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METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. m. Thursday. LEE THOMPSON, Pastor.

CUMB. PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Y. P. C. E., Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. E. E. THOMPSON, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. H. A. DENTON, Pastor.

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L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
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CLARA G. ESSON, Sec'y.

MISS LANIER

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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"Thank the Lord, we are out of that thicket at last."

"Wonder if it guards an enchanted palace, with a sleeping beauty inside?"

"Hardly. The door is open. We can go in and find out."

"We had better knock first. She's there, but not asleep. I hear a voice inside."

"Even if I did not I'd make use of this delicious old lion headed knocker. Who says America has no ruins? This whole place is the very model of picturesque desolation. Let's put up here for a month—if we can by any means prevail on the owners to take us in."

"What? You would dare fate thus at a venture? Suppose the enchanted princess turns out to be fat and 40, with an equal weakness for snuff and rummaging through one's private and personal belongings?"

"Even in that case, which is, however, impossible, this decay is noble, without a trace of vulgarity. Mark the cleanliness of everything. The piazza

"Who says America has no ruins?"

floor is speckless in spite of being half rotten. The big cool, empty hall has no litter, no rags and jags, as it must have if the occupants had not gentle instincts and a regard for the humanities."

"Bother your reasoning! What's the good of it when a knock would settle everything? I'm beginning to feel, as the natives say, 'hanted.' This must be the far end of nowhere we have heard of so long, but never before found out."

Rat-tat-rat-tat-tat-tat the big knocker sounded through the dim inner spaces. Twice, thrice it fell. Still nobody came. The would be visitors stood somewhat amazed, for over and beyond the summoning knocker a clear, high pitched voice came continuously to the ear.

Involuntarily the two men turned to look one at the other. Truly there was something, a thought uncanny in this vocal solitude. Both were strangers, men just fairly coming into their prime. One was short and sturdy, with a merry mouth and volcanic blue eyes set well under a bulging forehead that hardly needed the re-enforcement of a square, dogmatic jaw. The other had blue eyes, too, but shaded by lashes so long, so darkly silken you would never guess their color unless seen in the open daylight. Their owner was tall and spare, well made and so free of motion as to proclaim him of excellent muscle. His face was a longish oval, but saved from taint of effeminacy by the fine, firm modeling of nose and brow. The pale olive skin and thready scarlet lips bore out the impress of the upper face. Here, they said, is one quick to feel, keen to do, to dare, but one who will never put impulse above judgment or stay his hand from his will through regard for a weaker thing.

Some such thought was in the other man's mind when after five minutes of waiting he broke the silence to say:

"Really, Fanning, we had as well move on. After all the aborigines are not bound to receive us. Let's see if we cannot some way stumble on a house of call."

"I have found one very much to my mind," Fanning said, sending a still more vigorous rat-tat sounding through the hall. His comrade heard it with the suspicion of a frown, saying:

"Newspaper men are supposed to have phenomenal cheek, but commend me to that of an artist. The brotherhood of the brush beat the penciliers out of sight. How long, may I ask, do you mean to keep up that performance?"

"Oh, five minutes or so unless some one comes sooner to answer it."

"If they do not?"

"I shall go in and establish myself by right of discovery."

"You would dare?"

"My dear Bertram, it is not a matter of daring, solely a question of necessity. We are strangers, missionaries of culture and progress, to this benighted region. If the inhabitants do not welcome us for our own sakes, it is none the less our duty to save them from their own sloth."

"Shut up, Fanning! Suppose they heard you? We hear plain enough that droning back there. What do you suppose it can be?"

"I am going to find out."

"Not really? Don't!"

"Really I must. Remember it's near 12 o'clock. We have been tramping since sunrise, when we left the railway station, except for the half hour for breakfast, with the old black auntie, who gave us ash cake, buttermilk and bacon broiled on the coals. The memory of it is substantial, but not satisfying. Unless that voice is an illusion I shall certainly consult the owner of it as to the chance of dinner."

"Wait a little longer. Maybe it is a ghost we hear. A dozen could be safely ambushed in this big overgrown plantation. It's a perfect labyrinth; cannot have felt plow or hoe or ax, these last 20 years. The fields were a jungle; the orchard, with its gnarled, twisted, half dead trees, worse than a graveyard, and the garden—did you ever see anything more pathetic than those big rosebushes sprawling their yards of bloom flat on the ground, with clove pinks and sweet williams straggling through the weeds?"

