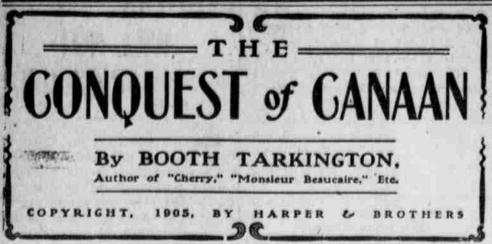
DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREJON FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907.



Mr. Arp ceased to fan himself with

"I don't see as Jonas has 'turned

out'-not in particular! If he's turned

at all lately I reckon it's in his grave,

and I'll bet he has if he had any way

"I believe," Squire Buckalew began,

"They're lucky!" interjected Eskew.

"The shorter your memory the less

"I meant young folks don't remem-

ber as well as older people do," con-

tinued the squire. "I don't see what's

so remarkable in her comin' back and

walkin' up street with Joe Louden.

She used to go kitin' round with him

all the time before she left here. And

yet everybody talks as if they never

"It seems to me," said Colonel Flit-croft besitatingly, "that she did right.

I know it sounds kind of a queer thing

to say, and I stirred up a good deal of

opposition at home yesterday evening

by sort of mentioning something of

the kind. Nobody seemed to agree

with me except Norbert, and he didn't

He was interrupted by an uncontrol-

lable cackle which issued from the

mouth of Mr. Arp. The colonel turned

upon him, with a frown, inquiring the

promptly, "of something that happen-

"It put me in mind," Mr. Arp began

Eskew's mouth was open to tell, but

he remembered just in time that the

grandfather of Norbert was not the

audience properly to be selected for

this recital, choked a half born word.

coughed loudly, realizing that he must

withhold the story of the felling of

Martin Pike until the colonel had tak-

"Nothin' to speak of. Go on with

"I've finished," said the colonel. "I

me a good action for a young lady like

"Stick to him?" echoed Mr. Arp.

en his departure, and replied:

her old friend and playmate."

meanness you know."

heard of sech a thing."

say much, but"-

cause of his mirth.

"What was it?"

ed last night."

your argument."

his wide straw hat and said grimly:

CHAPTER XIV.

AS upon a world canopled with storm and hung with mourning purple and habitated in black, did Mr. Flitcroft turn his morning face at 8 o'clock antemeridian of hearin' how much she must of spent Monday as he hled himself to his daily | for clothes!" duty at the Washington National bank. Yet more than the merely funereal ["that young folks' memories are short." gloomed out from the hillocky area of countenance. Was there not. his l' faith, a glow, a Vesuvian shimmer, beneath the murk of that darkling eye? Was here one, think you, to turn the other check? Little has he learned of Norbert Flitcroft who conceives that this flery spirit was easily to be quenched! Look upon the jowl of him and let him who dares maintain that people-even the very Pikes themselves were to grind beneath their brougham wheels a prostrate Norbert and ride on scatheless! In this his own metaphor is nearly touched: "I guess not. They don't run over me. Martin Pike better look out how he tries it!"

So Mother Nature at her kindly tasks, good Norbert, uses for ber unguent our own perfect inconsistency, and often when we are stabbed deep in the breast she distracts us by thin scratches in other parts, that in the itch of these we may forget the greater hurt till it be healed. Thus, the remembrance of last night, when you undisguisedly ran from the wrath of a Pike, with a pretty girl looking on (to say nothing of the acrid Arp, who will fling the legend on a thousand winds), might well agonize you now, as, in less hasty moments and at a safe distance, you brood upon the plteous figure you cut. On the contrary, behold! You see no blood crimsoning the edges of the horrid gash in your panoply of self esteem; you but smart and scratch the scratches, forsetting your wound in the hot itch for vengeance. It is an itch which will

last (for in such matters your temper shall be steadfast), and let the great Goliath in the mean time beware of you! You ran last night. You ran-of course you ran. Why not? You ran to fight another day!

