

# The CONQUEST OF CANAAN

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

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(Continued from page 6)

and who had known him in his boyhood in the town. A lady, turning a corner, looked up carelessly and then half stopped within a few feet of him as if startled. Joe's cheeks went a sudden crimson, for it was the lady of his old dreams.

As she came to her half stop of surprise, startled, he took his courage in two hands and, lifting his hat, stepped to her side.

"You—you remember me?" he stammered.

"Yes," she answered, a little breathlessly.

"Ah, that's kind of you!" he cried and began to walk on with her unconsciously. "I feel like a returned ghost wandering about—invisible and unrecognized. So few people seem to remember me!"

"I think you are wrong. I think you'll find everybody remembers you," she responded uneasily.

"No; I'm afraid not," he began. "I—"

She interrupted him. They were not far from her gate, and she saw her father standing in the yard directing a painter who was at work on one of the cast iron deer. The judge was apparently in good spirits, laughing with the workman over some jest between them, but that did not lessen Mamie's nervousness.

"Mr. Louden," she said in as kindly a tone as she could, "I shall have to ask you not to walk with me. My father would not like it."

Joe stopped with a jerk.

"Why, I—I thought I'd go in and shake hands with him—and tell him I—"

Astonishment that partook of terror and of awe spread itself instantly upon her face.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "No!"

"Very well," said Joe humbly. "Good-by."

Joe got him meditatively back to Main street and to the Tocsin building. This time he did not hesitate, but mounted the stairs and knocked upon the door of the assistant editor.

"Oh," said Eugene. "You've turned up, have you?"

"I've come back to stay, Gene," said Joe.

Bantry dropped his book. "Exceedingly interesting," he said. "I suppose you'll try to find something to do. I don't think you could get a place here. Judge Pike owns the Tocsin, and I greatly fear he has a prejudice against you."

"I expect he has," Joe chuckled, somewhat sadly. "But I don't want newspaper work. I'm going to practice law."

"By jove, you have courage, my festive prodigal! Vraiment!"

Joe cocked his head to one side with his old look of the friendly puppy. "You always did like to talk that novelty way, Gene, didn't you?" he said impersonally.

Eugene's color rose. "Have you saved up anything to starve on?" he asked crisply.

"Oh, I'm not so badly off. I've had a salary in an office for a year, and I had one pretty good day at the races."

"You'd better go back and have another," said his stepbrother. "You don't seem to comprehend your standing in Canaan."

"I'm beginning to," Joe turned to the door. "It's funny, too, in a way. Well, I won't keep you any longer. I just stopped in to say good day." He paused, faltering.

"All right, all right," Eugene said briskly. "And, by the way, I haven't mentioned that I saw you in New York."

"Oh, I didn't suppose that you would."

"And you needn't say anything about it, I fancy."

"I don't think," said Joe—"I don't think that you need be afraid I'll do that. Goodby."

"Be sure to shut the door, please. It's rather noisy with it open. Goodby," Eugene waved his hand and sank back upon the divan.

Joe went across the street to the National House. The sages fell as silent as if he had been Martin Pike. Joe had begun to write his name in the register. "My trunk is still at the station," he said. "I'll give you my check to send down for it."

"Excuse me," said the clerk. "We have no rooms."

"What?" cried Joe innocently. He looked up into the condensed eyes of Mr. Brown. "Oh," he said, "I see."

Deathly silence followed him to the door, but as it closed behind him he heard the outbreak of the sages like a tidal wave striking a dump heap of tin cans.

Two hours later he descended from an evil ark of a cab at the corral attached to Beaver Beach and followed the path through the marsh to the crumbling pier. A red bearded man was seated on a plank by the water edge, fishing.

"Mike," said Joe, "have you got room for me? Can you take me in for a few days, until I find a place in town where they'll let me stay?"

The red bearded man rose slowly, pushed back his hat and stared hard at the wanderer; then he uttered a howl of joy and seized the other's hands in his and shook them wildly.

"Glorious high!" he shouted. "It's

Joe Louden come back: We never



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knew how we missed ye till ye'd gone! Place fer ye! Can I find it? There ain't a imp o' perdition in town, includin' myself, that wouldn't kill me if I couldn't! Ye'll have old Maggie's room, my own aunt's. Ye remember how she used to dance? Ha, ha! She's been burnin' below these four years! And we'll have the celebration of yer return this night. There'll be many o' 'em will come when they hear ye're back in Canaan! We'll all hope ye're goin' to stay awhile!"