"H-m! When did you take to floriculture? Thought you came here to look into the region's mineral resources?"

"That means, I suppose, I must leave its picturesque points to my artist friend, Hamilton Fanning, Esq."

"Oh, no; I am not selfish, but if you are going in for that sort of thing, don't forget the big red poppies, the tiger lilies aflaunt in this August sun, the mat of white honeysuckle there over that fallen gatepost or the mate to it rotted off, yet still upright in the sturdy arms of that stout red trumpet vine."

"Your eyes see everything."

"Why not? It is their business. You would do well to mention likewise that the yard is tufted over with coarse, tussocky grass; that it has a big magnolia tree for ornament; also an abortive privet hedge; that it is set in squares with black locust trees and much beaten with shod hoofs, hence must be used as grazing ground."

"Really, Fanning"—

"Really, Bertram, those are the most salient points so far. Now for the rest of it. Come on and fear not."

"Try one more knock. I find it hard to disregard the appeal of this so confidently open door."

"There seems to be nothing except the house. As it is not portable, the owner has probably nothing to fear."

"That is what puzzles me. The house is so big and wide, with such deep rooms and this handsome hall. I cannot reconcile the build of it with its utter emptiness."

"We shall soon solve its riddle. Here goes for a last knock."

The sound was unanswered, yet not quite without fruit. The droning voice grew louder—loud enough, in fact, for the listeners to catch here and there a word of one of Patrick Henry's famous Revolutionary orations.

"My faith, we have stumbled on a rural Demosthenes in training for congress. Think how he will welcome an audience," Fanning said, stepping inside and moving toward the sound.

The other held up a warning hand. "Wait. That is a woman's voice," he said, speaking low. Fanning went on as though he had not heard. His comrade, reluctantly following at his heels, was more and more impressed with the clean emptiness of all the wide, dusk interior. There was no stick of furniture in the hall's length or the big rooms opening out from it. Footsteps echoed vaultwise on the bare, polished floor. Nowhere a hint or trace of human occupancy relieved the somber desolation.

Presently, at the hall's southern extremity, the two men found themselves at an open door, through which came the reader's voice. At sight of her both were near to crying out. Surely human eyes seldom rested upon aught so pitiful. The room had two occupants. It was light and lofty, windowed to south, with a high walnut wainscot and big open fireplace. An old, much worn Turkey carpet covered the floor. In one corner a huge mahogany bedstead was heaped high with soft pillows. A clawfoot table, black and shining with age, stood out in the clear space, sparsely laden with very massive old silver. On one hand there was a tall secretary, on the other a bookcase very nearly empty. Two or three worn easy chairs stood about. There was neither blind nor drapery to break up the strong light that fell upon the two figures in the middle of the room.

One, a man, old, blind, helpless, half sat, half reclined in a big wheel chair, his white hair shining like floss silk against the dark cushion pillowing his head. He was clothed in gray, the worn, threadbare uniform of a major in the Confederate service. From an upright staff fast to the back of his chair a magnificent Confederate flag fell down in soft folds that his white shrunken fingers now and again threaded with soft, caressing touch. A major's commission, framed in ebony, hung over the mantel, with two crossed swords above it. Sword belt and spurs hung just below, with a flattened bullet pendent from a silver curb chain dropping lower still. Half way to the ceiling another flagstaff was upreared, one that had come out of the hell of fire and steel with colors triumphantly in ribbons.

Against the background, close at the old man's ear, a woman stood shouting out the periods of the great commoner. There was a book in her hand. Now and again she turned a leaf as though reading, but Fanning's trained vision saw easily that it was upside down. Evidently she had no need of it. Doubtless her lesson had been too long and painfully learned for her to miss word or syllable of it.

She was tall and slim, even pathetically meager of outline. Her face, if careworn, had a soft transparence. It was lit with deep, dark eyes set under arched brows, above which masses of nearly white hair made a rippling crown. The features were not regular, but well cut and fine of line. If the lips were a thought tremulous, there was strength to endure writ plain in the poise of head and shoulder, the firm forward planting of the small, ill shod foot.

All in silk attire she stood, a pitiful figure indeed. The gown seemed to have been made for her—a child of 10—and as it was outgrown to have been pieced out with whatever was at hand. The original skirt of pink and green brocade had eight inches of gray moire below it, and that was in turn supplemented by a deep flounce of black. Waist and sleeves were even more a matter of contrivance, their shreds and patches made yet more glaring by ruffles and tuckers of old much mended lace.

