

# SALLY.

By ALBERT FLEMING.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Author.)  
CHAPTER I.

It was a hot day in August, one of those reeking days that begin to be hot early in the morning and go on getting hotter and hotter till nearly midnight.

In the year 1870 Cow court and its unwholesome cluster of neighbors still clung to the skirts of Holborn and fostered round St. Alban's church stretching from Gray's Inn road to Leather lane. The fine shops and warehouses that now adorn Gray's Inn road then only existed in the brain of some city architect. Of all these alleys Cow court carried off the palm for squalor, dirt and general decay. You had to turn out of Leather lane to get there. The turning was flanked on either side by a tavern, and these taverns, with their plate glass and gilding, were the only things that were bright and cheerful in this region. If you explored farther, you saw an archway on the right, made by sweeping away the ground floor of one of the crazy tenements. This was the postern gate to Cow court. If any one ever got so far as this and retained his watch and chain, he always lost them on approaching this alleyway.

On this August evening a young man was passing through Leather lane in search of Cow court. He was dressed in the latest west end fashion, but on the hideous chimney pot hat, pointed shoes and rigid collar could not disguise his comeliness. At a guess he was three and twenty. Being of a trusting nature, he allowed his gold chain to dangle itself across his waistcoat, and his jeweled pin remained in his scarf.

Kenneth Gordon was down from Oxford and had been calling on one of the clerymen at St. Alban's, who had asked him to take a letter to a dying girl in Cow court. He strode through the dingy street, sometimes asking his way of one of the residential ladies of Leather lane, and always winning a civil answer by the force of his genial smile. When he reached Cow court, a pleasant thrill of excitement pervaded that locality. The watch and chain had survived Leather lane, and now flashed gayly in the evening light. His pin held its accustomed place. His handkerchief gleamed white against his coat.

Inquiring of a boy, he learned that Polly Turner lived at No. 7, and he was escorted there by a crowd of loafers. The girl was dying. The stuffy room was crowded with friends, nearly dark and unspeakably miserable. Kenneth gave her the letter, but had to take it back and read it to her. In the presence of that deathly white face he felt all usual forms of speech to be useless. He held her hand for a minute, tried to say a few kind words and then felt that he had failed, but the gentle touch and words went straight to the girl's heart, and there rested until it ceased to beat.

When Kenneth left No. 7, a child was lying in a doorway just opposite. Dirt, famine and ill usage had effectually obscured the bloom of youth in her. Her face was so dirty that he could only see two large eyes flashing from a tangled mass of hair. This was Sally. As she never owned a surname it is impossible to introduce her more formally. If her friends wished to identify her with precision, they called her "the girl in the doorway" and then she lay, too listless to cry out. Now nothing is tamer or more notorious than to waste good kicks on an irresponsible person. So Tim was aggrieved, and followed up his first kick by others, accompanying them with a volley of inspiring oaths. The last kick must have caught Sally in a sensitive place, for she gave a sharp scream of agony.

"What's that?" cried a woman from an inner room.  
"Oh," said another, "it's only Tim n-walking up his gill."  
As Kenneth left No. 7 he saw this kick and heard Sally's scream. He instantly strode across the court. Tim was girding himself up for more kicks. For the first time in his life he found this simple pastime of his interfered with. Kenneth faced him sternly.

"Leave the girl alone, you black-guard! How dare you kick a woman?"  
Now kick a woman! Cow court was convulsed. Why, women were kicked every day. They expected it, accepted it as a law of nature. Tim and the bystanders paused for a moment to grasp the full absurdity of the idea, but only for a moment. Then Tim turned on him like a wild beast, the veins in his great bull's neck swelling like cords.

"Who the — are you? Can't a man kick his own gill? Get out of this, or I'll kick you too!" Then, in mere bravado, he lifted his foot to give the girl another resister.

"Touch her at your peril!" cried Kenneth, flashing to the roots of his hair. In another moment he heard the thud of Tim's foot as it drove lustily into the girl, and at the same moment Kenneth's fist crashed into Tim's face, catching him on the jaw and sending him reeling backward down the passage. Then Cow court perceived that there was a joyful prospect of a Homeric combat. In a few moments a ring was formed, and old Biddy was whisked aloft in her chair in the arms of two stalwart stow-aways. Kenneth's blood was up. Flung his coat and waistcoat to one bystander and his hat to another. Cow court accepted them with alacrity. Tim divested himself of some superfluous rags, bared his stalwart arms and prepared to "smash the swell." Biddy surveyed both combatants with a critical eye. She knew the points of a man.

