



a robust negro who was plowing the c.rn, which in paralol rows stretched on to the main road a quarter of a mile distant.

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly, but the atmosphere had dropped a dim veil over the nearby mountain. Even the two storied farmhouse, with its veranda and white columns, to which the field road led up gradual slope, showed only its out no attention to me that I quit right lines. However, Alan Bishop, as he off. A man ought to steadled his gaze upon the house, saw his own judgment." the figure of an elderly woman come

out of the gate and with a quick step hurry down to him. It was his mother She was tail and angular and had high check bones and small blue eyes. She had rather thin gray hair, which was wound into a knot behind her hend, and over it she wore only a small red breakfast shawl, which she held in place by one of her long hands.

she said, panting from her brisk walk, "I want you to come to the house right off. Mr. Trabue has come to see yore pa again, an' I can't do a thing with 'im

"Well, what does he want with him?" asked the young man. His glance was on the plowman and his horse. They had turned the far end of the corn row and were coming back, only the nod-ding head of the animal being visible beyond a little rise.

'He's come to draw up the paper fer another land trade yore pa's mak-in'. He's the lawyer fer the Tompkins



"Listen to nothin'," thundered Bishop. estate. Yore pa tried to buy the land a yeer ago, but it wasn't in shape to dispose of. Oh, Alan, don't you see he's goin' to ruin us with his fool no-

me he owns mighty near every stick of timber land in the Cohutta valley, field road giving directions to an' what he has he got at the bottom figure."

"If it ever turns his way," said Alan. "But do you see any prospect of its ever doing so, Mr. Trabue?

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "I never bet on another man's trick, my boy, and I never throw cold water on the plans of a speculator. I used to when I was about your age, but I saw so many of 'em get rich by paying off. A man ought to be allowed to use

Old Bishop was evidently not hear ing a word of this conversation, being wholly absorbed in studying the details of the deed before him. "I reckon it's all right," he finally said. "You say the Tompkins children are all of nge?"

"Yes, Effie was the youngest." answered Trabue, "and she stepped over the line last Tuesday. There's her signature in black and white. The deed's all right. I don't draw up any other sort."

Alan went to his father and leaned over him. "Father," he said softly and yet with firmness, "I wish you'd not set hastily in this deal. You ought to consider mother's wishes, and she is

nearly distracted over it." Bishop was angry. His massive, clean shaven face was red. "I'd like corn in the bottom jest now an' rooted to know what I'd consult her fer," he about as many acres as Pole Bak-said. "In a matter o' this kind a wom. or's plowed all day. Ef they'd a-rooted an's about as responsible as a suckin'

baby." Trabue laughed heartily. "Well, 1 reckon it's a good thing your wife didn't hear that or she'd show you whether she was responsible or not. I of 'em root-when they root at all-fer anybody but the'rse'ves. Well, Fil gi that off my tongue before my wife along to my room." would 'a' knocked me clean through

that wall." Alfred Bishop seemed not to care for evity during business hours, for he greeted this remark only with a frown. He scanned the paper again and said, Well, of that's any flaw in this i reckon you'll make it right."

"Oh, yes, I'll make any mistake of mine good," returned Trabue, "The paper's all right." "You see," said Alan to the lawyer,

"mother and I think father has al ready more of this sort of property than he can carry, and"-"I wish you and yore mother 'd let my business alone," broke in Bishop, firing up again. "Trabue heer knows I've been worryin' 'im for the last two

shape. Do you reckon after he gets it that away I want to listen to yore two Hardeway come heer to spend a week ngues a-waggin' in open opposition an' Alf thar an' Betsy split over buyin Trabue rubbed his hands together.

'it really don't make a bit of difference to me, Alan, one way or the you noticed that fancy contraption in other," he said pacifically. "I'm only acting as attorney for the Tompkins estate and get my fee whether there's the door one mornin', an' when Betsy, a transfer or not. That's where I stand in the matter." in feer an' trembiln', told 'im what it was for he mighty nigh had a fit.)

