

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Bastrop Clerg, whose distinction was that of being the oldest loafer in the circle, spat accurately into the draft-hole of the stove, sat back and tilted his hat over his eyes.

"Well, boys, I reckon hit's about time, ain't hit?" he moralized. "Leetle Tom must be a-goin' awn two year old; and I don't remember ez Tom 'r his pappy has ever done a livin' thing for Nan."

A half-hour later, Brother Japheth, trudging back to Deer Trace on the pike, saw the light in the long-deserted cabin back of the new foundry plant; saw this and was overtaken at the Woodlawn gates by Thomas Jefferson with Longfellow and the buggy. And he could not well help observing that the buggy had been lightened of its burden of household supplies.

Tom turned the horse over to William Henry Harrison and went in to his belated dinner somberly reflective. He was not drier to find that his mother and father had gone over to the major-house. So, it was grateful at the moment; he was glad of the chance to try to think himself uninterrupted out of the snarl of misunderstanding in which his impulsiveness had entangled him.

The pointing of the thought was to see Ardea and have it out with her at once. Reconsidered, it appeared the part of prudence to wait a little. The muddiest pool will settle if time and freedom from ill-judged disturbance be given it. But who, he knew, Thomas Jefferson from his beginnings, may be sure that it was the action-thought that triumphed. They also serve who only stand and wait, was meaningless comfort to him; and when he had finished his solitary dinner and had changed his clothes, he strode across the double lawns and rang the manor-house bell.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Deer Trace family and the two guests from Woodlawn were in the music-room when Tom was admitted, with Ardea at the piano playing war songs for the pleasuring of her grandfather and the ex-artilleryman. Under cover of the music, Tom slipped into the circle of listeners and went to sit beside his mother. There was a courteous hand-wave of welcome from Major Dabney, but Miss Euphrasia seemed not to see him. He saw and understood, and was obstinately impervious to the chilling east wind in that quarter.

Ardea lingered lovingly on the closing harmonies of a nocturne, and when the final chord was struck her hands lingered on the keys until the sweet voices of the strings had sung themselves afar into the higher sound heaven. Then she turned quickly and surprised her anesthetized audience.

"You poor things!" she laughed. "In another five minutes the last one of you have succumbed. Why didn't somebody stop me?"

The iron-master said something about the heavy work of the day, and helped his wife to her feet. The Major came awake with a start and bestirred himself hospitably, and Miss Euphrasia rose to speed the parting guests—or, rather, the two of them who had been invited. In the drift down the wide hall Ardea fell behind with Tom, whom Cousin Euphrasia continued to ignore. "I came to tell you," he said, in a low tone, snatching his opportunity. "I can't sleep until I have fought it out with you."

"You don't deserve a hearing, even from your best friend," was her discouraging reply; but when they were at the door she gave him a formal reprieve. "I shall walk for a few minutes on the portico to rest my nerves," she said. "If you want to come back."

He thanked her gravely, and went obediently when his mother called to him from the steps. But on the Woodlawn veranda he exhaled himself, and when the door closed behind the two in-going, he swiftly recrossed the lawn to pay the penalty.

The front door of the manor-house was shut and the broad, pillared portico was unattended. He sat down in one of the rustic chairs. The door opened and closed and Ardea stood before him. She had thrown a wrap over her shoulders, and the light from the music-room windows illuminated the blue eyes, but in Tom's thought she had never appeared more unutterably beautiful and desirable—and unattainable.

"I have come," she said, in a tone that cut him to the heart for its very indifference. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I'm afraid I haven't left myself much to say," he began, penitently. "I was born foolish, and it seems that I haven't outgrown it. But, really, if you could know—"

"Unhappily, I do know," she interrupted. "If I did not, I might listen to you with better patience."

"It did look pretty bad," he confessed. "And that's what I wanted to say; it looked a great deal worse than it was, you know."

"I am bound to believe what I see with my own eyes," she rejoined. "Perhaps you can make it appear that seeing is not believing."

"Of course I can't if you take that attitude," he complained. And then he said irritably: "You talk about friendship! You don't know the meaning of the word!"

"If I didn't, I should hardly be here at this moment," she suggested. "You don't seem to apprehend to what degrading depths you have sunk."

