VOL. XXXV.

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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.]

Mrs. Cranston. "Almost too independent to be a favorite with men, but women adore her. She's very exactingwants men to be more perfect than they are. I really think she admires George Buckley, and she won't help me with Lydia a bit."

When Kitty returned to Lydia she found her in bed, the gas burning low, her face to the wall. Kitty disrobed uniselessly and got into bed. She lay still for a moment, then she said suddenly: "Look here, are you-well, I declare,

you are crying?" There was no response. Kitty was quiet for several minutes, then she rose, "In the excitement of it all." she said, "I forgot to say my prayers. I'd better get it done. Those two women fell into my trap with a dull thud just now. I'll tell you about it in the

Lydia still made no sound nor movement to indicate that she was awake, but Kitty knew she was. Kitty knelt at the bedside for several minutes; then she rose, with a sigh, and got back under the covers. "If it will do you any good," she said, "I'll tell you I've been praying about this thing. I don't believe God pays the least attention to people who pray about wet weather in dry season or dry weather in wet, but somehow I believe he listens when you call his attention to real downright heart suffering. I told him I was at the end of my rope and that he ought to try to help you and George out of the mess you are in. You are both too good and sweet and noble to"- There was a sudden catch in Kitty's voice, thin over Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store and a sob struggled into her throat and shook her from head to foot.

"Now, what's the matter with you?" Lydia suddenly exclaimed, and she furned over and put her arms about her friend. "Don't, don't, Kitty!" Then they cried silently together until they fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII. HE next morning, after his re turn from Atlanta, George met Bascom Truitt at the warehouse. "Brought yore mother in with me,

he said. "I left 'er up at the postoffice readin' a letter. She'll be down directly. I missed you at the reunion, but I heard you was on hand. Lord, I missed the sidewalk, they tell me! I met some old friends that kept me full to the neck through the whole business. I couldn't toot my bugle."

"That's one way to celebrate," George said, with a smile, as Truitt was turning away. A few minutes later Mrs. Buckley came into the office. She wore a check-

ed gingham sunbonnet and it was pulled well down over her face. In her hand she held a letter. By her silence and agitated manner George knew she had received unpleasant news. He placed a chair for her near his desk and resumed his own seat, wondering what could have happened. "You have a letter from father," he said tentatively. "Not from him, George, but it's from

up thar. It's from the prison doctor." She was silent a moment, then she continued: "Yore pa's bad off, George. The doctor thinks he's had a serious attack. It's that old hurt place in his head that he got when he fell off the wagon fifteen year ago. The doctor cayn't tell how it'll come out, but he says I'd better be up thar. Yore pa keeps axin' fer me. I cayn't refuse "im, George." The speaker suddenly paused and applied her handkerchief to

"Well, you can go, of course," said "Oh, kin 1?" she exclaimed. "I was afeard you wouldn't want me to. I'd rather go, George. I sorter hardened my leart agin 'im when he was stout an' well, but now he's sufferin', I want to be with 'im." She broke down and began to cry again.

"There is nothing on earth to hinder you," said her son, who was deeply touched by her emotion, "and if you want me to do so, I'll go, too, mother. He's my father—the only one I ever

"One of us will be enough," said Mrs. Buckley. "But, George, I've been studyin' since I got this letter. I never thought of it before, but I never knowed yore pa to do a dishonest act till he had that fall an' burt his head. I read in the Index t'other day whar a good man had got a lick in the head an' it made a demon out o' him till the doctors operated on him an' cured 'im. Oh, George, it may be that a-way in yore pa's case, an' them twelve men an' the judge jest sent a pore sick man off fer what he couldn't help. It wasn't managed right. Somebody ought t 'a' fetched up that point. He mighty nigh made life unbearable fer us all but the chain gang wasn't the place fer a man in his condition."

She had pushed back her bonnet and her gray eyes were flashing rebellio ly. George was deeply moved. "That's right, mother," he said ad miringly, his fine face aglow, "stick to him. I remember, when I was a very little fellow, that he was kind and gentle with me, and although he treated me pretty badly after I grew up I never could forget that period. Yes, you

must go to him and do all you can for his comfort. I'll pay for it."

"Oh, George, George!" the old wom-an cried, standing up, "It don't seem right fer you to"—
"I want to do ft, mother," he said simply and firmly. "You must take the

night train, and remember, you are to spare no expense."