"Bot it's not whar I stand in it. Mr. Trabue," said a firm voice in the door, hangin' the'r corts an' hats on good, way. It was Mrs. Bishop, her blue stout nalls an' pegs, an' as fer them flashing, her face pale and rigid umbrella pans to ketch the drip, he said they

you must listen to' "Listen to nothin'," thundered Bisi

op, half riding from his chair. "No-hody axed you two to put h. It's my business; au' I'm a-goin' to attend to it. I believe I'm doin' the right thing, an' that settles it.' "The right thing," meaned the old

woman os she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "Mr. Trabae," she went on flereely, "when that factory stock leaves our hands we that factory stock leaves our hands we won't have a single thing to our names that will bring in a cent of income. You kin see how bad it is on a woman who has worked as hard to do fer her didn't better matters in than overly

stock for a weddin' gift of she ever married, an' Alan was to have the lowwe have to give the girl-nothin' but thousands o' acres o' hills, mountains an' guiches full o' bear, wildcats an' catamounts-land that it ud break any

young couple to hold on to, much less put to any use. Oh, I feel perfectly sick over it! There was a heavy, dragging step in the hall, and a long, lank man of six-

ty or sixty-five years of age paused in the doorway. He had no beard except a tuft of gray hair on his chin, and his teeth, being few and far between, gave to his cheeks a hollow appearance. He was Abner Daniel, Mrs. Bishop's bach-is cycs-"I was jest a wonderin," as he began to take his shaggy hair straight down to his cycs-"I was jest a wonderin," of clor brother, who lived in the family. "Hello!" he exclaimed, shifting a big

quid of tobacco from one check to the other. "Plottin' agin the whites? Ef you are, I'll decamp, as the feller said when the bull yeerlin' butted 'im in the small o' the back. How are you, Mr. Trabue? Have they run you out o' town fer some o' yore legal rascality?"

"I reckon your sister thinks it's rascality that's brought me out today," laughed the lawyer. "We are on a little land deal." "Oh, well, I'll move on," said Abne

Daniel. "I jest wanted to tell Alan that Rigg's hogs got into his young

in straight rows an' not gone too nigh the stalks, they mought 'a' done the crap more good than harm, but the'r nim or intention, one or t'other, was bad. Folks is that away. Mighty few

"Don't go, Brother Ab," pleaded his sister." "I want you to he'p me stand

up fer my rights. Alfred is about to swap our cotton mill stock fer some more wild mountain land." In spite of his natural tendency to turn everything into a jest-even t serious things of life-the sallow fa

of the tall man lengthened. He stare into the faces around him for a me ment; then a slow twinkle dawned his eye. "I've never been knowed to take side in any connubial tussle yet," he said

Trabue in dry tone. "Alf may no know what he's about right now, but he's Solomon hisse'f compared to a feller that will undertake to settle a dispute betwist a man an' his wifeconths to get the property in salable more especially the wife. Geewhillkins! I never shall forget the time old Ja. a hatrack for the hall. Betsy had seed

ishness an' help me 'n the children out

both all the advice I kin.

listen to you."

hers glits good."

one over at Mason's at the campgroup. an' determined she'd have one. Maybe the hall as you come in. Well, Alf seed a nigger unloadin' it from a wagon at

said his folks never had been above hangin' the'r costs an' hats on good, he, too, went out. CHAPTER II.

LAN found his uncle A back porch washing his face and hands in a basin on the $S \sim 1$ water shelf. The young man leaned against one of the wooden posts which supported the low roof of the

the puffing, sputtering operation, which he finally did by enveloping his head en roller on the weatherboarding "Well," he laughed, "yore uncle Ab

children as I have. Mr. Bishop always said Adele, who is visitin' her uncle's family in Atlanta, should have that anyway. Yore ma's wastin' breath; er half of this farm. Now, what would it to spare. A woman's tongue's like but a woman seems to have plenty a a windmill-it takes breath to kcep it a-goin', an' a dead clam 'ud will be business."

