

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

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CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was meant for gossip a plenty in Canaan that afternoon and evening. There were rumors that ran from kitchen to parlor, and rumors that ran from parlor to kitchen; speculations that detained housewives in talk across front gates, wonderings that held cooks in converse over shadeless back fences in spite of the heat and canards that brought Main street clerks running to the shop doors to stare up and down the sidewalks.

Out of the confusion of report the judicious were able by eventful to extract a fair history of this day of revolution. There remained no doubt that Joe Loudon was in attendance at the deathbed of Eskew Arp, and somehow it came to be known that Colonel Filcroft, Squire Buckalew and Peter Bradbury had shaken hands with Joe and declared themselves his friends. There were those, particularly among the relatives of the hoary trio, who expressed the opinion that the colonel and his comrades were too old to be responsible and a commission ought to sit on them. Nevertheless some echoes of Eskew's last "argument" to the colonel had sounded in the town and were not wholly without effect.

Everywhere there was a nipping curiosity to learn how Judge Pike had "taken" the strange performance of his daughter, and the eager were much disappointed when it was truthfully reported that he had done and said very little. He had merely discharged both Sam Warden and Sam's wife from his service, the mild manner of the dismissal almost unnerving Mr. Warden, although he was fully prepared for bird shot, and the couple had found immediate employment in the service of Ariel Tabor.

Those who humanly felt the judge's behavior to be a trifle flat and unsensational were recompensed late in the afternoon when it became known that Eugene Bantry had resigned his position on the Tocsin. His reason for severing his connection was astounding. He had written a formal letter to the judge and repeated the gist of it to his associates in the office and acquaintances upon the street. He declared that he no longer sympathized with the attitude of the Tocsin toward his stepbrother and regretted that he had previously assisted in emphasizing the paper's hostility to Joe, particularly in the matter of the approaching murder trial. This being the case, he felt that his effectiveness in the service of the paper had ceased, and he must in justice to the owner resign.

"Well, I'm cursed!" was the simple comment of the elder Loudon when his stepson sought him out at the factory and repeated this statement to him.

"So am I, I think," said Eugene wistfully. "Goodby. I'm going now to see mother, but I'll be gone before you come home."

"Gone where?"

"Just away. I don't know where," Eugene answered from the door. "I couldn't live here any longer. I—"

"You've been drinking," said Mr. Loudon, inspired. "You'd better not let Mamie Pike see you."

Eugene laughed desolately. "I don't mean to. I shall write to her. Goodby," he said and was gone before Mr. Loudon could restore enough order out of the chaos in his mind to stop him.

Thus Mrs. Loudon's long wait at the window was tragically rewarded, and she became an unhappy actor in Canaan's drama of that day. Other ladies attended at other windows or near their front doors throughout the afternoon—the families of the three patriarchs awaiting their return as the time drew on with something akin to frenzy. Mrs. Filcroft, a lady of temper, whose rheumatism confined her to a chair, had her grandson wheel her out upon the porch, and as the dusk fell and she finally saw her husband coming at a languid pace, leaning upon his cane, his chin sunk on his breast, she frankly told Norbert that although she had lived with that man fifty-seven years she would never be able to understand him. She repeated this with genuine symptoms of hysteria when she discovered that the colonel had not come straight from the Tabor house, but had stopped two hours at Peter Bradbury's to "talk it over."

One item of his recital, while sufficiently startling to his wife, had a remarkable effect upon his grandson. This was the information that Ariel Tabor's fortune no longer existed.

"What's that?" cried Norbert, starting to his feet. "What are you talking about?"

"It's true," said the colonel deliberately. "She told me so herself. Eskew had dropped off into a sort of doze—more like a stupor perhaps—and we all went into Roger's old studio, except Loudon and the doctor, and while we were there talkin' one of Pike's clerks came with a basket full of tin boxes and packages of papers and talked to Miss Tabor at the door and went away. Then old Peter blundered out and asked her point blank what it was, and she said it was her estate—"

almost everything she had, except the house. Buckalew, tryin' to make a joke, said he'd be willin' to swap his house and lot for the basket, and she laughed and told him she thought he'd be sorry; that all there was, to speak of, was a pile of distillery stock."

"What?" repeated Norbert incredulously.

"Yes. It was the truth," said the colonel solemnly. "I saw it myself. Blocks and blocks of stock in that distillery trust that went up higher 'n a kite last year. Roger had put all of Jonas' good money"—

"Not into that!" shouted Norbert, uncontrollably excited.

"Yes, he did. I tell you I saw it!"

