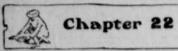
# Satan Sanderson

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES. Author of "Rearts Courageous." Etc.

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hoar tracery on the spidery framework of the long black railroad bridge that hung above "the hole." The warning light from a signal post threw a crimson splash on the ground. Its green pane cast a pallor on a bearded face turned out over the gloomy water.

"It was here," he said aloud. He stood a moment, his hands clinched. "The new life began here. Here, then, is where the old life ended." From where he stood he could see blossoming the yellow lights of the little city, five miles away. He set his shoulders, whistled to the small dog that nosed near by and set off at a quick pace down the road.

Once in the streets he turned up his coat collar and settled the brim of his felt hat more closely over his eyes. He crossed an open square and presently came to the gate of a Gothic chapel set well back from the street. Its grea. rose window was alight, for on this evening was to be held a memorial service for the old man whose money had built the pile, who had died a fortnight before in a distant sanitarium.

He turned at the sound of wheels, and the blur shocked itself apart to re veal a kindly face that looked at him for an instant framed in the window of a passing carriage. Inside the car riage Bishop Ludlow settled back. with a sigh. "Only a face on the pavehe said to his wife, "but it re minded me somehow of Harry Sander-

"How strange it is," she said-the bishop had no secrets from his wife-"never a word or a sign, and every thing in his study just as he left it What can you do, John? It is four months ago now, and the parish needs a rector."

He did not reply for a moment. The question touched the trouble that was ever present in his mind.

"I know," he said at length. "I may have falled in my whole duty, but I haven't known how to tell David Stires, especially since we heard of his illness. I had written to him-the whole story. The ink was not dry on the paper when the letter came from Jessica telling us of his death."

Behind them as they talked the man on the pavement was walking on feverishly, the dog following with a reluctant whine.

At last he came to a wide, dark lawn set thick with aspens clustering about a white house. He hesitated a moment, then walked slowly up the weed grown garden path toward its porch. In the half light the massive silver door plate stood out clearly. He had known instinctively that that house had been a part of his life, and yet a tremor caught him as he read the name-Stires. The intuition that had bent his steps from the street, the old stirring of dead memory had brought him to his past at last This house had been his home!

He started. A man in his shirt sleeves was standing by a half open side door regarding him narrowly.

"Thinking of buying?" The query was good humoredly satiric. "Or maybe just looking the old ranch over with a view to a shakedown!"

The trespasser smiled grimly, was not the first time he had seen that weather beaten face. "You have given up surgery as a profession, I see.' he said.

The other came nearer, looked at him in a puzzled way, then laughed "If it isn't the cove we picked up on

the railroad track," he said, "dog and all! I thought you were far down the coast, where it's warmer. Nothing

much doing with you, eh?"
"Nothing much," answered the man he addressed. Others might recognize him as the black sheep, but this nondescript watchman whom chance had set here could not. He knew him only as the dingy vagatond whose broken head he had bandaged in the box car.

about two months ago as gardener first, and now I'm a kind of a sort of a watchman. They gave me a bunk in that marked his toil. the summer house there"-he jerked his thumb backward over his shoulder

he added, "if you like." The wayfarer shook his head. "I must get away tonight, but I'm much

"Haven't done anything, have you?" asked his one time companion curi "You didn't seem that sort."

"You'd be better for a rest," said the Come in, and we'll have a nip of something warm anyhow."

did. A double door to the left was tomed place and began slowly to climb forgotten. But I destroyed it"-the

blood. The open door to the right led first spoken with her, face to face. to the library.

