The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Abner Daniel." "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mustery," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

and a policeman, rather slight of build

and a head shouter than the moun-

"What's the trouble, governor?" he

hain't nothin', young feller, but a lit-

tie 'lection dispute me 'n' Telfare had.

He fell agin that bell accidentally jest

you. Do you reckon yo're big enough

The officer-looked up at the gaunt

mountaineer towering over him and

then at Telfare, who seemed unable to

"That-that nigger said Governor Tel-

"Well, he's got dern bad judgment ef

he'd want you in a time o' need. Are

"No, I don't, but what's that got

"Well"-Truitt stroked his beard-"I

believe I'll take pity on yore widow. I

Truitt actually took the governor by the

ear and twisted it.

thought at fust I'd mash you 'twixt my

thumb an' forefinger, but I won't. Git

out o' here. I've got some'n' private

The officer, with a flushed face.

looked from one to the other of the

two men, his inquiring glance resting

last on the white, rigid countenance of

Telfare. But the governor seemed to

have actually lost his presence of mind-

"I jest wanted to ax you, Telfare

how you felt about havin' the whole

thing writ up in the newspapers," Tru-

itt said in the pause. "I know mighty

nigh ever newspaper reporter in the

state an' some adj'inin' states. They

will print anything I give 'em. We

got sorter chummy at our last reunion.

Yes, they will publish my side of this,

an' of course you'll have a chance to

have yore say. As fur as I'm concern-

ed, I'd railly like to have it git around

to all the veteran camps in the state.

Most of 'em know Bas Truitt by repu-

tation, an' when they hear about this

they will jest break the'r necks to vote

fer you next election. You barely got

in by a squeeze last time, but they'll

rush you in like the woods afire when

"Governor, I'm waiting your orders,"

said the policeman, who seemed to feel

that a mistake had been made and that

ring if I need you. This man's been

as a chip, an' I reckon you got some

isked, doggedly miserable, defeat writ-

"Nothin' now," answered Truitt. "I'm

urally would-but when I tell,'im what

I done an' that you tuck it like a dunce

at school, why, it's my opinion he'll

jest feel sorry fer you. I do, I know,

an' I'm free to confess I feel a little

grain ashamed myself, but that will

wear off, I reckon. God Almighty ort

to provide a different way o' pullin'

skunks down from the'r perch, but it

say. Good day, yore excellency."

seems he hain't. That's all I have to

Truitt left Telfare sitting at his desk,

sullenly, desperately silent, and went

had not removed his hat, and his chew

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next day Truitt slouched in-to the warehouse, finding Hill-yer and George at their desks

working over some bills of

hain't offered a feller a drap."

"Huh!" sneered Truitt as the door

he was overhearing private matters. "Wait in the hall," Telfare said. "I'll

this tale gits out."

ten all over him.

drinking."

and could only stare blankly.

to say to Telfare."

"Carry any life insurance?"

fare wanted me," the policeman stam-

taineer, entered hastily.

bein' injured?"

you a married man?"

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the and appending narrange.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1905.

"Yes, she did, George, an' I got aw-fully sorry fer 'er. She told me her pa-had set his heart on her marryin' Tel-

our ken, but why he makes women

like that un suffer is more'n I kin ac-

count fer. I reckon he knows his busi-

like rips. Ef I was at the head o' this

the Almighty made the skunk, an' the

that he's actually pleasin' to an om-nipotent eye. The truth is, Telfare

that man is an' know it-like he knows

ment as if dazed by a sudden realiza-

tion that had come to him from the

old soldier's recital. He was recalling

Lydia's appearance and manner as she

came into the parlor that evening with

"God bless her!" he said reverently.

