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EARTHLY VAPORS.

When heavily upon thee weigh the cares
Of earth, and life doth despair
The struggling spirit fetter
When thronged with trifling troubles, preset
With frowns,
Thy soul's free pinions flag and fall
Until for help it calls

When thy full ear can only hear the din
Of eager strugglers for earth's dross—
Deaf to the melody
That lives in voices loved of many years—
Come then and lay thy duties down
Till thou thy spirit free.

Then rest upon the kindly lap of earth
And watch the fleecy clouds sweep o'er
The sky's extended blue;
Drink deep of nature's calm content, and let
Thy soul beseech his tender grace,
Who all thy failures knew!

The heavy load, the dull depression lay
Thou at the Master's feet, and he
Will bless and comfort thee;
Trust thou in him and he will bear thy load
And thee out of the wilderness,
And thy protection be.

—Mary H. Dongline in Good Housekeeping.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Fields gave a croupy chuckle. She had passed young Paxton without returning his bow. There could be no doubt of it, for Fields had seen the whole proceeding from the moment when she turned the corner, the stiff river breeze blowing about her face certain stray locks of the soft, short hair under her beaver hat.

She had looked very sweet to Fields, coming in sight against the tall Cumberland cliffs. It seemed to him that she had been smiling, but he surmised this from the change which struck across her face upon passing Paxton's store. Her very coat collar stood about her ears aggressively, and though Fields was not commonly given to humorous perceptions of things, he saw in his daughter's small human assumption of arrogance a certain incongruity with the bleak hills hedging the town, their tops flat, as if they had crouched to keep their bald heads from striking the hard autumnal sky.

"Look like thar's some things that feller ain't gittin, if trade is a whoopin his way," considered Fields, staring toward Paxton's store, which occupied the river corner just above the landing at which Nashville boats stopped on their way to the head of navigation. It was a new building, that store, which in Fields' old age had risen to place his own commercial merits in the eye of scorn. Among the weathered cottages of the town its yellow walls rose with great dignity, its clean window gay with pyramids of tomato cans festooned in bright prints and cotton laces.

With so many odds in his favor it was natural enough that things should be going Paxton's way. His way, indeed, meant radicalism and reform, and all the rash ventures of young blood and unlicked ideas. The village at first blush had thought very shy of Paxton. He was from "up no'th," he advertised; he was good looking, a yellowish mustache barring his face like a streak of sunshine. The town decided against taking stock in so insidious a combination.

Paxton, however, kept right on. It was a good point for country and river trade. Fields had made money, apparently by strictly natural methods and without the vaguest effort.

His store included the postoffice and stood some forty paces above Paxton's. Time had breathed long and asthmatically upon the window panes of Fields' store, covering them with a veil of gray which effectually concealed the fact of dust on the commodities behind it. Inside were some boxes and barrels, an odor of tobacco, a potbellied stove and Fields himself, a slow man in his fifties.

With these superannuated attractions Paxton felt that he could scarcely fail of successful competing, if only he could hold out long enough to win the town's confidence. But confidence is not an easy thing to win in a Kentucky town in which the war is considered as barely over and freshly discussable.

It took Paxton several months to down the native conservatism, but once the first weariness of the burgers was overcome, they gave way on a sudden to the delight of getting better things for less money than Fields had charged, and Paxton found an unexpected victory in his plumes.

Fields took his defeat calmly. He took everything, even his whisky and water, in that way. He seemed to lack capacity of any kind of action, and it was a common wonder as to where that girl of his, that Louisa M., got her spirit. For her spirit commanded instant recognition. Fields himself stood in awe of it, and as Louisa M. rushed up the store steps he drew back with a sense of impending unpleasantness.

"Say, Louisa M.!" he broke out in a conciliating tone, "I saw yeh give Paxton the go by. You're kindeh hard on him, ain't yeh?"

The girl flung her soft hat on the counter and plunged into a chair.