"Yes, I do; but that is another matter. We were speaking of what you saw this evening. Will you let me try to explain?"

"Yes, if you will tell the plain truth." "Lacking imagination, I can't do anything else. Nan has had a falling-out with the old scamp of a moonshiner who calls himself her father. She came to me for help, and broke down in the midst of telling me about it. I can't stand a woman's crying any better than other men."

"And that was all—absolutely all, Tom?"

"I don't lie—to you," he said, briefly. She gave him her hand with an impulsive return to the old comradeship. "I believe you, Tom, in the face of all the—unlikeliness. But please don't try me again. After what has happened—"

"—she stopped in deference to something in his eyes, half anger, half bewilderment, or a most difficult simulation of both.

"Go on," he said; "tell me what has happened. I seem to have missed something."

"No," she said, with sudden gravity. "I don't want to be your accuser or your confessor; and if you should try to prevaricate, I should hate you!"

"There is nothing for me to confess to you, Ardea," he said, soberly, still holding the hand she had given him. "You have known the worst of me, always and all along, I think."

"Yes, I have known," she replied, freeing the imprisoned hand and turning from him. "And I have been sorry, sorry; not less for you than for poor Nan Bryerson. You know now what I thought—what I had to think—when I saw you with her this evening."

It was slowly beating its way into his brain. Little things, atoms of suggestion, were separating themselves from the mass of things disregarded to cluster thickly on this nucleus of revelation: the old story of his accompanying with Nan on the mountain; his uncle's and Japheth's accusation at the time; and now the old moonshiner's enmity, Japheth's meaning look and distrustful silence, Nan's appearance with a child bearing his own name, the glances askance in Hargis' store when he was buying the little stock of necessities for the poor outcast. It was all plain enough.

"Tell me," he said, thickly; "you heard this; you believed it. Have I been misjudging you?"

"Not more than I misjudged you, perhaps. But that is all over, now; I am trusting you again, Tom. Only, as I said before, you mustn't try me too hard."

"Let me understand," he went on, still in the same strained tone. "Knowing this, or believing it, you could still find a place in your heart for me—you could still forgive me, Ardea?"

"I could still be your friend; yes," she replied. "I believed—others believed—that your punishment would be great enough; there are all the coming years for you to be sorry in, Tom. But in the fullness of time I meant to remind you of your duty. The time has come; you must play the man's part now. What have you done with her?"

"Wait a moment, I must know one other thing," he insisted. "You heard this before you went to Europe?"

"Long before."

"And it didn't make any difference in the way you felt toward me?"

"It did; it made the vastest difference. They were pacing slowly up and down the portico, and she waited until they had made the turn at the Woodlawn end before she went on. I thought I knew you when we were boy and girl together, and, girl-like, I suppose I had idealized you in some way. I thought I knew your wickedness, and that they were not weaknesses; so—so it was a miserable shock. But—so it was not for me to judge you—only as you might rise or sink from that desperate starting point. When I came home I was sure that you had risen; I have been sure of it ever since until—until these few wretched hours to-night. They are past, and now I'm going to be sure of it some more, Tom."

"What if I should tell you that you are mistaken?"

"Don't," she said, softly. "That would only be smashing what is left of the ideal. I think I couldn't bear that."

"And you've been calling this friendship! Ardea, girl, it's love!"

Ardea shook her head slowly.

"No," she rejoined, gravely. "At one time I thought—I was afraid—that it might be. But now I know it isn't."

"How do you know it?"

"Because love, as I think of it, is stronger than the traditions, stronger than anything else in the world. And the traditions are still with me. I admit the existence of the social pale, and as long as I live within it I have a right to demand certain things of the man who marries me."

"And love doesn't demand anything," he said, putting the remainder of the thought into words for her. "You are right. If I could clear myself with a word, I should not say it."

"Why?"

"Because your—loyalty, let us call it, is too precious to be exchanged for anything else—you could give me in place of it—esteem, respect, and all the other well-behaved and virtuous bestowals."

"But the loyalty is based on the belief that you are trying to earn the well-behaved approvals," she continued.

He told her briefly and exactly, adding nothing and omitting nothing; and her word for it was "impossible."