"I said I felt relieved to have 'im so off," whimpered Mrs. Buckley, "but after awhile I missed 'im, an' ef I could 'a' had 'im back without the responsibility of what he'd do I'd 'a' been willin'. When me 'n' 'im got married it was so different. George, I'd 'a' picked yore pa out of a thousand men. I was so proud of 'im, an' was the happlest woman alive for several years

after you was born. George, of he gits well and serves his time out I think me 'u' 'im had better move off somers. whar we don't conflict with yore interests. I see my duty clearer now. I'll stick to 'im fer better or worse as long Now, a good, stout key that shoves a as me or 'im lives." George Buckley's head sank for an

ustant, then he looked up and gazed at her tenderly. "There is nothing, mother, that can plained politely. "We change it quite keep me from being with you and him. often too. Even Mr. Hillyer doesn't When his time is out we'll all live together. I've made up my mind on that point, He's a convict, and I want things different, but he's my father and

you are my mother, and that settles it." and stood near him, "George," she said huskily, "you are a good boy," and then she slowly walked away. She came in about the middle of the afternoon ready for her train, and as

he was walking with her to the sta-tion she surprised him with a confes-"I don't think I ort to keep back a

ly, as if dreading his displeasure-" seed Lydia Cranston ag'in. Jest a day or two before she accepted the govern-or's invite to Atlanta she driv out home in her buggy an' come in to see me She didn't ax me not to tell you, but I'm sure she wouldn't want you to know. She told me all about her trouble, cryin' like 'er heart ud break. Her pa was in a critical condition an' wanted 'er to go, an' 'er ma was dingdong-in' at 'er night an' day. She didn't say right out that she loved you, but understood. She don't like that man a bit, but her pa wants 'er to marry out what I thought she ort to do, an' to save my life I didn't know-I couldn't tell. She told me she loved me, George, that her own mother never'd been good I've give 'im a chance." to 'er an' never understood 'er an' that she'd come to me fer advice. I hugged

a baby, but we never got no nigher solvin' the riddle. When she went down to the big party the governor give 'er, I thought maybe she'd decided to marry to suit 'er folks," "She has," Buckley said, swallowing his emotion. "But let's not talk about t. That's all over, mother. She and I

live in absolutely different worlds." "No, you don't, nuther," said Mrs. Buckley. "She's jest a good, natural, lovin' woman that wants to do her duty accordin' to her lights, but thar is a sight agin you both, an' thar's no gittin' round it. A heap o' people blame



She broke down and began to cry agai a sin like yore pa's on a child, an' that family, folks tell me, has never mixed with crime o' any sort."

"It was all my fault," he answere sadly. "I ought not to have visited their house so much. My trial will come, mother, when she is Telfare's I get desperate when I think of that." "Well, try not to think of it," she

said. to buy her ticket. He found her a sent and then kissed her goodby "Telegraph if you need me," he said. "I'll come on the first train."

CHAPTER XXIX. HE next morning, when George was alone in the office, a mid-dle aged, hard faced countryman slouched in. this Htilyer's warehouse?" be "Yes," said George. "Anything I can

"Well, not exactly fer me," said the man, "but old Squire Deck-I reckon you know him, over in Gilmer?" "I know of him," George responded.
"Well, he sent me to ax ef you uns would let 'im put his will in your safe -that is, ef you got one; the squire didn't know whether you had or not." "I don't see none, I'm shore."

"Oh, it's in thar? Well, I reckon it's "One of the best in the country," "One o' them com-c

"Yes-that's it. Did you bring the paper with you? We are always glad he suddenly furned to them, pas to accommodate people."

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"No; I didn't fetch it. He told me to concerned, said the man. "Too many steel bolt into a good, strong socket is

LOUISBURG, N. C., PRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1905.

hard to beat." "I'm the only one about here that knows this combination," Buckley exkeep up with it unless I'm going away."
"Oh, well, I reckon it will be safe snough, an' I'll tell the squire about it when I go back."

The man turned out of the ware-The old woman started away. She house, crossed the rallway tracks and had reached the door, but turned back walked on till he was in the woods on the edge of the village. Here he was met by two other men who, glancing about furtively, came out into the open

already closed and the front and rear doors of the building were locked and thing from you, George," she said, "an' barred. Countrymen often came about the goin' to tell you some'n' I did that I don't feel right about."

