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THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER V.

(CONTINUED.)

"And I will give you a bit of advice, without charge this time, laird—drink call a mate a 'no-crede-weel' unless you can prove the count. The word may not be actionable, but jurors are kittle cattle, and border juries dinna like ill names. They will pass by a few hard knocks rather."

"Don't you trouble yourself, Langton. I will just call my evening what I like to call them. I can pay for all the bad words I choose to say."

"Doubtless, laird and you'll pay bad words easier than you pay bad blows. Take your guinea's worth of them if you want to. I'll go and see what I can find out against the handsome lad—for he is handsome, and that is no lie."

"You need not say so in my presence."

"I'll say the truth in any man's presence."

"It nobody pays you to lie."

"Just say, laird, I say the truth to please my clients, and they pay me for it. At the long end, the great Judge within has much difference between lawyer and client, and in the meantime I face the siller." He laughed softly to himself, and began to pack a valise. "Now, laird, for the expenses. This is a very uncertain job. I'll give no credit for expenses."

So the laird drew out his purse, silk purse and counted out twenty pounds, and very black and sulky he was about it.

A week afterward Mrs. Brathous and Katherine were together in the large parlor opening into the rose garden. Katherine was dressed for her party, and she leaned by her mother's side, with her soft cashmere on her hand. Mrs. Brathous was planning bits of many colored stuff together, and the medley of materials lay on her lap and on the carpet at her feet. They were talking about Mowbray, and of the early hour at which a letter from New York might be expected. Their low, pleasant laughter fell upon the laird's ears as he opened the door. Then he paused at his leisure and tried to look at ease in my lady's presence, angry and sulky enough, indeed.

"Katherine," he said, "I'd rather not leave the house when I enter it. That is a very rude habit of yours, and hard to deal with. I cannot prove the wrong."

"I'll say the truth in any man's presence."

"It nobody pays you to lie."

"Just say, laird, I say the truth to please my client. I lie to please my client, and they pay me for it. At the long end, the great Judge within taks much difference between lawyer and client, and in the meantime I face the siller." He laughed softly to himself, and began to pack a valise. "Now, laird, for the expenses. This is a very uncertain job. I'll give no credit for expenses."

"Mr. Brathous—"

"Nonsense." Why did you pay your money for such contemptible inquiries? If you had come with your questions to me or to Katherine or to the minister or to Jessy, we, any of us, could have told you what you have been digging like a very ghoul to find out. Black business indeed! Katherine, my dear, go and take your ride. Why should you be disappointed?"

"Katherine cannot go."

"Katherine, do as I tell you."

Then as the door closed she laid her hand upon her husband's arm, and said with a still passion that he always respected:

"Brathous, sit down and be quiet or I will leave your house this hour. Then you will have the whole country side talking of you and Simon Langton. Before God, to America Mr. Mowbray came here, he saw Katherine and told her the whole train of circumstances which made it proper for him to take the journey. He told them to Doctor Telfair also. Katherine and I, Doctor Telfair and Jessy have talked them over very often. The business is family business—and there is nothing wrong in it."

"And I? And I left out in the darkness! It is shameful! Shameful! Shameful! I will not endure it."

"Can you avoid enduring it?"

"Why was I not told? Why was I left to such expense by the side of your daughter? I shall take every penny out of her estate."

"I have a doubt you will, if you are persuaded. And I did not tell you because the end of the journey is yet uncertain, and you know that you cannot be quarrelling private. You would have come from house to house telling of affairs that did not concern you, and—and—Mr. Langton, with Katherine's money. As for expenses, your own careful economy led you into them, and I shall take good care that Katherine's estate does not pay a penny of them."

"It is very cool of you, Helen, to be offering with others—against me. I am a bodily need."

"Hush! he may hear whisper and the hall was open."

A deed once followed. Mrs. Brathous took another satin piece again, but in a worry, depressed fashion, and the sound of sighing and sobbing in her bedchamber by the open window. He had the curiosity of a peasant and the pride of a small, conceited nature. He wanted his wife to tell him her secret and she sat silently sorrowful behind her screen. She was unusual for her, as of injury, and not to be led into conversation by any article of dress or regard. At last he was fully composed and ready to capitulate, silence was the one thing he could not endure.