A bank clerk sometimes has oppor-

them read the message, for not all could read, but all looked curiously through the half opened door at the many roses which lifted their heads delicately from a water pitcher on Joe's desk to scent that dusty place with their cool breath. Most of these clients after a grunt of disappointment turned and went

were thin and troubled. Not all of

away, though there were a few, either unable to read the message or so pressed by anxiety that they disregarded it. who entered the room and sat down to walt for the absentee. There were plenty of chairs in the office now, bookcases also and a big steel safe. But when evening came and the final gray of twilight had vanished from the window panes all had gone except one, a woman who sat patiently, her eyes upon the floor and her hands folded in her lap, until the footsteps of the last of the others to depart had ceased to sound upon the pavement below. Then with a wordless exclamation she sprang to her feet, pulled the window shade carefully down to the siH and



A lady beautifully dressed in white dimity appeared in the doorway.

when she had done that struck a match on the heel of her shoe-a soiled white canvas shoe, not a small one-and applied the flame to a gas jet. The yellow light flared up, and she began to pace the room haggardly.

The courthouse bell rang 9, and as only wanted to say that it seems to the tremors following the last stroke pulsed themselves into silence she that to come back here and stick to heard a footfall on the stairs and immediately relapsed into a chair, folding her hands again in her lap, her ex-"She walked up Main street with him pression composing itself to passivity,

her laughter were getting away with her. She was not far from hysteria when she stopped with a gasp, and fume. "I hope he will come soon. she sat up straight in her chair, white and rigid.

"There!" she said listening intently. "Ain't that him?" Steps sounded upon the pavement below, paused for a second at the foot of the stairs; there was a snap of a match, then the steps sounded again, retreating. She sank back in her chair limply. "It was only will be able to take care of them for some one stoppin' to light his cigar in the entry. It wasn't Joe Louden's

step anyway.' "You know his step?" Ariel's eyes were bent upon the woman wonderingly.

"I'd know it tonight," was the answer, delivered with a sharp and painful giggle. "I got plenty reason to."

Ariel did not respond. She leaned a little closer to the roses upon the desk, letting them touch her face and breathing deeply of their fragrance to neutralize a perfume which pervaded the room, an odor as heavy and cheapsweet as the face of the woman who had saturated her handkerchief, with it, a scent which went with her perfectly and made her unhappily defi nite; suited to her clumsily dyed hair, to her solled white shoes, to the hot red hat smothered in plumage, to the restless stub fingered hands, to the fat, plated rings, of which she wore a great quantity, though, surprisingly enough, the large diamonds in her ears were pure and of a very clear water.

It was she who broke the silence once more. "Well," she drawled, coughing genteelly at the same time, 'better late than never, as the saying is. I wonder who it is gits up all them comical sayings?" Apparently she had no genuine desire for light upon this mystery as she continued immediately: 'I have a gen'leman friend that's always gittin' 'em off. 'Well,' he says, 'the best of friends must part.' and Thou strikest me to the heart'-all kinds of cracks like that. He's real comical. And yet," she went on in an altered voice, "I don't like him much. I'd be glad if I'd never seen him."

The change of tone was so marked that Ariel looked at her keenly, to find herself surprised into pitying this strange client of Joe's, for tears had sprung to the woman's eyes and slid along the lids, where she tried vainly to restrain them. Her face had altered, too, like her volce, haggard lines suddenly appearing about the eyes and mouth as if they had just been penciled there-the truth issuing from beneath her pinchbeck simulations like a tragic mask revealed by the displacement of a tawdry covering.

"I expect you think I'm real foolish," she said, "but I be'n waitin' so awful long, and I got a good deal of worry on my mind till I see Mr. Louden."

A11

"I'am sorry." Ariel turned from the roses and faced her and the heavy per-

"I hope so," said the other. "It's something to do with me that keeps him away, and the longer he is the more it scares me." She shivered and set her teeth together. "It's kind of bard waitin'. I cert'nly got my share of troubles."

"Don't you think that Mr. Louden you?"

"Oh, I hope so, Miss Tabor! If he ean't, nobody can." She was crying openly now, wiping her eyes with her musk soaked handkerchlef. "We had to send fer him yesterday afternoon"---

"To come to Beaver Beach, do you mean?" asked Ariel, leaning forward.

"Yes, ma'am. It all begun out thereleastways it begun before that with me. It was all my fault. I deserve all that's comin' to me, I guess. I done taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-ta wrong! I done wrong! I'd oughtn't great kidney, liver and blatt never to of went out there yesterday." She checked berself sharply, but

after a moment's pause continued, encouraged by the grave kindliness of the delicate face in the shadow of the night. The mild and the entry wide white hat. "I oughtn't to of went," she repeated. "Oh, I reckon It stands the highest for its w I'll never, never learn enough to keep out o' trouble, even when I see it comin'! But that gen'leman friend of mine-Mr. Nashville Cory's his namehe kind o' coaxed me into it, and he's covery and a book that tells all right comical when he's with ladies, and he's good company, and he says, 'Claudine, we'll dance the light fantastic,' he says, and I kind o' wanted something cheerful. I'd be'n workin' Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Rog steady quite a spell, and it looked like address, Binghamton, N.Y. he wanted to show me a good time, so I went, and that's what started it." Now that she had begun she babbled on with her story, at times incoherent-