"Blood'll tell," she said circularly as she saw Kenneth straighten himself for the fight. He had braced at Oxford and was in fair condition, sound in wind, above all, temperate and cool. The first round revealed to him that Tim fought in a very effective but utterly unscientific manner. He came at his enemy with a furious rush and planted terrific chance blows, but he left himself un-

protected, and wasted a lot of strength to no purpose. Kenneth quietly bided his time, parried Tim's blows and let him exhaust himself. Tim drew first blood, beating down Kenneth's party and landing on his temple with considerable force. Still Kenneth kept his temper, and the cooler he was the more savage grew Tim. The ring cheered him on, exhorting him to go in and do for the swell.

Kenneth now began to act on the offensive. Letting drive, he caught Tim full on the mouth with all the strength of his sturdy left hand. His knuckles struck deeply into Tim's lips and sent him crashing to the ground. Biddy rapped approval with her crutch. She loved to see a straight blow well planted. Tim was set on his feet rather giddy and dazed. He was not a pretty sight. His lips were like raw liver and his face distorted with passion. What little steadiness he had he then threw to the winds, and Kenneth's next blow caught him full in the eye. After this he summoned his strength for one more furious onslaught. His blow was partially parried, but landed on Kenneth's shoulder. In reply Kenneth caught him full in the forehead, felling him to the ground as a butcher does an ox. After this Tim did not come up to time. He was dragged off into some back region and left Kenneth undisputed master of the field. Old Biddy took a pull at her pipe, expectorated and said simply:

"Ah, blood has told!"  
When Kenneth pulled down his shirt sleeves and turned to the crowd to demand his coat and waistcoat, they were not forthcoming. They had vanished. Then Kenneth flashed out, called them curs, snails and thieves. Cow court grew accustomed to language of far greater pungency, preserved an unbroken calm. Then Biddy rose in her wrath, and, standing herself on her crutch, vowed with many blood-curdling oaths, that the missing garments should be forthcoming, and that quickly, condemning on passant the eyes and limbs of the thieves to infernal torments. The clothes appeared, and it was an embarrassing sight to see the old crone stand up and order him to search his pockets while she asked categorically: "Parse? Wipe? Cigar case? Watch? Chain?" etc. Each had been honestly replaced. Kenneth then shook Biddy by the hand and gave her a sovereign to distribute among her subjects.

Just then he felt something at his feet. He had almost forgotten the girl he had fought for. She had crawled to him and kissed him. There was a pathetic and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

"How dare you kiss a woman?" he cried, and doglike fidelity in her look and gesture.

Aunt Mattie was the very reverse of this. Aunt Hannah always alluded to her in her milder moments as "poor, dear Mattie," and in her more vigorous ones as "that fool, Mattie." Mattie had never been on a board in her life, but if you looked down the subscription list of any missionary society you would be sure to find her modest initials.

"I never put my full name," she said meekly. "Hannah makes such a fuss."

It was to this household that Kenneth brought Sally. The girl had fallen asleep as they drove along. Kenneth placed her on the seat, but Sally preferred lying on the floor of the cab and coiled herself up at his feet like a dog.

When they got home, Kenneth carried the tired girl in, and, seeing that she was not fit for the drawing room, placed her on the mat in the hall, where she lay—a little heap of rags, dirt and tumbled hair. As he entered the drawing room he heard Aunt Hannah reading in her very emphatic voice the summary of a paper she intended to deliver at a charity organization conference next day. It was entitled "System of Out-door Parochial Relief." She had got as far as the tenth. Kenneth's entrance was hailed with joy by the long suffering Mattie.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "Ten o'clock, and you were to be here by 5." "I've brought home a girl."

Aunt Hannah dropped the 16 reasons and ejaculated, "What?" Mattie started. These few words might mean so much. With the calm that precedes a storm Aunt Hannah took off her glasses, rubbed them slowly and waited, but further explanation was interrupted by a scream from Aunt Mattie:

"Why, Kenneth, you've got a great cut on your temple, and there is blood on your collar!"  
"It's nothing. I've had a fight. A brute was kicking a girl, and I licked him and brought the girl home. She's only a child."

Aunt Hannah put her glasses into their case with a snap and recovered her voice. "Brought her home! Is this house a casual ward or night refuge? Why, heaven bless us, the boy's gone stark, staring mad!"  
Mattie had forgotten the girl and was giving her mind to sticking plaster.

"I've left her on the mat outside," cried Kenneth apologetically. "She isn't as clean as she might be." Hannah strode to the door. The hall was pretty with fresh flowers, ferns and bright tiles. Its prettiness emphasized the meanness of Sally's appearance. She was lying where Kenneth had left her. Her one shoe was tied on with a bit of string; her frock was ragged, but the rents did not show, for her skin was as black as her frock. One frightfully bony arm flung across her knee, and the other hid her face.

