

CHURCH DIRECTORY
METHODIST
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
GEO. S. HARRIS, Supt.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FREDERICK K. COOK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
L. A. H. FLEMING,
DENTIST

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
J. J. MANN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
D. S. BURT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
H. ALLEED,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
W. W. BODDIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
W. HAYWOOD RUFFIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
THOS. B. WILDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
F. S. SPRUILL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
T. W. HICKETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
FRANKLINTON HOTEL
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HOTELS
FRANKLINTON HOTEL
MASSENBURG HOTEL
HENDERSON, N. C.

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN,
Author of "Acher Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk," etc.

[CONTINUED.]

light, an' a feller that lived on the side of the road give me directions how to reach her home. I thought that was plain enough, but purty soon it got as dark as pitch, an' I was as bad as a blind man on a blind hoss.

"Well, sir, I got then to prayin' for a sight of the light. I hearg'd the Almighty to let it shine out an' sign me. I was forgiven for my crime, but it was slow a-comin', an' when it did come I said to myself that a man was a fool to ask the Lord to make a sign out of somethin' that was any more'n natural, so I wasn't much comforted over that. Howsomer, I did feel a little mite better. It seemed so steady an' bright an' peaceful avay thar among the stars, above them rough rocks an' desolate hills, that I felt as if the road got so bad I had to get down an' lead my hoss. Sometimes we'd have to step over trees that lay across the way, an' then thar ud be a branch or a creek to ford an' fences to let down an' briars an' rocks an' steep places. But I kept up my heart. Sometimes the light ud be out of sight completely, an' then ag'in it ud blaze up steady an' strong like a promise writ in fire.

"I got to prayin' more hopeful. Ever' time the light ud flare up out of the gloom my spirit ud rise an' till after awhile I felt as light as a feather. I sung an' shouted an' prayed an' hugged my hoss. It seemed like I was climbin' up to God. The light on the mountain was his presence. Once I fell down a steep bank in the dark, but I wasn't hurt, an' then ag'in I slipped on some rocks while I was crossin' a branch an' got wet to the waist, but when I scrambled up the light was a-shinin' brighter or than ever. Finally I crossed a old field an' seed the open door of her house. A dog run out barkin', but I wasn't no more afraid of 'im than the apostles was of snakes. I walked straight an' in, called to 'im in a firm, friendly voice, an' patted 'im on the head, an' he licked my hand an' pranced about in front of me like I was a old acquaintance he was glad to see. Mrs. Hambricht was at the fireplace cookin' some'n 'er when I got thar, an' she invited me in. I crossed an' set my hands an' she put more wood on the fire, for she seed I was wet.

"You don't know me, Mrs. Hambricht," says I. "No, I don't know you, but that don't make no difference. I take in a lots of folks that git benighted up here. Nobody would be mean enough to rob ur harm a woman as old as I am."

"That's so," says I. Her head was as white as cotton, an' she was all bent over, but she had the sweetest, most patient face I ever seed. It made me feel easier about tellin' 'er who I was an' what I'd come for, but I acknowledge I was afraid. Then she proposed to set the table, for she said she knowed I was famished, but I wouldn't let 'er.

"No, wait," says I, "wait till I've told you who I am, Mrs. Hambricht," says I, an' I couldn't look at 'er then. "I'm Hambricht, the man who took yore pore boy's life."

"I seed 'er sorter jump a little, an' then she got as still as a grave rock. I was afeared to look at 'er. All my new found hope seemed to be leakin' out of me. I bowed my head an' an' wait 'er verdict. God knows I was miserable, but I was prayin'-prayin' for pardon-prayin' both to her an' God. She was still a long time. I reckon she was studyin' up what to say to me. Then she spoke. "Dis pore boy come out here jest to see me, Mr. Hillier?" she axed in a trembly voice, an' I nodded, still afeared to meet her eye. "I come to make a confession an' implore yore to pardon me," I said. "Pardon you?" she said, slowlike an' soft.

me as daylight. She was right-she was right. God don't hold a new, repentant man accountable for what his old deed, but she thought I wasn't convinced, I reckon, for she got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off the house an' showed the glorious way clean to God's throne above the stars.

