

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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CHAPTER IV.

ARIEL had worked all the afternoon over her mother's wedding gown, and two hours were required by her toilet for the dance. She curled her hair frizzily, burning it here and there, with a slate pencil heated over a lamp chimney, and she placed above one ear three or four large artificial roses, taken from an old hat of her mother's, which she had found in a trunk in the storeroom. Possessing no slippers, she carefully blacked and polished her shoes, which had been clumsily resoled, and fastened into the strings of each small rosettes of red ribbon, after which she practiced swinging the train of her skirt until she was proud of her manipulation of it. She had no powder, but found in her grandfather's room a lump of magnesia that he was in the habit of taking for heartburn and passed it over and over her brown face and hands. Then a lingering gaze into her small mirror gave her joy at last. She yearned so hard to see herself charming that she did see herself so. Admiration came, and she told herself that she was more attractive to look at than she had ever been in her life and that perhaps at last she might begin to be sought for like other girls.

It was in the Pike dressing room that the change began to come. There was a big cheval glass at one end of the room, and she faced it when her turn came—for the mirror was popular—with a sinking spirit. There was the contrast, like a picture painted and framed. The other girls all wore their hair after the fashion introduced to Canaan by Mamie Pike the week before on her return from a visit to Chicago. None of them had "crimped" and none had bedecked their tresses with artificial flowers. Her alterations of the wedding dress had not been successful; the skirt was too short in front and higher on one side than on the other, showing too plainly the heavy soled shoes, which had lost their polish in the walk through the snow. The ribbon rosettes were fully revealed, and as she glanced at their reflection she heard the words, "Look at that train and those rosettes!" whispered behind her and saw in the mirror two pretty young women turn away with their handkerchiefs over their mouths and retreat hurriedly to an alcove. All the feet in the room except Ariel's were in dainty kid or satin slippers of the color of the dresses from which they glimmered out, and only Ariel wore a train. She went away from the mirror and pretended to be busy with a hanging thread in her sleeve.

Ariel sat in one of the chairs against the wall and watched the dancers with a smile of eager and benevolent interest. In Canaan no parents, no guardians, no aunts were hailed forth of nights to duenna the junketings of youth. Ariel sat conspicuously alone. There was nothing else for her to do. It was not an easy matter.

Once or twice between the dances she saw Miss Pike speak appealingly to one of the superfluous, glancing at the same time in her own direction, and Ariel could see, too, that the appeal proved unsuccessful, until at last Mamie approached her leading Norbert Filtcroft partly by the hand, partly by will power. Norbert was an excessively fat boy and at the present moment looked as patient as the blind. But he asked Ariel if she was "engaged for the next dance" and, Mamie having flitted away, stood disconsolately beside her waiting for the music to begin. Ariel was grateful for him.

The orchestra flourished into "La Paloma;" he put his arm mournfully about her and, taking her right hand with his left, carried her arm out to a rigid right angle, beginning to pump and balance for time. They made three false starts and then got away. Ariel danced badly; she hopped and lost the step, but they persevered, bumping against other couples continually.

She caught her partner making a burlesque face of suffering over her shoulder and, turning her head quickly, saw for whose benefit he had constructed it. Eugene Bantry, flying expertly by with Mamie, was bestowing upon Mr. Filtcroft a condescendingly commiserative wink. The next instant she tripped in her train and fell to the floor at Eugene's feet, carrying her partner with her.

There was a shout of laughter. The young hostess stopped Eugene, who would have gone on, and he had no choice but to stoop to Ariel's assistance.

"It seems to be a habit of mine," she said, laughing loudly.

She did not appear to see the hand he offered, but got to her feet without help and walked quickly away with Norbert, who proceeded to live up to the character he had given himself.

"Perhaps we had better not try it again," she laughed.

"Well, I should think not," he returned, with the fraukest gloom. With the air of conducting her home he took her to the chair against the wall whence he had brought her. There his responsibility for her seemed to cease. "Will you excuse me?" he asked, and there was no doubt that he felt that he had been given more

than his share that evening," even though he was fat.

Ariel sat through more dances, interminable dances and intermissions, in that same chair, in which, it began to seem, she was to live out the rest of her life. Now and then if she thought people were looking at her as they passed she broke into a laugh and nodded slightly, as if still amused over her mishap.