"She was right, then, trying to show

her contempt for Telfare's conduct,

CHAPTER XXV.

after supper. "When my sperits sink

way down to zero I go out in the yard

an' give 'er a chance to come over an'

talk. No; I never go over thar. All I got

to do is to let 'er see me, an' she's on me

like a duck on a June bug. She'll talk

yore head off, but she'll belp you out

of a tight whenever you give 'er the

me all over creation an' her to fairly

lan up all I had to say about 'im that

ler, an' I seed she thought he'd jest es-

breadth an' was not goln' with gals be-

cause he was afeard of 'em: I let Mrs.

Dugan begun. You'd 'a' thought she

was on the courthouse stand swearln'

flappin' out the sheet she was hem-

min'. 'Folks thinks he's so innocent:

but, la me, he's the terriblest flirt in

seven states. He buys cotton all over

the country an' has a gal in every town

"'You are off thar,' said I. 'I know

better'n that. He's one man that don't

"Tell that to the maroons," Mrs. Du-

gan sneered. Then she reeled off a tale

she said Bob Hanks' wife told 'er about

bet Jim Kenner an' a whole passle

o' fellers had made, that they was goin'

to kiss a certain gal whether or no.

She said the gal was kinder saft, any-

way, an' they all got a whack at her,

but that when Jim Kenner got through

with 'er she had the backache an' said

he was the wust she'd ever seed. I

was a-watchin' Hortense out o' the cor-

ner o' my eye. She got fust white an'

then red, but she kept 'er ears open.

say, but the best thing was when she

any impression on a man o' that stamp.

I seed Hortense sorter blte 'er lip an' straighten up like she was makin' a

gone home she set around like she was

out o' Fint all at once. You know a

woman will kinder count on a man's

regard, an' feed on it, an' jest drift

without lookin' ahead. Ef she's shore

o' his admiration she'd a heap o' times ruther have 'im at arm's length than to be cookin' an' scrubbin' fer 'im ur his

She's knowed a few married men an'

out flat that evenin' an' said, 'When

home last Thursday night they had the parlor to the receives. Me an Mr. Hill

ver set on the front veranda. Jim Ken-

about the'r wives after the honeym

olution. And after Mrs. Dugan had

he hits."

care fer women.

THINK the Lord had a hand

Mrs. Dugan," sald Mrs. Hill-yer to George that evening

in puttin' me next door to

the flower in her hand.

Truitt made a detailed explanation, had set his heart on her marryin' Teleaving out nothing. He spoke of it as fare, an' that she was afeard, since her

if it shad been an ordinary business arrangement that was finally settled trary to his wishes. She said she was satisfactorily. "But," he ended, "I afeard the disapp'intment ud actually never feit as mean, somehow, ill my kill 'im. I didn't know what to say. life. I'm sorry he wouldn't hit back. I tried to think o' some'n' comfor I'll be durned ef he didn't jest wiggle but could 't, an' so I jest come off an' an' say 'ouch!' when I twisted his year. left 'er thar at the gate. The Lord does a sight o' things that is beyond words another thought. What he said our ken, but why he makes women ard would say. He's got less sand in his gizzard 'n any man I ever run ness, but it conflicts with my notions

across. I hope you are satisfied."
"Yes, I'm satisfied," said George simply, and he extended his hand, "and I'm giad there was no bloodshed. Mr. Hillyer told me what he did yesterday in a passion. We'll all have to Telfare swallowed and was about to speak when Truitt broke in. "Oh, it

"God knows I agree with you on tentment. I know I'd ruther be a cornthat," said Hillyer feelingly, and he field nigger an split rails in the brillin turned and walked out of the office.
"But that hain't all I done," said now, an' that flat nosed A-rabb 'lowed he was bein' assassinated an' run fer Truitt, leaning against George's deak it now."
and looking down sheepishly. "Not all?" exclaimed Buckley. to keep anybody in yore beat from