"I tell you he didn't. He owned Granger gas, worth more today than it ever was! Pike was Roger's attorney in fact and bought it for him before the old man died. The check went through my hands. You don't think I'd forget as big a check as that, do you, even if it was more than a year ago? Or how it was signed and who made out to? It was Martin Pike that got caught with distillery stock. He speculated once too often!"

"No, you're wrong," persisted the colonel. "I tell you I saw it myself."

"Then you're blind," returned his grandson disrespectfully; "you're blind or else—or else"—He paused, open mouthed, a look of wonder struggling its way to expression upon him, gradually conquering every knobby out-post of his countenance. He struck his fat hands together. "Where's Joe Loudon?" he asked sharply. "I want to see him. Did you leave him at Miss Tabor's?"

"He's goin' to sit up with Eskew. What do you want of him?"

"I should say you better ask that!" Mrs. Filcroft began shrilly. "It's enough, I guess, for one of this family to go runnin' after him and shakin' hands with him and heaven knows what not! Norbert Filcroft!"

But Norbert jumped from the porch, rudely crossed his grandmother's



"It's hard to breathe," gasped the old man.

geranium bed and, making off at as sharp a pace as his architecture permitted, within ten minutes opened Ariel's gate.

Sam Warden came forward to meet him.

"Don't ring, please, suh," said Sam. "Dey sot me out heah to tell inquirin' friend's dat po' ole Mist' Arp mighty low."

"I want to see Mr. Loudon," returned Norbert. "I want to see him immediately."

"I don't reckon he kin come out yit," Sam said in a low tone. "But I kin go in an' ast 'im."

He stepped softly within, leaving Norbert waiting, and went to the door of the sickroom. The door was open, the room brightly lighted, as Eskew had commanded when, a little earlier, he awoke.

Joe and Ariel were alone with him, leaning toward him with such white anxiety that the colored man needed no warning to make him remain silent in the hallway. The veteran was speaking, and his voice was very weak, seeming to come from a great distance.

"It's mighty funny, but I feel like I used to when I was a little boy. I reckon I'm kind of scared—after all, Ariel Tabor—are you—here?"

"Yes, Mr. Arp."

"I thought so—but I—I don't see very well—lately. I—wanted—to—know—to know—"

"Yes—to know?" She knelt close beside him.

"It's kind of—foolish," he whispered. "I just—wanted to know if you was still here. It—don't seem so lonesome now that I know."

She put her arm lightly about him, and he smiled and was silent for a time; then he struggled to rise upon his elbow, and they lifted him a little.

"It's hard to breathe," gasped the old man. "I'm pretty near—the big road. Joe Loudon—"

"Yes?"

"You'd have been—willing—willing to change places with me—just now—when Ariel?"

Joe laid his hand on his, and Eskew smiled again. "I thought so! And, Joe—"

"Yes?"

"You always—always had the—the best of that joke between us. Do you—"

—you suppose they charge admission—up there?" His eyes were lifted. "Do you suppose you've got to—to show your good deeds to get in?" The answering whisper was almost as faint as the old man's.

"No," panted Eskew, "nobody knows. But I hope—I do hope—they'll have some free seats. It's a—mighty poor show—we'll—all have—if they—don't."

He sighed peacefully, his head grew heavier on Joe's arm, and the young man set his hand gently upon the unseeing eyes. Ariel did not rise from where she knelt, but looked up at him when, a little later, he lifted his hand.

"Yes," said Joe, "you can cry now."

(To Be Continued.)

SYMPTOMS OF GENERAL DEBILITY

And a Tonic Treatment Which Has Effected Many Cures in Cases as Stubborn as Mr. Slater's.

The symptoms of general debility vary according to the cause but weakness is always present, a tendency to perspire and fatigue easily, ringing in the ears, sometimes black spots passing before the eyes, weak back, vertigo, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking, and unrefreshing sleep. The cause of the trouble may be some drain on the system or it may be mental or physical overwork, sometimes insufficient nutrition due to digestive disturbance. In the latter case there is generally a loss of appetite and a coated tongue as well as general languor and debility.

Mr. Fred T. Slater, of 16 Hudson street, Lestershire, N. Y., an operator in a shoe factory, says:

"I had been employed over 20 years in factories and been in good health until recently, when I suddenly became run down. While I had not been feeling well for some time, I was not aware of the extent of my break down until too late to avoid some months of sickness."

