

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XX.

Two In One.

Jim Hart raised his daughter from the floor of Aunt Deb's cottage. "What does all this mean?" he demanded, with a man's natural antipathy to scenes.

"Let me lock the door, Jim," quavered Aunt Deb. "Esther's in trouble; somebody may step in unawares. You see we were expecting something unpleasant when you appeared."

"Trouble—what kind of trouble?" cried the newcomer.

"Jim's a gentleman!" had always been Aunt Deb's favorite boast concerning her brother-in-law. It did not seem a vain one. He was somewhat brown and weatherbeaten, as a western miner should be, but extremely good-looking and extremely well-dressed. He had a quiet, courteous manner, and a well-bred, distinguished air. A hawk-like keenness in his face added to its attractiveness. Plainly, Esther's father was no ordinary individual.

"You must tell him the story, Esther," groaned Aunt Deb. "I can't. What with this girl's troubles, and such sudden comings and goings, I'm all struck up in a heap," and she dropped helplessly into a chair. "You might have written, Jim, for us to expect you."

"And so I did," he answered, sharply. "In my last letter to Esther I told you I was coming."

The girl by this time had recovered her self-control. She stood up, tall, white, rigid, before this stranger-father, and said:

"One day, when I was in great distress—you won't understand how I could do it, but I destroyed your letter, unread. That is why you took us by surprise just now."

He turned her to the light and looked at her long and critically. She bore the inspection without flinching.

"You are a handsome girl!" he said, at last. "I am not sure. He said, 'You do me credit. Have I been a good father to you, while I was west and you east? Have you had all you needed in the way of fine clothes, and trinkets, and education? Have you lacked anything?'"

"I have had everything—I have lacked nothing," she answered, in a dreary, joyless way.

"You do not look in the least as I expected to see you," keeping his hawk eyes fastened in amazement upon her. "You are far handsomer than your mother ever was, though she passed for a pretty girl in Cinderville, twenty years ago. And you have been happy with the old folks—your grandfather and Concordia, I mean?"

"Yes," she answered, mechanically. "Now make a clean breast of it," he commanded. "I am waiting—tell me everything!"

She told her story with dry, burning eyes and a colorless face. He heard how Guy Fleetwood had come to Cinderville searching for a woman called Concordia Tempest—of the wooing at Porgy Rock, the flight and the marriage—of the scene on the beach, where the bride had flung her ornaments into the sea—of Fleetwood's desertion of her, and the vengeance she had wreaked upon him; and, lastly, of how she had been hiding from justice for two terrible weeks.

forced to send wife and child to the east. My wife died; in my little girl has remained ever since in the care of her personal relatives. It is to this sister that I now mean to take Esther."

"A sister—have I a sister?" she muttered, in bewilderment.

"Yes, and it is time, I dare say, that you make her acquaintance. But wait! you are going to people of high social position, full of pride and prejudice. You are to keep no one must know of the little accident which lately befell Mr. Fleetwood."

She shuddered, but bowed her handsome head. He smiled, grimly.

"That is good. I like to be strictly obeyed in all things. And now this brings me to the verge of another confession. Many years ago—yes, before my first marriage—I found it necessary to change my name. I had made my father angry by some wild college scrapes—I was under ban—so I dropped the name that he changed me with."

"For goodness' sake," burst out Aunt Deb. "Have I lived nineteen years since Drusie's marriage, only to hear that you ain't yourself, Jim Hart, but somebody else?"

"And perhaps you ain't either," with growing suspicion.

"Sharp Concordia! I have not. I was never a miner. Be calm; don't let such a small matter ruffle your temper. It is kindness, sometimes, to deceive our nearest friends. My real name is Gilbert Vye. I am a Colorado cattle king and a person of vast resources, and he laughed in a mirthful, unpleasant way. "Hark! I hear the rumbling of the last stage for Barrow. Make haste, Esther. I hear the elder Miss Vye, and if you possess common discretion, your honorable relatives will scarcely be able to find fault with you. Come, girl, you have made a failure of yourself—now I will start you upon a new track. Put on your shawl and bonnet and let us be gone."

CHAPTER XXI.