Without another word Truitt turned and left the office. George sat a mo-"No, I get my foot into some'n' else. Jest after I landed in town I come down here, but you wasn't about. Then, as I had nothin' to do an' remembered that I had promised Major Cranston to come in an' give 'im an estimate on movin' several hundred acres o' tan bark on some o' his mountain land, I went down thar. He's a sick man. They got 'im propped up in and I was brute enough to misjudge a big chair in the settin' room, an' his wife an' daughter are nussin' him like a baby. But he wanted to see me, an' they made me come in. His gal is a beauty, George-but you know that-an' I never seed a body seem as much worried over a sick pusson as she was over her daddy. She loves every hair o' his old, white head. Whenever he'd have a spell o' coughin' she'd actually turn pale an' run fer his medicine. Well, when I got through with him I started off, but she follered me out on the lawn. She wanted to ax me, she said. ef I railly thought her pa looked bad. She said she was afeard the doctor was keepin' back some'n' ur was behind the wink. Me an' her together worked times an' hadn't diagnosed the case Hortense as fine as split silk t'other right. I eased 'er all I could, laughin' day. You know, Jim Kenner's jest at her fears tell she sorter got in a about crazy to pay his attentions, an' good humor, an' then in a roundabout she holds off an' won't let 'im set in. way, 'fore she knowed what was on I made up my mind six months ago

"Heavens, Truitt, you didn't tell her man, his eyes averted. "Some say she's ness. It puzzled me right sharp, fer I thinkin' o' marryin' that man beca'se knowed the gal had marry on her mind, her sick daddy wants her to, an' I'd an' I knowed Jim Kenner was jest the never be satisfied of I let a woman thing fer er. Finally I drapped on to marry a thing like that, believin' he the difficulty. You know, a steady gal was honorable an' brave like her daddy like Hortense Snowden sometimes has an' like somebody else I know. No; I a regular horror of a goody goody felwould thank anybody to tell a daughter o' mine sech a thing, an' I felt like | caped bein' a preacher by a hair's it was my duty."

George bit his lip and stifled an exclamation of irritation, but he met the Dugan in on my racket, an' I 'lowed old man's look presently with a steady | she'd have a fit, she was so tickled. tare.

She got her sewin' an' come over, an' "What did she say, Truitt?" he asked we tuck chairs nigh Hortense, an' Mrs. finally.

"Say? I hardly know," said Truitt. Her face got the purtiest color I ever in a murder case, she was so serious. seed, an' while I was talkin' she kept | She led up to it as gradual as a man sayin', 'Go on, go on, Mr. Truitt, go on!' | drivin' a school o' fish upstream into s an' right in the middle o' some things | net. I think she give ever body in she'd jest laugh out an' kiver 'er mouth | Darley a slap or a dab in passin'. Fiwith that white hand o' her'n, but she | nally she said it was the men that kept sayin', 'Go on, go on!' an' looked | laid low an' that ever body thought like she jest couldn't wait fer me to was so steady that was the regular git through. An' when I finally got devils on the sly. 'Now, thar's that to whar I lifted 'im by one o' his side long, slim shanked Kenner,' said she, straps out o' his chair she jest hollered: 'No, you didn't railly, Mr. Truitt. Did you do that to the governor o' Georgia?" I told 'er I certainly did, an' she laughed like she'd bust. She followed me clean to the front gate. You may think she's a purty woman, but I'll bet she never looked as purty to you as she did then. The wind was devilin' her hair, an' her cheeks looked like ripe peaches. Seemed like she'd sorter tuck a likin' to me, fer once or twice she forgot an' put her hand on my arm. Then she said, Mr. Truitt, I believe I kin trust you with a secret, an' I want

to tell you some'n'. "I told 'er I was a graveyard itself when it come to keepin' secrets fer women folks, but she sorter hung fire. Her face got serious, an' she wouldn't look me in the eye like she had been a-doin'. I told 'er not to be afeard o' me, an' she started in ag'in, but stopped. 'No,' says she, 'I believe I I don't know all Mrs. Dugan didn't won't tell you after all. Men are the very dickens to tell tales.' Then I re- said no ordinary woman could make minded 'er that I was a old Confederate soldier an' that women an' the'r private matters was sacred to men that had fit for the south an' its honor, an' closed after the policeman. "I'm dry that sorter fetched 'er. 'Well,' says she, 'you do look like a man a woman o' the best settin' round, an' yet you could trust, an' of you'll give me your word that this won't go no furder I'll "Now, what do you want?" Telfare tell you.' "T'll do it, says I.