After a long time she rose and, laughing cheerfully to Mr. Filtcroft, who was standing in the doorway and repled with a wan smile, stepped out quickly into the hall, where she almost ran into her great-uncle, Jonas Tabor. He was going toward the big front doors with Judge Pike, having just come out of the latter's library, down the hall.

Jonas was breathing heavily and was shockingly pale, though his eyes were very bright. He turned his back upon his grandniece sharply and went out of the door. Ariel turned from him quite as abruptly and re-entered the room whence she had come. She laughed again to her fat friend as she passed him and, still laughing, went toward the fatal chair, when her eyes caught sight of Eugene Bantry and Mamie coming in through the window. She went to the window and looked out. The porch seemed deserted and was faintly illuminated by a few Japanese lanterns. She sprang out, dropped upon the divan and, burying her face in her hands, cried heartbrokenly. Presently she felt something alive touch her foot, and her breath catching with alarm, she started to rise. A thin hand, issuing from a shabby sleeve, had stolen out between two of the green tubs and was pressing upon one of her shoes.

"Sh!" said Joe. "Don't make a noise! What were you crying about?"

"Nothing," she said, the tears not ceasing to gather in her eyes.

"I want to know what it was," he insisted. "Didn't the fools ask you to dance? Well, what do you care about that for?"

"I don't," she answered; "I don't." Then suddenly, without being able to prevent it, she sobbed.

She went way all at once to a gust of sorrow and bitterness. She bent far over and caught his hand and laid it against her wet cheek. "Oh, Joe," she whispered brokenly, "I think we have such hard lives, you and I! It doesn't seem right while we're so young! Why can't we be like the others? Why can't we have some of the fun?"

He withdrew his hand with the embarrassment and shame he would have felt had she been a boy. "Get out!" he said feebly.

She did not seem to notice, but still stooping, rested her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. "I try so hard to have fun, to be like the rest, and it's always a mistake, always, always, always!" She rocked herself slightly from side to side. "I am a fool, it's the truth, or I wouldn't have come tonight. I want to be attractive. I want to be in things. I want to laugh like they do."

"I'll tell you something," Joe whispered, chuckling desperately. "Gene made me unpack his trunk, and I don't believe he's as great a man at college as he is here. I opened one of his books, and some one had written in it, 'Prigmaloo Bantry, the Class Try-to-Be.' He'd never noticed, and you ought to have heard him go on! You'd have just died, Ariel. I almost bust wide open. It was a mean trick in me, but I couldn't help showing it to him."

Joe's object was obtained. She stopped crying and, wiping her eyes, smiled faintly. Then she became grave. "You're jealous of Eugene," she said.

He considered this for a moment. "Yes," he answered thoughtfully; "I am. But I wouldn't think about him differently on that account. And I wouldn't talk about him to any one but you."

"You must go away," she said anxiously. "Oh, please, Joe!"

"Not yet. I want—"

She coughed loudly. Eugene and Mamie Pike had come to the window, with the evident intention of occupying the veranda; but, perceiving Ariel engaged with threads in her sleeve, they turned away and disappeared.

Other couples looked out from time to time and, finding the solitary figure in possession, retreated abruptly to seek stairways and remote corners for the things they were impelled to say.

And so Ariel held the porch for three dances and three intermissions, occupying a great part of the time with entreaties that her obdurate and reckless companion should go. When for the fourth time the music sounded, her agitation had so increased that she was visibly trembling. "I can't stand it, Joe," she said, bending over him. "I don't know what would happen if they found you. You've got to go!"

"No; I haven't," he chuckled. "They haven't even distributed the supper yet."

"And you take all the chances," she said slowly, "just to see her pass that window a few times."

"What chances?"

"Of what the judge will do if any one sees you."

"Nothing, because if any one saw me I'd leave."

"Please go."
"Not till—"
"Sh!"

A colored waiter, smiling graciously, came out upon the porch bearing a tray of salad, hot oysters and coffee. Ariel shook her head.

"I don't want any," she murmured.

The waiter turned away in pity and was re-entering the window, when a



They made three false starts and then got away.

passionate whisper fell upon his ear as well as upon Ariel's.

"Take it!"

"Ma'am?" said the waiter.

"I've changed my mind," she replied quickly. The waiter, his elation restored, gave of his viands with the superfluous bounty loved by his race when distributing the product of the wealthy.