"There was a bad taste in my mouth and my appetite was poor. My sleep was disturbed by all kinds of dreams and I had heavy night-sweats. Every morning I woke up dizzy, listless and weak. My blood was in bad shape for my face and body were covered with pimples and blotches. My bowels were irregular and I was troubled by hard headaches, shortness of breath and nausea. There were awful pains across my back, my kidneys were weak and the secretion frequent and highly colored. My complexion was sallow and I grew nervous and irritable. It was impossible to do much work and I was often confined to bed for two or three days."

"Soon after I became sick I called a doctor, who gave me something for my bowels and when I got no better he began to change the medicine. When I had been sick about six months, my father advised me to give up all other medicine and try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began to feel stronger before I had taken many boxes and the various symptoms gradually disappeared. I was not cured all at once, but after a thorough treatment I am in perfect health. I think Pink Pills are a wonderful remedy."

A valuable booklet, "Diseases of the Blood," containing fuller information, will be sent free upon request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

To Quell Revolutions.

City of Mexico, Sept. 13.—Unusual precautions are being taken along the northern boundary of Mexico to quell any incipient revolutions that may possibly be inaugurated next Monday, the annual independence day of the republic.

This has always been a favorite time for the juntas along the border to spring rebellions, and the authorities are determined not to be caught napping, although little real trouble is anticipated. All the army posts along the frontier have been fully garrisoned and a large number of secret service men posted in the border towns.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Sick Headache Among Women

Is quite a common occurrence, in fact many of them believe it absolutely necessary to have their "sick headache days." This mistaken idea will soon be dispelled if we can persuade such women to try it.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

At once, it will enrich the blood, steady the nerves, induce refreshing sleep, and then "goodbye to headache." It also cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness or Malaria, Fever and Ague.



MOHAMMED EL GUEBBAS.

Morocco's minister of war, who is trying to break up Raisuli's band of bandits and make Morocco safe for foreigners.

HONORS HOME TOWN.

Burbank Has Named the Four Varieties of His Thornless Cacti After California Cities.

Luther Burbank has honored four California cities, says the Santa Rosa Democrat, by naming one each of the varieties of his wonderful thornless cacti after them. The cacti are now being sent out and they are the "Santa Rosa," "Fr. sno," "Monte-rey" and "Chico" cacti. Consequently these varieties of cacti will make the names of these California towns famous to the uttermost parts of the earth, for the cacti promises to outlive any of Burbank's creations in its usefulness to mankind.

The American Cactus Farming company of Los Angeles has secured the handling of the four of Burbank's thornless cacti, and it is a much coveted prize, for which hundreds have been applying.

Among the distinguished visitors who are to arrive here this week to see Burbank are Secretary Hayes of the United States department of agriculture of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Griffith, the United States forester. Over 7000 people have visited this city this year for the purpose of seeing Burbank and his experimental grounds.

This genius of plant life lives in a modest vine covered cottage near the heart of the beautiful little city of Santa Rosa. He has two or three acres surrounding his home which he utilizes for experiment grounds.

It was here where mainly by selection he developed the thornless cactus, the red California poppy, the Shasta daisy and many of his wonderful creations. The writer is personally acquainted with Mr. Burbank and was one of the many thousands who visited him last year. The thornless cactus at that time occupied a bed of sand at the rear of the dwelling where it has been losing its thorns for several years. Mr. Burbank explained that the development of the thornless cacti was accomplished mainly by removing the thorns which nature sent forth and planting the stripped dweller of the desert until the plant refused to produce the spines. The common California poppy was colored red entirely by selection. Each year the reddest flower being taken from a large number and the seed planted apart from other varieties until the poppy became entirely red. Mr. Burbank is a plain appearing man, mingling with his fellow townsmen and preferring an invigorating walk among his plants or on the streets to a carriage ride or the pleasures of automobile. He has an experimental farm at Sebastopol, which is seven miles east of Santa Rosa where he spends much of his time.

New President for Honduras.

Tegucigalpa, Honduras, Sept. 13.—Celebrations will be held throughout Honduras tomorrow and Sunday, the anniversary of the political emancipation of Central America, and will be marked by the return

Huie Wing Sang Company

NEW GOODS ON SALE

\$20,000 Worth of New Goods Direct From the Manufacturers, Now Opened Up and Ready for Your Inspection.

Our fall goods have arrived, fashions' latest and newest creations, in ladies' suits and wraps. Prices are unusually low for fine quality, workmanship and styles. Ladies' fancy dress skirts, all the latest styles to select from.

Ladies' fancy wool waists beautifully trimmed with lace and broderie.

Allover lace over silk waists, the very latest for fall, in short, long sleeves.

Ladies' muslin underwear, gowns, skirts, drawers and covers, beautifully trimmed with lace and embroidery; all home-made underwear. This is the only store in the city that carries home-made underwear.