"Helen," he said, "you know it is your duty to tell your own husband everything."

"I know my duty, Alexander. Identities vary with husbands."

"What is the secret, my dear? I ought to know it. Now, ought I not?"

"When I think it is the right time to tell you, I will speak."

"I declare, Helen, I will not name to anyone what you tell me. I only want to take care of Katherine."

"Katherine can take good care of herself, with her mother to guide her—not to peak of the minister."

"Helen, I am the laird. It is not right to put the minister before me on my own estate. Come, Helen! I will talk with you only. I will do what you tell me—yes, I will. You ought to tell me. It is your duty."

"Oh—I am not in the mood of duty to-day."

So the plea was continued, the while Mrs. Brathous was coming to a decision. It was evident Langton had found out part of the truth, and might learn it all—perhaps also learn other things which it would do no good to bring up—dead faults long ago buried and forgotten. She disliked Langton. She did not wish to give him any further insight into the affairs of a family likely to be allied with her own; and she judged that the minister's influence would be sufficient to make her husband prudent until the time came to speak. So she finally said:

"When did Langton go to Edinburgh?"

"Late morning."

"If you will telegraph him to return at once, and make him keep absolutely quiet about Katherine and Mr. Mowbray, I will tell you all."

The pledge was readily given and the promise fully performed. The laird had a delightful afternoon discussing the circumstances with his wife. He even felt a sort of temporary kindness for the young man so suddenly faced with such a calamity. For Brathous could really hardly conceive of a greater misfortune coming to any one than to be in a moment deposed from the elder to a second son, and thus fall from a landowner to a plain, perhaps a poor gentleman.

Yet in spite of his professed sympathy he was comforted by the situation. Fortune had never dared to play the laird of Levens hope such a trick, and for several months he lived in dread lest it should happen and the poor, disinherited squire of Mowbray. He talked with Mrs. Brathous until he was tired, and then he drove to talk with some one else on the subject. He said he would just walk over and see the minister about the new psalter books, and his wife answered:

"Keep to the psalm-books, Alexander. You know what you have promised me. And see that you go to Gala-Shiels and send the telegram to Langton."

He promised all things positively, and she had not much doubt that his confidence would be restricted to the minister, who was very well able to take care of what had been committed to him. And she did think the withdrawal of Langton from his scrutiny of the late squire's youthful life was a blank Mr. Richard Mowbray would be interested for. There might indeed be nothing to reveal, and again there might be, and she would care to have the days of their first entrance into the set in the searchlight of public opinion.

So Brathous went to call upon Doctor Telfair, and after a short inquiry about the new psalm books plunged at once into the subject pressing upon him.

"I know what took young Mowbray to America, doctor, and I presume you do, too," he said, with an air of mystery.

"Well, then, we will not talk of the matter, laird. It is not yet the time for it. When the young man comes back I am ready to speak."

And the doctor's face was so final and his voice so imperative that Brathous felt himself retired beyond expostulation. But as he rose to take his leave to send his telegram, he tacked on a hint as the triumph it would bring him.

"Five," he said. "Langton will have to refund the money" "and his expenses, and he takes to give money back. Second, I shall make him feel his shortcomings. I shall say, Langton, I have found out with my uncommon sense and power of putting two and two together, the beginning and the end of the matter." He will then look resentful, and I shall continue: "You were a bit too slow for me, Langton. You need a seasoning of my penetration, and—so on, etc." I shall further intimate that it was after all a mere nest—a whiff whaff of country sayings, etc., etc. And then he is that suspicious he will be sure to follow the scent at his own expense. So if he finds anything out that my Lady Helen has not told me, he will come to me with his mind, and thus I shall have the last word among all. Helen, Katherine, the minister and Jessy. I have a good mind to tell Wintoun. I said I would not, but I do believe it to be my duty—he is my own nephew. Yes, I will go and see Jamie in the morning, and just try and find out if the lad knows a thing of two. Lad has not been told me. No one is minded to keep a foolish promise, specie to a woman, too! God knows if a man was bound by such promises he would be forever, from January to December."