Twilight had fallen in the drawing-room at Rookwood—a September twilight, full of cold, creeping mist and dashes of rain. Mignon, sitting like some bright bird from window to window, saw the river blotted out in a chilly shroud; but beyond its dark, sinuous line lights were shining in Lispernard's tower.

She went back to a wood fire burning on the hearth. Before it two persons were seated—Victor Shirlaw, who had dined this day at Rookwood, and meek, pale Ellnor Vye, the latter busy, as usual, with her embroidery.

"I feel as if something was about to happen," said Mignon, dropping up on a tiger-skin rug at the feet of Ellnor Vye, where the red fire shone full upon her yellow hair, and her dinner dress of wine-dark silk.

"My dear," said Aunt Ellnor, in meek interrogation.

"Some coming event is casting its shadow over me," explained Mignon. "News from papa, maybe. It is very, very odd that he has never answered my last letter."

"Possibly his contents displeased him," murmured Shirlaw, gazing fondly into the uplifted brown eyes.

"I think not. He would not sit with his displeasure in that way. I fear he did not receive it, or," sinking her voice to a shy whisper, "perhaps he cannot quite make up his mind how to dispose of his daughter and heiress."

In the absence of Cyril Vye life at Rookwood had flowed very peacefully for the last few weeks. Shirlaw was constantly there, hovering about Mignon; but Philip Vye seemed to suspect nothing, and treated Lispernard's kinsman with studied politeness. Aunt Ellnor saw all, but uttered no word, made no sign.

Shirlaw was the last to be presented. He looked like a man suddenly bereft of his senses. He mumbled a few incoherent words. Esther simply inclined her handsome head in silence, and Philip Vye, heading neither, turned to his brother and put a hand on Gilbert's shoulder.

"What does all this mean?" he said, impatiently. "Surely, Gilbert, you did not leave your herds and ranges for no other purpose than to give us this surprise?"

"True," replied the other, "I heard of Mignon's engagement to this gentleman," nodding toward Shirlaw, "and started east to make his acquaintance."

"Mignon engaged!" Philip Vye turned like lightning on his niece, gave Shirlaw a piercing, unpleasant look, and said, "Ah, Mignon is a sly puss, and the captain, I acknowledge, has stolen a march on me! Very well, I forgive them both, of course. Quite right, Ellnor," as Mrs. Vye swept up to Mignon and kissed her. "Is the matter settled?"

Gilbert Vye looked at his daughter's lover.

"If Captain Shirlaw should be at leisure in the morning," he said, politely, "I beg permission to talk with him in private."

"I am at your service at any hour you may name," said Shirlaw. Ellnor Vye had drawn Esther down to a seat, and was taking off her wraps.

The grand, white creature sat voiceless and statue-like in the midst of the company. Shirlaw tried to look away from her, but could not. He was certainly losing his wits. At last he managed to whisper to Mignon:

"You must have had a great deal to say to your father, of course. He has the right to monopolize you tonight. I am de trop here."

And he made a hasty exit. Down to the landing he went, jumped into a skiff and started for the opposite river bank. Half way across the current he bent suddenly and dashed a handful of the cold water to his forehead.

"I must be going mad!" he said to himself.

He found Abel Lispernard pacing his terrace in the gathering gloom, with a half dozen hounds at his heels—a square, powerful figure, absorbed in deep thought and looking odd and unsteady in that uncertain light.

"Good heaven! You look as though you had lost your wits, Victor!" he cried. Shirlaw tried to laugh.

"Perhaps I have. Don't mind me. I bring you news, old man. Gilbert Vye has arrived at Rookwood."

"Ah!"

"And brought with him another daughter—the child of a first marriage. It seems that the man has had two wives."

Lispernard's pale, dark face remained perfectly impassive.

THE HEMPHILL BOOM.

Northern Newspaper Pays Tribute to Able South Carolinian.

Three men are recognized leaders beyond others in the press of the south. They are Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution, and James C. Hemphill of the Charleston News and Courier. Col. Watterson has never held political office, but has rather declined all propositions involving public station. Mr. Howell has been long among the leading politicians and statesmen of Georgia, both as editor of the newspaper first made famous by the unrivaled brilliancy of the late Henry Grady and as a member of the legislature and presiding officer in turn in both branches of that body, and also as lieutenant governor.

