___BY___

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VIII .- (Continued.) The limestone pike was the same, and the creek was still rushing noisily over the stones in its bed, as Tom re-

marked, gratefully. But the heaviest of the buffets came when the barrier hills were passed and the surrey horses made no motion to turn in at the gate of the old oak-shingled house beyond the iron-works.

"Hold on!" said Tom. "Doesn't the driver know where we live?"

That's the sup'rintendent's office and lab'ratory now, son. It was getting to be tolerably noisy down here for your mammy, so nigh to the plant. And we allowed to s'prise you. We've been buildin' us a new house up on the knoll just this side o' Major Dabney's."

It was the cruelest of the changesthe one hardest to bear; and it drove the boy back into the dumb reticence which was a part of his birthright. Had they left him nothing by which to remember the old days-days which were already beginning to take on the glamour of unutterable happiness past?

Tom saw well-kept lawns, park-like groves and pretentious country villas where he had once trailed Nance Jane through the "dark woods," and his father told him the names and circumstance of the owners as they drove up the pike. There was Rockwood, the summer home of the Stanleys, and The Dell, owned, and inhabited at intervals, by Mr. Young-Dickson, of the South Tredegar potteries. Farther along there was Fairmount, whose owner was wealthy cotton-seed buyer; Rook Hill, which Tom remembered as the ancient roosting ground of the migratory winter crows; and Farnsworth Park, ruralizing the name of its builder. On the most commanding of the hillsides was a pile of rough-cut Tennessee marble with turrets and many gables, rejoicing in the classic name of Warwick Lodge. This, Tom was told, was the country home of Mr. Farley himself, and the house alone had cost

a fortune. At the turn in the pike where you lost sight finally of the iron-works, there was a new church, a miniature in native stone of good old Stephen Hawker's church of Morwenstow. Tom gasped at the sight of it, and scowied when he saw the gilded cross on the

"Catholic!" he said. "And right here in our valley!"

"No," said the father; "it's 'Piscopalian. Colonel Farley is one o' the vestries, or whatever you call 'em, of St. Michael's yonder in town. I reckon he wanted to get his own kind o' people round him out here, so he built this church, and they run it as a sort of a side-show to the big church. Your mammy always looks the other way when we come by."

Tom looked the other way, too watching anxiously for the first sight of the new home. They reached it in good time, by a graveled driveway leading up from the white pike between rows of forest trees; and there was a second negro waiting to take the team. when they alighted at the veranda steps.

The new house was a two-storied brick, ornate and palpably assertive. with no suggestion of the homely comfort of the old. Yet, when his mother had wept over him in the wide hall, and there was time to go about, taking It all in like a cat exploring a strange garret, it was not so bad.

But there were compensations, and Tom discovered one of them on the first Wednesday evening after his arrival. The new home was within easy walking distance of Little Zoar, and he went with his mother to the prayermeeting.

The upper end of the pike was unchanged, and the little, weather-beaten church stood in its groving of piles, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. Better still, the congregation, the small Wednesday-night gathering at least, held the familiar faces of the country folk. The minister was a young missionary, zealously earnest, and lacking as yet the quality of hardness and doctrinal precision which had been the boy's daily bread and meat at the sectarian school. What wonder, then, that when when the call for testimony was made, the old pounding and heart-hammering set in, and duty, duty, duty, wrote itself in flaming letters on the dingy walls?

Tom set his teeth and swallowed hard, and let a dozen of the others rise and speak and sit again. He could feel the beating of his mother's heart, and he knew she was praying silently for him, praying that he would not deny his Master. For her sake, then . . . but not yet; there was still time enough -after the next hymn-after the next testimony-when the minister should give another invitation. He was chained to the bench and could not rise; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth and his lips were like dry leaves. The silences grew longer; all, or nearly all, had spoken. He was stiffing,

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." It was the solemn voice of the young minister, and Tom staggered to his feet with the lamps whirling in giddy circles.