"What was that, mother?"

"George"—she looked up hesitating—knowing he was there. He also closed the heavy wooden shutters of the front windows that the light of his lamp might not show through to the street. He worked on unconscious of the pas-sage of time from 8 o'clock until near midnight. Suddenly he detected sound like the crunching of a grain of wheat under foot, and, looking round. he saw three men standing behind him with leveled revolvers. "What does this mean?" he asked.

his eyes fixed on the rigid face of the man whom he recognized as his visitor her actions said it, an' she knowed I of that afternoon. "Is this a trap?" "That's about the size of it, young man," was the cool reply. "Now, you 'im, an' she's afeard it will kill 'im et keep yore seat on that stool an' don't she refuses. George, she axed me right but yore eye. The fool on my left's got a gun that's powerful easy on trigger, an' it's all he kin do to keep his

finger up. 'Don't shoot 'im, Bill, till "What is it you want?" George asked. He was not frightened, but the situation certainly was a grave one, and her up in my arms, an' she sobbed like he felt that he had little, if any, chance

"We are mountain hoosiers," said the leader of the men, "but we hain't fools by a long shot. We know our business rell as you know yore'n, an' than's no need tellin' you ef you don't git a move on yoreself an' open that safe you'll never open it ag'in." "That's it, then?"

"Yes, that's it. This is one time when you've got to knuckle ur git the wust George glanced toward the front "You needn't be lookin' fer a way

out," said the mountaineer, "an' you

needn't expect the night watchman to

be pacin' along by here. He's dead drunk. I know, kase I furnished the liquor an' seed it take effect." "So you think you can force me into this thing," said George. "Do you know, I'd rather die right here than let you rob that safe while it is in my

ley. Open the safe. We are not here to palaver. At least say positive whether you will or not. I'll jest give you sixty seconds by that clock up thar. Boys, ef he don't open the safe in one minute from now pull down on 'im an' don't miss fer all you do. You'd ruther die, had you, Buckley? Well. we'll see if that's so or not. He's a chip off'n the old block, boys. His daddy couldn't keep his hands off'n other folks' things, an' his life wasn't at stake. He'll wilt, all right." "So that's the reason you thought I'd rive in," said George, now quite pale,

is lips quivering. "Well, that's one reason," said the man. "But what's the use o' talkin'?" Time is passin'. Jest another half minute, boys. Git ready. He may be feel enough to want to defy us." Hundreds of thoughts flashed through

George Buckley's brain. There was, indeed, a large amount of money in the safe, and thousands of dollars of it belonged to poor people who had brought it to him and Hillyer in absolute faith as to its security. Could he give up their money to save his-own "Another quarter," said the leader of

the men. "I'll count six, and ef he don't move when I say six, pull down together. Listen! That's the 12 o'clock train. Fire jest as it's passin', boys. We won't take no resk on the sou achin' outside." George heard the coming train. The rumble of it was felt in the walls of

the building. The mountaineer was measuring its approach by counting slowly: "One-two three-four "Put down your guns," sal George Buckley. "No man can expect another to sacrifice his life for a little money, I've done the best I can. Put down "That's the talk, young feller. You are no fool. For a minute you tuck this thing so durn cool I thought you

chances on him, nur no other chap
"You needn't be afraid," said Ge
with a cold, hard smile. "You fe you'll give me part of the money. The man was looking about the room. want to leave the country. They will all say I was concerned in it-because "It's there in the vault," George ex-plained, pointing to the big steel door. to get part?"

leader eagerly, "Boys, we'll have be divide with 'im-he's the right sort." "Boys, we'll have to George said, leaving his high stool. The train rattled by. George left his and opening the outer door. stool and went to the safe. With a "He fetched it on blace"," said the ation hand that gleamed like that of a dead man with the smoking revolver. "He man's in the lamplight, he twirled the combination bolt back and forth; then

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at you've rattled me. I The following is a synopsis of a lock today, and the letters Chapters heretofore published of

off the ation in a few minutes if you'll ke those blasted guns off me How can a man get his mind ing like that while you are ng revolvers at him. Leave me nione a minute. I'm with you, but give me a minute to collect myself—to think