CHAPTER VI.

"Ae fond kiss and then we sever
Ae fond kiss, and then we part
Fate has ordained it—I must wander
Far, far from thee, I dearest heart."

In the morning the laird felt the necessity for a further discussion of the remarkable family incident to be still more pressing and Mrs. Brathous was so provokingly indifferent that he was sure he had a justifiable excuse for going to Wintoun House. He halted with his conscience, however, all the way there, assuring it that he would not say a word of Mowbray's affairs, unless he saw they were going to interfere with his own, a proviso which opened the door for any amount of gossiping.

Wintoun, who was a fine musician, was at his piano, and the laird could hear him singing, as he approached the house, singing loud and clear:

"Love in her sunny eyes does lurking play,
"I used to sing that song myself, once," the laird complacently reflected. "Jamie has not a very commanding voice. I sing better yet, than he does."

But he did not tell Wintoun this. He talked to him a little about border ballads, saying:

"They are very romantic and stirring, Jamie, and if one could have an accompaniment of galloping horses to them, they would be just perfect, but I can tell you, Jamie, there is more romance in every-day life if you happen to come its way."

"I have never happened on anything but the most prosaic existence," answered Jamie, "so I am glad to sing 'The Braes of Yarrow' or the 'March! March! of Etterick and Teviot Men!'"

"Tut! Tut! That is the romance of bygone days, not of the same material nor the same color as this life, and so nothing but a bright patch on it. Now, there has been a strange story right under your eyes lately, Jamie, and you never read a line of it."

"A strange story under my eyes?"

"Yes; but it took the penetration of a far-seeing man like myself to read that fellow Mowbray."

Wintoun's bright face clouded, and he answered in a tone that was almost sulky:

"I would rather you chose some other subject for our conversation, uncle."

"I have something particular to tell you about the man."

"I would rather hear nothing at all about him. His life does not concern me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the cottonseed industry last year not less than 1,000,000 tons of cottonseed were consumed, the total value of the resultant products aggregating $120,000,000.

REPUBLICANS THREATEN VIOLENCE

If the Democrats Persist in their Determination to Disfranchise the Negro.

CHAIRMAN SIMMONS REPLIES TO

The Republicans, and Says That if Trouble Should Come, the People Will Know Where the Blame Rests.

Special Raleigh Correspondence.

The political situation is very complex and exceedingly lively. It is certain to be in the News-Record when the same goes in full swing. Republican State Chairman Holton's charges of naving intimated that Federal troops will have to be sent to this State. Now he makes Speaker Blackburn charge with telling some a little further to convince that assassination threats of some kind or demonstration. Who is the man or men whom the Republicans have marked as their next Kentucky?

In an interview on the subject Chairman Simmons said: "I have read the account of the speech delivered in New York last week by Assistant United States District Attorney Blackburn, in which, after referring to the recent assassination of Goebel, the Democratic Governor-elect of Kentucky, by the friends of Governor Taylor, the Republican candidate, he said: 'And the Democrats in North Carolina take warning from the fate of William Goebel.'

"Mr. Blackburn is very close to Republican State Chairman Holton. Holton is Federal District Attorney and Blackburn is assistant in that office and he is a protege of Senator Pritchard.

"Mr. Blackburn's warning to Democrats of what they may expect if they persist in their purpose to disfranchise the negro is but a repetition of the threats of violence recently made in Washington by his chief, Mr. Holton, the only difference being that Blackburn is more specific than was Mr. Holton and boldly predicts murder and assassination of Democrats.