Mattie peeped from behind Hannah. Hannah said authoritatively:  
"Get up and be off with you!" Sally immediately gave vent to such a torrent of bad language that the two ladies rushed away and shut the door in the drawing room. Mattie began to cry, but Hannah seated herself rigidly in her armchair.

"This is too much, Kenneth!"  
"It's getting awfully late," said Kenneth. "Suppose we don't talk of this till tomorrow. I'll get Bridget to wash Sally and make her up a bed somewhere."

"Keep that thing in the house and be nursed in my beds and have the house ransacked from top to bottom!"  
"You can't turn her out the street at 10 o'clock at night. Bridget can surely give Sally some supper and a blanket, and we will lock her in the back kitchen."

The aunts protested, but yielded. Sally followed Kenneth down stairs like a lamb, but fresh difficulties arose with Bridget. They increased when Sally announced that she would tear anybody limb from limb who touched her. But when Kenneth said that he wished her to be clean and neat, the child changed, and she informed Bridget that she might boil her alive if the boss wished it done.

CHAPTER III.  
Next morning Kenneth surveyed the position. Of course he could send Sally to a workhouse school or to a refuge, but he did not want to let the girl he had won by his bow and spear drift away from him.

His old nurse was now living on a pension, and he resolved to send Sally to her. This seemed easy when he was to be clean and neat, the child changed, and she informed Bridget that she might boil her alive if the boss wished it done.

"I have been thinking about Sally," he began. "I am sure, Aunt Hannah, you will help me." He was interrupted by a sound of crashing china—a scuffle accompanied by piercing shrieks and the sound of hurrying feet. Aunt Hannah made a dash at the bell, relaying, "Has the devil broken loose?"

The door was flung open and the servants dragged in Sally. She resisted violently, kicking, plunging and swearing like a trooper. Bridget began: "And I do say, sir, it's too bad to go and bring home such a scum and expect decent people to live with her. She's half killed James."

"Yes," cried the housemaid, "she up with a plate and broke it over his head, and he's mass of gore in the kitchen this minute."  
"Come here, Sally!" cried Kenneth sternly. They released her, and she stood before him with flashing eyes and cheeks, flushed with the glow of combat. An old dress of the cook's had been pinned round her. It was half torn off now. Her matted hair had been combed out and rolled up. It lay on her shoulders and in a shaggy mass, and as Aunt Hannah said, she looked a little demon. But when Kenneth took her in hand and spoke kindly the flash in her eyes turned to tears.

turning Sally's tear-stained face to the light. At his touch the hunted, wild beast look passed from her eyes. Then he said: "Now, Sally, listen. I want you to forget your savage ways and be a good child. If you use bad language and frighten awkward people, you must go back to Cow court, and I shall be sorry I tried to save you from your father. I know it will be hard for you at first, but all good things are hard. You must tell James you are sorry you hurt him, and I'll promise that every day you are good you shall clean my boots yourself."

"Blessed if I won't try, and I'll go this moment and ax his blooming pardon." And, so saying, Sally picked up her trailing garments and rushed out of the room.

"A perfect little savage," said Hannah. "Two years at a reformatory might do good, but I doubt it."  
"I thought I saw tears in her eyes," said Mattie.

"And what handsome eyes!" said Kenneth.  
"Now, just answer me this," said Hannah. "What on earth made you bring this filthy scoundrel, get your head cut open and have this creature flung on your hands. If it is sentimental rubbish, you are a bigger fool than I thought you. If you flatter yourself it's philanthropy, you have begun at the wrong end."

"It is a little of both. You do your philanthropy in a scientific, wholesale way. I am beginning mine with a small retail sample. And it is sentiment, too, for I feel rather like a knight who has rescued a maiden and is forbidden by the laws of chivalry to abandon her."

"Then, by the laws of the round table, the knight is bound to wed the maiden, and—I wish you joy of your bargain."  
"Well, aunt, let Sally have a month under your supervision, and then we will hold another meeting upon her." The aunts at last reluctantly agreed to give her a trial.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Tutt's Pills  
Cure All  
Liver Ills.

Doctors Say;  
Bilious and Intermittent Fevers  
which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.  
The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills  
Cure all Liver Troubles.

There is nothing that causes women great discomfort and misery than the constantly recurring headache. Men suffer less with headache. "My wife's health was very indifferent, having headache continually, and just two packages of Swinney's Liver Regulator cleared her from all headache and gave tone and vigor to her whole system. I have never regretted it's use."—M. B. DeJord Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Swinney's Arnica Salve.  
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chloasma, Itch, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at E. Norton's Drugstore.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.  
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching; "flowed to continue tumors (hemorrhoids) and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWINNEY'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases, removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swinney & Son Philadelphia.