When he had gone, "Give me everything that's hot," said Joe. "You can keep the salad."

"I couldn't eat it or anything else," she answered, thrusting the plate between the palms.

For a time there was silence. From within the house came the continuous babble of voices and laughter, the clink of cutlery on china. The young people spent a long time over their supper. By and by the waiter returned to the veranda, deposited a plate of colored ices upon Ariel's knees with a noble gesture and departed.

"No ice for me," said Joe.

"Won't you please go now?" she entreated.

"It wouldn't be good manners," he responded. "They might think I only came for supper."

"Hand me back the things. The waiter might come for them any minute."

"Take them, then. You'll see that jealousy hasn't spoiled my appetite!"

A bottle shaped figure appeared in the window, and she had no time to take the plate and cup which were being pushed through the palm leaves. She whispered a syllable of warning, and the dishes were hurriedly withdrawn as Norbert Filtcroft, wearing a solemn expression of injury, came out upon the veranda.

He halted suddenly. "What's that?" he asked, with suspicion.

"Nothing," answered Ariel sharply.

"Where?"

"Behind those palms."

"Probably your own shadow," she laughed; "or it might have been a draft moving the leaves."

He did not seem satisfied, but stared hard at the spot where the dishes had disappeared, meantime edging back cautiously nearer the window.

"They want you," he said, after a pause. "Some one's come for you."

"Oh, is grandfather waiting?" She rose, at the same time letting her handkerchief fall. She stooped to pick it up with her face away from Norbert and toward the palms, whispering tremulously, but with passionate urgency, "Please go!"

"It isn't your grandfather that has come for you," said the fat one slowly. "It is old Eskew Arp. Something's happened."

She looked at him for a moment, beginning to tremble violently, her eyes growing wide with fright.

"Is my grandfather—is he sick?"

"You better go and see. Old Eskew's waiting in the hall. He'll tell you."

She was by him and through the window instantly. Norbert did not follow her; he remained for several moments looking earnestly at the palms; then he stepped through the window and beckoned to a youth who was lounging in the doorway across the room.

"There's somebody hiding 'behind those palms," he whispered when his friend reached him. "Go and tell Judge Pike to send some of the niggers to watch outside the porch, so that he doesn't get away. Then tell him to get his revolver and come here."

Meanwhile Ariel had found Mr. Arp waiting in the hall talking in a low voice to Mrs. Pike.

"Your grandfather's all right," he told the frightened girl quickly. "He sent me for you, that's all. Just hurry and get your things."

She was with him again in a moment and, seizing the old man's arm, hurried him down the steps and toward the street almost at a run.

"You're not telling me the truth," she said—"you're not telling me the truth!"

"Nothing has happened to Roger," panted Mr. Arp. "Nothing to mind, I mean. Here! We're going this way, not that." They had come to the gate, and as she turned to the right he pulled her round sharply to the left. "We're not going to your house."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to your Uncle Jonas'."

"Why?" she cried in surprise and astonishment. "What do you want to take me there for? Don't you know that he's stopped speaking to me?"

"Yes," said the old man grimly, with something of the look he wore when delivering a clincher at the National House; "he's stopped speaking to everybody."

(To Be Continued.)

Methods of Promoting Export Trade.

An important advantage that European nations have in advancing their foreign commerce is that they have large colonies of their citizens in other countries, especially in every important commercial or industrial center. In the city of Lyons, for example, there are several thousand Germans, Italians, Swiss and English, among them many prominent business men. They import, sell and consume the products of their respective countries. They mingle daily with the business classes of Lyons, are constantly in touch with their own countrymen, and are always on the lookout for an opening for placing the products of their own country.

Regarding the United States the situation is exactly the reverse. With the exception of the American dentist, there is not one American in business here, although it is a city which, with its near suburbs, has a population of nearly 800,000. We see the word "American" in large letters over many stores, but there is nothing American within. Before one large business house, very centrally located, is the imposing sign, "American bazaar," but there is for sale only a few remnants picked up in the silk factories around Lyons. Many shoe stores in this city display a sign, "American shoes" or "American form," but so far as I can learn all the goods sold are manufactured in France. At the request of a French shoe dealer who wanted to buy American shoes, I wrote to an American house and was informed that the subject had been thoroughly canvassed and that considering the high French duty it was deemed not worth while to undertake to sell goods in France.