### CHAPTER IX.

IF any echo of doubt concerning his undesirable conspicuousness sounded faintly in Joe's mind, it was silenced forthwith. Canaan had not forgotten him. Far from it, so far that it began pointing him out to strangers on the street the very day of his return. His course of action, likewise that of his friends, permitted him little obscurity, and when the rumors of his finally obtaining lodging at Beaver Beach and of the celebration of his installation there were presently confirmed he stood in the lime light indeed, as a Mephistopheles upspringing through the trap door.

The welcoming festivities had not been so discreetly conducted as to accord with the general policy of Beaver Beach. An unfortunate incident caused the arrest of one of the celebrators and the ambulancing to the hospital of another on the homeward way, the ensuing proceedings in court bringing to the whole affair a publicity devoutly unsought for. Mr. Happy Fear (such was the habitual name of the imprisoned gentleman) had to bear a great amount of harsh criticism for injuring a companion within the city limits after daylight and for failing to observe that three policemen were not too distant from the scene of operations to engage therein.

"Happy, if he had it in mind to harm him," said the red bearded man to Mr. Fear upon the latter's return to society. "why didn't ye do it out here at the beach?"

"Because," returned the indiscreet, "he didn't say what he was goin' to say till we got in town."

Extraordinary probing on the part of the prosecutor had developed at the trial that the obnoxious speech had referred to the guest of the evening. The assaulted party, one "Nashville" Cory, was not of Canaan, but a bit of driftwood haply touching shore for the moment at Beaver Beach, and—strange is this world—he had been introduced to the coterie of Mike's Place by Happy Fear himself, who had enjoyed a brief acquaintance with him on a day when both had chanced to travel incognito by the same freight. Naturally Happy had felt responsible for the proper behavior of his protegee—was, in fact, bound to enforce it; additionally, Happy had once been saved from a term of imprisonment (at a time when it would have been more than ordinarily inconvenient) by help and advice from Joe, and he was not one to forget. Therefore he was grieved to observe that his own guest seemed to be somewhat jealous of the hero of the occasion and disposed to look coldly upon him. The stranger, however, contented himself with innuendo (mere expressions of the face and other manner of things for which one could not squarely lay hands upon him) until such time as he and his sponsor had come to Main street in the clear dawn on their way to Happy's apartment, a variable abode. It may be that the stranger perceived what Happy did not—the three blue-coats in the perspective. At all events, he now put into words of simple strength the unfavorable conception he had formed of Joe. The result was mediaevally immediate, and the period of Mr. Cory's convalescence in the hospital was almost half that of his sponsor's detention in the county jail.

When Happy Fear had suffered, with a give and take simplicity of patience, his allotment of months in duration and was released and sent into the streets and sunshine once more, he knew that his first duty lay in the direction of a general apology to Joe. But the young man was no longer at Beaver Beach; the red headed proprietor dwelt alone there and, receiving Happy with scorn and pity, directed him to retrace his footsteps to the town.

"Ye must have been in the black hole of incarceration indeed if ye haven't heard that Mr. Louden has his law office on the square and his livin' room behind the office. It's in that little brick buildin' straight across from the sheriff's door o' the jail. Ye've been neighbors this long time. A hard time the boy had persuadin' any one to rent

to him, but by payin' double the price he got a place at last. He's a practicin' lawyer now, and all the boys and girls of our acquaintance go to him with their troubles. Ye'll see him with a murder case to try before long as sure as ye're not worth yer salt! But I expect ye can still call him by his name of Joe, all the same!"

It was a bleak and meager little office into which Mr. Fear ushered himself to offer his amends. The cracked plaster of the walls was bare, save for dust. There were no shelves. The fat brown volumes, most of them fairly new, were piled in regular columns upon a cheap pine table. There was but one window, small paneled and shadeless. An inner door of this sad chamber stood half ajar, permitting the visitor unreserved acquaintance with the domestic economy of the tenant, for it disclosed a second room, smaller than the office and dependent upon the window of the latter for air and light. Behind a canvas camp cot, dimly visible in the obscurity of the inner apartment, stood a small gas stove surmounted by a steppan, from which projected the handle of a big tin spoon, so that it needed no ghost from the dead to whisper that Joseph Louden, attorney at law, did his own cooking. Indeed, he looked it!

Upon the threshold of the second room reposed a small, worn, light brown scrub brush of a dog, so cosmopolitan in ancestry that his species was almost as undeterminable as the cast iron dogs of the Pike mansion. He greeted Mr. Fear hospitably, having been so lately an offcast of the streets himself that his adoption had taught him to lose only his old tremors, not his hopefulness. At the same time Joe rose quickly from the deal table, where he had been working, with one hand in his hair, the other splattering ink from a bad pen.

"Good for you, Happy!" he cried cheerfully. "I hoped you'd come to see me today. I've been thinking about a job for you."

