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CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

(Continued from page six).

h a gen'leman friend. That's the y I met Mr. Fear. He seemed to be l struck with me right away, and n as I got through my turn he ast to order whatever I wanted. He's ays gen'lemanlike when he ain't too much, and even then he vurry, ry seldom acks rough unless he's ious. That was the trouble yes- day. I never would of gone to the ch if I'd dreamed what was com- When we got there I saw Mike— the gen'leman that runs the ch—lookin' at my company and me d of anxious, and pretty soon he me away from Mr. Cory and told what's what. Seems this Cory wanted me to go with him to e my husband mad, and he'd took care that Mr. Fear heard I'd be e with him. An' he'd be'n hangin' nd me every time he struck town to make Mr. Fear mad—the fresh ! You see, he wanted to make husband start something again, Mr. Cory did, and he was fixed it."

don't understand," said Ariel.

's this way: If Mr. Fear attacked Cory, why, Mr. Cory could shoot down and claim self defense. You it would be easy for Mr. Cory, be- e Mr. Fear nearly killed him when had their first trouble, and that ld give Mr. Cory a good excuse to t if Mr. Fear jest only pushed him. 's the way it is with the law. Mr. could wipe out their old score and off scot free."

Surely not!"

Yes, ma'am, that's the way it would And when Mike told me that Mr. had got me out there jest to pro- e my husband I went straight up to and begun to give him a piece of mind. I didn't talk loud, because I er was one to make a disturbance start trouble the way some do, right while I was talkin' we both my husband pass the window. Mr. give a kind of yelling laugh and his arm round me jest as Mr. Fear e in the door. And then it all hap- d so quick that you could hardly what was goin' on. Mr. Fear, we d afterward, had promised Mr. den that he wouldn't come out e, but he took too much—you could that by the look of him—and fer- his promise—fergot everything but and Cory, I guess.

He come right up to us, where I was d to git away from Cory's arm—it the left one he had around me and other behind his back—and neither 'em said a word. Cory kept on ckin' loud as he could, and Mr. Fear ck him in the mouth. He's little, he can hit awful hard, and Mr. let out a screech, and I see his go off right in Mr. Fear's face, I ght, but it wasn't. It only scorch- him. Most of the other gen'lemen run, but Mike made a dive and aged to knock the gun to one side barely in time. Then Mike and e or four others that come out behind things separated 'em, both 'em fightin' to git at each other. locked Mr. Cory up in Mike's and took Mr. Fear over to where hitch the horses. Then Mike sent Mr. Louden to come out to talk to my husband and take care of him—he's the only one can do anything with him when he's like that—but before Mr. Louden could git there Mr. Fear broke loose and run through a cornfield and got away—at least they couldn't find him. And Mr. Cory jumped through a window and slid down into one of Mike's boats, so they'd both gone. When Mr. Louden come he only stayed long enough to hear what had happened and started out to find Happy—that's my husband. He's bound to keep them apart, but he hasn't found Mr. Fear yet or he'd be here."

Ariel had sunk back in her chair. "Why should your husband hide?" she asked in a low voice.

"Waitin' fer his chance at Cory," the woman answered huskily. "I expect he's afraid the cops are after him, too, on account of the trouble, and he doesn't want to git locked up till he's met Cory again. They ain't after him, but he may not know it. They haven't heard of the trouble, I reckon, or they'd of run Cory in. He's around town today, drinkin' heavy, and I guess he's lookin' fer Mr. Fear about as hard as Mr. Louden is." She rose to her feet, lifted her coarse hands and dropped them despairingly. "Oh, I'm scared!" she said. "Mr. Fear's be'n mighty good to me."

A slow and tired footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Joe's dog ran into the room droopingly, wagged his tail with no energy and crept under the desk. Mrs. Fear wheeled toward the door and stood, rigid, her hands clinched tight, her whole body still except her breast, which rose and fell with her tumultuous breathing. She could not wait till the laggard step reached the landing.

"Mr. Loudon!" she called suddenly.

Joe's voice came from the stairway. "It's all right, Claudine. It's all fixed up. Don't worry."

Mrs. Fear gave a thick cry of relief and sank back in her chair as Joe entered the room. He came in shamblingly, with his hand over his eyes as if they were very tired and the light hurt them, so that for a moment or two he did not perceive the second visitor. Then he let his hand fall, revealing a face white and worn.

"It's all right, Claudine," he repeated. "It's all right."