There the yellow light touched the dark wainscoting, the marble mantel- buried and forgotten. piece, dim paintings on the wall and a great brass bound Korean desk in a into the narrow space beside the jutcorner. What black thing had once ting ledge he stopped short with an happened in that room? What face exclamation. The place was no longer had once looked at him from that a tangle of vines. A grave had been wheel chair? It was an old face gray lately made there, and behind it, fresh and lined and passionate, his father doubtless. He told himself this calmly, figure seated, chin on hand, as if rewith an odd sense of apartness

The other's glance followed his pride-"The owner's an invalid, I hear, with man drew near, one leg in the grave. He's in some sanitarium and can't get much good of it. Nice pictures, them," he added. Aniston in her blindness, after Hugh's sweeping a candle round. "That's a good looker over there. Must be the old man's daughter, I reckon. Well, I'll go and get you a finger or two to keep the frost out of your lungs. It'll be cold tonight. Make yourself at

home." The door closed behind him. The man be left was trembling vio-He had scarcely repressed a cry. The portrait that hung above the mantelplece was Jessica's, in a house dress of soft Romney blue and a single white rose caught in her hair. "The old man's daughter!" The words seemed to echo and re-echo about the walls, volcing a new agony without a name. Then Jessica was his sister!

As he stared dry eyed at the picture in the candle light the misery slowly passed. He must know. Who she was, what she was to him, he must learn beyond peradventure. He cast a swift glance around him. Orderly rows of books stared from the shelves; the mahogany table held only a pile of old him when he returned, for she could magazines. He strode to the desk, not really believe so deep is the heart drew down its lid and tried the drawers. They opened readily, and he rapidly turned over their litter of papers, lief in the rough, hard work of the maiwritten in the same crabbed hand that let. None had intruded in that out of had etched the one damning word on the way spot, save that one day Mrs. the draft he had found in the cabin on | Halloran, led by curiosity to see the Smoky mountain. Most of the papers grave of the rich man whose whim it the searcher saw at a glance were of had been to be buried on the mountain no import, and they gave him no clew side, had found her at her work, and to what he sought. Then, mysteriously guided by the subtle memory that was no fool, was Mrs. Halloran, and was but half conscious of its guidance, his nervous fingers suddenly found and | motherly heart overflowed to the girl pressed a spring, a panel fell down, and he drew out a folded parchment.

Another instant and he was bending over it with the candle, his fingers tracing familiar legal phrases of a will laid there long ago. He read with the blood shrinking from his heart:

"To my son, Hugh, in return for the care and sorrow he has caused me all the days of his life, for his dissolute career and his graceless desertion, I do give and bequeath the sum of \$1,000 and the memory of his misspent be could only have learned the truth youth. The residue of my estate, real and personal, I do give and bequeath to my ward, Jessica Holme"-

The blood swept back to his heart in a flood. Ward, not daughter! He could still keep the one sweet thing left him. His love was justified. Tears sprang to his eyes, and he laid the parchment back and closed the desk. He hastily brushed the drops away as the watchman entered and set down two glasses and a bottle.

"There you are. That'll be worth five miles to you!" He poured noisily. His guest drank, set down the glass and held out his hand. "Good luck!" he said.

The dog thrust a cold muzzle into his hand as he walked down the grav el path slowly, feeling the glow of the ilquor gratefully, with the grudging release it brought from mental tension. He had not consciously asked himself whither now. In some sub-conscious corner of his brain this had been asked and answered. He was across the mysterious purple of the change the stern decree, not to annul those bitter phrases-"his dissolute career, the memory of his misspent youth!" Only to ask his forgiveness and to make what reparation was possible; then to go out once more to the world to fight out his battle.





HE bell was tapping in the steeple of the little Catholic church on the edge of the town, and the mellow tone came clearly up the slope of

"I'm in better luck," went on the man in shirt sleeves. "I struck this time partner of Prendergast stood on the mountain where once more the one the threshold of the lonely cabin, sentinel over the mounds of yellow gravel

The returned wanderer had met with a distinct surprise in the town. As he -"but I know a game worth two of passed through the streets more than that for these cold nights. I'll show one had nodded or had spoken his you. I can put you up for the night," name, and the recognition had sent a glow to his cheek and a lightness to his step.