"Don't you understand?" she objected. "I may choose to believe that this home making for poor Nan and her wait is merely a bit of tardy justice on your part and honor you for it. But nobody else will take that view of it. If you keep her in that little cabin of yours, Mountain View avenue will have a fit—and very properly."

"I don't see why it should," he protested, densely.

"Don't you? That's because you are still so hopelessly primitive. People won't give you credit for the good motive. You must think of some other way."

"Supposing I say I don't care a haif?"

"Oh, but you do. You have your father and mother and—and me to consider, however reckless you may be for yourself and Nancy. You mustn't leave her where she is for a single day."

"I can leave her there if I like. I've told her she may stay as long as she wants to."

"No," she said decisively, "you will have a perfect hornet's nest about your ears. Every move you make will be watched and commented on. Don't you see that you are playing the part of the headstrong, obstinate boy again?"

"Yet you think I ought to provide for Nan, in some way; how am I going to do it unless I ignore the hornets?"

"Now you are more reasonable," she said, approvingly. "I shall ride tomorrow morning, and if you should happen to overtake me, we might think up something."

The door was opening gently under the pressure of her hand, but he was loath to go.

"I wouldn't take five added years of life for what I've learned to-night, Ardea," he said, passionately. And then: "Have you fully made up your mind to marry Vincent Farley?"

In the twinkling of an eye she was another woman—cold, unapproachable, with pride kindling as if she had received a mortal affront.

And then he bade her good-night and went his way with a liting song of triumph in his heart which not even the chilling rebuff of the leave-taking was sufficient to silence.

"She loves me! She would still love me if she were ten times Vincent Farley's wife!" he said, over and over to himself; the words were on his lips when he fell asleep, and they were still ringing in his ears the next morning at dawn-break when he rose and made ready to go to ride with her.

(To be continued.)

One Trip Nearly Paid for Schooner. Dealers at T wharf were given a surprise when Capt. Horace Hillman of the 14-ton schooner Eliza Benner of Edgartown offered 20,000 pounds of fish to buyers at the exchange. No one believed that a schooner the size of the Benner would attempt rounding Cape Cod at this season so deeply loaded. But the captain had recently purchased the vessel and thought if he could reach Boston at a time of high prices he might be able to nearly pay her purchase price.

With five young men belonging to Martha's Vineyard Capt. Hillman took the schooner out on the ocean side of Nantucket and in a short time filled the craft to the hatches. The venture proved so successful that the crew earned about \$30 each and the Benner almost paid for herself.—Boston Herald.

The Antiquity of the Organ. The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan, aside from that mythical personage, indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds, the "water organ of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clue regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magi, an organ of ten pipes with a crude keyboard, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is asserted that an organ, the gift of Constantine, was in the possession of King Pepin of France in 757, but Aldehelm, a monk, makes mention of an organ with "eight pipes" as far back as the year 700.

The Little Things That Tell. A South Side mother was dressing for a tea the other afternoon when the front door bell rang. She instructed the maid that if the visitor appeared to be about to make a formal call to say she was not at home. But the mother had not counted on the 5-year-old daughter playing in the front yard.

The maid, seeing a woman dressed as if for calling, obeyed instructions. "She is not at home," the maid said. "Why, she is, too, Minnie," came a sharp interruption from the child on the lawn. "I saw her lower the curtain just now."

"Perhaps she just came in," the maid responded weakly. "I'll see."

The situation was saved by the fact that the visitor was the mother's sister, whom the maid did not know.—Kansas City Star.

At the Tomb of Rachel. Writing from the Holy Land, a correspondent of the Philadelphia Export has this to say about the tomb of Rachel, which is marked by a memorial, the funds for which came from Sir Moses Montefiore: "Two hours' journey to the south of Jerusalem, on the road toward Hebron, stands a small fortress called Barak, beside the gate of which are three tanks for the reception and preservation of rain water. Near this fortress, beside a spring, stands a house said to have been built by King Solomon, and a mile and a half farther south is the tomb of Rachel."

A hog's habit of scratching itself against a post has led to the invention of an automatic disinfecter for animals, which it sprays as they rub against a supporting column.