A few years ago the representative of an American manufacturer of saws presented his goods to the dealers in Lyons. They were enthusiastic in their praise of the goods and astonished at the low prices. The agent who exhibited them told me that he believed he would find a good market in Lyons. He went to Paris to report to his principal, who had been investigating the customs duties, but it was concluded that owing to the high duties and the meager profits that would remain it would not pay to go any further in the business.

The Germans have for many years been investing money in manufacturing establishments in foreign countries. One cannot visit any nation on the continent without being struck by the omnipresent evidences of German enterprise. I have been credibly informed that within the past year a German company built an automobile plant in Italy. The business of the company was ostensibly solely to build automobiles, but a few months after the works were in operation the Italian government published an advertisement asking bids for building twenty locomotives for the state railways. The German automobile men sent in their proposals and got the contract. This is only one example of the way the Germans have of introducing themselves into the industries of Europe.

A few years ago the Germans took up the chemical industry in Lyons for the purpose of furnishing dyestuffs for the great silk manufacturers of this city. For a short time they undersold all competitors, and today the chemical industry of Lyons is almost entirely in their hands. The only part of the business left to the old French houses is the manufacture of perfumery and pharmaceutical products.

Previous to the recent Franco-Swiss commercial treaty the customs duties on silk velvets coming into France was \$3 per kilo (2.2 pounds). According to the terms of the treaty of Frankfurt, Germany enjoyed the tariff of the most-favored nation, which was \$3 per kilo. The new duty by the Franco-Swiss treaty raised this tariff to \$6 per kilo, an increase of 50 per cent. Switzerland readily consented to this increase, because the Swiss exported no velvet whatever to France. But Germany had been doing a large export business in velvets with France, and this doubling of the tariff shut those goods out of the French market. One of the principal German velvet manufacturing firms, seeing the French market slipping away from them, at once determined to establish a plant in France. They are now building a large factory in Lyons, where they will soon have 135 looms manufacturing their velvet.

Powerful Express Locomotives.

A truly enormous express locomotive represents the latest effort of one of our leading railroads to keep pace with the ever growing demands of its express passenger service. This company has just received the new locomotive from the shops and placed it in trial service. It placed it in trial in the hope that it will prove equal to the task of handling in one train passenger trains which otherwise must be run in two sections several minutes apart or else handled by "double-heading," that is, coupling up two local heavy grades, are capable of successfully handling trains made up of motives at the head of a train.

The most powerful standard express engines at present in service are themselves heavy and powerful machines, with cylinders twenty-two inches in diameter by twenty-six inches stroke, which, on divisions heavy grades, are capable of successfully handling trains made up of eight Pullman cars. But the passenger traffic has increased so rapidly that ten or twelve-car trains are not unusual. The capacity of the Atlantic type, with four-coupled drivers, could not be increased sufficiently to meet the demands without adding considerably to the weight on the drivers. To gain the required capacity, therefore, it was found necessary to add another pair of drivers and adopt what is known as the Pacific type of locomotive, in which the total necessary adhesive weight was realized without exceeding a load of 60,000 pounds on any one pair of drivers.

The dimensions of the new locomotive greatly exceed anything hitherto built, or that would have been considered possible a few years ago. We all remember the great interest which engine 999, built especially for hauling the Empire State express of the New York Central Railroad, excited when she was exhibited at the Chicago World's fair. Yet today it would take two of such engines coupled together to do the work that can be performed by the new Pennsylvania engine; for the latter locomotive, with water in its boiler and in running condition, weighs 134.6 tons; its tender, when loaded with eleven tons of coal and seven tons of water, weighs seventy tons, making a total for the engine and tender of 204.6 tons.

In order that the great power of the locomotive might be available at fairly high speed, the drivers were made eighty inches in diameter, which is the same as that of the Atlantic type. The cylinders are twenty-four inches in diameter by twenty-six inches stroke, and the piston valves, which are operated by the Walschaert gear, are themselves sixteen inches in diameter. The valve gear, which has been carefully designed with a view to bringing its working parts into one plane, is provided with a special supporting frame outside of the link.

