

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

## THE JUCKLINS.

By OPIE READ.

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### CHAPTER IV.

At the end of the passage, facing the ravine, I stood and talked to Guinea, while Alf was hitching the mare to the backboard. The sun was well over to the west, pouring upon the clear, healthful light I noted the usual, and healthy of her complexion. A guinea chicken, swift and graceful, ran round the corner of the house, and nodding toward the fowl, I said: "I am talking to her namesake and she is jealous."

I thought that the shadow of a pout crossed her lips, but she smiled and replied: "If my real name were so ugly I'd insist upon people calling me by it. I hate nicknames."

"But sometimes they are appropriate," I rejoined.

"But when they are," she said, laughing, "they never stick." It's the disagreeable nicknames that remains with us.

"Is that the philosophy you learned at Raleigh?" I asked.

She shrugged her shapely shoulders, laughed low in her throat and answered: "I haven't learned philosophy at all. It doesn't take much of a stock of learning for a girl who lives away out here."

"But she might strive to learn in order to be fitted for a better life, believing that it will surely come."

"How encouraging you are, Mr. Haves. After a while you may persuade me that I am really glad that you came."

"You have already made me glad," I replied.

"Have I? Then mind that I don't make you sorry. Alf's waiting for you."

As we drove toward Perdus's I wondered what could have caused old man Jucklin's change of manner at the time he had spoken of sending his daughter away to be educated. Surely, he could not deplore the grace and refinement which this schooling had given her. Would it be well to ask Alf? No; he could not regard such a question as a direct impertinence.

The mare trotted briskly and the rush of cool air was delicious. The road was crooked, but in its elated mood we were upon moss growing under great rocks, weeping in eternal shade, a bit of water blazing in the sun, a hickory bottom, where squirrels were barking; and from everywhere came the thrilling incense of spring.

Alf, though a farmer, had not the stoop of overwork, nor that sullenness that often comes from a life-long and close association with the soil; he was chatty, talked to his mare, talked to me and whistled to himself. He pointed out a cave wherein British soldiers had been forced to take refuge to save themselves from the pursuit of victorious patriots, but what they had supposed was a refuge was, indeed, a trap for the patriots smoked them out and took them to General Green's camp.

We drove upon a hill top, and in looking across a valley, I saw a large brick house on a hill not far beyond. And I recognized it as a place that I had seen earlier in the day. "It's where General Lundersford lives," said Alf, following my eyes with his own. "We go by there. He used to own a good many negroes and some of them still hang about him. Most of the land is his well off. And proud! He's proud his blooded horse. Most of the very few old-timers that are left in this part of the country. We are getting somewhat Yankeeified, especially away over to the east where so many northern people come of a winter. But he doesn't take much to it—still cuts his wheat with a cradle."

We drove down into the valley, crossed a rude stone bridge, and slow, I went up to having been pent up, showed a disposition to quicken her pace, but Alf held her back, searching with his strong eyes the yard, the summer house in the garden hard by and the orchard off to the left. I looked at him and his face was eager and hard set, but his eyes, though strained, were soft and glowing. I spoke, and he hesitated for a moment, as if at that moment he dressed himself straighter and gazed toward the house. And I saw a woman crossing the yard. The road ran close to the low, rough stone wall, and when we had come opposite the gate Alf stopped the mare and got out to buckle a strap. But I noticed that he was looking more at the house than at the strap. A broad path half way round the house, and out upon this way Alf stepped and stood looking up at the hills far away. I saw Alf blush and the next moment he had sprung upon the back-board and was driving off almost furiously. I wondered why he should be afraid of her. He was not overgrown, not awkward, but lithe, and I knew that he loved her and that his own emotion had frightened him.

Perdus lived in a short distance, and the general's place, and soon we were there, talking to the old fellow out at the fence. When I told him my business he looked sharply at me, appearing to measure me from head to foot; and he said I was, no doubt, the man he had been longing to see. "And now," said he, "after we had talked for a time, if you are willing to take this school and go ahead with it, all right. I am determined that the boys and girls of this community shall get an education even if they choke the creek with teachers. If I had half swing I'd raise a lot of men and go around and club the big boys. Oh, it hasn't been this way very long. We've had first-rate schools here, but those devilish Aimes boys are so full of the old Harry—but we'll fix 'em. The ground was laid by, but I reckon you'll get a pretty fair turn-out. There's enough money appropriated to have a rattling good school, and if you'll stick by me we'll have it."

