

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXI

Thomas Jefferson Gordon, Bachelor of Science, and one of the six prisoners in his class, was expected home on the first day of July; and it was remarked as a coincidence by the curious that Deity Trace, manor-house, was closed for the summer no more than a week before the return of the Gordon black sheep.

That Tom was a black sheep, a hopeless and incorrigible social iconoclast, was no longer a matter of doubt in the minds of any. Something may be forgiven a promising young man who has been unhappy enough, or imprudent enough, to begin to make history for himself in the irresponsible teens; but also the act of oblivion may be repealed. When it became noised about that there were two children instead of one in the old dog-keeper's cabin in the glen, Mountain View avenue was justly indignant, and even the lenient Gordons applied and shook their heads at the mention of the young boss' name.

To such an atmosphere of potential social ostracism Tom returned after the final scholastic triumph in Boston; and for the first few days he escaped asphyxiation chiefly because the affairs of Gordon & Gordon and the Chiawasee Consolidated gave him no time to test its quality.

But after the first week he began to breathe it unmistakably. One evening he called on the Farnsworths; the ladies were not at home to him. The next night he saddled Saladin and rode over to Fairmount; the Misses Harrison were also unable to see him, and the butler conveyed a deftly-worded intimation pointing to future invisibilities on the part of his mistress. The evening being still young, Tom tried Rockwood and the Dell, suspicion settling into conviction, when the trim maid-servant at the Stanley villa went near to shutting the door in his face. At the Dell he fared a little better. The Young-Dicksons were going out for an after-dinner call on one of the neighbors, and Tom met them at the gate as he was dismounting. There were regrets apparently hearty; but in recasting the incident later, Tom remembered that it was the husband who did the talking, and that Mrs. Young-Dickson stood in the shadow of the gate tree, frigidly silent and with her face averted.

"Once more, old boy, and then we'll quit," he said to Saladin at the remounting, and the final rein-drawing was at the stone-pillared gates of Rook Hill. Again the ladies were not at home, but Mr. Vancourt Hennick came out and smoked a cigar with his customer on the piazza. The talk was pointedly of business, and the banker was urbanely gracious—and mildly inquisitive. Would there be a consolidation of the allied iron industries of Gordonia when the Farleys should return? Mr. Hennick thought it would be undeniably profitable to all concerned, and offered his services as financiering promoter and intermediary. Would Mr. Gordon come and talk it over with him—at the bank?

Tom found his father on the picturesque veranda at Woodlawn when he reached home. For a time there was such silence as stands for communion between men of one blood, and was the father who first broke it.

"Been out calling, son?" he asked, marking the Tuxedo and the white expanse of shirt front.

"No, I reckon not," was the reply, punctuated by a short laugh. "The avenue seems to be depopulated."

"So? I hadn't heard of anybody going away," said Caleb the literal.

"Nor I," said Tom, curtly; and the conversation paused until the iron-master said:

"Ardee thinks a heap of you, and if you could just 've made out to keep from gettin' so tangled with that gal o' Tike—" he stopped abruptly, but not quite soon enough, and the word was as the flick of a whip on a wound already made raw by the abrasion of the closed doors.

"So that miserable story has got around to you at last, has it?" said Tom, in fine scorn. "I did hope they'd spare you and mother."

"She's spared yet, so far as I know," said the father, with a backward nod to indicate the antecedent of the pronoun. Following which, he said what lay uppermost in his mind. "I been allowin' maybe you'd come back this time with your head set on lettin' that gal alone, son."

"You've believed all you've heard, have you?—condemned me before I could say a word in my own defense? That's what they've all done."

"I don't say that, son." Then, with a note of fatherly yearning in his voice, "I'm waitin' to hear that word right now, Buddy—or as much of it as you can say honestly."

"You'll never hear it from me—never in this world or another. Now tell me who told you!"

"Why, it's mighty near everybody's mouth, son!" said Caleb, in mild surprise. "You certainly didn't take any pains to cover it up."

"Didn't take any pains? Why should I?" Tom burst out. After which he tramped heavily to the farther end of the veranda, glooming over at the darkened windows of Deer Trace and letting bitter anger and disappointment work their will on him. And when he work their will on him and when he was finally turned and tramped back it was only to say an abrupt "Good-night," and to pass into the house and up to his room.

He thought he was alone in the moon-lighted dusk of the upper chamber when he closed the door and began to pace a ragged sentry-beat back and forth between the windows. But all unknown to him one of the three fell sisters, she of the irrefragable front and

deep-set, burning eyes, had entered with him to pace evenly as he paced, and to lay a maddening finger on his soul.