He was moving to lay his hat on the desk when his eye caught first the roses, then fell upon Ariel, and he stopped stock still with one arm outstretched, remaining for perhaps ten seconds in that attitude, while she, her lips parted, her eyes lustrous, returned his gaze with a look that was as inscrutable as it was kind.

"Yes," she said, as if in answer to a question, "I have come here twice today." She nodded slightly toward Mrs. Fear. "I can wait. I am very glad you bring good news."

Joe turned dazedly toward the other. "Claudine," he said, "you've been telling Miss Tabor."

"I cert'nly have!" Mrs. Fear's expression had cleared, and her tone was cheerful. "I don't see no harm in that. I'm sure she's a good friend of yours, Mr. Louden."

Joe glanced at Ariel with a faint, troubled smile and turned again to Mrs. Fear. "I've had a long talk with Happy."

"I'm awful glad. Is he ready to listen to reason?" she asked with a titter.

"He's waiting for you."

"Where?" She rose quickly.

"Stop," said Joe sharply. "You must be very careful with him"—

"Don't you s'pose I'm goin' to be?" she interrupted, with a catch in her voice. "Don't you s'pose I've had trouble enough?"

"No," said Joe deliberately and impersonally, "I don't. Unless you keep remembering to be careful all the time you'll follow the first impulse you have, as you did yesterday, and your excuse will be that you never thought any harm would come of it. He's in a queer mood, but he will forgive you if you ask him"—

"Well, ain't that what I want to do?" she exclaimed.

"I know, I know," he said, dropping into the desk chair and passing his hand over his eyes with a gesture of infinite weariness. "But you must be very careful. I hunted for him most of the night and all day. He was trying to keep out of my way because he didn't want me to find him until he had met this fellow Nashville. Happy is a hard man to come at when he doesn't care to be found, and he kept shifting from place to place until I ran him down. Then I got him in a corner and told him that you hadn't meant any harm—which is always true of you, poor woman—and I didn't leave him till he had promised me to forgive you if you would come and ask him. And you must keep him out of Cory's way until I can arrange to have him—Cory, I mean—sent out of town. Will you?"

"Why, cert'nly," she answered, smiling. "That Nashville's the vurry last person I ever want to see again—the fresh thing!" Mrs. Fear's burden had fallen; her relief was perfect, and she beamed vapidly. But Joe marked her renewed irresponsibility with an anxious eye.

"You mustn't make any mistakes," he said, rising stiffly with fatigue.

"Not me. I don't take no mo chances," she responded, tittering happily; "not after yesterday. My, but it's a load off my shoulders! I do hate it to have gen'lemen quarreling over me, especially Mr. Fear. I never did like to start anything. I like to see people laugh and be friendly, and I'm mighty glad it's all blown over. I kind o' thought it would all along. Psho!" She burst into genuine, noisy laughter. "I don't expect either of 'em meant no real harm to each other after they got cooled off a little. If they'd met today they'd probably both run. Now, Mr. Louden, where's Happy?"

Joe went to the door with her. He waited a moment, perplexed; then his brow cleared, and he said in a low voice: "You know the alley beyond Vent Miller's poolroom? Go down the alley till you come to the second gate. Go in, and you'll see a basement door opening into a little room under Miller's bar. The door won't be locked, and Happy's in there waiting for you. But remember"—

"Oh, don't you worry!" she cut him off loudly. "I know him. Inside of an hour I'll have him laughin' over all this. You'll see!"

When she had gone he stood upon the landing looking thoughtfully after her. 'Perhaps, after all, that is the best mood to let her meet him in,' he murmured.

Then, with a deep breath, he turned The heavy perfume had gone, the air was clear and sweet, and Ariel was pressing her face into the roses again. As he saw how like them she was he was shaken with a profound and mysterious sigh, like that which moves in the breast of one who listens in the dark to his dearest music.

(To Be Continued.)

After Ten Years.

Mr. G. L. Stephenson, of Petersborough, Ont., says: "For over ten years I suffered constantly with Piles first Itching, then Bleeding; pain almost unbearable; life a burden. Tried everything in vain till I used Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid.

"I had taken but a few doses when I began to notice an improvement I decided to keep on, and now after using three boxes I am glad to say I am completely cured. My general health has also greatly improved. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Hem-Roid to all sufferers with Piles, and I feel convinced that what it has done for me it will surely do for them."

..Price $1.00. Dr. Leonhardt Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Proprietors. Sold by Dr. S. C. Stone, Salem.

Technical School in a Forest.

