

The CONQUEST OF CANAAN

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

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(Continued from page 6)

"I'll never, never learn enough to keep out of trouble, even when I see it comin'! But that gen'lman friend of mine—Mr. Nashville Cory's his name—he kind o' coaxed me into it, and he's right comical when he's with ladies, and he's good company, and he says, 'Claudine, we'll dance the light fantastic,' he says, and I kind o' wanted something cheerful. I'd be'n workin' steady quite a spell, and it looked like he wanted to show me a good time, so I went, and that's what started it." Now that she had begun she babbled on with her story, at times incoherently, full of excuses made to herself more than to Ariel, pitifully endeavoring to convince herself that the responsibility for the trouble she had made was not hers. "Mr. Cory told me my husband was drinkin' and wouldn't know about it, and, 'Besides,' he says, 'what's the odds?' Of course I knowed there was trouble between him and Mr. Fear—that's my husband—a good while ago, when Mr. Fear up and laid him out. That was before me and Mr. Fear got married; I hadn't even be'n to Canaan then; I was on the stage. I was on the stage quite awhile in Chicago before I got acquainted with my husband."

"You were on the stage?" Ariel exclaimed involuntarily.
"Yes, ma'am—livin' pitchers at Goldberg's rat'skeller, and amunchoo nights I nearly always done a sketch with a gen'lman friend. That's the way I met Mr. Fear. He seemed to be real struck with me right away, and soon as I got through my turn he ast me to order whatever I wanted. He's always gen'lmanlike when he ain't had too much, and even then he vurry vurry seldom acks rough unless he's jealous. That was the trouble yesterday. I never would of gone to the Beach if I'd dreamed what was comin'! When we got there I saw Mike—that the gen'lman that runs the Beach—lookin' at my company and me kind of anxious, and pretty soon he got me away from Mr. Cory and told me what's what. Seems this Cory only wanted me to go with him to make my husband mad, and he'd took good care that Mr. Fear heard I'd be there with him. An' he'd be'n hangin' around me every time he struck town jest to make Mr. Fear mad—the fresh thing! You see, he wanted to make my husband start something again, this Mr. Cory did, and he was fixed for it."

"I don't understand," said Ariel.
"It's this way: If Mr. Fear attacked Mr. Cory, why, Mr. Cory could shoot him down and claim self defense. You see, it would be easy for Mr. Cory, because Mr. Fear nearly killed him when they had their first trouble, and that would give Mr. Cory a good excuse to shoot if Mr. Fear jest only pushed him. That's the way it is with the law. Mr. Cory could wipe out their old score and git off scot free."

"Surely not!"
"Yes, ma'am, that's the way it would be. And when Mike told me that Mr. Cory had got me out there jest to provoke my husband I went straight up to him and begun to give him a piece of my mind. I didn't talk loud, because I never was one to make a disturbance and start trouble the way some do, and right while I was talkin' we both see my husband pass the window. Mr. Cory give a kind of yelling laugh and put his arm round me jest as Mr. Fear come in the door. And then it all happened so quick that you could hardly tell what was goin' on. Mr. Fear, we found afterward, had promised Mr. Loudon that he wouldn't come out there, but he took too much—you could see that by the look of him—and fergot his promise—fergot everything but me and Cory, I guess."

"He come right up to us, where I was tryin' to git away from Cory's arm—it was the left one he had around me and the other behind his back—and neither of 'em said a word. Cory kept on laughin' loud as he could, and Mr. Fear struck him in the mouth. He's little, but he can hit awful hard, and Mr. Cory let out a screech, and I see his gun go off right in Mr. Fear's face, I thought, but it wasn't. It only scorched him. Most of the other gen'lmen had run, but Mike made a dive and managed to knock the gun to one side jest barely in time. Then Mike and three or four others that come out from behind things separated 'em, both of 'em fightin' to git at each other. They locked Mr. Cory up in Mike's room and took Mr. Fear over to where they hitch the horses. Then Mike sent for Mr. Loudon to come out to talk to my husband and take care of him—he's the only one can do anything with him when he's like that—but before Mr. Loudon could git there Mr. Fear broke loose and run through a cornfield and got away—at least they couldn't find him. And Mr. Cory jumped through a window and slid down into one of Mike's boats, so they'd both gone. When Mr. Loudon come he only stayed long enough to hear what had happened and started out to find Happy—that's my husband. He's bound to keep them apart, but he hasn't found Mr. Fear yet or he'd be here."

Ariel had sunk back in her chair. "Why should your husband hide?" she asked in a low voice.

"Waitin' for his chance at Cory," the woman answered huskily. "I expect he's afraid the cops are after him, too, on account of the trouble, and he doesn't want to git locked up till he's met Cory again. They ain't after him, but he may not know it. They haven't heard of the trouble, I reckon, or they'd of run Cory in. He's around town today, drinkin' heavy, and I guess he's lookin' for Mr. Fear about as hard as Mr. Loudon is." She rose to her feet, lifted her coarse hands and dropped them despairingly. "Oh, I'm scared!" she said. "Mr. Fear's be'n mighty good to me."