Without vowing a vow and confirming it with an oath, he had partly turned a new life-leaf on the night of heavenly comfort when Ardea had sent him forth to tramp the pike with her kiss of sisterly love still caressing him. Beyond the needs of the moment, the recall of Norman and the determination to turn his back on the world struggle for the time being, he had not gone in that first fervor of the uplifting impulse. But later on there had been other steps: a growing hunger for success with self-respect kept whole; a dulling of the sharp edge of his hatred for the Farleys; a mellowing of his fierce contempt for all the hypocrites, conscious and subconscious.

And now... With Alecto's maddening finger pressed on the soul-hurt, no man is responsible. After the furious storm of upbubbling curses had spent itself there was a little calm, not of surcease but of vacuity, since even the cursing vocabulary has its limitations. Then a grouping of words long forgotten arrayed itself before him, like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's banquet hall.

"When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

He put his hands before his face to shut out the sight of the words. Farther on, he felt his way across the room to stand at the window where he could look across to the gray, shadowy bulk of the manor-house, to the house and to the window of the upper room which was Ardea's.

"They've got me down," he whispered, as if the words might reach her ear. "The devils have come back, Ardea; my love; but you can cast them out again, if you will. Ah, girl, girl! Vincent Farley will never need you as I need you this night!"

CHAPTER XXII

During the first half of the year 1894, with Norman too busy at the pipe foundry to worry him, and the iron-master president too deeply engrossed in matters mechanical, Mr. Henry Dyckman, still bookkeeper and cashier for Chiawasee Consolidated, had fewer nightmares; and by the time he had been a month in undisputed command at the general office he had given over searching for a certain packet of papers which had mysteriously disappeared from a secret compartment in his desk.

Later, when the time for the return of the younger Gordon drew near, there was encouraging news from Europe. Dyckman had not failed to keep the mails warm with reports of the Gordon & Gordon success; with urgings for the return of the exiled dynasty; and late in May he had news of the homecoming intention. From that on there were alternating chills and fever. If Colonel Duxbury should arrive and resume the reins of management before Tom Gordon should reappear, all might yet be well. If not—the alternative impaired the bookkeeper's appetite, and there were hot nights in June when he slept badly.

When Tom's advent preceded the earliest date named by Mr. Farley by a broad fortnight or more, the bookkeeper missed other of his meals, and one close-packing disaster laid cold hands on him; and at 2 o'clock found him skulking in the great train shed at the railway station, a ticket to Canada in his pocket, a goodly sum of the company's money tightly buckled in a safety-belt next to his skin—all things ready for flight save one, the courage requisite to the final step-taking.

The following morning the promise-torn became a certainty. In the Gordonia mail there was a note from the younger Gordon, directing him to come to the office of the pipe foundry, bringing the cash-book and ledger for a year whose number was written out in letters of fire in the bookkeeper's brain. He went, again lacking the courage either to refuse or to disappear, and found Gordon waiting for him. There were no preliminaries.

"Good-morning, Dyckman," said the tyrant, pushing aside the papers on his desk. "You have brought the books? Sit down at that table and open the ledger for the year. I wish to make a few comparisons," and he took a thick packet of papers from a pigeonhole of the small iron safe behind his chair.

Dyckman was unbuckling the strap in which he had carried the two heavy books, but at the significant command he desisted, went swiftly to the door opening into the stenographers' room, satisfied himself that there were no listeners, and resumed his chair.

"You have cut out some of the preface, Mr. Gordon; I'll cut out the remainder," he said, mistaking his dry lips. "You have in the true record of the expense account in that package, I'm expense account in that package, I'm down and out; what is it you want?"

"I want a written confession of just what you did, and what you did it for," was the direct reply. "You'll find Miss Ackerman's typewriter in the other room; I'll wait while you put it in type."

"You're not giving me a show, Mr. Gordon; the post show a common murderer would have in any court of law.

You are asking me to convict myself."

Gordon held up the packet of papers. "Here is your conviction, Mr. Dyckman—the original leaves taken from those books when you had them rebound. I need your statement of the facts for quite another purpose."

"And if I refuse to make it? A cornered rat will fight for his life, Mr. Gordon."

"If you refuse I shall be reluctantly compelled to hand these papers over to our attorneys—reluctantly, I say, because you can serve me better just now out of jail than in it."

"It's an unfair advantage you're taking; at the worst, I am only an accessory. My principals will be here in a few days, and—"

"Precisely," was the cold rejoinder. "It is because your principals are coming home, and because they are not yet here, that I want your statement. Oblige me, if you please; my time is limited this morning."