I told him that I would stick to him.

"I can't go to the school house; I don't want her to know that I am a snorer."

I reached over and took hold of his hand. "Alf, to teach you shall be one of my duties. But don't put yourself down as ignorant, for you are not."

He grasped my hand and looking straight into my eyes, said: "I wish I knew as much and was as good-looking as you. Then I wouldn't be afraid to go to her and ask her to let me win her love, if I could. Tomorrow you go over to the general's pretending that you want to get his advice about the school, and I will go with you. Hang in, Bill, you may be in love one of these days."

"Why, Alf, I don't see why either of us should be afraid to go to the general's house. Go! Of course, we will. But you make me laugh when you say that if you were only as good-looking as I am. Let me tell you something. I briefly told him the uneventful story of my life, that ridicule had found me while yet I was a toddler and had held me up to fast. You might have concluded, "but you have caught up with yourself. To tell you the truth, you would be picked out from among a thousand men. Where did you get all those books? I don't see how you brought them with you in that trunk, and with your other things."

"The other things didn't take up much room," I answered, and turning to the books, I began to tell him something about them. "I began to tell him something about them. 'Yes, we will go over there tomorrow,' said I, and his mind flew back."

"And walk right in as if we owned half the earth," said he, but I knew that he felt not this lordly courage, knew that already he was quaking. "Oh, I'll go right in with you," he said. "You lead the way and I'll be with you."

When I had gone to bed a remark that he had made was sweet to me. "Hang it, you may be in love one of these days," I was already in love—in love with Guinea.

### CHAPTER V.

Alf was still asleep when I arose from my bed the next morning. I stood at the head of the stairs and looked back at his handsome, though sun-browned face, and I felt a strange and strong sympathy for him. He had not begun to get on his feet, but I was dazzled. When I went down stairs Guinea was feeding the chickens from the kitchen window, and the old man was walking about the yard, with his slouch hat pulled down to shut out the slanting glare of the sun. But he saw me and, calling me, said that he would now show me his beauties. And just then I heard Guinea's voice: "If he starts to make them fight you come right away and leave him, Mr. Haves," she said. "I don't allow him to fight them on Sunday."

"Miss Smartjacket," the old man spoke up, "I hadn't said a word about makin' 'em fight. Haves, these women folks don't want a man to have no fun at all. As long as a man is at work it's all right with the women; they can stand to see him delve till he drops, but the mink he wants to have a little fun, why, they begin to howl about it. Of course, I'm not goin' to let 'em fight on Sunday. But a preacher would eat one of 'em on Sunday. All days belong to 'em. It's die dog or eat the hatchet when they come round. And yet, as I tell you, I believe in the Book from Iver to Iver. Stop out here, Haves."

I thought that I received from Guinea a smile of assent, and I followed him. The enclosure wherein he kept his chickens was almost as strong as a stockade. The old man unfastened a padlock and bade me enter. I stepped inside, and when the master had followed me he was greeted with many a cluck and scratching, the welcome of two game cocks in a wire coop, divided into two apartments by a board partition. "If you wanted you to look at 'em, I'm not merely for the look at 'em satisfaction," said the old man, fondly looking upon his shimmering pets. "This red one over here is Sam, and this one over here is Bob. Ah, Lord, you don't know what comfort there is in a chicken, and how a preacher can eat a game rooster beyond my understanding. Put a tin with him, you understand, and kiver to kiver. Keep quiet there, boys; no fight in 'em. Must have some respect, you know."

He took a grain of corn from his pocket, placed it between his teeth, and with a grin on his face got down on his knees and held his mouth near the bars of Sam's cage. The rooster watched the performance. "Never saw no bird eat like that," said the old man, gazing at the bird. "Never saw no bird eat like that," said the old man, gazing at the bird. "Never saw no bird eat like that," said the old man, gazing at the bird.

"That has nothing to do with it, Alf. Pardon me, Mr. Jucklin, I should have known you a long time."

"And when you feel that way about a man," he quickly spoke up, "you make no mistake in accepting him as a friend. Call me Alf. What's your first name?" I told him, and he added: "And I'd call you Bill. No; the truth is I didn't care to say that I thought it was going to rain. I don't give a snap for rain, except the rain that is pouring on my heart. You remember that girl that came out upon the gallery. I know you do, for no man could forget her. You know that Guinea asked me if I'd like to go to school, but since that girl came home and I got better acquainted with her I have felt that I would give half my life to know books, so she I could talk to her; and since then I have been studying with Guinea to help me. And you don't know how glad I was when I heard that you had come here to teach school, for I want to study under you. But secretly, he

I am thinking about I hum it. How long are you and Alf going to be away?"