"Lord, Lord of Hosts! I kin remember every word the old saint said. Show this pore deluded man the truth. Tear away the mist o' doubt an' misunderstanding that's clouded his conception an' dispensed the lord of his great soul. Give 'im peace right now, this minute. Pity him, Lord, an' don't let 'im cling to his old self. Show him the new soul that dwells in the old shell o' mortality, an' let 'im walk with bare head subordinated in the sunshine o' thy heavenly smile." An' George Buckley, when she riz to her feet I did see an' comprehend. I laughed an' sobbed an' shouted. My fear was all gone-all-an' it will never, never return, for I understand now. She showed me. Jest think of that-Lyn Hambricht's mother was the one appointed to show me the truth-the old woman I was fearin' more than ever-body else. She cooked me a good supper, an' after eatin' it I laid down in Lyn's bed-the dead boy's bed, mind you-an' slept as sweet a sleep as I ever slept in my life, the fust for thirty years. She come to me avay in the night, patted me over the punchen foot, jest like she used to do to Lynn, I reckon, an' spread more cover on me. It reminded me of my dead mother. I reached out an' kissed her hand an' drifted avay in sweet

dreams. This mornin' when I woke the sun was shinin' in my room, an' I smelt some good meat a-ryin' an' good coffee a-bollin' an' seed that old woman a-movin' about the big, blazin' fire. George, George, God is good! She didn't want to let me continue the allowance, but when she seed how I felt she agreed to do it an' to come straight to me fer it in future. Now I'm goin' down an' tell Marthy all about it. All these years I've been afraid to mention the subject to her, but I can talk about it now to anybody. I wish I could reach the ears o' all the men on the face o' the earth who are afflicted as I have been. Ef they only knowed, as I now know, that God don't hold them accountable for what they do avay done, they wouldn't suffer needless."

CHAPTER XXXIII.
THE next morning George's mother returned to Darley and came directly from the station to his room. As she entered he started at her in surprise, for she was dressed in black, even to her ambonnet.

"Mother," he asked wonderingly, "what has happened?" She did not answer for a moment, but sat down near his bed and folded her bonnet in her lap.

"When I heard how you was hurt an' laid up," she said presently, "I writ Mr. Hillier not to let you know about yore pa. He was a sight wiser when you got to 'im, an' they didn't see no chance for 'im to live. He's dead, George, yore pore pa's dead an' buried. All his trouble is over. He's in God's charge now."

They were both silent for a moment; then Buckley said comfortingly: "Well, yore mother need not grieve over it too much, neither. After all, it may be better as it is."

goin' to git the legislature to exonerate yore pa. "Judge Moore was in the warehouse as I come by, talkin' to Mr. Hillier, an' he come out an' took me by the hand, an' says he, 'Mrs. Buckley, me 'n' them twelve men made a awful mistake. An' says he, 'ef a case like that had come up in a community whar doctors an' lawyers was up to the latest notch in new discovered a plea of insanity, would 'er been made an' sustained. But,' says he, 'the twelve jurors will sign a paper with me an' yore husband's name will be cleared.' Oh, George, it mighty might breaks my heart, I loved all them years they yore pa was jest mean an' stubborn an' had old Nick in 'im, while the truth was he couldn't help hisself. It's goin' to be in all the newspapers tomorrow. Are you glad to hear it, George?"

"More than anything," was the reply in a low, husky tone. "I hain't through yet," went on the old woman, wiping her eyes. "They all read Mr. Hillier's letter to me about how yore father was convicted, but before all open window, lookin' out into the balmy spring sunshine. His wife was near him, an' Lydia had just come in with a glass of claret punch an' stood by the side of the bed. All greeted her pleasantly, an' Lydia seemed somewhat surprised at the unexpected visit, for it occurred to her quick powers of observation that, while George Buckley lay ill at the bedside, she would have seen the signs of his father's death an' public inquest, a call from Mrs. Hillier was to say the least, extraordinary. So Lydia's face became rigidly expectant as she seated herself and endeavored to participate in the conversation of her father's death an' public inquest, managed to get going.

"I was powerful glad to hear," said Mrs. Hillier to the major, "that the New York specialist made a favorable report on yore case."

"Yes, he took quite a load of worry off my mind, thank you, madam. The major always addressed ladies as 'madam,' whom he did not specially like. It was a way he had of leaving the impression that he might or might not remember their names. In the same way he frequently greeted certain men whom he considered beneath him socially with a vague 'How do you do, sir?'"