"Oh," she said, "pappy—I've just been down to see the new boat land. They sent an order to him for something they'd run out of. I can't stand it. I won't—that man coming down here and taking everything and doing you out of your rights, and—oh!" She gasped a little, tossing her hair with an excited hand, her eyes strangely blue in the darkness of her vivid little face.

Fields' jaw assumed an amiable laxity.

"Don't take on so," he said. "I hain't got nobody but you, and I reckon I got enough laid by to keep us. I'd kindah like to quit business anyhow and hev a gyarden and raise tidings. 'Course I 'spise to see my old friends a-chasin into Paxton's store, but I ain't a-complainin. He keeps ez good a grade o' tobaccer ez ever I smoked after, and sells it reasonable."

His daughter flashed around a startling glance.

"I am going to stop all this," she said. "Yes, pappy, I am not going to stand it. I won't see you trampled on. He may be 'smart'—that Paxton. So am I. I've got as much natural wit as he any day of the world. I will show him!" She held out a rigid little hand. "Do you know the last mean trick he's been up to? He's had his name painted along all the pike fences and cliffs, 'Come to Paxton's for new goods,' that's what he's put up. It's an insult—it means that our goods are old."

Fields looked around.

"Well," he said, "our stuff is pooty tol'able seasoned, Louisa M." She wheeled about.

"We'll get new. We'll paint the store, and order a whole stock of everything. I'll go to the city myself and order what is necessary. I won't hev no one get ahead of you, pappy." Fields looked miserable, but it never occurred to him to make head against Louisa M. Ruin would doubtless be the issue of the reckless enterprise, but Fields was helpless.

"I'll show him how to do business," said Louisa M., standing erect, her nostrils dilated. Fields shook his head. He continued to shake it solemnly at intervals in the days that followed, when boxes and bales to his direction began to tumble off the boats which carried the Southern road's freight down the river.

"Gittin a move on yourse'f, eh, Uncle Jimmy?" suggested the village idlers, observing these signs of trade. But Fields' jaw only elongated the more, while his brow became a network of conflicting wrinkles.

It was remarked in open council at Paxton's store "that Uncle Jimmy Fields warn't lookin jest up to the notch."

"Mebby he misses that girl o' his'n," suggested some one. "She's away som'ers. He sets everythin by that er Louisa M. Say, Paxton, I like to died that night at Wilson's dance when you ast fer a cudrille, and she jest sized you up and says she's engaged fer every set! Lord, the look she give yeh! double barreled and self loadin! But say, Paxton, you oughtn't of give her the comfort of seein you make a home sneak on account of it."

Paxton's cheeks reddened. He was slight and tall, and his shoulders twitched a little.

"She has a right to pick her friends," he said. The other man strapped on a spur, his foot on his knee.

"Fields is paintin his house," he said. "They tell thet he's fixin up inside too. Reckon Louisa M.'s been stirrin him up."

After Louisa M.'s return the changes became more marked. Two shades of pea green illuminated the house without. Inside a new stove and a complete stock of dry goods invited the villagers. Even the window underwent a startling metamorphose from graveness and grime to gaudiness. When it was found that prices were happily in accord with all this enlivening prospect town sages remarked that "Uncle Jimmy, when it comes to rale tradin, can whip any young dozen o' Paxton's sort with one hand tied behind him."

Matters began to look dark for Paxton. Public favor is an uncertain thing, impermanent as the sudden rush of bloom on an apple bough in spring. Paxton's hour of blossoming seemed past. He thought often of removing to another town, but he had a certain sense of surrender in departure. He knew well enough that she was at the bottom of his overthrow—that daughter of Fields—that little gypsy faced creature, with her black silk locks. He could see the mockery in her oddly blue eyes, the scorn on her lips when she should hear that he had given up the battle.

She never spoke to him now. Since he painted advertisements on the fences she had not so much as looked at him in passing. But she could be gentle enough. Paxton remembered how pleasant she had been when he first came to town the year before looking for a place to establish himself. When he decided to stay it had been with more thought of Fields' daughter than of Fields. He had not thought of competition, but this had been thrust upon him before he considered what it meant. It meant everything adverse, and after Paxton read this in the open disdain of Louisa M. he felt there was nothing for him but to go on and be successful, though success now had bitter dregs and broke in sharp, spiteful sparkles at his lips.