IN A FAR COUNTRY

By Temple Bailey

(Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Over her cakes and coffee Cynthia admitted her homesickness. Paris was the place of her dreams. She had thought her little home town dull, but it was nothing to this dreary waste of cathedrals and art galleries, with every one speaking a strange language.

Everett Batcheller had told her how it would be, but Cynthia had had her mind set on a year abroad, and she had scraped and saved, and had at least attained the fulfillment of her desire.

But, in her planning, she had forgotten to provide for friendships. Cynthia was a friendly little soul, and all her life she had had neighbors and church associates who carried her off to meetings, and club colleagues who consulted her about things. At home she was a very much occupied and rather important person.

But here she was nothing. The people at the boarding house turned up their noses at her, and an English girl had openly insulted her on the Fourth of July.

Cynthia had written to Everett of the latter incident.

But Everett was not entirely sympathetic. "You know that wherever you go the eagle screams, Cynthia," he told her. "You ought to stay in your own country, and among your own people, if you want to be happy."

"Her own people!" That sentence stayed in Cynthia's mind long after



"Look Here, Let's Go Around Together a Bit."

she had tucked away the letter in her trunk for safekeeping.

"I'd rather see a familiar face than all the portraits in the Louvre," she mused forlornly.

As if in answer to her wish, a form darkened the doorway of the pastry shop, a halting voice asked in very bad French for cakes and coffee, and with a hesitating step a very large lady came and sat down at the next table to Cynthia.

Cynthia, eyeing her with some curiosity, decided that she was an American. There was an unmistakable air about her clothes; there was less flash than in the attire of a Frenchwoman, and more of style than is possible for an Englishwoman.

There was tragedy in the face, and when the coffee came and the cakes, a sigh made Cynthia bold.

"May I come over and talk to you?" she asked frankly. "I'm awfully homesick, and I'm pretty sure you are an American."

The face beamed. "My dear," she said, "you have saved my life. I think I should have died if I had had to string out another French sentence. My tongue aches with twisting it."

Cynthia laughed. "Going abroad isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it?" she asked. "I have been homesick ever since I landed."

"Have you really?" the stranger confided. "Well, it's the same with me. I'm used to having my friends about me—but after my husband died and his mines turned out so well, everybody said I ought to travel—to broaden my mind. But I wasn't made to sit on my front porch and fan on hot days, and to go in my kitchen and bake better buns than these on the cool ones."

Cynthia laughed. "I feel that way myself. I just long to bake a pot of beans or a clam chowder, and sometimes when I've been visiting tombs and things I'd give anything for a cup of my own tea."

"Now that's just the way I feel," said the other. "Look here, let's go around together a bit. Maybe things would be better if we had somebody to talk it over with."

Things went so well that, on the second day, the two took a small apartment together, with a tidy servant in charge; and together they went the rounds of sightseeing, finding a certain satisfaction in their common complaint against this very foreign town, and in their common enthusiasm over the home country.

"But I wouldn't tell Everett of anything," Cynthia confessed to her friend. "He told me how it would be, and I wouldn't believe him. I thought it would be like fairyland, but I didn't understand that fairyland would be lonely without friends."

"Yes, it would. But who is Everett?"

"Everett is the man who wants to marry me," Cynthia said, with knitted brows. "But I'd rather teach."

"Goodness gracious," cried the other woman, "why don't you marry him? Any woman can teach, but it isn't every one who has a man to love her."

Cynthia laughed. "I believe I'm half in love with him. But he isn't broadminded. He's perfectly content to stay in that little town and stagnate."

"There are worse things," said the wise companion, "than stagnating. Think twice before you turn Everett down."

"I am perfectly contented as I am," said Cynthia, "and since I met you I am beginning to enjoy the tombs and the Tuilleries."

"It's the same with me; but you are young, and shouldn't feel that way."

In the midst of their satisfaction, the elder woman fell ill, and, in querulous fashion demanded home cooking.

Cynthia, rising to the occasion, dismissed the French maid, and, after some difficulty, found an English girl who agreed to follow American recipes. By means of much dependence on canned goods and dried products, a menu of baked beans and clam chowder, of codfish cakes and corn bread was made possible.

The days were cool, and, with the magazines from home, and some simple sewing, the two aliens spent their days happily.