There was no help for it, or none apparent to the fear-stricken; and for the twenty succeeding minutes the typewriter clicked monotonously in the small ante-room. Dyckman could hear his persecutor pacing the floor of the private office, and once he found himself looking about him for a weapon. But at the end of the writing interval he was handing the freshly-typed sheet to a man who was yet alive and unhurt.

Gordon sat down at his desk to read it, and again the roving eyes of the bookkeeper swept the interior of the larger rooms for the means to an end; sought and found not.

The eye-search was not fully concluded when Gordon pressed the electric-button which summoned the young man who kept the local books of the Chiawasee plant across the way. While he waited he saw the conclusion of the eye-search and smiled rather grimly.

"You'll not find it, Dyckman," he said, divining the desperate purpose of the other; adding, as an after-thought: "and if you should, you wouldn't have the courage to use it. That is the fatal lack in your make-up. It is what kept you from taking the train last night with the money belt which you emptied this morning. You'll never make a successful criminal; it takes a good deal more nerve than it does to be an honest man."

Hereupon the young man from the office across the pike came in, and Gordon handed a pen to Dyckman.

"I want you to witness Mr. Dyckman's signature to this paper, Dillard," he said, folding the confession so that it could not be read by the witness; and when the thing was done, the young man appended his notarial attestation and went back to his duties.

"Well," said Dyckman, when they were once more alone together. "That's all," said Gordon, curtly. "As long as you are discreet, you needn't lose any sleep over this. If you don't mind hurrying a little, you can make the 10:40 back to town."

Dyckman restraped his books and made a show of hastening. But before he closed the office door behind him he had seen Gordon place the typewritten sheet, neatly folded, on top of the thick packet, snapping an elastic band over the whole and returning it to its pigeonhole in the small safe.

(To be continued.)

Steel Superseding Wood.

The substitution of steel for wood goes steadily on. Beginning with January 1, or thereabouts, the National Lead Company will pack its white lead in steel kegs, having decided to abandon the use of wooden kegs. This innovation is made because the company has concluded that steel kegs will have many advantages over the wooden kegs. In the first place, the steel package does not absorb the oil from the lead as porous wooden packages do, and there is, therefore, no drying and caking of the lead around the edges, making it possible to remove every particle of white lead easily from the steel keg. The new steel kegs also will be much lighter, as well as being stronger than the wooden ones, and this will effect a saving in freight rates. Taking up less room than the wooden kegs, the new steel packages also will save storage space.

The Shah's Highway.

It is true we have some bad roads, but most of our highways compared with those of Persia would be as a paved street to a plowed field, says a correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

You would think that the keeping of the shah's highway would be one of the first cares of a state, yet so little attention has been given to this subject by the Persian government that there are not a dozen good wagon roads throughout the whole country.

The caravan routes are, except in a very few cases, merely trails. Not only are the wagon roads bad as well as scarce, but it is an astonishing fact that although Persia is one of the oldest of civilized states, a country comprising an area of 628,000 square miles and a population of 9,000,000, she has but six miles of railway.

Reducing the Hips with Toothpicks.

One of the newest and cleverest flesh reducing methods includes only toothpicks—and a teacup as its apparatus. "Stand close up to the wall somewhere," directs the exponent of this method, "first making sure that there is a high mantel shelf or other shelf so far above your head that the uplifted hand can just touch it. The toothpicks—fifty of them—are to be thrown on the floor just in front of the toes, and with one sweep of the body a toothpick is picked up and placed by a stretching of the arm, in the teacup which stands on the high shelf. This motion brings in the bending of the body at the waist, which reduces the abdomen, and the twisting of the torso, which makes the waist supple and slender and reduces the hips an inch a week.

One of the most ingenious French aviators is trying out a combined dirigible balloon and aeroplane, a cigar shaped gas bag helping to raise and support the machine.

LONG-AGO FASHIONS

Interesting Matter in Old Magazines.

The Delineator's First Illustrations Pictured Women Who Wore Hoop-skirts—Feminine Finery Expensive Then as Now.

It was to illustrate the fashions of 10 years ago that the Delineator was started. We may turn the yellowed pages of dusty magazines and find pictured there the women for whom these first Delineators were made.