One morning in May, Fields, surveying from his door the rocky hills, no longer rugged, but rounding with spring greenery to a virginal softness of curve, fetched a big sigh.

"Mebby it's only the time o' year," he speculated, "but somehow I don't feel jest right—'spech'ly when I git to studyin 'bout young Paxton."

Louisa M. gave the back of his gray head a glance of challenge. She was setting things to rights in the showcase, and she thrust a bone hairpin rather angrily into a bolt of ribbon.

"Why?" she exclaimed.

"We've run him too hard," said Fields uncomfortably. "A friend o' his named it to me yistiddy that he couldn't holt out much longer. I feel this ways: I had my chance and he ought to hev had his. He hadn't no ill will to'des me. He was gittin trade fa'r and squar', and he could of kep' it ef I hedn't undersold him clar below cost prices. I feel ez mean and or'nry ez a fice dog that sucks eggs. I hain't treated him white."

"Business is business," said Louisa M., shaking back her hair. She was a little thing in a gathered pink frock, but she looked to Fields as immutable as the austere justice on coin of the realm. Perhaps after all she was right, and he himself was swayed from judgment by a sort of limp tendency to see other folks comfortable. Fields resignedly modeled his big clay conceptions upon the tiny marble models of Louisa M.'s ideas, but somehow, though, his unwieldy notions were grotesquely like the pattern; they were soft and unstable, and required constant bolstering into shape.

Though Paxton might be, as Louisa M. declared him, the evilest of Adam's blood, it hurt Fields to see the handsome young fellow going about the village with drawn face and downcast eyes.

"I'm a-losin flesh!" he complained to his daughter. "Thet feller hes got away with my appetite. I'd rather go ragged ez a picked buzzard than keep this up. I'd feel a heap better, Louisa M., to mark thet last lot o' calicoes up a little," but under his daughter's chastising eye he drew a flagging breath.

"You leave things to me," commanded Louisa M. "You don't know anything about business, pappy! We're only turning his own blade against Paxton. He deserves to fail! He came here a year back honeying around and never saying he was looking for a place to locate. I was nice to him. I used to talk to him free as air, never suspicioning he was aiming to do my own father up." Her voice choked. She had paled under her coppery skin, and her wet eyes were like violets that tremble open in a swart March bank.

Finally along toward summer the end came. Paxton assigned for the good of his creditors. A lawyer from Burksville came to take charge of things, and the steamboat landing was deserted, as men gathered in Fields' store to discuss the happening. The river was sinking and traffic was nearly suspended. Cows grazed on the sunburned pasturage of the lower hills. Tan colored hogs idled about the paveless streets, and children of corresponding tint of complexion played shrilly on the perilous river slope.

"Waal, he 'peared a likely young rooster."

"Yaas. Erthough I'm jest ez willin he busted Kentucky fer Kentuckians, says I, 'I'm a pertectionis' every time'—don' keer nothin about the platform." Fields, listening to this acute philosophy, suddenly cut in, his broad face curiously sunken: "Confound it. I say, a fa'r chance fer every one."

He stopped to pad his brow with a bunched red handkerchief; his views shortened by two circumstances. He had remembered that Louisa M. was somewhere in the back of the store, and just then, too, the throng of men had opened to admit a young fellow who came across the porch at a run, his hat off.

"Say!" he panted, the exhilaration of bad news in his face, "why, say!—did any of ye hear about Paxton? He's went to work and shot hisse'f. That feller from Burksville was talkin to a raft of us outside Paxton's store and we heerd a rifle go off up steers in Paxton's room, and he tore up thar and busted in the door, and—Lord! wait till I get my breath!—I got it from Smith, the"——

There was a little sound behind the huddle of men—a sound like a sharp breath, and a clatter of tin and a heavier resonance.