A strong race likeness said the pair were father and daughter. The man, as you might learn from a glance at his commission, was Darragh Lanier, Esq. This, his one child, was also his namesake. The intruders, pausing outside his door, heard him say: "Darragh, I have surely heard knocking at the front door these last ten minutes. Step out into the hall, please, and see if Isaac is awake, or if he, like the rest, has run away from his duty."

"Very well, father, I will go," the daughter said, turning obediently to the door. At sight of the two men she flushed a hot red, but signed them in swift pantomime to go back whence they came. Then she laid hold of the wheel chair, saying: "But first let me put you at the window. There is a little breeze now, and you are overspent with the heat."

Under cover of the movement Fanning and Bertram got away undiscovered. As Miss Lanier came out to them the artist was saying: "Heavens! What a picture! I'd give a thousand dollars if I could paint it just as we saw it."

"I hope you would not call it 'In Silk Attire,'" Bertram said a little anxiously.

"What an idea! No. If paint it I do—and certainly I mean to—the world will see it as 'The Lost Cause.' The most vivid imagination could not evolve so perfect a type for it as this woman, who seems to have been blighted before it was fairly spring."

"Sh-sh! Here she is, with her familiar spirit at her elbow. Now may the good God protect us. I am sure we are in a land of sorcery."

The familiar did not look dangerous. He was very black, small and somewhat withered, but still upright and sinewy. He came hurriedly forward, dropping his brimless straw hat as he set foot in the door, and said, with eager courtesy: "Sarvent, gentemens—sarvent, suhs. Tek seats dar on de porch benches an res' while I fetches yo' some cool water."

Darragh came timidly forward, the red still pulsing in her thin, withered cheek. The old negro stepped in front of her and said entreatingly: "Go back ter yo' pappy, Miss Darragh, honey. Yo' kin trus' old Isaac ter ten ter things right."

Darragh answered him steadily: "I know that, daddy. I will go in a minute. Perhaps these gentlemen have business. I represent my father and must hear it if they have."

Fanning stepped forward to say, with his finest courtesy: "Our business is to find rest and quiet for a few summer weeks. Here you seem shut quite away from the world of noise and bustle. If you will let us share for a brief while your paradise, you will earn our everlasting gratitude."

"Dar, now, lit'l mistes, yo' run 'long erway. Let Isaac ten to de gentemens. He knowed dey warn't none er dem lan hunters minit he sot eyes on 'em. Here you stays, gentemens, an welcome while you chooses. Darraghsmount do' ain't nebber yet been shot ter folks whar gut de right ter come through it, an lit'l company will chirk up Marse Darragh an lit'l mistes des wonderful, wonderful. Des lem me show um de way roun ter waush der faces, den I'll fetch um in, an yo' two mus' retain um till dinner done get ready," Isaac said, advancing hospitably to possess himself of the knapsack and sketching outfit lying upon the piazza floor.

Darragh said, with a face full of doubt, "Isaac, are you sure"—

"Yes, yes, lit'l mistes, certain, sho," the old man broke in, then going close and half whispering: "Miss Darragh, honey, for de land's sake, let um stay. Dey means pay money, an whar else we's ter get it f'um maybe de good Lawd knows, but po' ole Isaac don't. I been tryin ter wuk—ter plow—but de weeds is gut de best of all de truck an de hot sun des is twis'in hit all up to nuthin. We won't make seed, much less bread, an yo' know yo' said las' winter der warn't nuthin mo' in de house ter sell as would pay fer carryin erway."

"I know," Darragh said quietly, "but—but—to open our doors for money! I never thought Darraghsmount would come to that."

"Honey, hit's fer him, Marse Darragh," Isaac said, nodding toward the back, whence now came a querulous calling.

At sound of it Miss Lanier got very white, but walked bravely to her visitors, who had withdrawn to the piazza's farthest angle, and said, trying to speak steadily: "If—if you stay, sirs, I can promise you only the very simplest fare and no attention save what Isaac can give you. Indeed your will have to depend on him for everything."

"He looks dependable. We will be but too glad to risk it," Bertram said cheerily. Fanning looked his hostess full in the eyes till her cheeks grew damask roses, then without a word followed his comrade at Isaac's heels to the wide, bare upper chamber the two were to share.