" Will you swear it? says she. "'Not only that,' says I, but I'll cross goin' back an' tell George Buckley that my heart.' I pulled yore year fer you. He's felt this thing purty bad—a proud man nat-"'Well,' says she, 'that's all a woman could ax, an' I'm sorry I have to had noticed how plumb crazy they was

be so particular, but I'd rather die than have a single soul know what was over. But nothin' ain't sme I'm goin' to tell you. I want to tell this world, an' why should married life you to show how much I appreciate what you did on that Atlanta trip. Then she swallowed once or twice, an', I to cut my tale off, Hortense jest come lookin' me in the eye an' p'intin' across the yard, she said: 'Mr. Truttt, I was | you see Mr. Kenner you may tell 'im he n' in that summer house t'other night an' heard Governor Telfare insult George Buckley, an' I'm gladglad—glad—you done what you done.
As Governor Telfare was visitin' my house an' as father's health is so bad laughin' all evenin' at his tales, an' I couldn't do more, but I tried my best | when she come out after he'd gone she that night to show preference to Mr. said be was the most agreeable man Buckley, but he misunderstood me an she'd ever met. Not a word's been said

"She said that?" George exclaimed his face aglow, his eyes dashing. "And did she say anything else?"

lading of a big shipment of cotton they were making to eastern mills.

"Whar on earth have you been?" Hillyer asked eagerly. "I sent out home fer you an' none o' yore folks knowed a thing about you. The truth is, I got worried. I ford George I was afeard you'd gone to'—

"That's whar I went," said Truitt, his glance on George's expectant face, "an' the Lord went with me. I humiliated that skunk, an, as fer as I'm concerned, I'm willin' to drap the matter. Ef I was the man most interested I'd be satisfied."

"What did you do, Truitt?" George

"What did you do, Truitt?" George

"What did you do, Truitt?" George

"The best of the count of many remedies for indigestion but found authing equal to Lord Dyspepsia Cure." Kodol oigests digests what you eat, cures indigestion dyspepsia, sour stomash, beiching heart burn and all stomach troubles. Its preparation is the result of many results.

"What did you do, Truitt?" George

re here intely. Than's Lawyer Trabus. They say he's awfully sick. George Buckley, I may look light hearted, but I've got a sight to trouble me. I worry about Mrs. Hillyer mighty nigh con-

"I suppose you do," answered Buck-ey, meeting her glance sympathetic

with me," she went on "You w thar's one matter that we neve mention betwixt us, an' I jest have to guess at how he feels in his different is. Now, I'm bothered over the e's actin' about Trabue's sick-Why should he git excited over But he is. When we fust heard bout any other citizen, but all at nce, while he was readin' the Advoate at the lamp, he put the paper Jake how Trabue was, an' when

George?"

"No. I do not, Mrs. Hillyer," George replied. "I can't understand it."

"I sorter thought at fust that it was been'se him an' Trabue is about the same age, an' it sorter made 'im reflect on the end we all have to come to. You know, George, Mr. Hillyer's great trouble has made 'im more aftered to die then most men—men o' that sort seem to dread the end, like they think some special punishment is in store fer 'em. As fer as I'm concerned, I don't believe Mr. Hillyer 'll be punished at

"George, I'm in a sight o' trouble," powerful rival. Lydis accepts his atsmoking on the lawn together.

went to talk to Trabue in private but the doctor won't let a soul see 'im. George," he said, under his breath, is to God-I'd never git over it, I tell you-never!" And throwing his half in the darkness.