"I feel to say that the Lord is preclous to my soul to-night. Pray for me, that I may ever be found faith-

He struggling through the words of the familiar form gaspingly and sat down. A burst of triumphant song

"O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

and the ecstatic aftermath came. Truly, it was better to be a doorkeeper in

tents of wickedness. What bliss was there to be compared with this heartmelting, soul-lifting blessing for duty

It went with him a good part of the way home, and Martha Gordon respected his silence, knowing well what heights and depths were engulfing the oung spirit.

But afterward-alas and alas; that here should always be an "after-When Tom had kissed his mother good-night and was alone in his upper room, the reaction set in-What had he done? Were the words the outpouring of a full heart? Did they really mean anything to him, or to those who heard them? He grasped despairingly at the fast-fading glories of the vision, dropping on his knees at the bedside. "O God, let me see Thee and touch Thee, and be sure, sure!" he prayed, over and over again; and so finally sleep found him still on his knees with his face buried in the bed-

CHAPTER IX.

For the first few vacation days Tom ose with the sun and lived with the industries, marking all the later expansive strides and sorrowing keenly that he had not been present to see them taken in detail.

One morning he ran plump into the Major, stalking grandly along the tile-paved walk and smoking a wartime cheroot of preposterous length. The despot of Paradise, despot now only by the courtesy of the triumphant genius of modernity, put on his eye-glasses and stared Thomas into respectful rigidity.

Why, bless my soul!-if it isn't Captain Gordon's boy! Well, well, you young limb! If you didn't faveh youh good fatheh in eve'y line and lineament of youh face, I should neveh have known you-you've grown so. Shake hands, suh!"

Tom did it awkwardly. It is a gift to be able to shake hands easily; a gift withheld from most girls and all boys up to the soulful age. But there was worse to follow. Ardea was somewhere on the peopled verandas, and the Major, more terrible in his hospitality than he had ever appeared in the oldtime rage-fits, dragged his hapless victim up and down and around and about in search of her. "Not say 'Howdy' to Ardea? Why, you young cub, where are youh mannehs, suh?" Thus the Major, when the victim would have broken away.

It was a flery trial for Tom-a waypicking among red-hot plowshares of How well-bred folk smiled, and the grand ladies drew their immaculate skirts aside to make passing-room for his dusty feet! How one of them wondered, quite audibly, where in the world Major Dabney had unearthed that young native! was conscious of every fleck of dust on his clothes and shoes; of the skilless knot in his necktie; of the school-desk droop in his shoulders; of the utter superfluousness of his blg hands.

And when, at the long last, Arden was discovered sitting beside a gorgeously attired Queen of Sheba, who also smiled and examined him minutely through a pair of eye-glasses fastened on the end of a gold-mounted stick, the place of torment, wherever and whatever it might be, held no deeper pit for him. What he had climbed the mountain to find was a little girl in a school frock, who had sat on the yellowing grass with one arm around the neck of a great dog, looking fearlessly up at him and telling him she was sorry he was going away. What he had found was a very staturesque little lady, clad in fluffy summer white, with the other Ardea's slate-blue eyes and soft voice, to be sure, but with no other reminder of the

lost avatar. From first to last, from the moment she made room for him, dusty clothes and all, on the settee between herself and the Queen of Sheba, Tom was conscious of but one clearly-defined thought-an overmastering desire to get away-to be free at any cost. the way of escape would not disclose itself, so he sat in stammering misery, answering Ardea's questious about the sectarian school in bluntest monosyllables, and hearing with his other ear terrible Major tell the Queen of Sheba all about the rallroad invasion, and how he-Tom Gordon-had run to find punk match to fire a cannon in the