"It's no laughing matter, Uncle Ab, said Alan despondently, "Samethin: must have gone wrong with father' judgment. He never has acted the way before."

The old man dropped the towel and thrust his long, almost jointless finger into his vest pocket for a horn count which folded up like a jackknife.

his eyes-"I was jest a wonderin' ef he could 'a' bent his , ull in a lift that time his mule th'owed 'hn ag'h the sweet gum. They say that offer changes a body powerful. Folks



"It's no laughing matter, Uncle Ab."

think he's off his cazip on the land question, an' now that he's traded his best nest egg fer another swipe o' the earth's surface I reckon they'll tails harder. But yore pa ain't no fool. No plumb idiot could 'a' managed yore an as well as he has. You see, I know what he's accomplished, fer I've been with 'im ever since they was yoked' together. When they was married, she was as wild as a buck an' certainly made our daddy walk a chalk line, but Alfred has tapered 'er down beautiful She didn't want this thing done onbit, an' yet it is settled by this time"the old man looked through the hall to the front gate-"yes, Trabae's unhitchin'. He's got them stock certificates it his pocket, an' yore pa has the deeds in his note case. When this gits out, mossbacks from heer clean to Gilmer

'Il be trapsin' in to dispose o' land at so

be started inside of the pext yeer au il run smack dab through my property. Thar now! You know more's you thought you did, don't you?" The fittle group stared buto his glowa face incredulously.

"A railroad is to be built, father?" exclaimed Alun.

"That's what I said." Mrs. Bishop's eyes flashed with sudden hope, and then, as if remembering her husband's limitations, her face fell,

"Affred." she asked skeptically, "how does it happen that you know about the railroad before other folks does?" "How do 1? That's it now-how do

1?" and the old man haughed freely. "I've had my fun out o' this thing, listenin' to what every crank said about me bein' cracked an' so on, but I was jest a-lyin' low waitin' fer my time."

"Well, I'll be switched" ejaculated Abner Daniel, half seriously, half sarcastically. "Geewhillkins! A railroad! I've always said one would pay like afeerd o' nothin'. Tompkins looked like he was afeerd Mosely 'ud call 'im back rips an' open up a dern good, God fersaken country. I'm glad you are an' want to rue." a-goin' to start one, Alfred."

Alan's face was filled with an exression of blended doubt and pity for his father's credulity. "Father," be said gently, "are you sure you got your information straight?"

"I got it from beadquarters." The old man raised himself on his toes and knocked his heels together, a habit he had not indulged in for many a year. "It was told to me confidentially by a man who knows all about the whole thing, a man who is in the employ the company that's goin' to build it." "Huh!" The exchanation was Ab-

ner Daniel's, "Do you mean that Atanta inwver, Perkins?"

Bishop stared, his month lost some of its pleased firmness, and he ceased he motion of his feet.

"What made you mention his name?" e asked eurlously.

He descended the steps and crossed "Oh, I dunno. Somehow I jest thought o' him. He looks to me like the yard to the barn. They saw him he mought be buildly' a railroad ur lean over the rail fence for a moment as if in troubled thought. "Poor father," said Alan to his uncle

"Well, that's the man I mean," said Bishop, more uneasily, Somehow the others were all looking at Abner Daniel, who grunted sudden-

"I wouldn't trust that skunk no fur ler 'n I could fling a bull by the tail." You say you wouldn't?' Bishop fried to units, but the effort was a fa

Ab." chimed in Mrs. Bishop. "As soon as I hid eyes on 'inr I knowed he wouldn't do. He's too menly monthed in' fawilla'. Batter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He bragged on ever'thing we had while he was heer. Now, Alfred, what we must git at is, what was

"Object?", thundered her husband astne his tenaper in the face of the aw ful possibility that her words hinted "Are you all a pack an' passle o at.

fools? If you must dive an' probe then I'll tell you he owns a slice of timber hand above Holley creek, f'inin' ome o' mine, att' so he let me into the meret out o' puore good will. Oh, you all cayn't skeer me. I ain't one o' the skeerin' kind."

