

Page Building. Phone Black 2253. Astoria, Oregon.

PROPRIETORS.

John T. Eister, "Felix"

Catering to the Discriminating Public Exclusively.

THEY'RE GOOD, DAY OR NIGHT. "FELIX" Expert Masseux, Late With Demareux, New York City.

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON, Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

RIGHT, 1905, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER III.

THE door which Ariel had entered opened upon a narrow hall, and down this she ran to her own room, passing, with face averted, the entrance to the broad, low ceilinged chamber that had served Roger Tabor as a studio for almost fifty years.

Then as his eyes wandered about the many canvases which leaned against the dingy walls he sighed again. Usually they showed their brown backs, but today he had turned them all to face outward.

After a time the old man got up, went to his easel near a window and, sighing again, began patiently to work upon one of these failures—a portrait in oil of a savage old lady, which he was doing from a photograph.

He sank back in his chair, conscious for the first time of how tired he had grown. "I suppose so," he said, "though it seemed to me I was just getting my hand in."

"I'm sure of it. Those people ought to be very proud to have it." She came to him quietly, took the palette and brushes from his hands and began to clean them, standing in the shadow he hid him.

"No, no!" she protested quickly. "Yes, they do, and I wondered if it was only because you were young. But those I did when I was young are almost the same as the ones I paint now."

"Perhaps we will. You can't tell what may happen." It was always her reply to this cry of his. "You're young, you're young." He smiled indulgently. "What were you doing all this afternoon, child?"

"Tonight?" "Mamie Pike invited me to a dance at their house." "Very well. I'm glad you're going to be gay," he said, not seeing the faintly

and he's bought some books of his own. "Well, perhaps," he assented, "but they say he gambles and drinks and that last week Judge Pike threatened to have him arrested for throwing dice with some negroes behind the Judge's stable."

"What of it? I'm about the only nice person in town that will have anything to do with him—and nobody except you thinks I'm very nice!" "Ariel! Ariel!" "I know all about his gambling with dardies," she continued excitedly, her voice rising, "and I know that he goes to saloons and that he's an intimate friend of half the riffraff in town. And I know the reason for it, too, because he's told me. He wants to know them, to understand them, and he says some day they'll make him a power, and then he can help them."

"Only to take me. It may be late when I come away—if a good many should ask me to dance for once. Of course I could come home alone. But Joe Loudon is going to sort of hang around outside, and he'll meet me at the gate and see me safe home." "Oh!" he exclaimed blankly. "Isn't it all right?" "I think I'd better come for you," he answered gently. "The truth is, I—I think you'd better not be with Joe Loudon a great deal."

"Why?" "Well, he doesn't seem a vicious boy to me, but I'm afraid he's getting rather a bad name, my dear." "He's not getting one," she said gravely. "He's already got one. He's had a bad name in Canaan for a long while. It grew in the first place out of shabbiness and mischief, but it did grow, and if people keep on giving him a bad name the time will come when he'll live up to it. He's not any worse than I am, and I guess my own name isn't too good—for a girl. And yet, so far, there's nothing against him except his bad name."

"I'm afraid there is," said Roger. "It doesn't look very well for a young man of his age to be doing no better than delivering papers." "It gives him time to study law," she answered quickly. "If he clerked all day in a store he couldn't." "I didn't know he was studying now. I thought I'd heard that he was in a lawyer's office for a few weeks last year and was turned out for setting fire to it with a pipe!" "It was an accident," she interposed. "But some pretty important papers were burned, and after that none of the other lawyers would have him."

"He's not in an office," she admitted. "I didn't mean that. But he studies a great deal. He goes to the courts all the time they're in session."

"But I think it is a little because you mustn't come with Joe," he answered, "especially from the Pikes. Don't you see that it mightn't be well for Joe himself if the judge should happen to see him? I understand he warned the boy to keep away from the neighborhood entirely or he would have him locked up for dice throwing. The judge is a very influential man, you know, and as determined in matters like this as he is irritable."

"Oh, if you put it on that ground," the girl replied, her eyes softening, "I think you'd better come for me yourself." "Very well, I put it on that ground," he returned, smiling upon her. "Then I'll send Joe word and get supper," she said, kissing him.

It was the supper hour not only for them, but everywhere in Canaan, and the cold air of the streets bore up and down and around corners the smell of things frying. The dining room windows of all the houses threw bright patches on the snow of the side yards. The windows of other rooms, except those of the kitchens, were dark, for the rule of the place was Puritanical in thrift, as in all things, and the good housekeepers disputed every record of the meters with unhappy gas collectors.