Dabney cause. He escaped finally from the entanglements of Major Dabney's hospitality. On the way down the cliff path the fire burned and the revival zeal was kindled anew. There had been times, in the last year, especially, when he had thought coldly of the disciple's calling and was minded to break away and be a skilled craftsman, like his father. Now he was aghast to think that he had ever been so near the brink of apostasy. With the river of the Water of Life springing crystal clear at his feet, should he turn away and drink from the bitter pools in the wilderness of this world? With prophetic eye he saw himself as another Boanerges, lifting, with all the inspiring eloquence of the son of thunder, the Baptist's soul-shaking cry, Repent ye:

for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! The thought thrilled him, and the fierce glow of enthusiasm became an intoxicating ecstasy. The tinkling drip of falling water broke into the noonday silence of the forest like the low-voiced call of a sacred bell. For the first time since leaving the mountain top he took note of his surroundings. He was standing beside the great, cubical boulder under the cedars—the high altar in nature's mountain tabernacle.

Thomas Jefferson had the deep peace of the fully committed when he rose from his knees and went to drink at the spouting rock lip. It was decided the house of God than to dwell in the now, this thing he had been holding

half-heartedly in abeyance. There would be no more dallying with temptation, no more rebellion, no more irreverent stumblings in the dark valley of doubtful questions. More especially, he would be vigilant to guard against those backslidings that came so swiftly on the heels of each spiritual quickening. His heart was fixed, so irrevocably, so surely, that he could almost wish that Satan would try him there and then. But the enemy of souls was nowhere to be seen in the leafy arches of the wood, and Tom bent again to take a second draft at the specific rock lip.

He was bending over the sunken barrel A shadow, not his own, blurred the water mirror. He looked up quickly. 'Nan!" he cried.

She was standing on the opposite side of the barrel basin, looking down on him with good-natured mockery in the dark eyes.

"I 'lowed maybe you wouldn't have such a back load of religion after you'd been off to the school a spell," she said, pointedly. And then: "Does it always make you right dry an' thirsty to say your prayers, Tommy-Jeffy."

Tom sat back on his heels and regarded her thoughtfully. His first impulse was out of the natural heart, rageful, wounded vanity spurring it on. It was like her heathenism impertinence to look on at such a time, and then to taunt him about it afterward. But slowly as he looked a curious change came over him. She was the same Nan Bryerson, bareheaded, barelegged, with the same tousled mat of dark hair, and the same childish indifference to a whole frock. And yet she was not the same. The subtle difference, whatever it was, made him get up and offer to shake hands with herand he thought it was the newly-made vows constraining him, and took credit therefor.

You can revile me as much as you like now, Nan," he said, with prideful "You can't make me mad humility. any more, like you used to. I'm older now, and-and better, I hope. I shall never forget that you have a precious soul to save."

Her response to this was a scoffing laugh, shrill and challenging. Yet he could not help thinking that it made her look prettler than before.

"You can laugh as much as you want to; but I mean it," he insisted. "And besides, Nan-of all the things that I've been wanting to come back to you're the only one that isn't changed." And again he thought it was righteous guile that was making him kind to her

"D'ye reckon you shorely mean that, Tom Gordon?" she said; and the lips which lent themselves so easily to scorn were tremulous. She was just his age, and womanhood was only a step across the threshold for her "Of course I do. Let me carry your

bucket for you." She had hung the little wooden piggin under the drip of the spring and it was full and running over. But when he had lifted it out for her, she rinsed and emptied it.

"I just set it there to cool some," she explained. "I'm goin' up to Sunday Rock afte' huckleberries. Come and go 'long with me, Tom."

He assented with a willingness as sonable thing, he was not sure that he horse; \$15 for second; \$10 for third, and the aged, too, so far as that is could have refused.