The promenade of the day was along Broadway above Canal street. Here ultra-fashionable femininity walked with the mincing gait that was styled the "Grecian bend." They wore green gloves and carried green sun shades, "Metternich green," because the Princess Metternich had appeared at a ball at the Tuilleries in a dress of this hue. Little girls in gabrielle dresses and white Marseilles sun hats went by with their nurses. And among them the little girls who had come from the country were still wearing pantalettes. Matrons wore bonnets tied beneath their chins and modestly folded their shawls about them. Black lace shawls they had for summer, and paisley and cashmere shawls for colder weather. They paid for these all the way from \$50 to several hundred or a thousand. An imported point lace shawl was even quoted at \$3,000.

Oh, feminine finery could be expensive in those days as now! It is interesting to note the items which an old Delineator gives as the cost of a girl of the period: Boots, \$10; stockings, \$2; garters, 50 cents; silk underwear, \$20; satin corset, \$20; corset cover, \$12; chemise, \$20; cambric and steel hoops, \$20; puffed halcote panner, \$4; flannel underskirt, \$10; cambric underskirt, \$18; walking skirt next to hoop, \$8; over walking skirt, \$10; gloves, \$2.25; sun and snow shade in lace, \$125; velvet walking suit, lace and sable trimmed, \$1,000; hat, \$75; total, \$1,296.25.

But those undoubtedly were very high society figures, and higher because of the paper money of the day. Anyhow, the majority of the throng moving up and down lower Broadway bought their steel bustles at a dollar or less and their hoopskirts ranged in price from \$1 up to \$12. Their alpaca coats from 40 cents to \$1.25 a yard, English winseys from 37 cents to 75 cents, and French poplins, \$2.75 a yard. For their black silks they could pay from \$3 to as high as \$20 a yard. But a black silk "did" as a "best" dress for a lifetime.—Delineator.

All Off.

It was evident that the king was impatient. He strode to and fro across the throneroom and pulled impatiently at his whiskers, ever and anon indulging in a gesture that indicated something akin to anger. Summoning all his courage, the prime minister approached his royal master and asked: "What seems to be the trouble, your majesty?"

"As ye know," the king replied, "we have completed all arrangements for the baptism of the crown prince next Sunday."

"Yes, sire."

"Well, it's off. We shall have to postpone it for a week, and I have always believed that it was unlucky to postpone a christening."

"But, your majesty, there is no reason for delay. The arrangements are perfect. I have seen to them myself. Why not have the ceremony next Sunday, as planned?"

"Can't do it, confound the luck! The moving picture people have just sent word that they can't possibly be ready."

Banner Carried by Cortes.

In the National museum in Mexico City there is a very interesting relic of the Spanish conquest of this country known as the Banner of the Conquest. It is said to be the original standard carried by Cortes in his wars of conquest in the land of the Aztecs. This banner was for many years in the church of San Hipolito in Mexico City, where a solemn annual ceremony known as the "procession of the banner" was celebrated up to the year 1812.

The archbishop of Mexico, the viceroy and nobles and the church and state authorities and dignitaries took part in this ceremony, which consisted of the carrying in the state of the Banner of the Conquest.

As this was a commemoration of Spanish successes over the native Mexican races, there has been no desire to revive the ceremony since the independence of New Spain secured in 1821.

Disqualified.

"Very few photographers seem to enjoy having their own pictures taken," said the observer of human nature.

"That's true," replied the artist; "when a photographer gets through with all his exacting customers there's no use of telling him to assume an easy attitude and look pleasant."

A Bad Combination.

"What's the matter with your speeches?" inquired the orator. "The seasoning is wrong," replied the old campaigner. "You try to put so much ginger in them that they have to be taken with a grain of salt."

DEVELOPING LOVE OF ART

Have Children During Their School-days Acquire the Habit of Visiting Picture Galleries.

A small hassle was conducted by her mother on a tour of the Layton gallery and the established etiquette for art galleries in general was being included as a part of her instruction for the day. Standing before a particularly prosaic-looking canvas, she found it convenient to divert her mind by utilizing the brass railing as a trapeze—thereby developing the muscles of her back and arms.

"What are you doing?" the fond mother inquired. "Do you think this is a gymnasium? You don't come to an art gallery to swing on a railing. You come to look at the pictures. Stand up there, if you want to come again." The implied threat as a finally was effective so far that there was no question in the onlooker's mind as to the treat the little lady evidently regarded a visit to the gallery. That is the great point—to have children during their school-days acquire the habit of visiting picture galleries. Then it will be but a matter of time for the development of discriminative appreciation. That and real affection for the truly beautiful will follow logically.

FASHION HINTS



It is the easiest thing in the world to make this negligee, and it is a most becoming one.