A little later, as George stood near the gate, Jim Kenner came up dressed in his best suit, a flower in his buttonhole. "I reckon you think I'm a purty thing goin' to see gals at my time o' life," he said, with a sheepish laugh Truitt twigs the governor's ear to

as he opened the gate,
"I was wondering if I ought not to
tell Horiense something about your
dark past," George laughed. "I wish you would blacken my record little," returned Kenner, "The truth is, Mrs. Hillyer says Hortense doesn't exactly take to the goody goody,



'Not a word's been said about marryin

what I'm workin on her right now night be called the 'bold-in' plan." "The 'hold-in' plan?" George school

"You see, ef I was to tell her right out that my past record was as black as a stack of black cats she'd not believe it, but when she comes right the subject. A man cayn't never make a woman believe he's bad by tellin' het he is, any more'n he kin make 'er be lieve he's good by the same process. The 'hold-in' racket fills the bill exact ly. A woman is seen a mystery hersel about marryin' betwixt 'em, but I'll talk to 'er about 'er things inside of a week, now see of I don't. Seems like lots o' Darley folks is under the weathdo say it. She's jest the woman I've always wanted. I joke a icis, but that's the truth, my boy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Jake fold 'im he wasn't no better he come back in the house pale an' nervous, an' last night he hardly elept at all. Do you know of any important dealings be's had with Trabue, Capaca 2".

"George, I'm in a sight o' trouble," he said. "And it's the old thing. You remember I told you Trabue was payin' Mrs. Hambright a pension through me?" tentions 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.

A strength tonic test brings rich, red blood. Makes you strong, healthy and setive. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tes will do. 35 cents, Tes or Tabletz. R. A. Bobbitt & Co.

If men paved to keep out of debt the way they have to to get out, this would be a world of millionairee.

A woman seems to think that if she scolds a man for coming home late it would make him glad he came

The following is a synopsis of hapters heretofore published of CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-George

Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father 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 despectate. perate. 4—Hillyer confesses to George 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 ociety for his dead friend. Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, a cotton buyer, have deaks in Hillyer's warehouse. Barco a Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of George. Hillyer invests beavily in wheat on the advice of George.

'em. As fer as I'm concerned, I don't believe Mr. Hillyer 'il be punished at all. He's suffered ten times too much already."

Later that evening Hillyer took George into his confidence as they were that the believes a daughter about respect her family pride when choosing a husband. 12—Hillyer sells his wheat at a great profit and gives it to George. 18—The governor visits the Cranstons. George fears his

"Yes, I remember that," George said.
"Well, Trabue is mighty low, and if he was to die, George, an explanation bring the girl to her senses about would have to be made. She'd have to George. Kitty tells Lydia that the be told that her allowance wasn't coming from the government, an' maybe
she'd upbraid me an' impoverish
'erself to pay all of it back. Oh,
George, I'm awfully miserable! I
George, I'm awfully miserable! I
Jeff Traits, son of his friend Bascom, from the vengeance of a mob. Lydis and Kitty hear the story recounted in "if Mrs. Hambright was to throw up the presence of the hero. 19 .my crime to me at this late day-bowed Lydia adores George, but may marry as she is with age and as nigh as she the governor out of regard for her father, who is in poor health. 20 .smoked cigar away, Hillyer strode of and 21.—Governor Telfare offers to pardon George's father if he will give up Lydia. The offer is hotly spurned Lydia snubs the governor in favor of George, but the excited loved misconstrues the set and abruptly leave her in tears. 22,—and 23,—Bascom

For a Weak Digestion-

avenge the insult to George.

No medicine can replace food but Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tabets will help you to digest your food it is not the quantity of food taken that spout you'd think I was a sight wasn'n I railly am. Oh, I've been a few gaits in my time, but I hain't bad! It's a God's fact, though, that a heap o' wom-

Strawberries are beginning to ripen in eastern North Caro'ins and shipment will begin in a few days,

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