Though not directly over Major Lanier's apartment, doors and windows all stood so wide that the newcomers could not choose but to hear the blind man rating Isaac for his negligence, "leaving strange gentlemen to stand for so long unanswered at the door." The negro answered with the humblest patience:

"'Deed, Marse Darragh, I never thunk nobody was comin. I des went out ter de stable 'count er seein 'bout dem mules. Late corn done got so big an heavy down in dem bottems I'ze plum 'feared some triflin nigger will get one er de critters oberhet, else gi' 'im too much feed an founder 'im."

"Ah, then, the crop is heavy if we did have high water!"

"Corn des er bulgin an er boomin, Marse Darragh, ter kill an ter cripple"—

"Never mind it, man. About these strangers, be sure they have every attention."

"I will, Marse Darragh. Dey comes frem up norf"—

"That makes no difference, Isaac, while they are under the roof of Darraghsmount. Away from it"—

"Cose, of cose, Marse Darragh, dey mought not be much ob nobody, but while dey here—nebber you min, dey gwine fin out what 'tis ter be company."

"Pray heaven that we do," Bertram said sotto voce. "I was 'company' once for six weeks down in Virginia. I remember them as a long delicious dream of waffles, broiled chicken, fresh berries, real cream and coffee fit for the gods."

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Fanning held up a finger of silence. The voice below went on: "Darragh, my daughter, we have in some way unaccountable fallen out of our habit of hospitality. It must be a year since we have had dinner company, but I hope you have not on that account neglected your wardrobe. Put on your newest gown, something simple, yet elegant, as becomes a southern lady offering hospitality to her hereditary enemies. A cheap or old fashioned gown might seem the manifestation of clownish resentment, something more than impossible to a Lanier under her own roof. Do these strangers, by the way, seem men of parts and breeding?"

"I—hardly noticed. They are different, though, to some—some—most—northerners that I have seen;" the daughter answered in the high key necessary to reach her father's dulled ear.

"Ah, yes, those impertinently persistent speculators who want to spoil Darraghsmount's fair face with their dirty mines and furnaces. I shall be glad to find out that there is a better sort among—our conquerors. It would take away half the bitterness of defeat to know that we surrendered to gentlemen."

Bertram looked at Fanning to say, with a laugh: "Listeners are not entitled to hear even good wishes of themselves; but, do you know, in my mind we have stumbled upon a conspiracy as pathetic as it is picturesque? Clearly this fine old Bourbon is made to believe that wealth and state surround him as of old."

Fanning nodded, with still a finger upon his lip. High and ready came Darragh's words. "Why, father dear, you don't think I would leave you to dine with two princes in disguise! Of course they shall have every attention, but Isaac can see to that. I shall stay here with you."

"Not for the world, my daughter. Honor forbids. Fate has made you the active head of our house. A friend, a relative even, you might leave to the care of servants. The stranger within our gate is another matter, all the more when he comes of alien or hostile race. So put on your brightest face, your newest plumage, and let these two see—what I doubt not will be a new experience for them—how perfectly the obligation of nobility can mask and put aside the natural human resentment of all their fanaticism has made us suffer."

Involuntarily Bertram bowed low to the invisible speaker. Fanning laughed low and clear, saying half under his breath: "Evidently we have hit upon a sprig of the chivalry, full blown, if sadly the worse for wear. Really it is better than comic opera, such mouthings in contrast to this," looking about at the big bare room, each of whose four curtainless windows framed a separate picture of tangle desolation.

"I should say tragedy full of most infinite pathos. This blind man is kept by loving subterfuge in a fool's paradise," Bertram said, a thought sharply. Fanning went on unruffled:

"I like his attitude. The high and mighty condescension of it is delicious. No doubt it will be charged in the bill, not explicitly, of course. Poor wretch-

"Do those strangers seem men of breeding?"

es! I shall not grudge the money—the need of it is so patent—but it certainly does not speak well for blood and family that these exemplars of it should let themselves thus supinely starve, owning a principality, land enough to make fortunes for a whole northern community."

"Don't judge till we know the story. I am sure there is one behind all this," Bertram said, sitting down at the small table and beginning to sharpen a pencil.

Fanning laughed again, saying: "What it must be to have the newspaper imagination! Take my word for it, when so much that is picturesque lies on the surface, there is seldom anything below it."

The other looked at him keenly. "Maybe you are right," he said. Then after a little pause, "If—if we find that poor woman without a history, I hope we are men enough to leave her the same way."