"As long as it suits him," I answered. "I have decided to have no voice in the matter. He's going to go to the school house. How kind of you and have you always so much consideration for others? If you have you may find your patience strained if you stay here."

"To stand any strain that may be placed upon your patience is a virtue," I remarked—sententious pedagogues—and she lifted her hands, clasped them behind her head, looked at me and laughed, a sweet sweet and low. Just then Alf came out upon the passage, looking down at himself, first one side and then the other; and it was with a feeling of close kinship to envy that I regarded his new clothes. He apologized for having kept me waiting so long, but in truth I could have told him that I should have liked to wait there for hours, looking at the graceful figure of the girl standing with her hands clasped behind her brown head. The distance was not great and we had decided to walk, and across a meadow, purpling with coming bloom, we took a nearer way. I said to Alf that one might think that he was a stranger at the general's house, and he replied: "In one way I am. I have been there many a time, it is true, but always to help do something."

"Is the family so exclusive, then?" I asked.

"Oh, they are as friendly as any people you ever saw, but of course, I naturally place them high above me. The old general doesn't appear to know that I have grown to be a man; always talks to me as if I were a boy—wants to know what father's doing and all that sort of thing. He doesn't give a snap what father's doing, but he does give a snap what mother's doing."

"And the girl, how does she talk to you?" It was several moments before he answered me.

"I was just trying to think," he said. "To tell you the truth, I don't know how she talks to me. I can't recall anything she has ever said to me. She calls me Alf and I call her Miss Millie. And we laugh at some fool thing and that's about all there is to it. But I know that the old man never he will be willing for me to marry her. He's looking pretty good for a medical college, but he's spent so much money on her education."

"But, of course, the girl will have something to say," I suggested.

"I don't know as to that," he replied; "but, of course, I hope so. You can't tell about girls—at least, I can't. The old general married rather late in life and has but two children. His wife lived several years ago. Chydister, the boy, or rather, the man—'for he's about thirty with vines. And of all worthless things under heaven it is a negro that has caught up a smattering of education. God knows he's trifling enough at best, but teach him to read and he's utterly worthless. I sent a negro to the postoffice some time ago, and he came along back with my newspaper spread out before him, reading it on the horse. And if it hadn't been for Millie I would have ripped the side off him."

"He didn't know any better," the girl spoke up. "It was a terrible thing, you scared him nearly to death."

"Yes, and I immediately gave him the best coat I had to square myself not with him, but with myself," said the old man. "But I hold that if the negro, or anyone else, for that matter, don't want a man to plow for me simply because he can read, Confound him! I don't care whether he can read or not. I want him to plow. When I shoot my friends it is another matter. Your father go to church today?"

"I don't know, sir," Alf answered, moving about in his chair, and then in his embarrassment he got up and stammeringly begged the girl to sit down.

"Why, what's all this trouble and nonsense about?" the general asked, frowning first at the girl and then at Alf. "If you don't like to sit there, there ought to be any trouble about a chair. Fifty of them back in there."

unchallenged way, but if we are quite losing that due reverence for law which pre-eminently distinguishes Anglo-Saxon civilization—having brought law into contempt in the south by making of it chiefly an engine for petty warfare on the ordinary liberties of the individual—we can still adjust serious difficulties among white men in thousand times better fashion than by turning loose such assassination and free murder as cost the life of the lamented Carmack.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### DUELIST VS. ASSASSIN.

Old System Not So Cowardly as That Now in Vogue.

Charlotte Observer.

Discussing the Cooper-Carmack affair, the Richmond News-Leader hits the nail squarely and hard. "Under the old code duello," it observes, "such a tragedy would have been impossible. Friends would have had opportunity to interpose and bring about a peaceful settlement. If the parties had insisted on hostility and fight the combat would have been in seclusion and under such conditions as to give both a fair chance and would not have occurred before the horrified eyes of a woman. Our legislatures have made fair and equal fighting a felony, and our juries make assassination and unfair homicide a safe and pleasant pastime. Perhaps we have reformed too much."