In front of the molasses barrel an overturned quart measure and a long nosed funnel rolled on the bare floor in lessening arcs. Near by in the gloom of the inner apartment something had fallen, something which looked like a limp heap of pink calico and which, as Fields lifted it, trailed flaccid arms, its little neck letting the head back in a sickening way of lifelessness.

Outside the sunshine lacquered the river with a milky gleam. A delicious blueness misted distant hills, and near by Fields' store a bluejay flashed its wings, uttering rasping cries. Two men coming up the road were laughing as they sauntered along—one, an elderly person, mopping his face.

"You scared me out of a year's growth, just the same!" he said. "I knew you were down in the mouth, and when that shot rang out—I—well, I naturally thought you had done for yourself. I went up those stairs four steps at a time, shouting to those fellows below to run for a doctor."

Paxton gave rather a grim smile.

"I believe you're disappointed that it was only a chicken hawk I was firing at!" he said. "Mrs. Wick had just called to me from the back yard to shoot it. She's been missing pullets lately."

"So you let go. Say, Paxton, something must be the matter down at Fields'. Look! Isn't that Fields crossing the road! He's carrying—it looks like a woman!"

Fields lived opposite his store in a white cottage. Paxton, staring ahead, caught a vanishing glimpse of the old man's clumsy figure, his arms overflowing with the springlike freshness of Louisa M.'s gown.

"Hello!" said a fellow on the skirts of the little group of men at the store steps as Paxton strode forward. "Yeh ain't hurted, then? What's thet? Oh, about Fields—why it's Louisa M. She's a little fainty, I believe. Some o' them fool boys kem in and blurted out about you bein—waal the boy unly told what he heerd—I don't blame him—but Louisa M., she jest swounded agin the merlasses bar'l, and Uncle Jimmy he"—But Paxton was not listening any longer. He had crossed the road and gone up the little path to Fields' front door, and he had gone with so vague a premeditation that when Fields himself lumbered toward the threshold, a look of relief on his stolid face, the younger man could only stammer at the reason of his presence.

"They were telling me—of her—of your daughter—I wanted to ask"—after all he stopped feebly enough and let Fields fill out the sentence as he might.

"She's all right now, thanky, Mr. Paxton," said Fields. "We got word az they wasn't no truth in them reports." He waved his hand behind him. "She's in thar."

Paxton had already seen her, the stern young foiler of his commercial prowess, sitting back in a rocking chair, her lips rather white, her eyelids drooping.

She managed to lift them as Paxton came into the room. She even held her hand out and glanced up at him just once. It was the merest half glance, but Fields, who chanced to be looking had a queer unwonted sense of bein startled.

He went out, his jaw speculatively le down.

"I wouldn't of believed," he pondered "she could of looked that sugarfied a the Angel Gabriel! I reckon I kin hev a gyarden now! They won't need me in the store. She's business, Louisa M. is!" —Eva Wilder McGlesson in Washington Post.

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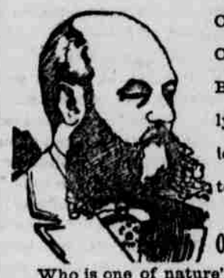

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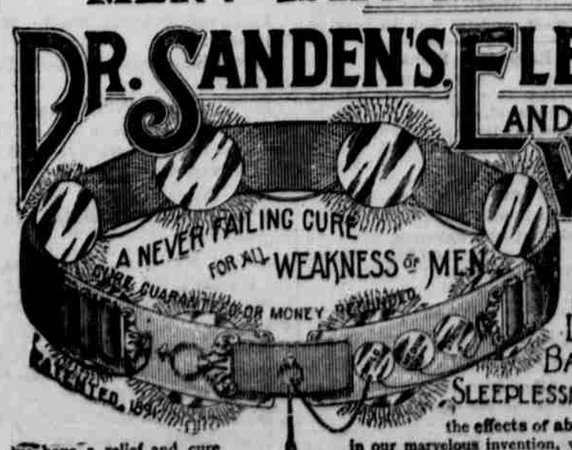

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