Since the daring feat in the automobile the tone of the gossip had changed. His name was no longer connected with the sluice robberies. The lucky find, too, constituted a material boom The bearded face turned away. "I'm for Smoky Mountain and bettered the not 'wanted' by the police, no, but I'm stock in its hydraulic enterprises, and on the move, and the sooner I take the this had been written on the credit trail the better. I don't mind night side of the ledger. Opinion, so all powerful in a new community, had altered. All this he who had been the outcast watchman, "but you're the doctor, could not guess, but he felt the change with satisfaction.

Till the sun was low he sat in the His guest followed him into a spa- cabin thinking. At length he called cious hall, scarce conscious of what he the dog and fastened it in its accus-

shut, but he nevertheless knew perfect the steep ascent toward the Knob. ly that the room it hid had a tall When he came to a certain vine grown French window letting on to a garden trail that met the main path he turned where camellias had once dropped like aside. Here lay the spot where he had Here she had told him there was nothing in his past which could not be

As he parted the bushes and stepped chiseled in the rock, was a statue -a garding the nearby mound. As in a dream he realized that its features fully. "It's a fine property," he said. were his own. Awestruck, the living

> It was Jessica's conception of the prodigal son as she had modeled it in

> > early return to the house in the aspens. David Stires had pointed out the distant Knob as a spot in which be would choose to be buried, and the wish had been observed. Her death had been deepened by the end had come too

vid Stires to have

reinstated his son.

The living man arew possessed

one near comfort-that be had known at the last and had forgiven Hugh. Of this she could assure of a woman-that he would not return In the days of vigil she had found reher Jessica had pledged to silence. She seemed of late to haunt him, though he to learn the name of the dead man was to put two and two together. Her who worked each day at that self appointed task. Only the afternoon be fore Jessica had finished carving the words on the base of the statue on which the look of the startled man was now resting: "I will arise and go unto my father."

The gazer turned from the words with quick question, to the mound He came close and in the fading light looked at the name on the low headstone. So he had come too late! If earlier! If he might only put back the hands of the clock!

Hours went by. At length he rose to his feet, his limbs cramped and stiff ened, and made his way back to the lonely cabin on the hillside. There he found fuel, kindled a blaze in the fireplace and cooked his frugal supper He thought of the losing battle he

had fought there once before, when tempest shrieked without-the battle which had ended in defeat. He thought of the will he had seen, now sealed with the great seal of death. He was the shorn beggar, she the ben eficiary. What duty she had owed his father was ended now. Desolate she might be-in need of a hand to guide and guard-but she was beyond the reach of penury This gave him a sense of satisfaction. Was she there on the mountain at that moment?

At last he took Old Despair's batter-

going to his father. Not to seek to guiches to the skyline sown with pale stars, drew the bow softly across the strings. Through manifold varia tions the music wandered till at length there came from the hollowed wood an air that was an unconscious echo of a forgotten wedding day-"O perfect love, all human thought transcending!

The light breeze that shook the pine needles bore the sound far to an ear that had grown tense with listeningto one on the ridge above to whom it had sounded the supreme call of youth and life. He did not feel her nearer presence as she stole breathless across the dark path and stood behind him,

The music died, the violin slipped from beneath his chin, the bow dropped and his head fell on his arms. Then he felt a touch on his shoulder and heard the whisper: "Hugh! Hugh!"

"Jessica!" he cried and sprang to his feet.

"I have watched every day and listened every night," she said. "I knew that you would come-that you must come back!"

"If I had never gone, Jessica?" he exclaimed. "Then I might have seen my father. But I didn't know"-She clasped her hands together.

You know now? You remember it

He shook his head. "I have been there"-he pointed to the hillside-"and I have guessed who it is that lies there. know I sinned against him and against myself and left him to die unforgiving. That is what the statue said to me, as he must have said, 'I am no more worthy to be called thy

son."