Relief in Six Hours.  
Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the primary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing; it almost immediately relieves the most distressing cases of this is your remedy. Sold by DR. E. NORTON, Druggist, Conway, S. C.

CASTORIA.  
The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.  
Simply apply "SWINNEY'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by other remedies. Ask your druggist for SWINNEY'S OINTMENT.

CASTORIA.  
The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF *Chas. H. Fletcher* IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of *Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER*. A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK. 16 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.



WE WANT TO EXCHANGE Pianos, Organs or Sewing Machines

FOR - Good Horses. Alexander Bros. & Co. GREENVILLE, S. C.

—An original method of not only calling a guest at a hotel, but also of compelling him to get up was recently developed by a new Irish porter. The guest wanted to be called at 6, and promptly at that hour there was a loud rap at the door, and a shout, "I have a message for you." The guest jumped out of bed and opening the door, received a large envelope. This is hastily torn open and read on a slip of paper inside, "Please get up at once."

It saves the Croupy Children. SEAVIEW, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children were cured of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—KELLMAN & GURKEN, The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Dr. E. Norton, Druggist.

NO MORE EYE-GLASSES, More Weak Eyes! MITCHELL'S EYE-SALVE. A Certain Safe and Effective Remedy for SORE, WEAK and INFLAMED EYES, Producing Long-Sightness and Restoring the Sight of the old. Cures Tear Drops, Granulation, Sty, Tumors, Red Eyes, Matted Eye Lashes, AND PRODUCING QUICK RELIEF—AND PERMANENT CURE. Also, equally efficacious, when used in other maladies, such as Rheum, Fever, Inflammation of any membrane of the Eye, or wherever inflammation exists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25 CENTS.

When the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God! my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us?

I have given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a fair test and consider it one of the very best remedies for croup that I have ever found. One dose has always been sufficient, although I use it freely. Any cold my children contract yields very readily to this medicine. I can conscientiously recommend it for croup and colds in children.—Geo. E. Wolfclerk of the circuit court, Fernandina, Fla. Sold by Dr. E. Norton, Druggist.

Mr. Ward L. Smith, of Frederickston, Md., was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that he only had a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians in Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a newspaper and chanced to read an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose helped him and its continued use cured him. For sale by Dr. E. Norton, Druggist.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head! 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

PUTTING A HORSE IN A FINE HEALTHY CONDITION BY DR. CADY'S CONDITION POWDER. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse, 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

CASTORIA. The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

GROVE'S CHILL TONIC. MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS. TASTELESS. IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CTS. Paris Medicine Co., 84, Louis, Mo. Sold on its merits. No cure no pay. E. Norton, Druggist, Conway, S. C.

The Results From Life Insurance

are more satisfactory for the amounts expended than any other form of investment. For example, read the following letter from a holder of a Tontine Policy in the

Equitable Life

W. J. RODDEY, Manager, Department of Carolina, ROCK HILL, S. C.

Atlantic Coast Line.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA R. R. CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT JAN. 19, 1897.

Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta R.R. Schedule. Daily. No. 35 runs through from Charleston via Central R.R. leaves at 8:15 a.m., Manning 9:05 a.m.,

Schedule of Local Mail Routes. ROUTE NO. 20273.—From Conway Ferry to Conway, mail arrives 1:45 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday; leaves at 2:30 p.m. on same days. Mail closes at 2:25.

ROUTE NO. 20280.—From Conway to Beaufort, N.C., mail arrives at 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; leaves at 5 p.m. on same days. Mail closes at 4:55 p.m.

ROUTE NO. 20281.—From Conway via Fortney, Jordanville, Gideon, Labana and return, mail arrives at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; leaves at 6 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Mail closes at 5 p.m.

ROUTE NO. 20282.—From Conway to Little River, mail arrives at 5 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; leaves at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Mail closes at 5 p.m.

Wilmington and Conway R.R. Passenger and freight daily except Sunday. SOUTHBOUND—No. 81. Hub, 8:30 am. Hinton, 8:45 am. Clifton, 9:00 am. Mt. Vernon, 9:15 am. Salisbury, 9:30 am. Sanford, 9:45 am. Adrian, 10:00 am. Conway, 10:15 am.

WACAMAW LINE STEAMERS. The Steamer will leave her wharf at morning for Georgetown and Wednesday touching all intermediate points. And Tuesday and Friday morning for Conway touching all intermediate points. D. T. McNeill, Agent, Georgetown, S. C.