The boiler tubes, which are two and a quarter inches in diameter, are six feet longer than those of the Atlantic type, or twenty-one feet over all; and of these there are 343 whose combined heating surface is 4117 square feet. As there are 295

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

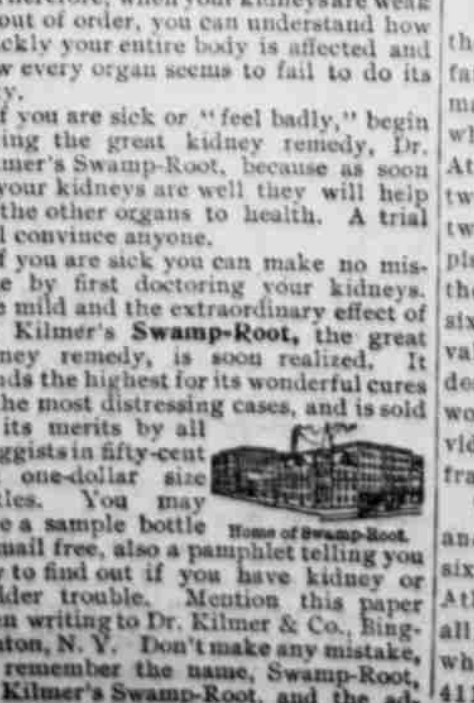
It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

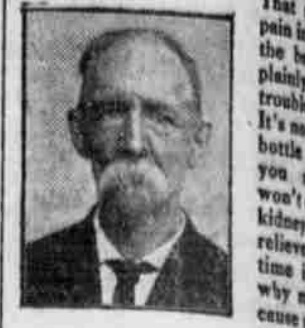
If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle sent by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER, BACKACHE.

I can sympathize with a sufferer from this awful symptom.



Mr. F. LEONARD.

cured but Bright's disease, which follows neglect of them cannot get a bottle of Cooper's New Discovery. Cooper's Quick Relief and cure fully. Your backache will disappear cause your kidney trouble is cured not for a day but for good. Your kidneys are in "ship-shape" and nothing more to cause it.

Here's a letter from a man who for years in this way and took years of suffering. "I have been in such bad shape some years that I finally had to work. I suffered from kidney trouble. My back was so sore and I could scarcely get up and my stomach was also out of order. My nervous system broken down, been using the Cooper medicine a week and actually feel like a new man. My food digests perfectly. The pain and my kidneys are in fine shape and my kidneys are in fine shape and medicine has strengthened me and I cheerfully give you this for publicity." Mr. F. Leonard, School St., Allegheny, Pa.

We have heard a number of comments on the Cooper medicine from people who have purchased from us.

J. C. PERRY

square feet in the firebox, the heating surface reaches the enormous area of 4322 square feet. Coal is burned on a grate which is sixty-one and eight-tenths feet. The maximum diameter of the boiler is seven and three-quarters inches—Industrious American.

GIRL IS A HEROINE

Wreck Probably Averted on Pacific by Girl's Signal.

Through her rare presence of mind Miss Rose O'Reilly of a railroad man at both evening prevented what proved to be a serious accident. Train No. 4 on the Union Pacific Colores station, says the Tribune.

Miss O'Reilly boarded the Buford and was riding in the car on the rear of the train. One of the wheels broke and began to bump over the ties.

The train was traveling at speed, coming down the slope and Miss O'Reilly promptly pulled the bell cord and gave the engineer to stop. This was as soon as possible and only a few feet of the chair car had passed the rails. Had the signal not been given, it is possible the car, which was crowded with people, and perhaps coaches would have been thrown to the ditch when a sharp curve was encountered.

The chair car was cut off the rest of the train brought to a halt, a wrecker going out to the chair car.—East Oregonian.

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Salem Household Would Thank Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be free from annoying dangerous kidney disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. How this great change is brought about will prove words to hundreds of Salem people.

P. Pratt, proprietor of Doan's Livery Stable, 263 Front St., Salem, Oregon, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are a remedy of merit and their value is known to all in need of a remedy for backache or kidney trouble. I suffered from a deranged kidney and heavy aches in my back and loins when I used Dr. Stone's drug store for Doan's Kidney Pills. I got prompt and effective relief from the first dose and in a time I was in such good health that I didn't feel any more like using them or any other kind."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 25 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., New York, sole agents for the States. Remember the name—Doan's.