But, notwithstanding this outburst it was plain that doubt had actually taken root in the ordinarily cautious

mind of the crude speculator. Abuer Daniel hughed out harshly all at mee and then was slient. "What's the matter?" asked his sister in despair

"I was jest a-wonderin'," replied her brother.

"You are?" said Bishop angrily. "It cents to me you don't do much else." "Folks 'at wonders a lot ain't so apt to believe ever'thing they heer." retorted Abner. "I was just a-wonderin" why that little, spindle shanked Peter

posed trunk line due west vy ah Lick INTERESTING skillet to Darley, with stop over privi-leges at Buzzard Roost an' fifteen min utes fer hash at Dog Trot Spring FACTS

Then, somehow or other, by hook or crook-mostly crook-Abe Tompkins wasn't dodgin' anybody about that time. Peter Mosely could 'a' run agin 'hn with his eves shut on a dark night. "I was at Neil Filmore's store when the two met, an' ef a trade was eve made quicker betwixt two folks it was done by telegraph an' the paper was signed by lightnin'. Abe said he had the land an' wouldn't part with it at any price of he hedn't been had in need oney, for he believed it was chuck full o' iron ore, soapstone, black marble an' water power, to say nothin' o' tim-Pullman Palace Steeping and Chair Car on through trains. ber; but ho'd been troubled so much about cash, he said, that he'd made up his mind to let 'er slide an' the devil take the contents. I never seed two

whar you stand. You've loaded yore

se'f from hind to fore quarters, an' ef

you don't plant yore feet on some't

Bishop clutched this proposition as a

drowning man would a straw. "Well,

to satisfy you. As fer as I'm concerned

mean our ruin-absolute ruin."

Daniel. "Thar's no tellin' how man,

thousand scres he may have bough.

He's keeply ' somethin' to hisse'f. I re-

member jest when that durn skunk of

a lawyer put that flea in his yeer. They

was at Hanson's mill an' talked con-

fidential together mighty nigh all mora-

In'. But let's not cross a bridge tell we

git to it. Let's talk about some'n el.a.

an' talked to 'er." "Did you, Uncle Ab?" The face o

"Yes. I'd hitched in the wagon yard

an' run into Hazen's drugstore to git a

box o' axle grease an' was comin' out

with the durn stuff under my arm

when I run upon 'er a settin' in a bug-

gy whith' to git a clerk to fetch 'er

out a glass o' sody water. She recog-

was eager and expectant.

will go see "im," he said. "I'll go jest

into words.

you'll go down."

are satisfied."

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte. parties to a deal better satisfied. They both left the store with a strut. Mos ly's strut was the biggest, fer he wasn't

order to obtain this first class service ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

then people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service

they naturally want the best service obtrimble as far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employ-ees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

"You mean to say"- But old Bishop seemed unable to put his growing fear THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' fer cer tain," said Abner Daniel sympa-thetically, "but of I was you I'd go Direct connections at Chicago and Mil wankee for all Eastern points. down to Atlanta an' see Perkins. You

For full information call on your marent ticket agent, or write kin tell by the way he acts whether that's anything in his railroad story or not. But, by gum, you ort to know

Jas C. POND, or Jas. A. CLOC S, Gen. Pas. Agt., General Agent, Milwankee, Wis. 246 Stark

PORTLAND MARKEIS. Reri and to Date.