"I don't want a job, nohow!" said Mr. Fear, going to the door. "I don't want to work. There's plenty ways fer me to git along without that. But I'll say one thing more. Don't you worry about gittin' law practice. Mike says you're goin' to git all you want, and if there ain't no other way, why, a few of us'll go out and make some fer ye!"

These prophecies and promises, over which Joe chuckled at first, with his head cocked to one side, grew very soon, to his amazement, to wear a supernatural similarity to actual fulfillment. His friends brought him their own friends such as had sinned against the laws of Canaan, those under the ban of the sheriff, those who had struck in anger, those who had stolen at night, those who owed and could not pay, those who lived by the dice, and to his other titles to notoriety was added that of defender of the poor and wicked. He found his hands full, especially after winning his first important case, on which occasion Canaan thought the jury mad and was indignant with the puzzled judge, who could not see just how it had happened.

verse with him, the two alone together. The dog was not his only confidant. There came to be another, a more and more frequent partner to their conversations, at last a familiar spirit. This third came from a brown jug which Joe kept on a shelf in his bedroom, a vessel too frequently replenished. When the day's work was done he shut himself up, drank alone and drank hard. Sometimes when the jug ran low and the night was late he would go out for a walk with his dog and would awake in his room the next morning not remembering where he had gone or how he had come home. Once, after such a lapse of memory, he woke amazed to find himself at Beaver Beach, whither, he learned from the red bearded man, Happy Fear had brought him, having found him wandering dazedly in a field near by. These lapses grew more frequent until there occurred that which was one of the strange things of his life.

It was a June night, a little more than two years after his return to Canaan, and the Tocsin had that day announced the approaching marriage of Eugene Bantry and his employer's daughter. Joe ate nothing during the day and went through his work clumsily, visiting the bedroom shelf at intervals. At 10 in the evening he went out to have the jug refilled, but from the moment he left his door and the fresh air struck his face he had no clear knowledge of what he did or of what went on about him until he woke in his bed the next morning.

And yet, whatever little part of the soul of him remained that night still undulled, not numbed, but alive, was in some strange manner lifted out of its pain toward a strange delight. His body was an automaton, his mind in bondage, yet there was a still small consciousness in him which knew that in his wandering something incredible and unexpected was happening. What this was he did not know, could not

see, though his eyes were open, could not have told himself any more than a baby could tell why it laughs, but it seemed something so beautiful and wonderful that the night became a night of perfume, its breezes bearing the music of harps and violins, while nightingales sang from the maples that bordered the streets of Canaan.

Joe did not stop at that. He kept on winning cases, clearing the innocent and lightening the burdens of the guilty. He became the most dangerous attorney for the defense in Canaan. His honorable brethren, accepting the popular view of him, held him in personal contempt, but feared him professionally, for he proved that he knew more law than they thought existed. Nor could any trick him, falling which many tempers were lost, but never Joe's. His practice was not all criminal, as shown by the peevish outburst of the eminent Backalew (the squire's nephew, esteemed the foremost lawyer in Canaan), "Before long there won't be any use trying to foreclose a mortgage or collect a note unless this shyster gets himself in jail!"

The wrath of Judge Martin Pike was august—there was a kind of sublimity in its immenseness—on a day when it befell that the shyster stood betwixt him and money.

That was a monstrous task—to stand between these two and separate them, to hold back the hand of Martin Pike from what it had reached out to grasp. It was in the matter of some tax titles which the magnate had acquired, and in court Joe treated the case with such horrifying simplicity that it seemed almost credible that the great man had counted upon the ignorance and besottedness of Joe's client, a hard drinking, disreputable old farmer, to get his land away from him without paying for it. Now, as every one knew such a thing to be ludicrously impossible, it was at once noised abroad in Canaan that Joe had helped to swindle Judge Pike out of a large sum of money—it was notorious that the shyster could bamboozle court and jury with his tricks, and it was felt that Joe Louden was getting into very deep waters indeed. This was serious. If the young man did not look out he might find himself in the penitentiary.

Joe did not move into a larger office; he remained in the little room with its one window and its fine view of the jail. His clients were nearly all poor, and many of his fees quite literally nominal. Tatters and rags came up the narrow stairway to his door—tatters and rags and pitiful flineries; the bearded, the sodden, the flaunting and rouged, the furtive and wary, some in rags, some in tags and some—the sorriest—in velvet gowns. With these, the distressed, the wrongdoers, the drunken, the dirty and the very poor, his work lay and his days and nights were spent.