To study a valuable techincal and art craftsmanship school one would scarcely in England choose a little town of 14,500 inhabitants wherein to make research.

But in Austria it is all small towns, wherever there are special industries, that the Educational Ministry plant their school to develop and advance the scientific knowledge of those industries. Here in Villach we are in the midst of forests. Wood forms the staple commodity, and so in this interesting, historic and picturesque town is a school to develop wood industries.

The school has three sections—building, art and cabinet work. In the directors' room one at once saw all the hidden beauty and worth of wood. Articles of everyday utility were beside objects of art full of expression. There was a figure of Samson, full of pathetic power; a portrait of the old master workman, such a figure as Herkomer would glory in; a statue of Dante, and a Christ, reminding one of the work of the fourteenth century, when woodcarving was in its glory—and this Christ was carved by a lad of 18.

But near were quaint little toys of the most simple form; there were the models for the village children to copy, thus making the Noah's Ark toys of commerce.

In the drawing-rooms I was surprised to see a monkey running about and some birds feeding, but I soon saw that monkey and the birds were worked into many a design; a hen with her chicks were also utilized. Flowers and trees they had around them, and the pupils had to create, not copy.

In the turners' room were fifteen lathes. In the sculptors' room pupils were at work. Quite a picturesque group was formed as the workmaster stood over a lad who, with mallet and chisel, was working out of a rough wood block the figure of a laughing fawn. The pupil had a fine face, and his eyes went into his work—a village lad turned into an artist by this school.

The number of pupils in all was 520. Girls were taught drawing and painting. Here their system makes the poorest see with an artistic eye, and the value of this was evident in the town. In the furniture and houses were seen the influence of this school, which is absolutely free to all without payment—even for material.—Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

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When your child has a severe cold. You need not fear pneumonia or other pulmonary diseases. Keep supplied with Ballard's Horehound Syrup—a positive cure for Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Mrs. Hall of Sioux Falls, S. D., writes. "I have used your wonderful Ballard's Horehound Syrup, on my children for five years. Its results have been wonderful." Sold by D. J. Fry.

Like Grand Opera.

"Do you think kissing is a comedy?" asked the bashful young man.

"No, indeed," replied the pretty girl. "I think it is an opera."

"An opera? And why?

"Because it is always grand."—Exchange.

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It is with pleasure that I give you this unsolicited testimonial. About a year ago when I had a severe case of measles I got caught out in a hard rain and the measles settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time and had it not been for the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not have possibly lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy I am now strong and well. I have written the above through simple gratitude and I shall always speak a good word for this remedy. —Sam H. Gwin, Concord, Ga. For sale at Dr. Stone's drug store.

Old Lady—Are you traveling for the good of your health?

Wefaulting Bankrupt—Rather!—Illustrated Bits.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

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No. 16—5:23 a. m., Oregon Express.

No. 18—8:40 a. m., Cottage Grove Passenger.

No. 12—4:45 p. m., Shasta Express.

No. 14—9:28 p. m., Portland Express.

Toward Portland—Freight.

No. 222—10:55 a. m., departs 11:38 a. m., Portland Fast Freight.

No. 226—10:40 a. m., departs 11:38 a. m., Way Freight.

Toward San Francisco—Passenger

No. 11—11:03 a. m., Shasta Express.

No. 17—6:42 p.m., Cottage Grove Passenger.

No. 15—9:56 p. m., California Express.

No. 13—1:31 a. m., San Francisco Express.

Toward San Francisco—Freight.

No. 221—2:33 a. m., San Francisco Fast Freight.

No. 225—11:55 a. m., arrives 11:25.

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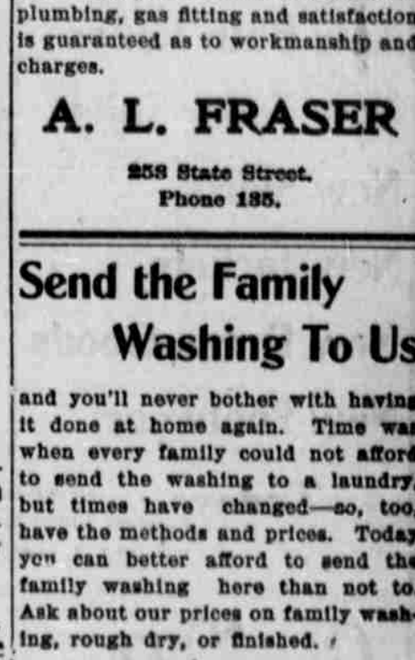

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