If grievances, real or imagined, are to be avenged without fear of the law, there is no other way than to have a woman. Our legislatures have made fair and equal fighting a felony, and our juries make assassination and unfair homicide a safe and pleasant pastime. Perhaps we have reformed too much."

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## LONDON GAMING DEN.

### The Way the Police Descend Upon Them in a Raid.

The police have recently carried out some sensational raids on big gaming clubs and it may be interesting to learn how these raids are effected. This is how it is done in London: As soon as the detectives' suspicions have been confirmed they apply to the commissioner of police for a warrant to enter. The warrant authorizes certain officers mentioned by name to enter the club in the name of the king. Ordinary policemen are not permitted to carry out the raid, but the detectives can call upon them for assistance at the critical moment.

Absolute secrecy is enforced right up to the moment of entry. There is no excitement at the station on that day, and the men on duty have no suspicion of what is in the wind. Plans of the house are drawn and carefully studied by the raiding officers, for the slightest alarm to send a warning to his customers, and every vestige of gambling apparatus will mysteriously disappear and the raid fail. A carefully planned raid, therefore, has to be evolved which will disarm suspicion.

During the day a body of "reserve" policemen will receive a communication from the station that they will be required to parade at a certain hour, and they meet with no idea of what is expected of them. They are drawn up in line, and after names have been called over they are dismissed from the station one by one, with the injunction of a certain street in a couple of hours and not to get near the spot before the prearranged moment.

The first officer to appear on the scene is the one in charge of the raid. He is always disguised and usually looks like a well-dressed man about town. He passes the club carelessly, but it is sufficient for him to learn from a confederate inside that gaming has commenced. A policeman then saunters to the corner of the street and stays there as though he were on "point" duty. Then, not till then, is the information of the precise club to be raided secretly conveyed to the attacking force in the best possible manner. The club, unconscious of its impending fate, pursues its gambling.

The first difficulty to surmount is to get past the burly doorkeeper. If this is not successfully done the raid will end in failure. Presently the sound of a drunken song is heard in the distance, and two apparently rough looking men come staggering along. As they enter the club they are immediately disputing and soon become noisy. The doorkeeper, through the wicket and orders the men away. One of the men rushes at the wicket and challenges the doorkeeper to "come outside like a man" and at the same time shouts out something about the character of the house. The combatants continue fighting, and the officer at the corner comes along and orders them away. The men return, however, to "have it out with the police."

The noise increases, attracting a horde of drunken gentlemen in evening dress, who gather round and urge the men on. The doorkeeper by this time becomes alarmed, for the rowdy crowd brighten away his clients. Perhaps just at this moment a member of the club arrives and seeks admission. The door is opened and the police, if they have time, before he has time to add to the two officers hastily secure the member and rush upstairs. The two combatants were disguised policemen and the onlookers detectives.

As soon as an entrance into the club has been effected the constable at the corner sounds his whistle, and before the sound has died away the whole neighborhood is alive with the police. The flash of lanterns will be seen up there, the men having been concealed among the chimney pots since it was dark. The front door is secured, and the police form a guard round the house, so that escape is impossible. Meantime the scene upstairs is one of the wildest excitement. The gamblers, intent on business, had not time to get away. In the confusion they get the state of affairs in when the door is thrown open and the officer in charge calls on them to regard themselves as prisoners. Then they realize their position. The tables are overturned, and card counters and money roll all over the floor as the members endeavor to escape. They make for the street door, but backed in the direction, burst in all parts of the house to hide.

The crestfallen members of the club are conveyed to the station, each in the custody of two officers. Then the house is searched for the gaming apparatus. Every inch of the place is examined, for gamblers have remarkable contrivances whereby they can hide their apparatus in the event of being raided. Tops of tables are knocked off, flooring taken up and walls searched for secret cupboards. Yards of chalked string are regarded as prizes, and with these and more apparent proofs the case is ready for the magistrate. The evidence is laid before him, and the proprietor and members are charged and the sentence passed or a heavy fine imposed on the prisoners.—LONDON TIT-BITS.

WOMEN IN FINLAND.—In Finland the meetings of suffragettes are unknown, for already women are students in the university, clerks in the banks, in the postoffices and in business houses, and they not only have their vote, but can be elected members of the Diet. Yet, according to Paul Waineman, in her "Summer Tour in Finland," they are "not in the least overbearing, but are for the greater part exceedingly modest and womanlike."