"When Butler, at the recent meeting of the Populist executive committee, appealed to the fighting qualities of his followers and asked them to join hands with the Republicans, disfranchise the negroes and drive the white supremacy ring out of the State, I said in an interview that his purpose seemed to be to stir up and incite the lawless to violent resistance of the lawful purposes of the white people. Holton's threats, Blackburn's warning, Pritchard's letter to President Federal judiciary, a threat to pass a force bill election law through Congress, the negro Watts's impudent assault upon white women, the recent and mysterious activity of the revenue officers and the recent sudden outbreak of negro violence and lawlessness not only confirm that opinion but arouse a strong suspicion that the fusion office-holders are engaged in some dangerous scheme and that, in carrying it out, the negro is being secretly organized and will be used as a tool. It would seem that the conspirators have discussed and pondered over their programme of violence so much that their minds have become thoroughly saturated with it, under the heat of excitement they let drop hints of its dark purport. Under these circumstances ordinary prudence dictates that the white people be on their guard and watch every movement of the negroes and the white emissaries who may be engaged in secretly organizing them.

"I hope there may be no trouble during the campaign or at the election between the whites and the blacks and we will exercise reasonable forbearance, but if it comes, we will know who has instigated it and who is responsible for it. We are trying peacefully and in the way provided by law to amend the constitution and the attempt to intimidate and deter us by threats of force and murder, while it proves all we have ever charged concerning the character of the Republican party on this State and its leaders, will make the undaunted but law-abiding white people of the State more than ever determined to remove forever the unbearable conditions which have made such things possible in North Carolina."

Senator Pritchard declares positively that he will on no account become judge of the Western district. He can have it for the asking in case Ewart is not confirmed. The latter seems very doubtful. Pritchard refusing, it seems that James E. Boyd is next in line of succession. Maybe he too will decline and give the same reason, that he wishes to serve out his term.

As the days pass, it becomes clearer and clearer to an observer that personal work and canvassing on the part of Democrats will be more than ever necessary and effective in this campaign. The Republicans and those Populists who are their allies are devoting themselves to the work of trying to fill the minds of the uneducated white voters with doubts, appealing to their fears by misrepresentations. They are telling them privately many things which are so utterly untrue. Personal talk, explanation and argument from their neighbors and friends will be found the most effective way to remove the unfounded doubts and fears in this way created in the minds of the ignorant. The class of voters are confident in their honest neighbors and they know they have no ax to grind in asking them and would not purpose to deceive them.

The Populists are preparing for a lively session at their state convention. Senator Butler and his Republican annex will try to force upon the convention an official declaration of opposition to the Constitutional amendment. But there is the party in authority in the State, and the Populist party cannot alienate its Democratic allies and expect to live. The Populist party must keep this right in its official opinion and action.

It is very plain now that Negro Republicans are to cut a large figure in the approaching campaign. They are assumed, they are in the saddle, they are in the saddle, and they are riding the Republican party to the devil. Negro Republicans are to cut a large figure in the approaching campaign. They are assumed, they are in the saddle, and they are riding the Republican party to the devil.

What are the Democrats going to do in the campaign? It is a time of great excitement and many. The party will have great men. The approaching convention, Democratic, I expect and pray, will be the greatest convention ever held in North Carolina. There is general and commendatory comment.

The organization of "White Supremacy" clubs is nothing good people to be ashamed of. There is almost one in each township.

In this county last Saturday over 300 white men assembled at a public meeting. The county will be hard to win over supporters of the Democratic party. This is also true all over the State.

The negro voters are having a rough time of it. Any Democrat who is positive in his manhood may be their friend. It has always been the custom among them to be politically at odds from the polls, and the white Republicans have always played allies without the negro preacher.

Knowing this, many of the negroes go after dark to the Democratic headquarters and ask for a little help. Some of the Democrats are making a profitable investment by paying poll taxes for negroes who did not pay their taxes the year and month prior to the election. Democrats are paying poll taxes for negroes who did not pay their taxes the year and month prior to the election. Democrats are paying poll taxes for negroes who did not pay their taxes the year and month prior to the election. The white people are not willing that the negro should be deprived of the ballot. They know the negro is not responsible to them. They know the negro is not responsible to them. They know the negro is not responsible to them