A slow and tired footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Joe's dog ran into the room drooping, wagged his tail with no energy and crept under the desk. Mrs. Fear wheeled toward the door and stood rigid, her hands clenched tight, her whole body still except her breast, which rose and fell with her tumultuous breathing. She could not wait till the lizard step reached the landing.

"Mr. Loudon!" she called suddenly. Joe's voice came from the stairway. "It's all right, Claudine. It's all fixed up. Don't worry."

Mrs. Fear gave a thick cry of relief and sank back in her chair as Joe entered the room. He came in shamblingly, with his hand over his eyes as if they were very tired and the light hurt them, so that for a moment or two he did not perceive the second visitor. Then he let his hand fall, revealing a face white and worn.

"It's all right, Claudine," he repeated. "It's all right."

He was moving to lay his hat on the desk when his eye caught first the roses, then fell upon Ariel, and he stopped stock still with one arm outstretched, remaining for perhaps ten seconds in that attitude, while she, her lips parted, her eyes lustrous, returned his gaze with a look that was as inscrutable as it was kind.

"Yes," she said, as if in answer to a question. "I have come here twice today." She nodded slightly toward Mrs. Fear. "I can wait. I am very glad you bring good news."

Joe turned dazedly toward the other. "Claudine," he said, "you've been telling Miss Taber."

"I certainly have!" Mrs. Fear's expression had cleared, and her tone was cheerful. "I don't see no harm in that. I'm sure she's a good friend of yours, Mr. Loudon."

Joe glanced at Ariel with a faint, troubled smile and turned again to Mrs. Fear. "I've had a long talk with Happy."

"I'm awful glad. Is he ready to listen to reason?" she asked with a titter.

"He's waiting for you."

"Where?" She rose quickly.

"Stop," said Joe sharply. "You must be very careful with him!"

"Don't you s'pose I'm goin' to be?" she interrupted, with a catch in her voice. "Don't you s'pose I've had trouble enough?"

"No," said Joe deliberately and impersonally. "I don't. Unless you keep remembering to be careful all the time you'll follow the first impulse you have, as you did yesterday, and your excuse will be that you never thought any harm would come of it. He's in a queer mood, but he will for give you if you ask him!"

"Well, ain't that what I want to do?" she exclaimed.

"I know, I know," he said, dropping into the desk chair and passing his hand over his eyes with a gesture of infinite weariness. "But you must be very careful. I hunted for him most of the night and all day. He was trying to keep out of my way because he didn't want me to find him until he had met this fellow Nashville. Happy is a hard man to come at when he doesn't care to be found, and he kept shifting from place to place until I ran him down. Then I got him in a corner and told him that you hadn't meant any harm—which is always true of you, poor woman—and I didn't leave him till he had promised me to forgive you if you would come and ask him. And you must keep him out of Cory's way until I can arrange to have him—Cory, I mean—sent out of town. Will you?"

"Why, certainly," she answered, smiling. "That Nashville's the vurry last person I ever want to see again—the fresh thing!" Mrs. Fear's burden had fallen; her relief was perfect, and she beamed rapidly. But Joe marked her renewed irresponsibility with an anxious eye.

"You mustn't make any mistakes," he said, rising stiffly with fatigue.

"Not me. I don't take no more chances," she responded, tittering happily; "not after yesterday. My, but it's a load off my shoulders! I do hate it to have gen'lmen quarrelin' over me, especially Mr. Fear. I never did like to start anything. I like to see people laugh and be friendly, and I'm mighty glad it's all blown over. I kind o' thought it would all along. Pshaw!" She burst into genuine, noisy laughter. "I don't expect either of 'em meant no real harm to each other after they got cooled off a little. If they'd met today they'd probably both run. Now, Mr. Loudon, where's Happy?"

Joe went to the door with her. He waited a moment, perplexed; then his brow cleared, and he said in a low voice: "You know the alley beyond Vent Miller's poolroom? Go down the alley till you come to the second gate. Go in, and you'll see a basement door opening into a little room under Miller's bar. The door won't be locked, and Happy's in there waiting for you. But remember—"

"Oh, don't you worry!" she cut him off loudly. "I know him. Inside of an hour I'll have him laughin' over all this. You'll see!"

When she had gone he stood upon the landing looking thoughtfully after her. "Perhaps, after all, that is

the best mood to let her meet him in," he murmured.

Then, with a deep breath, he turned. The heavy perfume had gone, the air was clear and sweet, and Ariel was pressing her face into the roses again. As he saw how like them she was he was shaken with a profound and mysterious sigh, like that which moves in the breast of one who listens in the dark to his dearest music.

(Continued next week.)

TOO LIFELIKE.

Curious Reason For Rejecting the "Portrait of a Doctor."

Concerning the prize, "Portrait of a Doctor," by Seymour Thomas, there is a very amusing story.

Several artists had made paintings of the gentleman who is represented in this celebrated picture, but the family decided that none of them was "lifelike enough." After visiting the Thomas studio the gentleman's relatives commissioned this artist to essay the task.