I know he wasn't tellin' me no lie, but I reckon you all never 'll rest till you Wheat-Walla Walla, 78c; bluestem,

Whent- walley, Soc. Flour-best grades, \$3 60 @3 85 per barrel; graham, \$3 35 @\$3 76. Oats-No.1 white, \$1 07@\$1 10 ; gray

Oats-No.1 white, \$1 07@\$1 10; gray
\$1 05 per cental.
Barley-Feed, \$20 per ton; brewing \$21 rolled, \$21, 21 50 per ton.
Millstoffs-Bran, \$23;a ton; middling;
\$27; shorts, \$23;chop, \$18.
Hay-Timothy, old \$20; new \$14 @15; as his mother retired slowly into the

house, "He seems troubled, and it may "It ain't so triffin' matter." admitted

lover, nominal; grain, \$12; cheat, nor

Butter-Fancy creamery, 20@221c per incy, nominal; store, 16cd 17 perpound. Ergs-Oregon ranch, 19@20e. Cheese-Full cream twins, 14@16e:

Young American, 15c per pound ; factory prices 16011c less, Poultry-Chickens, mixed, 1160111c per

10, hense 114 @ 12c, broilers 2 adozen ; fryers, 14 @ 15c, ducks, 4@450 per doz ; geese 5@650, turkeys, live 10@12c per haln't never had a chance to tell you, but I seed that gas in town yesterday

ound. Hogs-Gross, heavy \$5.50@5.75; ressed, 75ge per pound. Veal-Small, 8c per pound; large, 6@ the young man brightened. His tone

Beef-Gross to: steers, \$3.75 @4 25;

Hops-17@18c per pound, Wool-Valley17@18c;Eastern Oregon,

2015; mohair, 350/37/c per pound. Potatoes-Oregon 750/80c per sack. Onions-Silverskins 1 150/1 25/ er sack.



ly and almost angrity. cial future, "I wouldn't trust "im author, Brother

his object in tellin' you that tale."

to me as pleasin

all about are a-laughin at him fer buyin' so much useless mountain land. I'm powerful afeerd his mind is wrong."

"Well, mother, what could I do?" Alan Bishop asked impatiently, "You know he won't listen to me."

"I reckon you can't stop "im," sighed the woman, "but I wish you'd come on to the house. I knowed he was up to some'n'. Ever' day fer the last week he's been ridin' up the valley an' rollin' an' tumblin' at night an' chawin' ten times as much tobacco as he ort. Oh, he's goin' to ruin us! Brother Abner says he is buyin' beca'se he thinks it's goin' to advance in value, but sech property hain't advanced a speck sense kin remember an' is bein' sold ever yeer fer tax money."

"No, it's very foolish of him." said the young man as the two turned toward the house. "Father keeps talking about the fine timber on such property. but it is entirely too far from a rail road ever to be worth anything. I asked Rayburn Miller about it, and he told me to do all I could to stop father from investing, and you know he's as sharp a speculator as ever lived; but it's his money."

There was a paling fence around the house, and the inclosure was alive with chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks and peafowls. In the sunshine on the verands two pointers lay sleeping, but at the sound of the opening gate they rose, stretched themselves lazily and gaped "They are in the parlor," said Mrs. Hishop, as she whisked off her breakfast shawl. "Go right in; I'll come in a minute. I want to see how Linda makin' out with the churnin'. Lat I feel like it's a waste o' time to do lick o' work with him to thar actin' like a child. Ef we both go in together If'll look like we've concocked some thin', but we must stop 'im ef we kin. Alan went into the parlor on the left of the wide, uncarpeted hall. The roon had white plastered walls, but the ceiling was of boards planed by hand and painted sky blue. In one corner stood a very old plano with pointed, octagonal legs and a stool with haircloth covering. The fireplace was wide and high and had a screen made of a dec prated window shade tightly pasted on a wooden frame. Old man Bishop sat near a window and through his stee framed nose glasses was carefully read ing a long document written on lega cap paper. He paid no attention to the entrance of his son, but the inwyer, a short, fat man of sixty-five with thick black hair that fell below his coat colar, rose and extended his hand.