Major Hemphill has followed until this time the example of Col. Watterson in abstaining from public office, but his friends have taken the business in their own hands and are making great progress in a campaign in his behalf for the seat in the United States senate now held by Senator Lattimer, whose term expires with the present congress in 1909. Of his eminent fitness for that great office there is no room for doubt. His work for twenty years as the directing mind and chief editorial writer of the News and Courier has been of so admirable a character in breadth of view, soundness of argument from his premises, and energy of statement, as to have made him the most influential man in his state for the welfare of South Carolina.

Major Hemphill has nature's gift of a superb personal presence and that rare finish of manner which has been characteristic for the generations of the finest type of the southern gentlemen. He has added to the collegiate training of his youth the further advantages of continual contact with public men and close acquaintance with public affairs. He has acquired the wisdom of years while his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated. He will not resort to the pitchfork as a weapon of offense against the president to the lasting injury of the state and her loss of influence which really belongs to her though represented by a senator opposed in politics to the national executive.

Most of the public business is done with small regard for political points. Reasonable men in the senate can do well for their states though not of the majority on party questions. If Major Hemphill is elected he will fill the position so ably and yet with such urbanity of temper and manner as to respect the pride of the Palmetto state and regain for it that degree of respect and power which the old commonwealth has justly enjoyed for generations.—Buffalo, N. Y., News.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

Advice to Young Men Based Upon Experience.

Judged by results, the tendency of novelties in what is called popular education of the day is subversive of the habits that make for happiness and success in life. The rising generation seems to be steadily losing the sense of personal responsibility, the power of initiative and the instinct to work in the joy of accomplishment. Here and there in the country men who have succeeded in life through their own efforts are moved to condense from their own experience certain suggestions as to conduct which may be heeded only with profit and pleasure by the young men of the country, and, as for that, by the young women, too, in this day of participation by women in the hurly-burly of business.

One of these benefactors of their race is Mr. Stephen W. White of Philadelphia, the secretary of the Northern Central Railway company. A few months ago the Manufacturer's Record called attention to an address he had made in Philadelphia to a body of young men, in which he gave a sound sense and of advice based upon an active business life of forty-odd years. Of like purpose is an address delivered by him more recently before the Employment Club of Philadelphia. The address is so full of meat that the Manufacturer's Record quotes from it to some extent. Speaking to individuals about to enlist in the great army of wage earners, Mr. White said that the employer looks for a man who will service the customer, and that the man who is asked to be done, is being taken for granted that no right-minded employer would ask his employee to do anything that was wrong or to sacrifice his manliness, and as a corollary that the employee, keeping in mind the highest interests of his employer, as well as of himself, will furnish the very best that he has to give, both of physical and mental ability, and should put into that giving such a measure of honest, sincere endeavor as will make his effort earnest and thorough, whether he is being directly superintended or not, whether the master is present or not. With that broad principle in view, Mr. White elaborated the following rules:

1. Endeavor as far as possible to secure a position which you think will accord with your tastes, because we are apt to do that thing in business best which we like best to do.

2. Having obtained a position, let nothing divert you from making yourself familiar with its duties, so that in time you shall become essential to your employer and be able to obtain that increase in your compensation to which your added skillfulness entitles you.

3. Do not perform your duties mechanically. Think. Study your employer's methods. See where you can perchance improve them. Gain his confidence, and faithful work will do it, for employers are not all the hard taskmasters that the grumblers make them out to be. When you are assured that you have found your way into his confidence, then make the suggestions that have occurred to you, and in the vast majority of cases you will find not only are they accepted, but that your value in his eyes has increased, and in time it will bring the desired reward.

4. How many have I seen grow old in business life without any apparent advance, either in position or compensation. Sometimes you will hear them complain, sometimes not. What is the cause of this stagnation? They have never learned to know what they are worth, and are content with a position, not too hard or driving, and not requiring any special mental application, and accompanied by moderate pay, they go on to the end of their lives and leave this world, scarcely causing a ripple on the great sea of existence.

