

**The CONQUEST OF CANAAN**  
By BOOTH TARKINGTON.  
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.  
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(Continued from page 6.)

Tocsin was aimin' more to do Happy harm because of you than himself?"

"Yes," Joe looked sadly out of the window. "I've thought that over, and it seemed possible that I might do Happy more good by giving his case to some other lawyer."

"No, sir!" exclaimed the proprietor of Beaver Beach loudly. "They've begun their attack, they're bound to keep it up, and they'd manage to turn it to the discredit of both of ye. Besides, Happy wouldn't have no other lawyer. He'd rather be hung with you fightin' fer him than be cleared by anybody else. I b'lieve it, on my soul I do! But look here," he went on, leaning still further forward. "I want to know if it struck ye that this morning the Tocsin attacked ye in a way that was somehow v'ile than ever before."

"Yes," replied Joe, "because it was aimed to strike where it would most count."

"It ain't only that," said the other excitedly—"it ain't only that! I want ye to listen. Now, see here, the Tocsin is Pike, and the town is Pike—I mean the town ye naturally belonged to. Ain't it?"

"In a way, I suppose—yes."

"In a way!" echoed the other scornfully. "Ye know it is! Even as a boy Pike disliked ye and hated the kind of a boy ye was. Ye wasn't respectable, and he was. Ye wasn't rich, and he was. Ye had a grin on yer face when ye'd meet him on the street." The red bearded man broke off at a gesture from Joe and exclaimed sharply: "Don't deny it! I know what ye was like! Ye wasn't impudent, but ye looked at him as if ye saw through him. Now listen and I'll lead ye somewhere. Ye run with riffraff. Now, I ask ye this: Ye've had one part of Canaan with ye from the start—my part, that is—but the other's against ye. That part's Pike, and it's the ruler's part—"

"Yes, Mike," said Joe wearily. "In the spirit of things, I know."

"No, sir," cried the other. "That's the trouble; ye don't know. There's more in Canaan than ye've understood. Listen to this: Why was the Tocsin's attack harder this morning than ever before? On yer soul didn't it sound so bitter that it sounded desprit? Now, why? It looked to me as if it had started to ruin ye, this time fer good and all! Why? What have ye had to do with Martin Pike lately? Has the old wolf got to injure ye?" Mr. Sheehan's voice rose and his eyes gleamed under bushy brows. "Think," he finished. "What's happened lately to make him bite so hard?"

There were some faded roses on the desk, and as Joe's haggard eyes fell upon them the answer came. "What makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?" he had asked Ariel, and her reply had been, "Nothing very definite, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take charge of things for me."

He got slowly and amazedly to his feet. "You've got it!" he said.

"Ye see?" cried Mike Sheehan, slapping his thigh with a big hand. "On my soul I have the penetration! Ye don't need to tell me one thing except this: I told ye I'd lead ye somewhere. Haven't I kept me word?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"But I have the penetration!" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan. "Should I miss my guess if I said that ye think Pike may be scared ye'll stumble on his track in some queer performances? Should I miss it?"

"No," said Joe, "you wouldn't miss it."

"Just one thing more." The red bearded man rose, mopping the inner band of his straw hat. "In the matter of yer running fer mayor, now—"

Joe, who had begun to pace up and down the room, made an impatient gesture. "Pshaw!" he interrupted, but his friend stopped him with a hand laid on his arm.

"Don't be treatin' it as clean out of all possibility, Joe Louden. If ye do, it shows ye haven't sense to know that nobody can say what way the wind's blowin' week after next. All the boys want ye; Louie Farbach wants ye, and Louie has a big say. Who is it that doesn't want ye?"

"Canaan," said Joe.

"Hold up! It's Pike's Canaan ye mean. If ye git the nomination ye'd be elected, wouldn't ye?"

"I couldn't be nominated."

"I ain't claimin' ye'd git Martin Pike's vote," returned Mr. Sheehan sharply, "though I don't say it's impossible. Ye've got to beat him, that's all. Ye've got to do to him what he's done to you and what he's tryin' to do now worse than ever before. Well, there may be ways to do it, and if he tempts me enough I may ferget my wrath and honor as a noble gentleman and help ye with a word ye'd never give yourself."

"Ye've hinted at such mysteries before, Mike," Joe smiled. "I'd be glad to know what you mean if there's anything in them."

"It may come to that," said the other, with some embarrassment. "It may come to that some day if the old wolf presses me too hard in the matter of tryin' to git the little man across the street hauled by the neck and yourself"

mobbed fer helpin' him. But today I'll say no more."

"Very well, Mike," Joe turned wearily to his desk. "I don't want you to break any promises."