ly, full of excuses made to herself more than to Ariel, pitifully endeavoring to convince herself that the responsibility for the muddle she had made was not hers. "Mr. Cory told me my husband was drinkin' and wouldn't know about it, and, 'Besides,' he says, 'what's the odds?' Of course I knowed there was trouble between him and Mr. Fear-that's my husband -a good while ago, when Mr. Fear up and laid him out. That was before me and Mr. Fear got married; I hadn't even be'n to Canaan then; I was on the stage. I was on the stage quite awhile in Chicago before I got ac-

quainted with my husband." "You were on the stage?" Ariel exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, ma'am-livin' pitchers at Goldberg's rat'skeller, and amunchoor nights I nearly always done a sketch

(Continued on page seven).

Oregon

The Cause of Many Sudden De

There is country me

tack the vital organs, causing the bladder, or the kidners break down and waste aways Bladder troubles almost al from a derangement of the ki a cure is obtained quickest by treatment of the kidneys, Ify ing badly you can make no m It corrects inability to hold w scalding pain in passing it, comes that unpleasant necess compelled to go often through and to get up many times de effect of Swamp-Root is soon cures of the most distressing can Swamp-Root is pleasant to the sold by all druggists in fiftyer one-dollar size bottles; You may sample bottle of this wouder both sent free by mail. Address mer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. writing mention reading this p offer in this paper. Don't mistake, but remember the name bottle.

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tunities

The stricken fat one could not understand how it came about that he had blurted out the damning confession that he had visited Beaver Beach. When he tried to solve the puzzle, his mind refused the strain, became foggy and the terrors of his position acute. Was he, like Joe Louden, to endure the ban of Canaan and, like him, stand excommunicate beyond the pale because of Martin Pike's displeasure? For Norbert saw with perfect clearness today what the judge had done for Joe. Now that he stood in danger of a fate identical this came home to him. How many others, he wondered, would do as Mamie had done and write notes such as he had received by the hand of Sam Warden late last night?

Dear Sir-this from Mamie, who, in the Canaanitish way, had been wont to ad-dress him as "Norb!"-My father wishes me to state that after your remark yesterday afternoon on the steps, which was overheard by my mother, who happened to be standing in the hall behind you, and your behavior to himself later on he considers it impossible to allow you to call any more or to speak to any mem-ber of his household. Yours respectfully, MAMIE PIKE.

Erasures and restorations bore witness to a considerable doubt in Mamie's mind concerning "Yours respectfully," but she had finally let it stand, evidently convinced that the plain signature, without preface, savored of an intimacy denied by the context.

"'Dear sir?" repeated Norbert between set teeth. "'Impossible to allow you to call any more "" These and other terms of his dismissal recurred to him during the morning, and ever and anon he looked up from his desk, his lips moving to the tune of those horrid phrases, and stared out at the street. Basilisk glaring this, with no Christian softness in it, not even when it fell upon his own grandfather, sitting among the sages within easy eye shot from the big window at Norbert's elbow. However, Colonel Flitcroft was not disturbed by the gaze of his descendant, being, in fact, quite unaware of it. The aged men were having a busy morning.

The conclave was not what it had been. (Nee Arp and all his works.) There had come as the years went by a few recruits, but faces were missing. The two Tabors had gone, and Uncle Joe Davey could no longer lay claim to the patriarchship. He had laid it down, with a half sigh, and gone his Eskew himself was now the WRY. oldest of the conscript fathers, the colonel and Squire Buckalew pressing him closely, with Peter Bradbury no great time behind.

Today they did not plant their feet upon the brass rall inside the hotel windows, but courted the genial weathar outdoors and, as their summer custom was, tilted back their chairs in the shade of the western wall of the building.