When Joe went about the streets he was made to feel his condition by the elaborate avoidance, yet furtive attention, of every respectable person he met, and when he came home to his small rooms and shut the door behind him he was as one who has been hissed and shamed in public and runs to bury his hot face in his pillow. He petted his mongrel extravagantly (well he might) and would sit with him in his rooms at night holding long con-

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We have just closed our third year's business, and take this opportunity to thank our friends for their generous patronage. Our stock is larger and more varied, and we feel sure we can save you money. Don't forget we have a nice assortment of reliable "FAVORITE" Ranges and "O K" stoves.

When in need of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Turned Work, etc., we would appreciate the privilege of giving you prices; from our increased sales of this material our prices must be Right. Remember where you buy "Anchor" Lime you get the best. If it is good paint you want, buy "Benj. Moore & Co.'s"—pure house colors.

Yours for Business,  
**Lake City Hardware Co.,**  
LAKE CITY, S. C.

## STOP THE DEAL!

You have the money, I have the goods, and I can and will save you money. Call on me.

Yours for business,  
**W T Wilkins,**  
KINGSTREE, S. C.



"I don't want a job, nohow!" said Mr. Fear.

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(Continued next week.)

Are you keeping up with "The Rise of Jimmie Johnson"?

**ECZEMA and PILE CURE FOR SALE.**

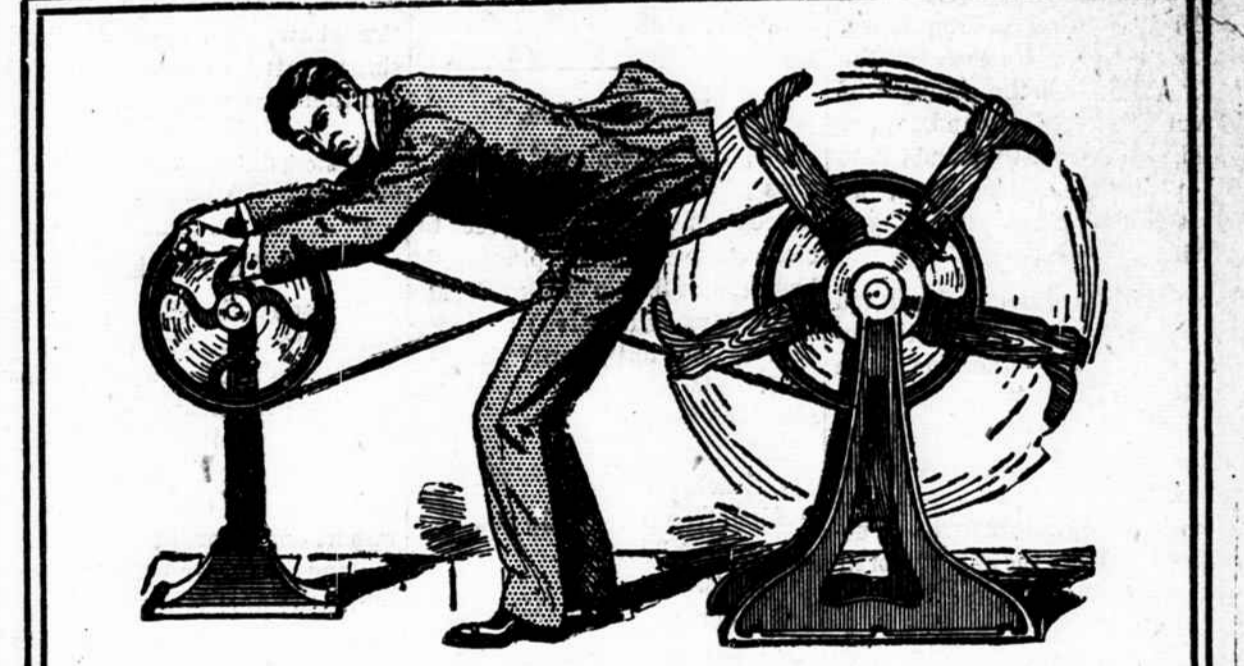
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Brick in any quantity to suit purchaser. The Best Dry Press Machine-made.

**BRICK**

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W. B. FUNK.



This man bought a supply of tobacco without acquainting himself with the distinctive taste of SCHNAPPS Tobacco, which has the cheering qualities that gratify his desire to chew, and at less expense than cheap tobacco.

SCHNAPPS has been advertised in this paper so that every chewer has had an opportunity to get acquainted with the facts and know that drugs are not used to produce the cheering quality found in the famous Piedmont country flue-cured tobaccos, and that SCHNAPPS is what he ought to chew. Still there are chewers who accept other and cheaper tobaccos that do not give the same pleasure.

Some day they'll get a taste of the real Schnapps—they'll realize what enjoyment they've missed by not getting SCHNAPPS long ago—then they'll feel like kicking themselves.

SCHNAPPS is sold everywhere in 5 cent cuts, and 10 and 15 cent plugs. Be sure you get the genuine.