As she landed one of the recently elected members of the Diet was pointed out to her. She was "well dressed and young looking, with keen, deep-set eyes and a pleasant smile, and in no way resembled the grotesque caricatures of the woman members of the Finnish Diet in some English journals."

Even the paths of Helsingfors are scrupulously brushed every morning by a regiment of barefooted women, and in this work they are employed all over the Grand Duchy; in fact, a mere man may well pause and wonder for what purpose he was created in Finland.

## COTTON GAMBLING.

### Matter That the South Proposes to Have Congress Consider.

"Congress is going to be called upon strongly at its next session to look into the perniciousness of the gambling in cotton," said Rev. Dr. Henry S. Mason of Georgia, to a Washington Herald reporter.

"The cotton exchanges of all cotton producing states are merely gambling houses, where the entire business consists of gambling on futures. The men who operate these exchanges do not have to produce a pound of cotton. They do not even have to buy it, any more than the operator of a bucket-shop has to buy the industrial stocks in which he gambles."

"The present control of the selling price, although it is likely they will see a sale of cotton from one year's end to another. There is no way of putting a stop to this vicious practice, unless the United States will come down with one well-aimed blow and put the whole system out of business. The states are apparently powerless to remedy conditions, because, for instance, the closing down of these exchanges in Georgia would merely double the business in the surrounding cotton producing states."

"The United States government will be asked to prevent the trading in futures through the mails, the telegraphs, the telephones and all public transportation companies. This would destroy as it destroyed the lottery in New Orleans. Then the real supply of cotton would regulate the price of the commodity at all seasons of the year. Radical measures should and will be adopted before many years. We hope to have the death knell of the exchanges sounded before the close of the next session of congress."

HIG FERTILIZER TRUST.—It is reported that the biggest deal in the history of the fertilizer trade is being arranged, says a New York dispatch, and it is expected an official announcement will be made shortly by the bank. The new company, which will be capitalized at \$75,000,000, will take over the fertilizer business of the Armour company, has two large plants in Baltimore, while the Swift works are located in Wilmington, Del., and Atlanta, Ga.

Details of the proposed merger are very meagre, but it is understood that some of the larger interests have already signed up, and that others have promised to join the combination later. The new company, it is added, has entered into a contract with the Tennessee Copper company for the purchase of several hundred thousand tons of sulphuric acid, one of the properties which enter into the manufacture of fertilizer.

It is understood that as soon as the promoters corral the larger independent fertilizer manufacturers of the country, it will enter into negotiations with the smaller concerns, either by buying them out or inducing them to join the new combination on mutually satisfactory terms.

If men must take their grievances into their own hands by all means let us have the duel back. It were far best, of course, that law and order hold

unquestioned sway, but if we are quite losing that due reverence for law which pre-eminently distinguishes Anglo-Saxon civilization—having brought law into contempt in the south by making of it chiefly an engine for petty warfare on the ordinary liberties of the individual—we can still adjust serious difficulties among white men in thousand times better fashion than by turning loose such assassination and free murder as cost the life of the lamented Carmack.

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"Is the family so exclusive, then?" I asked.

"Oh, they are as friendly as any people you ever saw, but of course, I naturally place them high above me. The old general doesn't appear to know that I have grown to be a man; always talks to me as if I were a boy—wants to know what father's doing and all that sort of thing. He doesn't give a snap what father's doing, but he does give a snap what mother's doing."

"And the girl, how does she talk to you?" It was several moments before he answered me.

"I was just trying to think," he said. "To tell you the truth, I don't know how she talks to me. I can't recall anything she has ever said to me. She calls me Alf and I call her Miss Millie. And we laugh at some fool thing and that's about all there is to it. But I know that the old man never he will be willing for me to marry her. He's looking pretty good for a medical college, but he's spent so much money on her education."

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"He didn't know any better," the girl spoke up. "It was a terrible thing, you scared him nearly to death."

"Yes, and I immediately gave him the best coat I had to square myself not with him, but with myself," said the old man. "But I hold that if the negro, or anyone else, for that matter, don't want a man to plow for me simply because he can read, Confound him! I don't care whether he can read or not. I want him to plow. When I shoot my friends it is another matter. Your father go to church today?"

"I don't know, sir," Alf answered, moving about in his chair, and then in his embarrassment he got up and stammeringly begged the girl to sit down.

"Why, what's all this trouble and nonsense about?" the general asked, frowning first at the girl and then at Alf. "If you don't like to sit there, there ought to be any trouble about a chair. Fifty of them back in there."

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