"What do you mean?" asked Fanning, with a languid lift of brows. The other burst out impetuously:

"Hang it all, you know well enough! Understand, old man, I don't mean to preach or be impertinent—God knows I've little enough room—but somehow I can't forget who and what you are, what a habit you have of looking and acting unutterable things nor how women's hearts seem to flutter to you as the bird to the bough. I know you are not a deliberate trifler except where the party of the other part is well able to take care of herself"—

"Excuse me," Fanning broke in, "I think I see your drift. My morals—my immorals even—I do not defend, but in point of taste I confess myself a trifle tetchy. While in this sapless, white haired creature in the harlequin robe I see tremendous possibilities as a model, for anything else"— A shrug finished the sentence as no words could have done.

"Fastidiousness is a good thing once in a way," Bertram said sententiously.

A low tap fell on the open door. Isaac stood framed in it, saying with his best bow, "Marster's compliments ter de gentemens, an he be pleased fer ter see um in his own room down staars."

Six weeks of sojourning under the same roof brought equal discoveries to the guests and their entertainers. In the very briefest space the freemasonry of gentle breeding set them at ease one with the other. Even before that the intuition of sympathy had made Bertram feel that the "harlequin robe" was the outward and visible sign of crownless martyrdom. With the wearer of it he was soon on the friendliest footing. She was, he found, full of delicate intelligence, of more delicate reticence. She spoke little of anything; of herself, her family, her surroundings, nothing at all; yet as a listener was inspired, inspiring; her speaking eyes, her mobile lips, lightening, darkening, quivering, smiling, as the tale she heard was grave or gay.

It was much the same with Major Lanier, though the strangers saw him more rarely. For days together the agony of old wounds was such as to make heavy narcotic sleep his only refuge. Through the time of it his daughter laid carefully aside her rotting silk gown and went about in cotton, worn and faded, but of pristine freshness compared with that woeful attire. So, more wraith than womanlike, she wrought at household tasks, away from yet within call of her sleeping charge.

At first she had sat painfully attentive to each word of the newcomers, with always a sort of dumb question in her eyes. By and by, hearing from their casual speech that Bertram had come thither to find out for a great metropolitan newspaper the mineral riches or poverty of the land; that Fanning came wholly of his own vagrant impulse, her fear, whatever its source, seemed to vanish quite away. She smiled easily—laughed even sometimes—at quips and cranks of table talk or lost herself with pathetic delight in the summer story books that the newcomers flung in her way.

"I have never before seen one printed since the war," she said to Bertram one day, then blushed deep over such revelation. Long before he had noted that the bookcase held only Shakespeare, Milton, The Spectator, and a few well thumbed volumes of earlier heroes. Each of them Darragh knew by heart from cover to cover. She had read them through how many times for how many years to the blind man, whose heart, mind, life, lay wholly with what was past. These, his sparse favorites, she had kept, the feeble remnant of a library despoiled. The wherefore of the despoiling, or rather the necessity of it, was to Bertram a tempting mystery, one to whose solution he was vowed.

It was certainly not greed of money. Fanning, the skeptic, was simply appalled at the ridiculously small payment they were allowed to make. When both guests sought to double it, Darragh said, a fine red flushing into her face:

"I cannot take more and feel honest since you receive so little at my hands."

Against the taking she made no feint of protest or excuse, though the lines of eye and mouth showed it hurt her cruelly. Bred as she was to the religion of hospitality, the taking of money in exchange for it seemed to her a sort of sacrilege.

Through the long bright summer days the strangers spied out the secrets of the land.

Now they rode far out over the undulent brier set swells that had once been fertile fields on to the cultivated country beyond. Now, facing the other way, they climbed mountainous hills, peered sharply at dips, spurs, angles, lodes and veins, bathed them in clear, tumbling brooks, fished the deep pools, shot squirrels, wild turkeys and hoped even for deer.

Darraghsmount, they found, stretched a wide, debatable land betwixt the hill country and the smiling lowland. Once it must have been the country's pride, a model estate, a princely possession. Such folk as the strangers encountered spoke of it with sighing and head shaking over its decadence, whose reason certainly lay deeper than the rathe and ruin of war. What it was might doubtless have been heard for the asking, but somehow the memory of Darragh, her fine unworldliness, her quality of endurance, kept silent alike Bertram, full of manly compassion for her fate; Fanning, whose complex soul held an interest more subtle.

At moonrise Bertram said to him: "Have you thought of it, old man? Time's up day after tomorrow? Shall you be sorry to leave Arcadia for civilization?"

