you to know Kitty." Buckley turned back to the office, angry with himself, the Truitts and ev-

erything pertaining to the recent hap-"Oh, what an ass I made of myself." he thought-"what a deplorable, help-

ess ass! He had just seated himself at his desk when Jeff Truitt came in "George," he said, "Kenner has offered me a job at the compress, and"-"Well"-George looked up from his work, with a frown-"that's all right,

I guess." Their eyes met, and Truitt's fell to the ground. He turned out of the door, meeting Kenner on the sidewalk. "I made George mad jest now," he said to Kenner. "I wouldn't 'a' done

"You didn't make me mad, old boy," a man blessed by a high place in the said George, coming up, with a smile. "I was worried about a calculation I was making. I hardly knew who was speaking to me." "Well, I'm glad," said Jeff, with a

> smile of relief. "I wouldn't bother you fer the world." "I'll bet he was mad," said Kenne to himself as he moved on. "George Buckley's as hard to understand sometimes as a woman. He didn't like the way the Truitts carried on 'fore them young ladies. Lord, he don't know which side his bread's buttered on! Ef I live a hundred years I'll never forget Lydia Cranston's face while old

> blind as a bat-kickin' himself right He went into the office a few minutes later. George was at his desk, a dry pen in his hand, the flush still on his face. "I met Bob Hanks uptown awhile ago," Kenner observed.

Truitt was a-talkin', an' George is as

George did not seem to hear. "He's put on a new two horse delivery wagon, painted up with his sign on it, jest like city wagons."

Buckley was still inattentive. "By the way, the little devil told me he was goin' to let up on that schoolgirl racket o' his. He told me of his own accord, so I reckon my talk did some good t'other night."

"I suppose it did," said Buckley, with a start, and he went to work. Kenner stood watching him for several minutes. The flush remained on Buckley's face all that morning, and he seldom answered when spoken to. Even Hillver remarked upon his strange con-

"He's a quar boy," said the old man. I don't pretend to understand 'im, but I bank on 'im jest the same." "I think I understand 'im," replied Kenner. "I kin see through a plank, when thar's a knot hole in it." But that was as far as the cotton buyer would commit himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

I their arrival at home that morning the two girls separated in the hall, Lydia going up to her room with a grave look on her face, and Miss Cosby turning into the parlor to take off her wraps. Mrs. Cranston joined her immediately.

"I was in the summer house and saw you coming," she said eagerly. "I thought I'd give Lydia a chance to go upstairs, for I am crazy to hear what you have to say. Well, did you meet the paragon?". Miss Cosby rubbed her kid glove

down from her wrist toward the tips of her slender fingers. "Meet him?by a large majority, I assure you. We walked right into his den. Your scheme worked, Mrs. Cranston. As soon as we missed the major uptown I told Lydia that you said he might be down at the grain warehouse, and she ordered the carriage there. I have one thing to ask you, Mrs. Cranston"-Kitty was smiling-"what are the rates of board

in this town?" "Rates of board?" exclaimed Mrs. Cranston. "What on earth do you want to know that for?" "I'm going to pay my board while I'm with you," said the girl, with mock seriousness. "I know you invited me down here to help you out of your the whole business. I'm out of it from

"Oh, Kitty, do be serious don't be

now on-out. Do you understand?"

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the girl, pulling at the other glove. "I won't work for anybody that don't tote fair. Why didn't you tell me this Buckley was a regular Apollo in a business suit? Why, I never felt in my life as I did with him. I may be omantic, cracked, soft or somet but I simply stood and stared at him, unable to say a thing that was sensible. Besides, we were all upset-excited to death, and"-

THE FRANKINI TH

"Excited!" gasped Mrs. Cranston. "Why, what about?" "Oh, about that White Cap affair down there last night. You never heard half of it. The major hinted that it was only some drunken mountain rowdles, ersonal friends of Mr. Buckley's, when it was-oh, only a little thing like a great, tall god of a man standing in a door daring a mob of fifty strong to pass in after the man they were pursu-ing! The man in the door with the re-volver and the blazing eyes was George Buckley, and the little, dried up man he was offering his life was no relation to him and a man

"You'll be more than surprised be-fore this thing is over with, if I'm any judge of human nature," Kitty laugh-"Why, Mrs. Cranston, you are battling with Niagara falls in a dugout when you are trying to keep two people like Lydia and that young man from admiring each other, especially Lydia or ary real woman." She then proceeded to describe minutely all that had taken place in the office. At times, her voice would clog and her eyes fill to overflowing. "And the beauty of it was," she ended, "that the hero of it all was mad enough to kick the people who were sobbing out his praises." "Lydia heard all that!" said Mrs.

could not be congenial with."