And as they went together through the wood, spicy with the June fragrances, questions like those of the boyhood time thronged on him, and he welcomed them as a return of at least one of the vanished thrills-and was the steer by the horns and the other grateful to her.

overhanging cliff face of Sunday Rock, and throws steer and hog-ties him. If she darted away, laughing at him over the steer is down before the man disher shoulder, and daring him to follow her along a dizzy shelf half-way up the crag: a narrow ledge, perilous for a mountain goat

This, as he remembered later, was the turning-point in her mood. In imagination he saw her try it and fail; saw her lithe, shapely beauty lying broken and mangled at the cliff's foot; and in three bounds he had her fast locked in his restraining arms. She strove with him at first, like a wrestling boy, laughing and taunting him with being afraid for himself. Then-Tom Gordon, clean-hearted as yet,

did not know precisely what happened. Suddenly she stopped struggling and lay panting in his arms, and quite as suddenly he released her. "Nan!" he said, in a swiftly sub-

merging wave of tenderness, "I didn't go to hurt you!" She sank down on a stone at nis feet and covered her face with her

hands. But she was up again and

turning from him with eyes downcast before he could comfort her. (To be continued.)

She Poured the Ten.

She poured the tea. Ah, she was fair As, urn in hand, she neared my chair And stooped my walting cup to fill, The while I sensed a wond'rous thrill-

For such a fragrance filled the air.

Twas not the tea; her wayward hair Just brushed my cheek, and lingered there;

How could I calmly wait until She poured the tea?

To steal a kiss who would not dare? If one, who would not steal a pair? I stole them, as a fellow will, And sensed a warmer feeling still, Tho' not of heart, for that's not where

She poured the tea! Louise Schneider, in Puck.

Chanticlerism in Gungawamp, moved all his henhouses an' chicken arena on a horse, jumps from the horse coops into his front yard an' onto his front plazzy.

Bige Miller-Yes. Sime thought ez how it would make a great hit with citing. folks looking for summer board.-Boston Herald.

Cheap Wireless.

"Got a wireless message from my son in California yesterday." "Clear from the Pacific coast? Won-

derful! Must have cost a lot?" "Only a cent. He used a postal."-Philadelphia Ledger.

A Difference. Patience-What reason had she for marrying him? Patrice-Why, he had money . "That is not a reason; that is an ex-

cuse."-Gateway Magazine.

LIVELY SHOW AT PENDLETON.

Frontier Celebration and Roundup Will Be "Wild and Woolly."

Pendleton-The final touches of the program for the Round Up and Frontier celebration which is held at Pendleton this year, September 28 to October 1, have been made, the list of prizes and purses finally decided upon, the wild horses secured, the famous bucking horses secured and everything is ready now. The program with the purses and prizes is as follows:

and silver mounted saddle and championship of the Northwest,

and one half to ride the second day.

Riders for each day to be determined Up and riders to draw for mounts. Not less than six of the best riders of the to ride any horse and as often as the judges may deem necessary; riding to be with plain halter, one end of rope free, with chaps and spurs, no quirt, all riding slick, no saddle trees over 14 inches wide to be used. Purse divided: first, \$50 and championship

FASHION HINTS



Dark blue homes; un is used for this early Fall suit. The jacket effect is In front there is a panel from waist to hem, in semi-princess style. Silk in self color is used for banding and there is just a touch of braiding on the waist

mounted saddle; second, \$50; third, eager as it was unaccountable. If she \$25. Fifty dollars is offered by the had asked him to do a much less rea- management for the best bucking the American youth, and the adults and \$5 for fourth.

Steer roping contest for Championentry. The steer to have thirty feet start of the roper. One man to catch man to throw the rope on his hind feet When they were fairly under the and hold him. One man dismounts mounts he must be allowed to regain his feet before being thrown and tied. Three minutes is the limit on this event.

Wild horse race: This event is open to all. Purse, \$200.

This contest is probably the most exciting event of its kind ever seen in the Northwest. The contestant, each with one assistant, is lined up on the starting tape. The gun is fired. must then rope, saddle, mount and ride his wild horse once around the track.

Pony express race: First prize, \$50 cash and silver mounted bridle; second, \$30, and third \$20. Each rider to have two ponies and one assistant. No race horses can be entered.

Ladies' relay race: First prize, \$75 cash and Northwest championship cup; second, \$50, and third \$25.