The leader laughed. "Boys," he said, "he's scared a sight wass 'n he looks. That's a compliment to us. Stand out-

Three unknown men have me covered with revolvers to force me to open and think I am now studying out combination. Eacape impossible, I know you would rather have me give in, but I can't. The world believes the son of a thier will steal, and it would say I was a party to the crime. I'm tired of the struggle anyway. I never would have committed suicide, but am not averse to this chances to prove I despise dishonesty. Do this one thing for me: Teil L. C. I died hoping it would show that I am an honest man. I don't believe these men can possibly get into the safe, and by refusing them the combination I can save your money and the money deposited by many poor people who need it. Tell her the only horror I have in facing this

sheet he held before his eyes as if up Lydia. The offer is hotly spurned, studying it as he turned to the speaker. Lydia anabs the governor in favor of "I say, are you goin' to set thar all George, but the excited loved misconnight?" repeated the burgiar testily. | strues the act and abruptly leave her George tore the sheet into small bits

ingers closed on the posts of the chair with his sweatheart. ike prongs of steel, and, swinging it upward, he sprang toward the man on guard. But he was not quick enough



n of his hand. Knudling, he put and in the vicinity of Buckley's done for. Now, git yore tools and set to work. We can't afford to miss on this fob now."

"I reckon not," said the man called creeping about over the rough, grain each other, their faces paling une rowing realization of what had been

didn't intend to give up the combina tion. He was playin' us to gain time an' done it well. Fit say that fer 'im." He stepped to the office door and (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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No one can be thoughtlessly kind. Folks who often burn out a fuse sit often in the derk.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-6 snarled the man addressed.

a't come that on us. Boys, be's to gain time. He thinks we git in the safe. Sock it to the"—
is sent to prison for their. George is attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughling mechanically. "Don't fly ter of a proud Virginian. The shame landle. I can figure out the of his father's come makes him dessome for the deed he took George ont of his degraded home to make a useful man of him as a substitute to ociety for his dead friend, 6cotton buyer, have desks in Hillyer's warehouse. Bascom Truitt, a Conas ef you hear the slightest noise run in."

The two men did as ordered, and George sank into a chair at Hillyer's deck. He drew a blank sheet of paper to him and dipped a pen.

"Now gif to work," said the leader, approaching and looking over-his shoulder. der.

George glared up at him. "Not unless you keep away from me. Get back," he demanded sharply, "or I'll throw it up."

Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham

throw it up."

"Well, you needn't be so tetchy," and the burglar retreated to the door, where he stood leaning against the wall. George had gained his point. Under the pretense of trying to small the combination he had gained time for something he had in view. He was going to write a note to Hillyer and gained to the constant of the parents about George by saying that she believes a daughter should respect her family pride when choosing a husband. 12—Hillyer sells his pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise, Hillyer cautiously slip it into the old man's day- wheat at a great profit and gives it hook on the desk. This is what he to George. 13-The governor visits the Cranstons, George fears his

many poor people who need it. Tell her the only herror I have in facing this Jeff Truitt, son of his friend thing tonight is in leaving her to become that man's wife. God knows he cannot take care of her or make her happy. I and Kitty hear the story recounted in discovered in Atlanta that he is a bank-rupt. Tell her that— "Say, are you goin' to take all night?"

Cried the man at the door.

George deftly slid the unfinished letter into the book on the desk and drew

George deftly slid the unfinished letter. The same state of the father, who is in poor health. 20.—

and 21.—Governor Telfare offers to another sheet of paper to him. This pardon George's father if be will give

George tore the sheet into small bits and threw them on the floor. "I've been thinking it over," he said. "You've got the upper hand of me, but"—he stood up and leaned on the back of his chair, grasping it firmly. "I'm going at the governor's discomfiture at the hands of Truit'. George rescues Lydia and Kitty from a carriage acci-"Yes, I'm going to refuse." George's dent and has an affecting interview

For a Weak Digestionwith a grunt of alarm the burgiar fired directly at his breast. George had seen his peril and tried to dodge, but the shot struck him in the forehead, and he recled, tottered against the wall and fell. The others rushed in and would have fired again at the prostrate form, but their lender stopped them with a sand baye been benefitted by their use. They only cost a quarter. For sale by

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