The work went on well, and the picture was completed. Every one was delighted. All declared—friends, family, and enemies—that it was a "living likeness."

One day, before the picture had been sent home, the wife of the doctor called with her sister-in-law. This woman had been suffering from nervous prostration and had come to spend several months with her brother for a rest.

Instantly on entering the studio she threw up her hands and exclaimed in a hysterical, horrified tone:

"Oh, my dear, my dear! How much like Robert that is! Oh, it is horrible! I couldn't stand it in the house a moment. Why, it looks just exactly like him, and I'd almost think him about to speak. Don't take it—it's uncanny!"

Abashed into silence, embarrassed beyond description, the wife, and sister-in-law later left the studio.

"And what do you think," said Mr. Thomas, with a gentle smile. "A few days later I had a note from the wife asking me if I could not 'make the picture a little less like the doctor—a little less lifelike?'"

Did I do it? Well, I guess not! That was one of my best pieces of work, and I know that in trying to please everybody you are apt to be in the same predicament as the man with the donkey—in the end you'll lose the donkey and will have pleased nobody. Give me changeable sitters, but deliver me from the family."—Scrap Book.

No Contract.

Those who desired to secure Philander Hay's services as a wood sawyer were obliged to take him on his own terms. "I'll saw an' split all you get here an' tier it up for ye in good shape for \$1.75 a day," said Mr. Hay after an inspection of the summer resident's shed yard.

"There are just three cords of wood to be sawed and split," said the summer resident briskly. "How much will you charge for the job?"

"I don't do work that way." And Philander surveyed his victim with a relentless gaze.

"If I set out to saw an' split by the job, what with the wear an' tear on my saw an' hatchet an' the limin't that has to be put on my back nights, when you get it all reckoned out there wouldn't be any money in it, an' I wouldn't have had a minute to set down an' see how I was getting on either."—Youth's Companion.

Uncomfortable Shaving.

The traveler, who had just returned from abroad, sank back into his accustomed barber's chair with a sigh of relief. "This is the first time I've had the prospect of a comfortable shave for three months," he remarked. "They have improved in a good many things abroad," he continued, "but the barbers over on the other side still stick to those uncomfortable chairs of theirs in the most absurd way."

"I asked the man who shaved me in London, and nearly broke my neck at the same time, why they never used American chairs in the barber shops of London."

"I don't know, sir," he said, "except for the reason that they are made in America, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Had an Opinion.

At the time of the ecclesiastical trial of Professor Woods of Andover Theological seminary for alleged heresy, a retired New Hampshire clergyman while making a journey by rail was absorbed in reading the details of this trial as reported in the Congregationalist. A sporty looking individual who sat beside him was absorbed in the pages of a different periodical.

"My friend," said the clergyman, "what do you think will be the result of the great contest that is now agitating the nation?"

"Think!" said the other. "I think that John L. Sullivan will knock the stuffing out of the presumptuous wags in the first round!"

AT UNION GRADED SCHOOL

Amateur Play "Mr Bob" a Success—Dr Snyder to Lecture.

ROME, May 18:—The comedy, "Mr Bob," presented by local talent for the benefit of Union Graded school on Friday last, was a pre-eminent success in every way. Though the evening was threatening rain a large audience gathered to see the play. That the evening was enjoyed was evident. The total proceeds amounted to \$109.75, almost 50 per cent being from the sale of refreshments donated and served by the ladies of the community. Being almost entirely a profit this is quite a neat sum, which will be used to improve the school property.

Every one is looking forward to Dr Snyder's address on the evening of the 31st inst. In all the South there is no one more popular as a lecturer than Dr Snyder. Only last summer Dr Snyder spent several weeks lecturing at various Chataqua societies in the North and at the Chicago University. These facts mean that Dr Snyder is recognized as a chief among the lecturers of America. It will indeed be a privilege every one should take advantage of to hear Dr Snyder at 8:30 p. m., May 31.

Kindly remember that the address will begin promptly at the hour announced.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold only—you should always heal, soothe, and ease the irritated bronchial tubes. Don't blindly suppress it with a stupefying poison. It's strange how some things finally come about. For twenty years Dr. Shoop has constantly warned people not to take cough mixtures or prescriptions containing Opium, Chloroform, or similar poisons. And now—a little late though—Congress says "Put it on the label, if poisons are in your Cough Mixture." Good! Very good!! Hereafter for this very reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance then, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and note the difference. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

D. C. SCOTT.

Winthrop College
Scholarship and Entrance
Examination.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on FRIDAY, JULY 5, AT 9 A. M. Applicants must be not less than fifteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacated after July 5, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for Scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for Scholarship examination blanks. Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 18, 1907. For further information and catalogue, address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

5-9 July 4.

TO OUR

Friends and Customers.

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.

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Our advertisement next week in this paper will expose the real reasons why the kind of tobacco used in "Schnapps" has the natural stimulating qualities that gratify the hunger of chewers, and at less cost than all other kinds of tobaccos. Steadily increasing sales indicate proof is in the chewing.

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