Ladies' wool and silk wrappers from \$8.00 to \$18.00.

Ladies' wool and silk kimono from \$3.00 to \$6.00.

Gents' coats, suits, pants, shoes, dress shirts, work shirts and sweaters. Ladies and misses' long coats, the very latest to select from. Notions, blankets, comforts, matings, etc.

HUIE WING SANG CO

Chinese and Japanese Bazaar

346 Court Street

Salem, Oreg.

to a constitutional form of government, adopting the provisions of the constitution of 1894.

The provisional government will be abandoned next month, when a permanent president will be elected. The principal candidates are General Davila, president of the provisional government, and Dionysius Gutierrez, formerly a member of the cabinet and for many years prominent in Honduran political affairs.

Washington, Sept. 13.—It is announced here that Honduras will adopt a permanent form of government tomorrow, and it is generally believed in official circles that the decision is due to the refusal of the Washington state department to recognize the provisional government.

An application for such recognition was made some time ago by Senor Ugarte, who was sent here for that purpose. The reason given by the state officials for the refusal was that such recognition of provisional governments offered a premium on revolutions, and greatly retarded the efforts of the more conservative element in Central America to establish stable and responsible governments. It is believed that the influence of President Roosevelt and President Diaz had much to do with the decision of General Davila to trust his political fortunes to an appeal to popular suffrage.

DECIDE YOURSELF.

The Opportunity Is Here, Backed by Salem Testimony.

Don't take our word for it.

Don't depend on a stranger's statement.

Read Salem endorsement.

Read the statement of Salem citizens.

And decide for yourself.

Here is one case of it:

William M. Spayd, living on Winter street, southeast corner of D street, Salem, Oregon, says: "It is just about three years since I recommended Doan's Kidney Pills through our local papers. I said that words couldn't express my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, or describe the remarkable effect they had on me. My kidneys had been a source of annoyance for a number of years, and I suffered severely from backache and pain across my loins. I couldn't go out without my back aching me. The kidney secretions were irregular and my rest at night was disturbed on account of their frequency, and there was a scalding pain in passage. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and procured a supply at Dr. Stone's drug store. By the time I had used a little over one box I was entirely free from backache, and the action of the kidney secretions was regulated so that I could rest the whole night without being disturbed. My kidneys were toned up and strengthened and my health was improved in every way. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills made me feel like a new man. I am always glad to express my gratitude for what they did for me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Lili-etc. to Wed Prince.

Honolulu, Sept. 13.—Ex-Liliuokalani, the dusky empress once ruled Hawaii before Uncle undertook the job, has announced that she will shortly be married to Prince Ari Pal, of Tahiti. The prince is now reported to be on his way to Honolulu, and the nuptials take place shortly after his arrival.

It is said that the prince, who is a youth full in love with the queen, but his amorous advances were repulsed by her majesty because of his lack of wealth and influence. Since then Ari Pal gained both in large measure well as some 350 pounds of fat.

The ex-queen, while her royal prestige is herself wealth, that the marriage is looked upon purely a love affair.

Pills and Piles.

A prolific cause of Piles is of cathartics and pills of a violent nature, always followed by reaction on account of the drying properties they contain.

There are other causes, no matter what the cause or what kind of Piles, Dr. Leonard's Piles can be relied upon to cure.

It's an internal remedy that moves the causes of itching, bleeding or suppurating Piles.

A guarantee goes with each age. \$1.00 at druggists, or Dr. Hardt Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y. Priests. Sold by Dr. Salem.

Election at Tozerville.

Tent city out at the fair is putting on more airs than the mushroom villages in a camp or along a new railroad, settling rapidly and Monday there will be an election at ten councilmen will be elected from each street. The mayor already declared himself elected as he has possession of the town and the hall is "up a tree" to have a good grip on his job. In fact, insists that there is no in a council, but the citizens they are determined to have streets paved, or at least blocks so improved, and they that it is only by electing a council that this work can be accomplished. The intention, now, is to put a little bit of the Warren County company, similar to that on street. The council will also to the railroad commission to the loading platforms and shutters moved down to the "end" district close to the blue for holding the crushed rock the United States government a mile of sample road with, for better depot facilities, an agent. The city also wants a ordinance and a bill will be introduced limiting residents to five for each resident over 16 years of age and three pups to each under that age. There is other legislation required, but be attended to—in time.

"Regular as the Sun" is an expression as old as the No doubt the rising and setting sun is the most regular portion in the universe, unless it is the liver and bowels which are regulated with Dr. King's New Life. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry, 25c.