For a minute the other was silent, puffing furiously at his cigar. Then he said slowly, his eyes on the blue clouds eddying above his head: "I shall stay a month longer. Miss Lanier has agreed to be my model. It has been too hot for painting since we have been here."

* * * * * *

Somehow the picture grew but slowly. Maybe the painter was hypercritical. Certainly he would work only when the light, his mood, everything suited. Oddly enough, Bertram's absence, instead of throwing him more into companionship with his model, put a curious constraint between the two. With Major Lanier, though, he grew exceedingly friendly, read, talked to him by the hour, or listened with vividly unfeigned interest to tales of march and siege and battle, of hairbreadth escapes and deeds of desperate daring—never any, though, whereof the relator was the hero. Clearly the daughter's objection to speak of herself was an hereditary trait. Thinking of it in contrast to the maimed wreck of battle, Fanning told himself over and over again that men of deeds are little given to words.

One mid-October day a fury of work fell upon him. Something was stirring within, something undreamed of, incredible. He drove himself hard, dashing in sharp blurs of color, fine, faint touches, broad effects, too intent to note the weariness stealing over his model, sharpening the lines of the thin face, shadowing more deeply the patient eyes. One big, empty front room had been set apart for his use. Doors and windows stood open. A warm, gray autumn light filled every nook and corner. Darragh stood facing the door that gave upon the hall, her hair rippling over her shoulders, one hand held hard about the tattered battleflag's staff, the other drooping nerveless and empty at her side.

A step—a shadow came through the door. She started, gave a little cry, tottered, would have fallen, but the newcomer caught and held her upright.

"Joe! How you startled me!" she said, half reproachfully. "I did not dream you were within a hundred miles."

"I reckon not from the looks of things hereabout, but ye go an lay down. Ye looked fit ter drap as I come in."

Darragh looked half appealingly at him, then said to Fanning, who stood, brush in hand, the picture of frowning amazement: "Mr. Fanning, this is my cousin, Joe Reid, just home from Nashville. I am sure you will like to see some one from the world outside, so I shall leave him to entertain you while I rest a little."

"Certainly. Delighted to know Mr.—Mr. Reid. Excuse me for keeping you so long," Fanning muttered, dashing away at his canvas. As Darragh vanished he became conscious that somebody was looking over his shoulder, somebody who very shortly laid a hand on his arm, saying, with a tinge of authority: "Can't that wait a minute, Mr. Fanning? I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"Darragh Lanier."

"Why?"

"Because, as she told you, I'm her cousin—my mother was a Lanier once removed—an Darragh herself is—is the best woman, the poorest, the biggest fool in the whole state of Tennessee."

"What's that to me?"

"Don't ye want to marry her?"

"Why should I?"

"Don't ye really know?"

"Know what?"

"Why, about Darraghsmount—her history, the fortune she is worse than throwing away."

"On my honor, no, though I am sensible just now of a lively inclination to thrash you for such inquisition into my private affairs."

"Come outside if ye'd like to try it on," the other said, clinching a sinewy fist. "But I'd rather ye didn't. Darragh wouldn't like it. She's full of all them old, high strung notions. I'm the new south, I am. Ten years younger'n she. I mayn't have so much polish, but when it comes to rustlin an gettin thar I ain't afraid to risk myself with the best of ye northerners."

Fanning looked slowly over the 6 foot 2 of wiry strength and said languidly: "No. I think from my experience you would let few things stand in your way. Now, if you are through with your questions, I should like to go on with my work. I am anxious to finish it and be off."

Joe Reid looked at him doubtfully. "Ef I thought you wouldn't come back"—he began, stopped short, took a turn of the room that ended squarely in front

To be Continued.

A. E. Kilpatrick, of Fillmore, Cal., had the misfortune to have his leg caught between a cart and a stone and badly bruised. Ordinarily he would have been laid up for two or three weeks, but says: "After using one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm I began to feel better, and in three days was entirely well. The peculiar soothing qualities which Chamberlain's Pain Balm possesses I have never noticed in any other liniment. I take pleasure in recommending it." This liniment is also of great value for rheumatism and lame back. For sale by S. Howorth & Co., druggists.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as sheriff of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, by virtue of a writ of execution and order of sale issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Yamhill county, in that certain suit wherein Jane M. Aspinwall was plaintiff and Margaret A. E. Burton was defendant, and to enforce the decree of foreclosure and order of sale made by said court in said suit on the 20th day of September, A.