5. My next point is a very old one, and yet it will do no harm to bring it to mind once more. In the very beginning of your business career do not be too close observer of the clock. Do not be afraid to arrive at the office or store a few minutes before the prescribed hour, and do not put on your hat and coat so as to leave at the very minute fixed for closing. Emergencies arise in all lines of business when the hours may have to be prolonged somewhat, and the young man who reluctantly stays, or declines to stay, is not the one who is likely to be retained, much less to be advanced.

6. Endeavor to maintain a cheerful demeanor under all circumstances. Your employer, you may think, is cranky at times, but you cannot always know the heavy load of responsibility he often has to carry, and if, for this reason, he should at times be irritable, try to bear with him. Of course, you are not required to surrender your manhood or your independence or anything which transcends the bounds of morality. Even the man who seems to expect from you will most frequently recede from his demands when he finds you immovable in your stand for the right. As the first of these points I have told you to endeavor to get a position in accord with your tastes. But it is not always possible. Then make the best of what you do find, bide your time until the desired thing arrives, and it may be that the discipline of working at something that is partially distasteful to you may prove in the long run to be of the highest benefit.

TO DRAIN THE EVERGLADES.

Vast Area of Swamp Land in Florida to Be Reclaimed.

To save and use some 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 acres of land, which has been supposed to be waste and which has been given over to reptiles and wild animals, is the project which the governor of Florida and certain of the state's capitalists have undertaken.

The famous Everglades are to be drained, in fact—and a vast area of land which has been lost to the use of men, much of which has been overgrown with water and thousands of thousands of acres of which are almost impassable swamps, are to be brought under cultivation. Florida is to become a much more wonderful state even than it has been heretofore and that means a good deal.

A. B. Clark in an interesting article in the Technical World Magazine explains the difficulties in the way of saving this immense acreage and the benefits which will accrue to the state from the carrying out of the enterprise.

"The importance of this immense undertaking can with difficulty be comprehended," says the writer. "It is estimated in figures which can scarcely be understood by the ordinary mind. The reclamation of this land means the addition to Florida of nearly as much cultivated land as she now has. It will mean the throwing open to cultivation of an area twice as large as the state of Connecticut."

"It means that Florida will become the sugar-producing state of the Union and that for her sugar products the \$150,000,000 will be paid which is now annually sent abroad for imported sugar, an amount expended for an import which exceeds by several million dollars the value of our united exports of corn, wheat, flour, and hay."

It means that Florida will in a few years become one of the richest and most important states in the Union.

CLEVER, BUT TROUBLESOME.

Characteristics of the Red Ants That Invade the Pantry.

The small red ant, the pest of the pantry in country or town, is as clever as she is bothersome, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Many a time a despairing housewife, who has marked a path around the legs of tables or refrigerators, to find next day that the engineering corps had brought grains of sand to build a bridge over the tar and that the workers were merrily carrying off the sugar, syrup, or whatever they had decided to store away for winter. Once, when sand was lacking, it was found that the workers had returned to their village and had brought over a drove of their cows and had stuck them in the tar, cheerfully sacrificing them to the urgent needs of commerce.

Learning that chalk lines drawn on the floor would keep the ants away, the acid in the chalk being too strong for the sensitive ant nose, a man once drew a thick line around a party of ants that was foraging across his kitchen floor. He kept them several days, as none would cross the line. Finally, feeling sorry for them, he chopped up some fine grass through which he rammed in the ground. After a short time it became patent that the trunk had struck root, and branches were pushing themselves well forward; at the present time a splendid top growth is to be seen. The pipe and tree have become inseparable.

An extraordinary curiosity, says London Sphere, is to be seen in the village of Gunten on the Thun Lake, which takes the form of a natural tree fountain, the water flowing continuously, apparently, from the trunk of the living tree, and shows the wonderful vitality of cut wood. About twenty years ago the water of the spring was conducted through a shaft, and the cut trunk of a young poplar, through which was rammed in the ground. After a short time it became patent that the trunk had struck root, and branches were pushing themselves well forward; at the present time a splendid top growth is to be seen. The pipe and tree have become inseparable.

The District of Columbia has the greatest population per square mile of any other section of this country. The fighters are slightly more than 3,329 in Alaska there is only one person per ten square miles. Rhode Island is second to Washington, with 407 persons per square mile.