"Ah," she cried, "he knew and he forgave you, Hugh! His last thought was of your coming. That is why carved the figure there." "You carved it?" he exclaimed. She

bent her forehead to his hands as they clasped her own.

"The prodigal is yourself," she said "I modeled it once before when you came back to him, in the time you have

words were very low now--- on my wedding day."

His hands released hers, and, looking up, she saw, even in the moonlight, that with the last word his face had gone ghastly white. At the sight timidity, maidenly reserve, fell, and all the woman in her rushed uppermost. She lifted her arms and clasped his face.

"Hugh," she cried, "can't you remember? Don't you understand? Think! was blind, dear, blind. A white to her feet as she added, "I shall go bandage was across my eyes, and you. came to me in a shaded room. Why did you come to me?"

A spark seemed to dart through his brain like the prickling discharge from a Leyden jar. He saw himself standing, facing a figure with bandaged He saw the bandage torn off, eyes. felt that yielding body in his arms. heard a voice - her voice - crying: "Hugh, Hugh! My husband!" and felt those lips pressed to his own in the tense air of a darkened room.

A cry broke from his lips: "Yes, yes, I remember! Jessica, my wife!" His arms went round her, and, with a little sob, she nestled close to him on the doorstep.

That hour on the mountain side under the stars had left Harry possessed of a melee of perplexing emotions. sorrow for his Dreaming and waking Jessica's face hung before his eyes, her voice sounded in his ear. The future held no longthought that the er any doubt; it held only her. Where was that future to be? Back in the suddefily for Da. city to which his painful curiosity had so lately driven him? This lay no name?" longer in his own choice. It was for This sorrow had her to decide now-Jessica, his wife. He looked up transfixed, for she

stood there before him ankle deep in a brown whirlwind of leaves from a frost stung oak, her hand to her cheek | led him into the sidepath. in an adorable gesture that he knew her lips parted and eager.

"I wanted so to find you," she said "I have so many, many things to say." "It is all wonderfully strange and new," he said. "It is as though I had rubbed Aladdin's lamp and suddenly had my heart's desire. How could 1 have thrown my pearl away?'

"We are not to think of that," she protested, "never, never any more."

"You are right," he rejoined cheerfully. "It is what is to come that we then he said: "Last night when you told me of the

white house in the aspens I did not tell you that I had just come from therefrom Aniston."

She made an exclamation of wonder. "Tell me," she said.

Sitting with her hand in his, he told



"The prodigal is yourself." that had held him as he gazed at her portrait in the library, the secret of the Korean desk that had solaced his misery and sent him back to the fa-

ther he was not to see. At mention of the will she threw out her hand with a passionate gesture. "The money is not mine!" she cried. "It is yours! He intended to change it! He told me so the day he died! Oh, if you think I"-

"No, no," he said gently. "There is no resentment, no false pride, in my love, Jessica. I am thinking of you and of Aniston. You would have me go back, would you not?"

She looked up, smiling, and slowly shook her head. "You are a blind I know what is in your mind? Not Aniston, Hugh. Some time, but not now-not yet. It is nearer than that."

His eyes flowed into hers. "You understand. Yes, it is here. This is where I must finish my fight first. Yesterday I would have left Smoky mountain forever because you were here. Now".

"I will help you," she said. "All the world besides counts nothing if only we are together. I could live in a cabin here on the mountain always. in a forest of Arden, till I grow old and want nothing but that-and you." As he did not answer, she faced him

with crimsoning cheeks; then, reading his look, she suddenly threw her arms about his neck.

"Hugh," she cried, "we belong to each other now! There is no one else to consider, is there? I want to be to you what I haven't been-to bear things with you and help you!"

He kissed her eyes and hair. "You have helped, you do help me. Jessica!" he urged. "But I am jealous for your love. It must not be offended. town of Smoky Mountain must not sneer-and it would sneer now."

"Let it!" she exclaimed resentfully. "As if I would care!"