Make it of warm, cozy flannel, or crepe de chine, challis or lawn; it is equally suitable for any of these materials.

The trimming may be plain or a bit fancy, if desired.

SHOWS SAGACITY OF SHEEP

Ewe's Care of Blind Lamb Proof They Are Not Devoid of Intelligence.

Sheep are not usually considered sagacious, but the following incident will show that they are not devoid of intelligence. A ewe gave birth to a lamb which was totally blind. The ewe soon realized that something was wanting in her off-spring, and bestowed especial care on it, so that it grew up a fine, healthy animal. One day the farmer was driving the ewes and lambs to a field of fresh pasture. On the way they had to cross a small river by a rude bridge that had no railing or defence of any kind at the side. The farmer forgot all about the blind lamb, but the mother ewe did not. On reaching the bridge she turned quickly round and, seizing her off-spring by the ear, walked slowly backward over the bridge, drawing the lamb after her and making a murmuring noise all the while. Nor did she quit her hold till safe on the other side, while the farmer looked on in amazement.

GENERAL FARM NOTES.

Daisies are a nuisance in as pasture.

Be careful not to churn the butter into a lump.

There is no pleasure or money in keeping unprofitable sheep.

Corn should contain sufficient moisture to pack well into the silo.

Something should be done to have the young pigs get plenty of exercise.

Always strain the cream into the churn to remove any particles of curd or dried cream.

Fall plowing for alfalfa is recommended by the best authorities where the seed is to be sown early in the spring.

A wire stretched across the barn behind the cows for a lantern is usually in evidence on well-manured farms.

Dandelions are not a weed when found in the pasture, because their medicinal qualities are very beneficial to live stock.

Bee-keeping, for those inclined that way, is certainly a well paying business, as there is less competition in raising bees and producing honey than in any other side line of farming.

New York Journalism.

"See this society belle about her rumored engagement." "Yes, sir." "If she admits it, get ten lines. If she denies it, get half a column and her photograph."

Hotel Room Card.

One Ring—Ten cents to the bell boy.

Two Rings—Fifteen cents to the chambermaid.

Three Rings—A quarter to the porter.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it. Get it today. In usual liquid form or in chocolate-coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

AS TOLD IN PLAIN ENGLISH

Real Truth About Young Man "Excelsior" Banner, and That Lamb of Mary's.

"Excelsior" is a poem about a young man who walked one evening through a village in the Alps. The hotel keeper stood in his doorway and told him the rooms were taken, but anyhow the young man knew he didn't have enough money for tips. So he went on. He carried a banner reading "Excelsior." The theory is that he was a drummer, an upholstery house and the other food he was a demented breakfast inventor. He was found one morning near the top of the mountain and his relatives were notified.

Mary had a lamb that she expected by overfeeding and coddling. She took it to school with her one eye and the lamb bothered the spelling class, so the teacher kicked it out of the front door. Not having any money for direction, it blatted around the schoolyard until finally the teacher sent Mary home with it and told her if she ever brought it again there would be trouble. Next spring Mary's father sold the lamb on the morning market.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Blue-Black the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A New Napoleon Statue. Gen. Niox recently discovered the State statue repository a bronze statue of Napoleon I by Servan, which the Invalides only possess as a plaster replica. Yesterday work commenced in the courtyard of the Invalides on the removal of the plaster statue, which is to be replaced in a few days by the bronze original—Paris Press.

Petit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807, over 100 years ago; sales increasing yearly; wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists. Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Depended on the Dog. A very small boy was trying to get a big St. Bernard dog up the neck. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by. "I'm going to see where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

Coroner's Verdict in India. For quaintness it would be hard to beat the verdict returned in India on a man whose fate it had been to sauge a tiger's appetite. "That fellow so died of tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death."

For That Heartburn and smothering sensation after eating you really ought to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It acts quickly, tones the stomach and aids digestion, thus removing the cause of the trouble. Always keep a bottle handy for just such cases. It is also for indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver troubles, Colic, Grippe and Malaria. Try it today.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTER

CELEBRATED

Boxing Children's Ears. Medical men are fully aware of the lamentable consequences that result from the pernicious habit of boxing children's ears or otherwise striking them on the head or face. Is, however, high time that parents and especially teachers, should be made acquainted with these results.

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Casanova's I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face and my food was not digested at all. Now I am entirely well and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Casanova's are just as advertised; I have taken two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Wyo.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Do Good. Never Sicken. Weakens or Hurts. 10c. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The only safe tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed pure or your money back.

TPISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE

FOR COUGHS & COLIC