

...of one of us my own...
...and my foot not tread...
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A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND NOTION.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATERWOOD.

EDITOR OF "OUR OWN," "STRENGTH," "GLEANINGS," "THE LITTLE MAN'S GAZETTE," AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

"But I never wanted to talk about our relative positions. The sight of him made me shudder sick. You don't know how horrible it first seemed to me that I should have to see him again. So it went on until he was sent to prison for a long time. I think he had been pardoned out; the time would not expire for years. Do you know I was very glad that I should see him again. I was so glad that I spent some money to go to a normal school, and Mr. Barker was the lecturer on mathematics. So I got acquainted with him."

"The master looked at the common geometrical rules was so marked," said he, "and your general intelligence so fair that I felt impelled to take you in hand."

"You know you said she looked like the sister that died when you were a boy," missed Mr. Barker.

"The master drank his root-beer and made only a distant response to this allusion. "Man is a queer bundle of associations. I know an old dear, I suppose I'll die in my track. I've had no two or very good offers from colleges, Mr. Gurley," he owned with frowning and shame-faced pride, "but school term after school term seems to me that I should die in my track. It seems good enough to me for a man to know his own progress. I know it narrows me. My opinions might not be so far off if I circled about the world. The wrench of it would be more than I could stand. This is not sentiment," denied the master, sternly, "but a simple physical fact which I can not get around. Who's that?"

"The master cornered toward Mrs. Barker. "You haven't any ceremonial passage way," said Gurley, smiling. "You can open your door and kick intruders right off the threshold like they were cats' paws. I've always carried that arrangement."

"Now, Miss Phoebe," said the master, visibly warming to the occasion, as a second and very loud knock bumped the door, "don't let me see you do that. It hurts me as it hurts you."

"What is it, Phoebe?" whispered Phoebe. "I know it is Phoebe! What if it's a thousand thanks! I will now," declared the master, striding to the window and looking out. "I suppose I'll die in my track. I've always carried that arrangement."

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At the door another timid and made for admission, but this time and fumbling, unlike the bold knock Thane gave.

"Painted savage or unpainted," responded the master, starting, "this unruly rascal shall feel discipline."

"Mr. Barker!" bellowed Phoebe. "Ogre, dear," said his wife, apparently in the act of expanding on a large person to place before him, "the man will shoot."

"Let me open the door," said Gurley. "Open my own door, sir," interposed the master.

"You scoundrel, what do you want?" roared the master, "what do you want?"

"The heavy duty at the present time, recovering himself with difficulty. Those inside said it was a man quite clean-shaven excepting his upper lip; that his clothes were black, fine and old-fashioned; and though he held his tail but in only as he looked from the master's onset, the hat had evidently been lifted before the door opened and his recollection surprised."

"Oh!" Mr. Barker snarled suspiciously. "Good evening, good evening, sir. Good evening."

The stranger made some response in a nasal blur of words, concluding with an eager question.

Mr. Barker turned toward the other inmates, his fiercest cooled to the temperature of combatsiveness.

"Is this man speaking Latin with the confidence of a pronunciation, Gurley, or is it Welsh?"

"Step in, sir," invited Mrs. Barker. "Ogre! perhaps the door better be shut."

"The door will not be better," responded the stranger, "this man can intelligently state his business."

"It is Painter. Good evening, Mr. Painter," said Gurley.

Painter, seeing Phoebe, stepped upon the floor, and looked at her with a look of surprise. During the rest of her life, when she tried to act the action of the next five minutes in its true light, and to see the facts as they occurred by the clock instead of through the eyes of the painter, she would have been for time, she thought Mrs. Barker exclaimed that the other man was behind this one; that Painter turned, saw Thane and seized him; then they struggled together without apparent result, and the painter, who was in the lounge pillow, and a shot, the eyes of Gurley and the master, and the bounding steps of some one running away all mingled together.

Phoebe looked ghastly when Painter was laid on the lounge. Phoebe herself sat a moment on the floor beside the lounge. She heard Gurley run off for a physician and "moans of justice."

Afterwards, she was aided by the kitchen staff while Mr. Barker and his wife attended to the wounded man. There was no fire in the stove, but she could see the hearth shine through the open sitting-room door, and count bricks along the front of the chimney.

Here Mrs. Barker brought her a bit of paper and in agitation told her that Painter wrote it and sent it. She bent toward the distant freight to make out the characters, but they were too small for her to read. She has steady hand they were clear and beautiful. At first merely the name James Fayette attracted her; then she walked to the fireplace intent only on reading what was written there. "You are my child—James Fayette."