"But I would care," he said softly. 'I want to climb a little higher first.' She was slient a moment, her fingers twisting the fallen leaves. "You don't want them to know that I am your

"Not yet-till I can see my way." She nodded and smiled, and the cloud lifted from her face. "You must know best," she said. "This is what I shall do, then. I shall leave the sanitarium tomorrow. The people there are nothing to me, but the town of Smoky Mountain is yours, and I must be a part of it too I am going to the Mountain Vailey House. Mrs. Halloran will take care of me." She sprang

to see her about it now.' He rose and walked with her through the bracken to the road. They came out to the driveway just below the trail that led to the Knob. The bank was high, and, leaping first, he held up his arms to her and lifted her lightly down. In the instant as she lay in his arms he bent and kissed her on the lips.

Neither noted two figures walking together that at that moment rounded the bend of the road a little way above. They were Tom Felder and Dr. Brent, ly drew back. The doctor noted now the telltale flush on his companion's face.

"We have surprised a romance," he said as the two unconscious figures disappeared down the curving stretch. 'Who is the man?"

"He is the one we have been talking about."

Felder nodded. "His cabin is just below here on the hillside."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the doctor. "What an infernal pity! What's his

"Hugh Stires."

"Stires?" the other repeated. "Stires? How odd!" He stood a moment, tapping his suit case with his stick. Suddenly he took the lawyer's arm and

"Come," he said, "I want to show you something."

He led the way quickly to the Knob, where he stopped, as much astonished as his companion, for he had known nothing of the statue. They read the words chiseled on its base. "The prodigal son," said Felder.

"Now look at the name on the headstone," said the physician.

Felder's glance lifted from the stone to peer through the screening bushes to the cabin on the shelf below and must think of." He paused an instant; returned to the other's face with quick comprehension. "You think"-

"Who could doubt it? 'I will arise and go unto my father.' The old man's whim to be buried here had a meaning, after all. The statue is Miss Holme's work-nobody in Smoky Mountain could do it-and I've seen her modeling in clay at the sanitarium. What we saw just now is the key to what might have been a pretty riddle if we had ever looked farther than our noses. It's a case of a clever rascal and damnable propinquity. The ward has fallen in love with the black sheep."

To Be Continued.

form regulates the liver relieves sick headache constipation stomach, kidbottle contains 2½ times as much the 50c size. Sold by Hood Bros. times as much as ing 129 acres more or less.

The Governor has ordered a special election in Haywood county January 4th for a member of the nouse to fill the vacancy due to the death of Representative-elect Herbert R. Ferguson.

# Whitley-Daughtry.

On Sunday afternoon, December ciating. The attendants were:

with Miss Laura Woodard, Mr. Willie Woodard with Miss Harriet Langly.

friends were present who, after the marriage, accompanied the happy couple to the groom's father's home where a sumptuous supper awaited rior court of Johnston County, at them. The groom is a prosperous young

farmer of Johnston while the bride guesser," she said. "Don't you think is so kind and affectionate that she quickly gains friends wherever she goes. May the richest blessings be

A FRIEND.

# Old People

# NEED VINOL it strengthens and vitalizes

Vinol tones up the digestive organs, Vinol tones up the digestive organs, aids assimilation, enriches 'the blood, and rejuvenates every organ in the body. In this natural manner Vinol replaces weakness with strength.

We are positive it will benefit every old person who will give it a trial. If it don't we will refund their money. Sold by HOOD BROS.,

Smithfield, N. C.

CROUP QUICKLY CURED. Don't let the Child Choke to Death

While Waiting for the Doctor. Hyomei, the miraculous, antiseptic, dry air treatment, will cure croup in either the first or second stages. Easi ly inhaled, even when the breathing is irregular, it reaches more promptly than any other remedy the terribly inflamed membrane of the windpipe. Its soothing balsams act immediately, the inflammation is allayed, and the swelling reduced.