There was no better housekeeper in town than Mrs. Loudon, nor a thrifter, but hers was one of the few houses in Canaan that evening which showed bright lights in the front rooms while the family were at supper. It was proof of the agitation caused by the arrival of Eugene that she forgot to turn out the gas in her parlor and in the chamber she called a library on her way to the evening meal.

Joe escaped as soon as he could, though not before the count of his later sins had been set before Eugene in detail, in mass and in all of their depth, breadth and thickness. His father spoke but once after nodding heavily to confirm all points of Mrs. Loudon's recital.

"You better use any influence you've got with your brother," he said to Eugene, "to make him come to time. I can't do anything with him. If he gets in trouble, he needn't come to me! I'll never help him again. I'm tired of it!"

Joe's movements throughout the earlier part of that evening are of uncertain report. It is known that he made a partial payment of 45 cents at a secondhand book store for a number of volumes, "Grindstaff on Torts" and some others, which he had negotiated on the installment system. It is also believed that he won 28 cents playing seven-up in the little room behind Louie Farbach's bar, but these things are of little import compared to the established fact that at 11 o'clock he was one of the ball guests at the Pike mansion. He took no active part in the festivities, nor was he one of the dancers. His was, on the contrary, the role of a quiet observer. He lay stretched at full length upon the floor of the inclosed porch—one of the strips of canvas was later found to have been loosened—wedged between the outer railing and a row of palms in green tubs.

It was not to play eavesdropper that the uninvited Joe had come. He was not there to listen, and it is possible that had the curtains of other windows afforded him the chance to behold the dance he might not have risked the dangers of his present position. He had not the slightest interest in the whispered coquetries that he heard. He watched only to catch now and then over the shoulders of the dancers a furtive glimpse of a pretty head that tilted across the window—the amber hair of Mamie Pike. He shivered in the drafts, and the floor of the porch was cement, painful to elbow and knee, the space where he lay cramped and narrow, but the golden bubbles of her hair, the shimmer of her dainty pink dress and the fluffy wave of her lace scarf as she crossed and recrossed in a waltz left him apparently in no discontent. He watched with parted lips, his pale cheeks reddening whenever those fair glimpses were his. At last she came out to the veranda with Eugene and sat upon a little divan, so close to Joe that, daring wildly in the shadow, he reached out a trembling hand and let his fingers rest upon the end of her scarf, which had fallen from her shoulders and touched the floor. She sat with her back to him, as did Eugene.

"You have changed, I think, since last summer," he heard her say reflectively. "For the worse, ma chérie?" Joe's expression might have been worth seeing when Eugene said "ma chérie," for it was known in the Loudon household that Mr. Bantry had failed to pass his examination in the French language. "No," she answered. "But you have seen so much and accomplished so much since then. You have become so polished and so"—She paused and then continued: "But perhaps I'd better not say it. You might be offended."

"No. I want you to say it," he returned confidently, and his confidence was fully justified, for she said: "Well, then, I mean that you have become so thoroughly a man of the world. Now I've said it! You are offended, aren't you?" "Not at all; not at all," replied Mr. Bantry, preventing by a masterful effort his pleasure from showing in his face.

"Then I'm—glad," she whispered, and Joe saw his stepbrother touch her hand, but she rose quickly. "There's the music," she cried happily. "It's a waltz, and it's yours." Joe heard her little high heels tapping gayly toward the window, followed by the heavier tread of Eugene, but he did not watch them go. He lay on his back, with the hand that had touched Mamie's scarf pressed across his closed eyes. The music of the waltz was of the old fashioned swingingly sorrowful sort, and it would be hard to say how long it was after that before he could bear the air played without a recurrence of the bitterness of that moment. The rhythmic pathos of the violins was in such accord with a faint sound of weeping which he heard near him presently that for a little while he believed this sound to be part of the music and part of himself. Then it became more distinct, and he raised himself on one elbow to look about. Very close to him, sitting upon the divan in the shadow, was a girl wearing a dress of beautiful silk. She was crying softly, her face in her hands.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Tetter, Salt Rheum and Eczema. These are diseases for which Chamberlain's Salve is especially valuable. It quickly allays the itching and smarting and soon effects a cure. Price 25 cents. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.