"How's Alan?" he asked pleasantly "I saw you down in the field as I come along, but I couldn't catch your eye Yau see, I'm out after some o' you dad's cash. He's buying hisse'f rich My Lord, if it ever does turn his way secon in enemals money to set you

"I think I've got a right-and a big one-to have a my so in this kind of a trade. A woman 'at's stayed by a man's side fer thirty odd yeer an' raked an' scraped to he'p save a little

to 11 2"

handful o' property fer her two children has got a right to raise a rumpus when her husband goes crooked like Alfred has an' starts in to bankrupt 'em all jest fer a blind notion o' his'n. "Oh, thar you are!" said Bishop, lifting his eyes from the paper and glaring at her over his glasses. "I knowed I'd have to have a knockdown an' drag out fight with you 'fore I signed my name, so sail in an' git it over. Trabue's got to ride back to town." "But whar in the name o' comm sense is the money to come from?" the

woman hurled at her husband as she it about. rested one of her bony hands on the "But that ain't what I started in to edge of the table and glared at him. ell. As I was a-sayin', old Jane "As I understand it, that's about 5,000 Hardeway thought she'd sorter put a acres in this piece alone, an' yo're word in the dispute to pay fer her a-payin' a dollar a acre. Whar's it board an' keep, an' she told Betsy that -comin' from, I'd like to know? Whar's it was all owin' to the way the Bishops it to come from?" was raised that Alf couldn't stand to

Bishop sniffed and ran a stendy hand have things nice about 'im. She said over his short, gray hair. "You see all the Bishops she'd ever knowed had how little she knows o' my business." a natural stoop that they got by livin' he said to the lawyer. "Heer she's in cabins with low roofs. She wasn't raisin' the devil an' Tem Walker about spreadin' 'er butter as thick as she the trade, an' she don't so much as thought she was ur maybe it was the know what the money's to come from." sort she was spreadin'-fer Betsy "How was I to know?" retorted the blazed up like the woods afire in

woman, "when you've been tellin' me fer the last six months that thar wasn't enough in the bank to give the house a coat o' fresh paint an' patch the barn roof." "You knowed 1 had \$5,000 with o'

said the name sounded like the start fock in the Shoal River cotton mills, adn't you?" asked Bishop defiantly of 'em had been religious and sub stanch." and yet with the manner of a man "Brother Abner," whined Mrs. Bisl throwing a missile which he hoped op, "I wisht you'd hush all that fool-

would (all lightly, "Yes, I knowed that, but"-The coman's eyes were two small fires burning hungrily for information beyoud their reach.

"Well, it happens that Shoal stock ia jest the same on the market as ready money, up a little today an' down to morrow, but never varyin' more'n a fraction of a cent on the dollar, an' sa the Tompkins heirs say they'd jest as lieve have it, an' as I'm itchin' to relieve them of the'r land it didn't take us long to come together."

If he had struck the woman squarely in the face, she could not have shown more surprise. She became white to the lips and with a low cry turned to her son. "Ob, Alan, don't-don't let 'im do it. It's all we have left that we can depend on! It will ruin us!"

"Wby, father, surely," protested Alan as he put his arm around his mother, "surely you can't mean to let go your mill investment which is pay ing 15 per cent to put the money into tands that may never advance in value and always be a dead weight on your of his father, who had found somehands! Think of the loss of interest, thing in the last clause of the docu-

was fancy spitboxes, an' much a front foot. "But what under high heaven will wanted to know of she expected a body he do with it all?" to do the'r chawin' an' smokin' in that

windy hall. He said it jest should not "Hold on to it," grinned Abner: "that stand thar with all them prongs an' is, of he kin rake an' scrape enough together to pay the taxes. Why, inst yeer his taxes mighty nigh floored 'im, an' arms to attack unwary folks in the dark, an' he toted it out to the buggy shed. That got Betsy's dander up, an' the expenses on this county he's jest she put it back agin the wall an' said annexed will push 'im like rips, for it 'ud stay thar of she had to stand now, you know, he'll have to do withbehind it an' hold it in place. Alf out the income on his factory stock. wasn't done yet. He 'lowed ef they But he thinks he's got the right sow was to have seeh a purty trick as that by the yeer. Before long he may yell on the hill it had to stay in the best out to us to come he'p 'im turn 'er room in the house, so he put it heer in loose, but he's waltzin' with 'er now " the parlor by the plano. But Betsy At this juncture Mrs. Bishop came took it back two or three times, an' he out of the dining room wiping her eyes larnt that he was a-doin' a sight o'

on her apron. work fer nothin' an' finally quit totin' "Mother," said Alan tenderly, "try not to worry over this any more than you can help."