Men's relay race (cowpony): First prize, \$75 cash and silver cup; second

\$50 and third, \$25. Packers race: First prize, \$25 and Stetson hat; second \$15 and third, \$10.

In this contest the entryman must furnish his own horse, saddle and rope. The load to be packed will be furnished by the management. These are the main events. The

others are: Maverick race each day; barrel race, three races, one each day; cowpony hurdle race; slow mule race; men's cowpony race each day; Ladies' cowpony race each day; ladies' riding contests; ladies' shooting contests; ladies' roping contest; men's riding, roping and shooting contests; Indian squaw races, Indian races, Indian riders and war dancers.

As a side feature there will be Buffalo Vernon, who throws a steer single handed and holds him down with his teeth. This is an event that has been put on at the Cheyenne shows with Hank Stubbs-Sime Hadley hez great success. Vernon rides into the to the back of the steer, slips down between the horns, gets a strangle hold and downs the steer. It is wildly ex-

Special rates of one and one-third fare have been made by all railroads from all points in the Northwest.

Unprofitable Employment. Galveston News,

Probably there is no more unprofitable employment on earth than that of

The experimental use of the phonograph on Saxon railways is reported by Consul Thomas H. Norton, of Chemnitz. Two local inventors have worse. She often complained that her both trains and stations.

NOW, ALL GO TO IT

KISS TILL YOU RAISE BLISTERS, IT'S ALL RIGHT.

Uncle Sam's Chief Chemist Puts His O. K. on Osculation; So, as Long as It's Unadulterated Bliss You're Safe.

Washington.-The proposition Bucking contest for the champion-ship of the Northwest: Purse, \$125 tion by anti-kissing crusades and health societies is scoffed at by those medical men of Washington who have One half of the contestants in this the least grain of sentimentality left event are entered to ride the first day in them, and is regarded as the hugest kind of a joke.

Dr. Harvey F. Wiley, chief of the by lot, horses furnished by the Round bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, who probably knows as much about disease germs first two days will be chosen by the of various kinds as any other man in judges to ride the third day in the final this country, says he has yet to see a championship riding. Each contestant single instance in which a life has been wrecked or shortened as a direct result of disease germs transmitted from a diseased person to a healthy one by the kissing route.

In Cincinnati the women have formed the World's Health Organization, or anti-kissing league, which is doing its utmost to abolish the timehonored custom of kissing. No more spooning in parks or darkened doorways just before good night is said, is the edict of the society. All of which has caused Doctor Wiley to wonder what is the matter with the Queen City women.

"A society for the prevention of kissing," said the doctor, "is nothing like a human being, isn't it" to less than society for the prevention human being!" "Yes, it's to of pleasure. Just imagine a kissless courtship! Can you contemplate a more uninteresting predicament? I certainly would like to get one peep at the members of an organization which approves of such a thing. "While I long since have retired

from the spooning business, still I have memory, and whenever any one quotes me as saying that I believe the kissing habit should be abolished you can put it down that I have been mis-

"I have reached the stage where I confine my kissing entirely to relatives and babies, but that is not because I feel the III effects of disease transmission from mouth to mouth.

"Take a darkened nook on a moonlight night, with the beams playing around a couple idly swinging in a hammock; let the anti-kissing society get to work in such a case, and see what would happen. It would not be long before the pair would shift their position and find a more secluded

"You can't keep it down and there's no use trying, and so long as good, red blood courses through the veins of concerned, that delightful sensation which is experienced when lips touch ship of Northwest. Two men to each and arms clasp and 'two hearts beat as one,' will continue to exist.

Doctor Wiley is an "old bach," too

STUDENT WHIPS PROFESSORS

Then He Burns His Diploma to Show What He Thinks of the University.

