

Abner Daniel

By ...
Will N. Harben

Author of
"Westerfelt"

Adèle shrugged her shoulders. "Let's not waste any more time talking about him," she said. "I was going to tell you how happy you made them all. When I read mother's description of their return home that night—how she went round looking at each object and touching it—that she might realize it was here again, and how father sat up till past midnight talking incessantly about it, and all the droll things Uncle Abner said—I cried and laughed by turns. I longed to see you, to tell you how I felt about what you did, and yet, now that I'm with you, all I say seems utterly weak and inadequate."

"I'm afraid I'd be a prejudiced witness," he smiled, "benefiting as I am by the gentleman's disfigurement; but really I can't think that any circumstances could justify a man in treating a lady out of an engagement when she chooses not to do so for any reason of hers."

"I knew you'd say that," said Adèle. "If anybody has a right to be offended it is I, for the way he has acted without waiting for my full explanation."

"Oh, that is a high and mighty course that will do better for novels than real life," disagreed Miss Ida Bishop. "The young men are badly spoiled here, and if we want attention we've got to humor them."

"They shall not be spoiled by me," declared Adèle. "Why," shrugging her shoulders contemptuously, "if I had to run after them and bind up their bruises every time they fell down I'd not appreciate their attentions. Besides, Mr. Tedcastle and his whole life actually put me to sleep. What do they talk about? Dividing pet dogs, flowers, candles, theater parties and silly bosh generally. Last Sunday Senator Hare dined at uncle's, and after dinner he and I were having really a wholesome sort of talk, and I was respecting myself—well, a little like I am now—when in-trapped Teddy, with his fingers on, of course I had to introduce them to the senator, and I felt like a fool, for he knew they were my company, and it was impossible to keep them quiet. They went on with their baby talk just as if Senator Hare were being given an intellectual treat. Of course there are some grown up men in Atlanta, but they are driven to the clubs by the swarms of little fellows. There comes Major Middleton, one of the old regime. He may ask me to dance with him. Now watch. If he does, I'll answer him just as I did Mr. Tedcastle, and you shall see how differently he will treat it."

"The major, a handsome man of powerful physique and a great shock of curly iron gray hair, approached Adèle and with a low bow held out his hand. "I'm after the next dance, my dear," he said, "you'd better look out—he's got an eye on you. He'll call out your name some of these days and ask us to pray for you."

"I presume you really could not miss it?" Her long lashed eyes were down. He hesitated. The simple thought suggested by her thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before.

"Because," she added, "it would be so nice to have you come out tomorrow afternoon to tea, about 4."

"I could send a night message," he said finally. "I really don't want to go. Miss Adèle, I don't want to go at all."

"I don't want you to either," she said softly. "It seems almost as if we are quite old friends. Isn't that strange?"

He restored his watch to his pocket. "I shall stay," he said, "and I shall call tomorrow afternoon."

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"He's been taking part in the meeting. He may have forgotten."

"There was a grocery store near Miller's office, and the proprietor came out on the sidewalk and joined the two men. His name was Barnett. He was a powerful man, who stood six feet five in his boots. He wore no coat, and his suspenders were soiled and knotted.

"Well, he oughtn't to keep his doors closed at this time of day," remarked Miller. "A man who has other people's money in his charge can't be too careful."

"I have never heard that," said Rayburn Miller, raising his brows.

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They joined on the fleeing banker.

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Cabinet

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Secretary of Treasury—Lester M. Shaw, Iowa. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death.

Secretary of War—Elliott Root, New York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death.

Attorney General—P. C. Knox, New York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death.

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Supreme Court U. S.

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John M. Harlan, age 70.

David J. Brewer, age 67.

Henry B. Brown, age 67.

George Shiras, age 71.

E. D. White, age 68.

Rufus W. Peckham, age 65.

Justice—Howell Edmunds, age 60.

Olivier W. Holmes, age 62.

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Number of judges composing the court, nine.

County Officers.

Judge—L. A. Root. Term expires, 1905.

Recorder—George A. Morgan, 1904.

Recorder—E. I. Kuratli, 1904.

Commissioners

A. J. Ward, 1904.

W. J. Butler, 1904.

Sheriff—J. W. Sewell, 1904.

Treasurer—W. M. Jackson, 1904.

Assessor—G. H. Wilson, 1904.

Surveyor—A. A. Morrill, 1904.

Supt. Schools—H. Ball, 1904.

Comer—Dr. C. L. Large, 1904.

Justice of Peace—N. Hillsboro, H. T. Bagley, 1901.

N. Hillsboro, Benton Bowman, 1904.

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