"I don't seem to care for art galleries and things," said Cynthia; "it is so nice here under the lamp-light."

In her letters to Everett, however, she still kept up her semblance of sightseeing enthusiasm. "I'm not going to let him crow over me," she decided.

But he did not crow over me, for suddenly his weekly letters ceased and Cynthia began to realize, after a month of silence, that it had been his letters that had kept her content.

"I can't understand," she said one night, "what has become of Everett."

"He has probably found somebody else. No man is going to stand being treated as you have treated him."

Under cover of darkness Cynthia wept a little. She began to understand what Everett had really meant to her. She knew now that the vision of her future had always shown her in a circle of friendly faces in her home town, with Everett by her side.

He was so much in her thoughts that when he walked one morning into the Paris apartment, she met him without surprise.

"Oh, dear, I have wanted you so," she said.

"I knew it," was his sympathetic response. "You and I belong to each other, Cynthia, and even the seas couldn't really separate us."

After the first raptures, Cynthia introduced him to her companion.

"I have had her in training," the matron stated. "I wish you could see the way we live. We sew and read and eat American dishes, and if it wasn't for the fact that we can see Notre Dame from our windows instead of the Baptist church spire, we wouldn't know whether we were in Paris or in Pike's Corners."

"Why—so we wouldn't," Cynthia cried. "I don't believe I am as broadminded as I thought, Everett."

"Well, you are broadminded enough for me," Everett stated. "And now, if you don't mind, Cynthia, we will get married, and continue this foreign tour together."

"And I'll go home and get things ready for you," said the other. "I wanted an excuse and this is the best ever, and I guess Cynthia and I will have more fun talking over our experiences on your front porch than in living them in a far country."

TEACHING A CROW TO TALK

If His Tongue is Split Straight Down the Middle Lengthwise He Can Speak Better.

"You know, of course," said the man in the mackintosh, "that you can teach a crow to talk."

Silence gave negation to this proposition.

"It's so, anyhow," he persisted; "but if you slit his tongue straight down the middle, lengthwise, he can talk a good deal better. Why, I've seen that thing tested. A neighbor of mine, a college professor, had a crow that could speak several words. He had its tongue slit, and when the tongue got well the bird could say almost anything the professor wanted it to say."

"Did it perch upon the bust of Pallas, just above the—"

"Cut that out! I'm telling you something that actually took place."

"Did the bird talk itself to death?"

"Did it talk the professor to death?"

"Could it sing two parts?"

"Did it use words that had a double—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the man in the mackintosh, "you make me intensely weary. The professor, it is true, gave the bird away. A bartender has it now."

"What was the trouble?" inquired the man with the green goggles.

"He couldn't make it talk grammatically. It split its infinitives."

Sometimes Happens.

"He's been around the world and yet you never hear him tell about his experiences."

"Maybe he was chased around the world by detectives."

Records in Size. The largest theater in the world is the Opera house, covering three acres, in the largest bronze statue, that of the Great in St. Petersburg, with a weight of 1,100 tons. The largest statue is in Japan, 44 feet high. The largest college is in Cairo, with over ten thousand students and 100 teachers. Damascus has the honor of being the oldest city.

Terrible Suffering

Eczema All Over Baby's Body. When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema and at sixteen months of age his hands and arms were in a similar state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was completely cured. Today he is a healthy boy. Mrs. Inez Lewis, Darling, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system. Get it today in usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets called Sarsaparilla.

Restoring Ivory. To restore ivory carvings that have become discolored, expose them to glass to the rays of the sun, after having removed the dust by brushing them with warm water and soap. The sides will be equally bleached.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Sarsaparilla the best remedy to use for their babies during the teething period.

Leaders in Their Line. The greatest bank, says Harper's Weekly, is the Bank of England, London; the oldest college in England is Exeter, founded in 1084; the largest library, the National Library, Paris, containing nearly three million volumes.

If It's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for inflammation, stye, itching, sore eye aches, defects of vision and sensitive to strong lights. All druggists. Howard Bros.

Money and Earning. Feuds of this nature, though frequent in the country, are very rare in the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of estate as a man of learning; and are very hard brought to regard any truth, less important soever it may be, that is opposed to them, when they know that several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.—Joseph Addison.

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