Syracuse, N. Y .- Dean Sheppard and Prof. Paul C. Nugent of the Lyman C. Smith college of applied science fared badly in fist fights with Herbert W. Faus, a graduate of the civil engineering department. Vexed over the delay in obtaining his diploma after he had made up two subjects in which he was back because of his time given to athletics, Faus walked into the dean's office and said:

"If you want to know what I think of this institution and your diploma, I will show you," and he started to light a cigar with the diploma.

"Don't try that or there will be trouble, young man," warned the dean, but Faus was not frightened. "If that is what you mean," replied Faus, "just take off your glasses."

While the diploma was burning in the student's hand the dean struck him on the nose, drawing blood and cutting it. Faus retaliated and had by far the better of the argument. After this encounter Faus went to the home of Professor Nugent and had another

BABY DROWNS IN JAR OF TEA

Vessel in Which the Accident Oc curred Contained Only Five Inches of Liquid.

Decatur, Ili.-Palling into a jar of iced tea, the eighteen-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Miller was drowned on the Jacob Miller farm near this place.

The Millers had been threshing oats and came to the house for dinner. Little Ruth toddled out of the house to the porch, where a 10-gallon jar of iced tea was standing. The baby fell in, head first, and was drowned in five inches of tea.

The child was not missed for several minutes and when found it was dead.

Headache Spilts Her Head. Allentown, Pa.—Rupture of a blood vessel in the brain, due to a violent counting the buttons down a woman's headache, caused the death here of Mrs. Estella Falconer, wife of Arthur Falconer, aged twenty-nine years. She had been suffering from headache for two months, and, despite the most skilled treatment, the maiady grew patented a system which is adapted to head would split, and she had predicted her death

Blightly Modifies. Little Viola had dieveloped by of holding her thumb in her even while eating. Mother h sorted to all sorts of

correct the child and finally he "Viola, the first thing you has will swallow your thumb, tu

what will you do?" "Well, mother, I should hate be low it because I'd have a heare. time without it." "Why, Viola," said the ast

mather, "where did you hear are sion like that?" "Well, well," hesitated the hear

"I didn't hear it exactly like mother, but I thought it would

Pettit's Eye Salve. No matter how badly the span be diseased or injured, restorate conditions. All druggists or he Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Mosquito Proof Steamen The Jonathan Holt, the true going mosquito proof steamer, he rived in the Mersey, says the le Times. She is the first ship of a design for the Liverpool West in trade. Professor Major Rosali & recommendations have been a out by the owners for mosquising all living quarters. Copper fittings are provided for all ton dows, side ports, skylights, y tors and passages to prevent ag laria bearing mosquite entering

"What a noisy thing that hand fs!" remarked the clarenet, die ly. "Yes," replied the trombes with the big head that make the noise."-Scraps.

It is a sure sign of m inward weakness when appetite commences to and you have that "de care" sort of feeling meal-time. It is somet that needs immediate tention, for neglect of brings on more trouble often a long illness. I store the appetite and le it normal by the use Hostetter's Stomach I ters. It is for Poor A tite, Indigestion, Dy sia, Costiveness and

The Last Straw. John Smith fell down the stairs the other day and broks leg, his right arm, two rits his one finger, and cut his scalp # his ankle, and put his shoulders joint. But he didn't really be feel bad about it till his wite him if he was hurt.-Exchange

laria.

not be without them. I was me great deal with torpid liver and last Now since taking Cascarets Cannon tic I feel very much better. In the best medicine I have ever in Anna Barinet

Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall Riss. Pleasant, Palatable, Fotest, Took Do Good, Never Sicken, Wedne of the Libe, 25c, 50c, Never sold in both the uine tablet stamped C C C. Garner cure or your money back.



W. L. DOUGL HAND-SEWED SHOE MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3. WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3,83.50,84 BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00 THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS They are absolutely the most popular and bestahoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer then other makes. ger than other makes.
They are positively the most economical shoes for you have not been an amount on the bottom — value guarantee.
TAKE NO BUBSTITUTE! IT TAKE NO BUBSTITUTE!

W. L. DOUGLAS, Be A TRIP TO PORTLAND