

# The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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(Continued from Saturday.)

It was too dark for him to see the color that was slowly mounting to her face.

"Constance, I don't believe you," he cried.

"I was not sure you were coming," Constance said weakly.

"You might have known that I'd come back—that I couldn't stay away." "Don't you think you have been a long time in making that discovery?" "Well, yes, but when I saw your father—"

"What did papa say to you?" with keen suspicion in her tones.

"You mustn't blame him, Constance. It was not so much what he said as what he didn't say. I never knew any one to be quite so ostentatious about what was left unsaid."

Constance freed her hand and, shrinking into a corner, covered her face. She had a painful realization of the direction those confidences must have

you'd surely look back, and then you would have known?"

"My darling!"

The carriage had drawn up to the Emory's gate.

Dan jumped out and gave Constance his hand. Off in the distance they heard the band. Constance paused and rested her hand gently on Oakley's arm.

"Hark! Do you hear?"

"I wish they'd stop their confounded nonsense," said Dan.

"No, you can't stop them," delightedly. "Antioch feels a sense of proprietorship. But do you hear the music, Dan?"

"Yes, dear. It's the band."

"Of course it's the band. But do you know what it is playing?"

Oakley shook his head dubiously. She gave his arm a little pat and laughed softly.

"It might be difficult to recognize it, but it's the bridal march from 'Lohengrin.'"

"If they stick to that I don't care, Constance."

And side by side they went slowly and silently up the path to the house.

THE END.

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"Well, young feller," ignoring Baptiste and speaking to the minister, "you'd better put on my big coat an' all the other warm stuff we can scare up. Better freeze comfortable long's you're bound to freeze. An' don't let that half breed push you on too fast. We don't want no remains on our hands even if Seth has broke his leg."

The young minister smiled.

"This costume is all I need, thank you, Mr. Herkamer," he said reassuringly. "I had it made especially for this sort of work, and it is very warm. I do not like heavy wraps for hard walking; the exercise is better. If the wind is hard or the cold becomes very severe I have a hood which I can draw over my head and shoulders. Now, Baptiste, about the route. Is this ravine you speak of a plain trail? Would a greenhorn like me be likely to lose his way?"

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"Well, we must remember that a man is waiting in urgent need of help and that a barrier is liable to block any trail. We must take no chances. You go roun' by the hill, and I will take the ravine with a lantern. I am used to climbing and can probably get through without any trouble."

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When they turned toward the door the rest accompanied them. Baptiste bent his head to the storm and plunged stolidly away to the hill route; the minister waited for a few directions from Herkamer, then he strode out into the gathering darkness toward the ravine.

"Do you think there's any chance at all of his making it?" asked Herkamer in a troubled voice as they turned back into the cabin.

"Chance," echoed the doctor, with a curious ring in his voice, "of course I do. That young fellow is small only in size. Why, he's climbed half the mountains in Europe and likes nothing better than a tough wrestle like this to help somebody. It's the best job I ever did for the neighborhood, getting him here. I was afraid I couldn't, for he has plenty of money and only took to the ministry through love for the work. I thought he'd want a softer place; but, no, he actually seemed pleased when I asked him to come out to our wild country. Of course he'll make it."

And he did, but with a sheer force of will that made it linger for many a long year about the neighborhood fire-alarm as a story of pluck and endurance, and when he stood in the pulpit the next Sabbath, with one arm in a sling and his face still pale from the journey, there was not one in the rough audience but listened with respectful and earnest attention. And later, when they crowded about him to shake hands after service, it was not an effeminate, boyish figure they saw, but a brave, strong man to whom all were more than pleased to pay homage.



"There he is! There's Oakley!"

taken between her father, who only desired her happiness, and the candid Oakley, who only desired her love.

"Was there any use in my coming? You must be fair with me now. It's too serious a matter for you not to be."

"You think I was not fair once?"

"I didn't mean that, but you have changed."

"For the better, Mr. Oakley?"

"Ininitely," with blunt simplicity.

"You haven't changed a scrap. You are just as rude as you ever were."

Dan cast a hurried glance from the window.

"Constance, we won't have much more time to ourselves; we are almost home. Won't you tell me what I have come to hear—that you do care for me and will be my wife? You know that I love you. But you mustn't send me from you a second time without hope."

"I shouldn't think you would care about me now. I wouldn't care about



"My darling!"

you if you had been as unworthy as I have been," her voice faltered. "I might have shown you that I, too, could be brave, but I let the opportunity pass, and now, when every one is proud—"

"But I do care. I care a great deal, for I love you just as I have loved you from the very first."

She put out both her hands.

"If you had only looked back when you left the house that day you told me you cared—"

"What, Constance?"

"I was at the window. I thought

## The New Minister

By Frank H. Sweet

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"HE'S come," said old Herkamer as he came into the kitchen and began to unload himself of the packages which he had brought from the trading post ten miles away, "an' now I reckon the next thing will be for him to go. We ain't waited five years for a meetin' house just to carry it on as a nursery now we've got it. I don't see what Dr. Brown was thinkin' on."

"Is he very young?" asked Mrs. Herkamer, transferring the packages to a small cupboard fastened against the legs of the cabin wall.

"Young!" and old Herkamer's grim face seemed yet grimmer as it peered out through the small triangle formed by his down drawn cap and big, up-turned collar. "He's younger'n our Seth, an' he couldn't speak 'em words to folks lookin' at him to save his life. What we want is a tough, hard headed man who knows our ways an' can put up with 'em. This feller's store made an' soft. I could see that soon's the doctor introduced him. I wouldn't be surprised if he shayed every day, an' cleaned his nails an' 'ba-th-ed,' drawing out the word derisively. "Huh! What can a feller like that do with our young men? S'pose he had to tramp ten miles through a Dakota blizzard to say pra'r's over a remains; s'pose he'd meet a fightin' grizzly in the forest; s'pose some of our high spirited boys got to chaffin' him in their 'bar' cub way! Say, what'd he do then?" And without waiting for what he thought an impossible answer to his comments old Herkamer turned back to care for his team and to hasten his evening chores in anticipation of a gathering storm.