"Your pa's gettin' old an' childish, whimpered Mrs. Bishop. "He's heerd somebody say timber land up in the nountains will some day advance, an' he forgets that he's too old to get the benefit of it. He's goin' to bankrupt us."

> "Ef I do," the man accused thundered from the hall as he strode out "It'll be my money that's lost-money that I made by hard work."

He stood before them, glaring over his eyeginsses at his wife. "I've had enough of yore tongue, my lady. Ef I'd not had so much to think about in high wind. It didn't take old Jane long to disklyer that thar was several thar jest now, I'd 'a' shut you up soonbreeds o' Bishops out o' jall, an' she er, Dry up now-not another word. spent most o' the rest o' her visit brag-I'm doin' the best I kin accordin' to on some she'd read about. She my lights to provide fer my children, an' I won't be interfered with.

No one spoke for a moment. However, Mrs. Rishop finally retorted, as her brother know she would in her own time

"I don't call buyhi' thousands o' o' this awful fix. Alfred always would acres o' unsalable land providin' for anything except the porchouse," she "Well," and the old man smilled and fumed.

vinked at the lawyer, "T'll give you "That's beca'se you don't happen to know as much about the business as I Now, the Shoul River stock is a good thing right do," said Bishop, with a satisfied ow, but of the mill was to ketch on chuckle, which to the observing Danan' burn down that'd be a loss. lef sounded very much like exultation. Then as fer timber land, it ain't easy "When you all know what I know, to sell, but it monght take a start b you'll be laughin' on t'other sides of fore another flood. I say it mought, yore months. I reckon I'll jest have an' then agin it moughtn't. The mill to let you all know about this or I conglet burn, an' then agin it won't have a speck o' peace from now moughtn't. Now, of you uns kin be on. I didn't tell you at fast becalse helped by this advice you are welcome nobody kin keep a secret as well as the to it free o' charge. Not changin' the man it belongs to, an' I was afcered it subject, did you uns know Mrs. Richud leak out an' damage my interests. ardson's heffer's got a calf? I reckon but this last 5,000 acres just about she won't borrow so much milk after sweeps all the best timber in the whole Cohutta section, an' I mought as Trabue smilled brondly as the gaunt well let op. I reckon you all know withdrew, but his amusement that of-1 any of-my land was nigh a was short lived, for Mrs. Bishop began tailroad it al he low at five times to cry, and she soon rose in desputy what I puld for it, don't you? Well and left the room. Alan stood for a then, the long an' short of it is that moment hoshing at the unmoved face I happen to be on the inside an' know Lick Junction to Darley. It'll

been holdin' his head high the last week or so. I'll bet I could make a durn good guess now." "What under the sun's Peter Mosely got to do with my business?" burst

from Bishop's Impatient lips. "He's got a sorter roundabout con nection with it, I reckon," smiled Abner grimly. "I happen to know that Abe Tompkins sold 'im 2,000 acres o' timber land on Huckleberry ridge jest atter yore Atlanta man spent the day lookin' round in these parts."