"There's no use beatin' the devil around a bush, folks," she began brightly. "Ef I don't see this mornin' to do my duty as I see it, an' I hain't a-goin' to waste time. The good book says do unto others as you'd have them do unto you, an' ef I was actin' as wrong as you are I'd want folks to tell me, bearing the name o' my father, ef they couldn't git me right avay."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE next mornin' at breakfast, while Hillier sat sipping his coffee his wife stood near his chair.

"It's time I played my last card," she was saying. "I tell you that's some mistake. I don't believe Lydia Cranston would let that pore boy be up there at such a time-a time when the whole town an' county is a-talkin' about his manliness an' bravery an' more than that. That matter, that matter, she's been blinded, that gal has, or she's a unnatural woman, or ef 'er for no woman made on the right plan would let things go jest like they are ag'in. I never cheap a woman ag'in. Lydia Cranston," she turned to the staring, wondering girl.

"Did you hear about a certain letter George Buckley wrote my husband jest before he thought he was goin' to be shot by them robbers?" "Heard," she wrote something, some instructions to Mr. Hillier, recited the girl in an unsteady voice, "something about what the men had demanded, but that's all father told me. I haven't one of the books since we got back from Atlanta."

but the truth. Ef Lydia Cranston has engaged 'erself to that stack of bump an' a rotten log, she'll have the satisfaction o' knowin' that there's one woman in the county that knows whar she's drivin' her ducks.

Hillier rose, with a smile. "Well, maybe you kin sorter bring 'em to the senses, an' I say so. I lost control o' myself fother day an' give the old major a piece of my mind, an' he brought me out to the kitchen, half from you, I fash you lock. Ef you fail, it will be about the fust time yore've missed me since I've knowed you. I reckon it won't kill 'im. Mrs. Dugan says the New York doctor found 'im no more'n a little better."

About 10 o'clock Mrs. Hillier went down to Cranston's. She was attracted in her best black silk gown and flowered bonnet, and she walked with a firm, decided tread. She was invited by the major, who was sitting at the dining room, with her mother, to go into the balcony spring emerald. His wife was near him, and Lydia had just come in with a glass of claret punch and stood by the side of the bed.

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SYNOPSIS.
The following is a synopsis of Chapters heretofore published of "The Substitute."

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-George Buckley is the partner of Mr. Hillier 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 desperate. 4-Hillier 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 satisfy for his dead friend. 5-Hank, a note broker, and Kanner, a cotton buyer, have deals in Hillier's warehouse. Bascom Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of George. Hillier invests heavily in wheat on the advice of George. 6-Mrs. Hillier accuses George's noble character. Hillier is in fear of being brought to trial for his old crime. 7 and 8-Lydia comes from Richmond's best social set. Governor Telfair of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10-George champions the cause of young Bob Hambricht, who is ambitious to rise. Hillier loans the boy capital to start in business. 11-Lydia fills the fears of her parents about George by saying that she believes a daughter should respect her family pride when choosing a husband. 12-Hillier sells his wheat at a great profit and gives it to George. 13-The governor visits 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. 15 and 16-Mrs. Cranston appeals to Lydia's friend, Kitty Cosby, to bring the girl to her senses about George. Kitty tells Lydia that the governor will be a good catch, but after hearing of some George's virtues, fears for the safety of her own heart. 17 and 18-George protects Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bascom, from the vengeance of a mob. Lydia and Kitty hear the story recounted in the presence of the hero. 19-Lydia advises George, but may marry the governor out of regard for her father, who is in poor health. 20 and 21-Governor Telfair offers to pardon George's father if he will give up Lydia. The offer is hotly spurned. Lydia smokes the governor in favor of George, but the excited loved misconstrues the act and abruptly leaves her in tears. 22 and 23-Bascom Truitt twice the governor's ear to avenge the insult to George. 24, 25, 26 and 27-Lydia rejoices at the governor's discomfiture at the hands of Truitt. George rescues Lydia and Kitty from a carriage accident and has an affecting interview with his sweetheart. 28 and 29-George's father insane. George wounded while defending Hillier's safe from burglars. 30 and 31-George gets a note with some roses from Kitty, but Lydia is silent.

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