When he again appeared and was emerged from the depths of his greatcoat his mind still seemed to be harking back to his day's discontent, for he went on:

"Ain't old's our Seth, no; an' ain't more'n five feet four an' has hands soft's a baby. Huh! Our old minister where we come from had hands like the bark of an old hick'ry an' could chew terbacney an' wrestle with a grizzly an' pitch a man through a window when he got cussed. That's the sort we need here. How sense comes 'fore book sense, an' hard hands 'fore p'fiteeness. That's my iden."

He drew a stool to the fireplace and spread his hands out over the blaze with thawing satisfaction. One by one the grim lines of his face softened and mellowed under the fire's influence, and presently he turned half round toward his wife, who was preparing supper.

"Of course we needn't say anything like this outside," he observed, half apologetically. "The boy ain't to blame for what he is, an' the doctor got him here. An' farder," still mellowing, "we won't be hard on the doctor either. He's our nearest neighbor an' generally does things pretty sensible. We can pass over a slip now an' then. An' that reminds me," turning entirely round, "the doctor said he'd bring him over this evenin' if it didn't storm too hard, an' if it did they'd likely be round tomorret. The boy seemed s'pry an' good natured an' said he wanted to visit everybody an' get acquainted. We'll treat him right's we can, for he won't be here many days. Poor little feller! He don't realize how soon the boys'll run him out. You might save the wild turkey I shot yesterday, Liza, an' that's plenty of venison. We'll treat him right."

Outside they could hear the sounds of the approaching storm, and Herkamer went to the windows and door and fastened them more securely.

"The doctor won't bring him out to-night," he said as he resumed his stool

new! Probably the boy had never had on such clothes before in his life. It was masquerading, trying to appear what he was not.

At this moment came a stambling outside and an ineffectual groping for the latch string, then an "Open de do! I say, open de do!"

Herkamer sprang forward to comply, and as the door swung back a short, squat figure half fell into the room.

"The half breed!" ejaculated Herkamer, forgetting to shut the door in his consternation. "What's up, Baptiste? Where's Seth?"

"Busted," responded Baptiste, throwing out his arms dramatically. "Tree fall on shanty, break 't'rou. Seth busted, me—Baptiste—busted too. Come for help, med'cine—rub on."

"Not dead!" gasped Mrs. Herkamer, her face whitening. "Seth ain't dead?"

"This brought the half breed to his senses."

"Non, on'y jes' busted," he reassured her. "Leg hurt so can't walk. Me—Baptiste—busted, too; finger broke. Come for med'cine—rub on. Ain't busted bad, non."

With trembling hands Mrs. Herkamer produced some bottles and bandages from the cupboard; her husband reached for his greatcoat.

"We must hurry back to him," he cried. "If his leg's broke it must be attended to at once. You'll have to excuse me," to his guests.

Baptiste raised his squat figure to its full height.

"No good you go," he declared sturdily, "bad way 't'rou' ravine. F'ot-ten mile me come, all time fallin' an' climbin'; take five, six hour. You no strong like young man. Better me go 'long. Go two time quick. Leg broke, want look out for soon. Me fix him, den we stay two 'tree day an' come home all right. Bes' way."

"The half breed's right," said Dr. Brown. "If the leg's broken it needs looking after at once, and Baptiste is just as good at that work as I am. Two old fellows like us, Herkamer, would only be a drag on Baptiste's progress."

But old Herkamer paid not the least notice. He was resolutely humping his shoulders into his greatcoat when he felt a light touch upon his arm.

"You had better stay here, Mr. Herkamer," the young minister said quietly.



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He strode out into the gathering darkness.

ly. "Your son is in need of help which should reach him just as speedily as possible. I am used to this sort of thing and am young and strong; besides I have some little knowledge of medicine. Mr. Baptiste and I can do all that is necessary." He buttoned his coat and turned to the half breed, who had been listening with open derision. But somehow, when Baptiste met the straight gaze of this young fellow, the

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9:45 a. m.	Coquille.
Arrive 10:30 a. m.	Myrtle Point.
No. 2.	Trains.
Daily	Stations.
Except Sunday.	
Leave 10:45 a. m.	Myrtle Point.
10:30 a. m.	Coquille.
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- DR. HAYDON Office opposite Union Furniture Store. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 5. Special attention paid to diseases of the skin, urinary and digestive organs. U. S. Pension examiner. Marshfield, Oregon.
- DR. J. W. INGRAM, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store. Phones—Office 1621; residence 783.
- B. M. RICHARDSON, Physician and Surgeon. Diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat a specialty. Office in Eldorado Block.
- Lawyers.
- E. L. C. FARRIN, Attorney-at-Law. City Attorney, Deputy Dist. Att'y. Lockhart Building, Marshfield, Ore Phone 44.
- J. M. UPTON, Attorney-at-Law. Marshfield, Oregon.
- J. W. BENNETT, Office over Flanagan & Benett Bank. Marshfield, Oregon.
- C. F. McKNIGHT, Attorney-at-Law. Upstairs, Bennett & Walter block. Marshfield, Oregon.
- J. W. SNOVER, Attorney-at-Law. Office: Rogers building. Marshfield, Oregon.
- COKE & COKE, Attorney-at-Law. Marshfield, Oregon.
- PIXLEY & MAYBEE, Attorneys-at-Law. Office over Myers' Store, Phone 701 . . . North Bend, Ore.
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