"No!" said Phoebe, turning toward the wounded man and questioning him with negatives: "No! No! No!"

One of the painter's quilts covered his up to the neck. He was looking at Phoebe with wide open and agonized eyes. His sensitive open face she saw was "No!" she repeated, twisting the paper in her fingers. "No!"

"Yes," he said, and brought her by a gesture to come nearer. In his hands were a pencil and paper tablets which Mrs. Barker had taken out of his pocket for him. He was shot through the body, but the doctor, however, by Gurley's aid, had a little more for him than had any other.

Mr. Barker sat near his wife, and she was gathered about her. She was looking at her with a look of surprise. During the rest of her life, when she tried to act the action of the next five minutes in its true light, and to see the facts as they occurred by the clock instead of through the eyes of the painter, she would have been for time, she thought Mrs. Barker exclaimed that the other man was behind this one; that Painter turned, saw Thane and seized him; then they struggled together without apparent result, and the painter, who was in the lounge pillow, and a shot, the eyes of Gurley and the master, and the bounding steps of some one running away all mingled together.

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With pencil and tablets her father resumed: "When your mother died I lost heart and every thing went lolly with me. I wanted to stay by myself and experiment in chemicals. It was my misapprehension. There was nobody to take proper care of you, so I concluded to bring you home and make all alone."

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THE MEETING AT SUMMER. Speeches by Governor Richardson, Lieut. Gov. Mauldin and Others.

(From the News and Courier.) The meeting appointed by the State Democratic Executive Committee to be held at Sumner, for the seventh Congressional district, came off on the 1st inst.

Speeches were made by Gov. Richardson, Lieut. Gov. Mauldin, Attorney General Earle, Comptroller General Verner and Capt. B. R. Tillman.

The Governor and the Lieutenant Governor spoke generally to the same effect as at the previous meetings. Capt. Tillman's speech contained nothing new.

Comptroller General Verner spoke of the State finances. He invited Capt. Tillman to ask farmers in the meeting to contribute to the fund.

Deciding whether he or Capt. Tillman was correct in his statement of the differences between the expenses of 1878-79 and 1886-87.

Earle, both as respects. "I will show the committee what a manipulator of figures you are."

He read the correspondence between himself and Capt. Tillman on the vexed question of Capt. Tillman's statement at Chesapeake Monday. There was a lively continued running tilt on this matter between the two. Here is the summing up of it.

Capt. Tillman charged that Mr. Verner, in his statement of the differences between the fiscal years of 1878-79 and 1886-87, had used the comptroller's report for 1886-87, and the treasurer's report for 1878-79, and that he gave as a difference, after taking off the funded interest of \$192,000, only \$27,000.

Mr. Tillman claimed that this was done for partisan purposes. In the course of the day he made a speech on the subject of the Tuesday and Courier, which were published there, he claimed to prove that he had proven substantially the correctness of his statement in the recent Democratic Convention, but when pressed by Mr. Verner he admitted that he had not.

Mr. Verner's statement for 1878-79 figures which he used to swell the difference to \$237,000, they being included in the aggregate expenditures for the year 1878-79, as shown by the treasurer's report. That is, he admitted that he had charged the difference to the year 1878-79, which was right in doing so.

Capt. Tillman and Mr. Verner alternated in speaking on this subject and there was the wildest interest among the audience of much confusion.

ATTORNEY GENERAL EARLE. He defeated the State Democratic Executive Committee's work against taxation.

This talk about reducing taxation, he said, was demagogic. If legislators were untrue to the interests of the people, let them be turned out and new men put in their places.

Again, in answer to Capt. Tillman, he said he was not going to abolish the agricultural college and give its funds to the agricultural college.

Capt. Tillman announced that he had been elected to the position of member of the House of Representatives.

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Ourier contains the following report: Mr. Bigham opened by declaring that he had been grossly misrepresented by the "clicks" and rings of Marion County.

His subsequent remarks could only be heard in fragments above the din, but he secured silence when he returned to the News and Courier Reporter and demanded a fair report.

The reporter unceremoniously has not most patient temper in the world, and jumping up he shouted: "You seem to be an infernal ass, and if you don't shut up and attend to your business you will get hurt. Stick to your text, and prove if you can that you are not a slanderer, but leave me alone."

Bigham remarking, "I know if I fall to prove it I will deserve a whipping and get one," proceeded with his oratorical task. He first quoted Governor Richardson's remarks in Greenville as being, and said that the Governor "this morning" when he spoke to him at the meeting, he said "I have not a word to say for the subject had 'stated dirt'."

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