"And who could of dreamed," Mr. Bradbury was saying, with a side innes of expectancy at lishew, "that Jouan Tabor would ever turn out to have a niece like that?" yesterday. Do you call that stickin' to him? She's been away a good while; she's forgotten what Canaan is, You wait till she sees for herself jest dimity appeared in the doorway. She what his standing in this com"-

"I agree with Eskew for once," in because"-

"Then you bettar wait," cried Es kew, allowing him to proceed no further, "till you hear what you're agreein' to! I say you take a young lady like that-pretty and rich and all cultured up, and it stands to reason that she won't"-

"No; it don't!" exclaimed Buckalew impatiently. "Nothing of the sort! 1 tell you"-

Eskew rose to his feet and pounded the pavement with his stick. "It stands to reason that she won't stick to a man no other decent woman will speak to, a feller that's been the mark for every stone throwed in the town ever since he was a boy, an outcast with a reputation as black as a preacher's shoes on Sunday! I don't care if he's her oldest friend on earth, she won't stick to him! She walked with him yesterday, but you can mark my words, his goose is cooked!" The old man's voice rose shrill and high. "It ain't in human nature fer her to do it! You hear what I say - you'll never see her with Joe Louden again in this livin' world, and she as good as told me so herself last night. You can take your oath she's quit him already! Don't"-

Eskew paused abruptly, his eyes widening behind his spectacles. His jaw fell. His stick, raised to hammer the pavement, remained suspended in the air. A sudden color rushed over his face, and he dropped speechless in his chair. The others after staring at him in momentary alarm followed the direction of his gaze.

Just across Main street and in plain view was the entrance to the stairway which led to Joe's office. Ariel Tabor, all in cool gray, carrying a big bunch of white roses in her white gloved hands, had just crossed the sidewalk from a carriage and was ascending the dark stairway. A moment later she came down again empty handed, got into the carriage and drove away.

"She missed him," said Squire Buckalew. "I saw him go out half an hour ago. But," he added and, exercising a self restraint close upon the saintly, did not even glance toward the heap which was Mr. Arp, "I notice she left her flowers!"

Ariel was not the only one who climbed the dingy stairs that day and read the penciled script upon Joe's door: "Will not return until evening. J. Louden." Many others came, all exceedingly unlike the first visitor. Some were quick and watchful, dodging into the narrow entrance furtively; some amiled contemptuously as long as they were in view of the street, drooping wanty as they reached the status; some were brazen and ampaed and some

for the step was very much lighter than Joe's.

A lady beautifully dressed in white hesitated at the threshold, not, apparently, because of any timidity (her exterrupted Peter Bradbury. "I agree pression being too thoughtfully assured for that), but almost immediately she came in and seated herself near the desk, acknowledging the other's presence by a slight inclination of the head.

> This grave courtesy caused a strong. deep flush to spread itself under the rouge which unevenly covered the woman's cheeks as she bowed elaborately in return. Then furtively, during a protracted sllence, she took stock of the new comer from the tip of her white suede shoes to the filmy lace and pink roses upon her wide white hat, and the sidelong gaze lingered marvelingly upon the quiet, delicate hands, slender and finely expressive, in their white gloves.

> Her own hands, unlike the lady's, began to fidget confusedly, and, the silence continuing, she coughed several times to effect the preface required by her sense of fitness before she felt it proper to observe, with a polite titter: "Mr. Louden seems to be a good while comin'."

"Have you been waiting very long?" asked the lady.

"Ever since 6 o'clock!"

"Yes," said the other, "that is very long."

"Yes, ma'am, it cert'nly is." The ice thus broken, she felt free to use her eyes more directly and, after a long. frank stare, exclaimed;

"Why, you must be Miss Ariel Tabor, alu't you?"

"Yes"-Ariel touched one of the roses upon Joe's desk with her finger tips-"I am Miss Tabor."

"Well, excuse me fer asking; I'm sure it ain't any business of mine." said the other, remembering the manners due one lady from another. "But I thought it must be. I expect," she added, with loud, inconsequent laughter, "there's not many in Canaan alu't heard you've come back." She paused, laughed again, nervously, and again, less loudly, to take off the edge of her abruptness, gradually tittering herself down to a pause, to fill which she put forth, "Right nice weather we be'n havin'."

"Yes," said Ariel,

"It was rainy first of last week though. I don't mind rain so much"this with more laughter-"I stay in the house when it rains. Some people don't know enough to, they say. You've heard that saying, ain't you, Miss Tabor?" "Yes."

"Well, I tell you," she exclaimed noisity, "there's plenty ladies and gen-'lemen in this town that's like that."

Her laughter did not cease. It became louder and shriller. It had been until now a mere lubrication of the conversation, helping to make her easier in Miss Tabor's presence, but as it increased in shriliness she seemed to be losing control of herself, as if

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