"Not long ago our little boy, Walter, awoke in the night with a bad attack of croup. We allowed him to in hale Hyomei; he began to breathe easier, and in half an hour was fast asleep. I am glad to speak a good word for a remedy that will rob croup of its terrors."-Rev. Geo. Sisson, pastor of M. E. Church, South Londonderry, Vt.

Hyomei (pronounced High-ome) is guaranteed by Hood Bros, to cure ca-Both men saw the kiss and instinctive- tarrh, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and croup, or money back. A complete outfit, including a neat hard rubber pocket inhaler, costs only \$1.00. An extra bottle of Hyomei, if afterwards needed, costs but 50c.

> I WILL Continue to sell my stock at reduced prices until closed out. N. B. Grantham.

#### NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Executor on the estate of Winnie A. Hocutt deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 25 day of December, 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 21 day of December, 1908. IRVIN W. HOCUTT, Ex.

#### LAND SALE.

By the power contained in a mortgage deed executed by Jacob Hood and wife, Emma Hood, dated October 25, 1906, to C. Radford, now deceased, and same being recorded in Book M No. 9, page 430, registry of Johnston county. I shall sell to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Smithfield, N. C., on Monday, January 11, 1909, at 12 o'clock M., the following described tract of land. Beginning at a stake on D. F. Morgan's corner and runs S. 88 E. 132 poles to a stake, thence N. 191/2 E. 76 poles to a pine tree, thence N. 61/2 E. 76 poles to a stake on C. Radford's line, thence N. 26 W. 17 poles to a stake, thence S. 70 W. 791/2 poles to a stake, thence N. 47 W. 42 poles to a stake on the county road from old Depot to Woods Liver Medicine in liquid Smithfield, thence S. 481/2 W. 461/2 poles with said road to a stake at D. F. Morgan's corner, thence ney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. For chills fever and mala-Its tonic effects on the system with the first dose. The \$1.00 l20 poles to the beginning contain-

This December 2, 1908.

W. L. Radford, Admr. of estate of C. Radford.

# ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

North Carolina, Johnston County, in the Superior Court, December term 1908.

Cicero Green vs. Fannie Green. It appearing by affidavit of Cicero Green, the plaintiff in this action, 27, at 3:30 o'clock at the home of that defendant, Fannie Green, is not Mr. and Mrs. Leander Daughtry, to be found in Johnston county, and their charming daughter, Miss Zil- cannot, after due dilligence, be found phia, and Mr. Grover Whitley were in this State, and it further appearhappily united in the holy bonds of ing that said Fannie Green has left matrimony, D. B. Langly, Esq., offi-this State and so secretes herself as to avoid personal service of summons. It is therefore, ordered that Mr. Leslie Whitley with Miss Chel- notice of this action be published onc lie Daughtry, Mr. Clifton Whitley a week for six weeks on the Smithfield Herald, a newspaper published in Johnston county, stating therein Quite a number of their immediate time of the action and parties of same, together with cause thereof, and requiring the defendant to appear at the March term of the Supethe Court House at Smithfield, and answer or demurr the complaint of the plaintiff, or relief therein de-

manded will be granted. This the 5th day of Dec., 1908.

W. S Stevens, C. S. C. Ed. S. Abell, Att'y, for plaintiff.

# ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of C. M. Kirkman, deceased, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the court house door at 12 M. on January 16, 1909, one horse, one Hickory wagon, one spring wagon and two buggies; also one set wagon harness and one set buggy harness.

J. H. Kirkman, Admr. Dec. 16, 1908.

### NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as administrator on the estate of Louetta Puckett deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or be-fore the 27 day of November, 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons endebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 25 day of November, 1908. M. G. GULLEY, Admr.

GOOD OIL AND NEEDLES. sell none but the best sewing machine oil and needles. Remember I keep New Home sewing machines to go with the oil and needles if wanted. J. M. BEATY, Smithfield,