"Kitty, you surprise me," said Mrs.

"Yes, she heard it all. You have always thought she was proud and haughty and cold. Huh! She melted all over and ran out at the eyes. She doesn't know she's in love with him. She doesn't comprehend it any more than a baby comprehends life. He followed us outside to apologize-just think of that—apologize! He tried to laugh it off. I introduced myself. I had to. Lydia was acting as if she were in a dream. She was asking questions about the exact spot where he had stood, as reverently, Mrs. Cranston, as a girl looking for the grave of a soldier lover. Then the father of the rescued boy came out and went all my heart, lay the knowledge that it was only acting, but that this morning was the real thing. They say all the world loves a lover. I was asked to thwart that pair, but when I saw those two together—he with his great, hun-gry, dreamy eyes that seemed full of eternal suffering with love for her actually burning in their depths, and she with her sweet, wondering face-I-I felt like an egg sucking dog! I wanted to put out my hands and draw their heads together. Love is beautiful always. It was like a glimpse of heaven this morning. I always considered Lydia a strong woman. I admire her more now than ever. All along she has seen what there is in this man and een trying to give him simple justice." Mrs. Cranston groaned aloud and sat

"I reckon we'll have to send her off," "Send her off? Where to? Send her to Mars, and she'll still see his eyes and hear his voice and-and know she has wronged him for something he can't help. Think of that! You know, after all, he can't help what his father did. Huh! If a man like that adored me as he does Lydia Cranston and wanted me to marry him I'd do it if fifteen powdered and perfumed princes stood with their arms stretched out to me, and-yes, if he had fathers looking out of jail windows on every street corner in proud old Richmond. Oh, I've thrown up my job! I'm not the man for it. The weight of a hair would make me work on the other side. You'd better send me away. My own heart

down, covering her face with her hands.

is hopelessly in danger. "I have never met the real thing in man form before. Think of it! There's Charley Mason, at home, who will talk to a girl by the hour about how he was obliged to call Delaney out for insulting Richmond girls, and if Delaney hadn't humbly apologized shots might have been exchanged, with the accent on the 'might.' That's the fashionable, bouquet courage. The real thing is where a man acts like this Buckley did last night and then gets as mad as the dev-as mad as the very dickens when it is mentioned in his presence. Mrs. Cranston, I believe you have been trying to keep God from doing a beautiful piece of work so that eyed people. I may be getting crooked mentally for not espousing the governhearts, I can see it only one way."

or's cause, but after what I've seen this morning, after seeing that couple together and reading their throbbin "The son of a convict?" groaned Mrs. Cranston. "Never, never! Lydia wil not do it. She respects our feelings too much. You say she doesn't yet re alize that she's in love with him?" "Not yet, but she's a light sle Mrs. Cranston. Somebody will thr

cold water in her face, and she'll oper her eyes. I fancy if you and the ma jor were to begin to urge her marriag eyes and wander if she had a night I took her hand. It was as cold as ice but her face was on fire. I had spen thing we came to-the little law of as we approached the warehouse laughed at its dingy appear told her I didn't see how she con

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stand to live in such a town. On the You may as well quit running arley down, Kitty. I have fou re real worth and nobility of charer here than in any city I ever vised. There you are, Mrs. Cranston

ice, and your daughter can justify rs like a judge on the bench." "There is one thing that will make her hesitate," said Mrs. Cranston, looking up with a steely stare. "Her faer's heart is set on her marrying Governor Telfare, and the major's



"I can see it only one way." health is failing. I really believe if she "That situation may influence her." admitted the Virginia girl. "A woman George. Kitty tells Lydia that the will often marry a man she doesn't even if she lives to give her husband grandchildren, But, ob, Mrs, Cranston, with all my heart, that I could walk down this minute and call that man out and tell him I'd come to give Lydia

dear fellow thought he had made himself ridiculous before us this morning. when he had simply tangled himself up in our heartstrings and left them bleeding in his favor." "Don't, don'tl" Mrs. Cranston rose and stood frowning. "I see I can't count on you, Kitty; but, at least, you will not-you know what I mean?" "No. I shall have nothing to do with it either way," said Kitty, with a smile.