Bishop was no fool, and he grasped Abner's meaning even before it was quite clear to the others. "Looky heer," he said sharply, "what

do you take me fer?" "I 'ain't tuck you fer nothin'," said Abner, with a grin, "Leastwise, I

ain't tuck you fer \$5,000 with o' cot-

250

"You mean to may"-

ton mill stock. To make a long story short, the Atlanta jack log lawyer is akin to the Tompkins family I'd bet a new hat to a gluger way. enke that Perkips never owned a spoonful o' land up heer an' that he's jest he'pin' the Tompkins folks on the sly to unload some o' the'r land, so they kin more west, whar they've alman on the watch out fer rail soft snaps, an' when Perkins whispered the blg secret in his yeer, like he did to that a raticoad is goin' to be run from you, he started out on a still hunt for timbered land on the line of the pro-

se'vea. When I come out, she me up to ax some questions about when camp meetin' was goin' to set in this yeer an' when Adele was comin home. I let my box o' axle greas drap, an' it rolled like a wagon wheel off duty an' me after it, bendin'bendin' of all positions-heer an' yan In the most ridiculous way. I tell you I'd never play croquet ur leapfrog h them pants. All the way home thought how I'd disgraced you. "Oh, you are all right, Uncle Ab," laughed Alan. "She's told me severa times that she likes you very much

She says you are genuine genuine through and through, and she's right.' "I'd ruther have her say it than any other gal I know," said Abner. "She's purty as red shoes, an' ef I'm any

Judge she's genuwine too. I've got an other idee about 'er, but I ain't a-givin' it away jest now.

"You mean that she"-"No" and the old man smiled mischievously. "I didn't mean nothin' of the sort. I wonder how on earth you could 'n' got seeh a notion in yore head. I'm goin' to see how that black scamp has left my cotton land. I'll bain't scratched it any de het b 'n a old hen would 'a' done lookin' fer worms."



HE next morning at breakfast T HE next morning at breakfast Alfred Bishop announced his intention of going to Atlanta 12.10 to talk to Perkins and incidentally to call on his brother William who was a successful wholesale mer chant in that city.

"I believe I would," said Mrs. Bishop. "Maybe William will tell you what

"I'd see Perkins fust," advised Abner Daniel, "Ef 1 felt shore Perkins had bunkoed me, I'd steer cleer o' William. I'd hate to heer 'im let out on that subject. He's made his pile by keepin' a sharp lookout."

body could hear his deathknell rung ev-

the man 'at lives with one don't see tem. It's also a great Storosich, Liver

sophy. She ignored what he had just said and its accompanying smile, which ways wanted to go. Peter Mosely is a was always Abner's subtle apology for such observations. "Are you goin' to tell Adele about the

To be Continued.

Thi glants from the athletic field will meet at Portland during the big Fall Carnival, September 14 to 26 inclusive, and lovers of athletic events will have an opportunity to see the

big fellows contest for prizes.

The Death Fenalty.

A little thing sometimes results in death. Thus a mero scratch, insignifleant cuts or puny boils have paid the death penalty. It is wise to have Bucklen's Arnica Salve ever bandy, It's the best Salve on earth and will prevent fatality, when Burns, Sores, Utcers, and Piles threaten. Only 25x at all Drug stores,

Ten they sand dollars is the sum being expended by the Multnomsh boys to make Portland's big Fall

Carnival a success, Spicide Prevented.

The startling announcement that a preventive of suicide had been discovered will interest many. A run

down system, or despondency invariable precede suicide and something has been found that will prevent that condition which makes suicide likely.

At the first thought of self destruction take Electric Bitters. It being a great tonic and pervine will strengthen the nerves and build up the sysand Kidney regulator. Only 50c. Satisfaction guarableed by all Drug-

Every day will be a special day at Portland's big Fall Carnival, September 14 to 26 inclusive, and it is safe to say that it will be largely attended from this section.

"I bain't had no reason to think

have been lied to," said Bishop doggedly as he poured his coffee into his saucer and shook it about to cool, "A ery minute of he'd jest listen to old "Old inchelors," interpolated Abner

"I reckon they are alike. The longer man lives without a woman the more be gits like one. I reekon that's beca'se nothin' wuth copyin' in 'er an' vice-a-

Mrs. Bishop had never been an ap-preciative listener to her brother's phig hit.



versy."

railroad?" she asked.