And when the divine fire blazed up in

and assure him I was not a spy work-

ng against bim, but his friend. The

"I can promise you that-at least, I think I can."

CHAPTER XX. NE morning shortly after this' Mrs. Hillyer met Jim Kenner on the main street of the village near the warehouse and paused to chat with him. "I'm still workin' on yore case," she told him. "The only trouble is that you are too backward to help. I serve you up with different gravy at every meal an' keep you on the sideboard to eat cold 'twixt meals, but ef you don't come up some time an' take a hand she'll want a

change o' diet." Kenner's honest face reddened. "I'm afeard I'm gittin' too old, Mrs. Hillyer," he laughed in high pleasure. "I give you my word, I worry all the time

about my age." "Worry?" she laughed. "What does age amount to? The older a man gits in this life the younger he is in the next, an', from all accounts, the next is better an' keeps a body at a standstill. Lord, you don't look like a feller that worries about anything unless it's fer the lack o' some devilment. Mr. Hillyer's told me how you love to gag old Hanks. I reckon since Bob's done the way he has you'll have it in fer the old man, or, rather, he'll have says Hanks predicted from the first that Bob ud come to no good. I hain't seed Mr. Hillyer since Mrs. Dugan told me about ft, but it'll worry 'im like rips, fer, you know, jest day beyou'can do an ugly one-hideous ex-cept to the sight of narrow, squint two thousand to enlarge his business fore yesterday he let Bob have another on. Enlarge, I say. A boy o' that age ort to be spanked fer what he's donejest when folks was braggin' on 'im,

> "Why, Mrs. Hillyer"-Kenner's eyes were wide open in astonishm "what are you talkin' about?" "Talkin' about? Jim Kenner, do you nean to tell me that you, the biggest man gossiper in Darley, don't know what Bob Hanks has gone and done?" "I'm at the fust of it, Mrs. Hillyer." Well, he simply got that little or phan gal, Dora May, some'n' or other,

boardin' school last night an' driv 'er

in a buggy to Springtown an' got a country preacher to marry 'em.' "Good Lord, Mrs. Hillyer!" "That's what he done," went on Mrs Hillyer. "They spent the night at the preacher's house, tuck breakfast, an' driv back to Darley. They've put up Dugan went up and seed whar Bob had registered 'R. O. Hanks and Lady.' mes hardly below the k

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The following is a synopsis

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-Ge Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer e first thing a woman begins to do a rich Georgia merchant. His father falling in love is to justify her is sent to prison for theft. George is attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughter of a proud Virginian. The shame of his father's crime makes him desperate. 4-Hillyer confesses to Seorge the murder of a friend thirty years before the story opens. To atone for the deed he took George out of his degraded home to make a useful man of him as a substitute to society for his dead friend. 5— Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, a cotton buyer, have desks in Hillyer's warehouse. Bascom Truitt, a Conwarehouse. Bascom Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of George. Hillyer invests heavily in wheat on the advice of George. 6—Mrs. Hilyer praises George's noble character. Hilyer in fear of being brought to trial for his old crime. 7 and 8—Lydis comes from Richmond's heavily and selection of the comes from Richmond's heavily and the comes mond's best social set. Governor Telfare of Georgia, a middle sged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer loans the boy capital to start in business. 11—Lydis lulls the fears of her parents about George by saying that she believes a daughter should respect her family pride when choosing a husband. 12—Hillyer sells his wheat at a great profit and gives it. to George. 13-The governor visita the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his attentions and presents. 14-Lydia pays a visit to George's mother and kisses her warmly at parting. This brings a revival of hope to the lover. should not obey his wishes—if she were to do such a dastardly thing as to 15 and 16—Mrs. Cranston appeals marry this Buckley, it would kill him." to Lydia's friend. Kitty Cosby, to bring the girl to her senses about

governor will be a good catch, but, love to gratify those she does. But if after hearing of some George's vir. Lydia does marry Governor Telfare, tures, fears for the safty of her own she'll carry an ideal of another man in- heart. 17 and 18.—George protects to his home and down to her grave, Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bascom. from the vengeance of a mob. Lydis and Kitty hear the story recounted in the presence of the hero. If taken this month, keeps you wel all snumer. It makes the little one to him, to have and to hold forever.

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