Mr. Sheehan had gone to the door, but he paused on the threshold and wiped his forehead again. "And I don't want to break any," he said, "but if ever the time should come when I couldn't help it—he lowered his voice to a hoarse, but piercing, whisper—"that will be the devourin' angel's day fer Martin Pike!"

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

IT was a morning of the warmest week of mid-July, and Canaan lay inert and helpless beneath a broiling sun. The few people who moved about the streets went languidly, keeping close to the wall on the shady side; the women in thin white fabrics; the men, often coatless, carrying palm leaf fans and replacing collars with handkerchiefs. In the courthouse yard the maple leaves, gray with brown dust and grown to great breadth, drooped heavily, depressing the long, motionless branches with their weight, so low that the four or five shabby idlers upon the benches beneath now and then flicked them sleepily with whittled sprigs.

The doors and windows of the stores stood open, displaying limp wares of trade, but few tokens of life, the clerks hanging over dim counters as far as possible from the glare in front, gossiping fragmentarily, usually about the Cory murder and anon upon a subject suggested by the sight of an occasional pedestrian passing perspiring by with scrooged eyelids and purpling skin. From street and sidewalk transparent hot waves swam up and danced themselves into nothing, while from the river bank a half mile away came a sound hotter than even the locust's midsummer rasp, the drone of a planing mill.

G-water heat than that of these blazing days could not have kept one of the sages from attending the conclave now, for the battle was on in Canaan, and here upon the National House corner, under the shadow of the west wall, it waxed even keener. Perhaps we may find full justification for calling what was happening a battle in so far as we restrict the figure to apply to this one spot. Elsewhere in the Canaan of the Tocsin the conflict was too one sided. The Tocsin had indeed tried the case of Happy Fear in advance, had convicted and condemned and every day grew more bitter. Nor was the urgent vigor of its attack without effect.

Sleepy as Main street seemed in the heat, the town was incensed and roused to a tenseness of feeling it had not known since the civil war, when, on occasion, it had set out to hang half a dozen "Knights of the Golden Circle." Joe had been biased on the street many times since the inimical clerk had whistled at him. Probably demonstrations of that sort would have continued had he remained in Canaan, but for almost a month he had been absent and his office closed, its threshold gray with dust. There were people who believed that he had run away again, this time never to return, among those who held to this opinion being Mrs. Louden and her sister, Joe's step-aunt. Upon only one point was everybody agreed—that twelve men could not be found in the county who could be so far persuaded and befuddled by Louden that they would dare allow Happy Fear to escape. The women of Canaan, incensed by the terrible circumstances of the case, as the Tocsin colored it—a man shot down in the act of begging his enemy's forgiveness—clamored as loudly as the men. There was only the difference that the latter vociferated for the hanging of Happy; their good ladies used the word "punishment."

And yet, while the place rang with condemnation of the little man in the jail and his attorney, there were voices here and there uplifted on the other side. People existed, it astonishingly appeared, who liked Happy Fear. These were for the greater part obscure and even darkling in their lives, yet quite demonstrably human beings, able to smile, suffer, leap, run and to entertain fancies; even to have, according to their degree, a certain rudimentary sense of right and wrong, in spite of which they strongly favored the prisoner's acquittal. Precisely on that account, it was argued, an acquittal would outrage Canaan and lay it open to untold danger. Such people needed a lesson.

The Tocsin interviewed the town's great ones, printing their opinions of the heinousness of the crime and the character of the defendant's lawyer.

"The Hon. P. J. Parrott, who so ably represented this county in the legislature some fourteen years ago, could scarcely restrain himself when approached by a reporter as to his sentiments, anent the repulsive deed. 'I should like to know how long Canaan is going to put up with this sort of business,' were his words. 'I am a law abiding citizen, and I have served faithfully and with my full endeavor and ability to enact the laws and statutes of my state, but there is a point in my patience, I would state, which lawbreakers and their lawyers may not safely pass. Of what use are our most solemn enactments, I may even ask of what use is the legislature itself, chosen by the will of the people, if they are to ruthlessly be set aside by criminals and their shifty protectors? The blame should be put upon the lawyers who by tricks enable such rascals to escape the rigors of the carefully enacted laws, the fruits of the solon's labor, more than upon the criminals themselves. In this case if there is any miscarriage of justice I will say here and now that in my opinion the people of this county will be sorely tempted, and, while I do not believe in

lynch law, 'fey if that should be the result it is my unalterable conviction that the vigilantes may well turn their attention to the lawyers or lawyer who brings about such miscarriage. I am sick of it!'"

The Tocsin did not print the interview it obtained from Louie Farbach—the same Louie Farbach who long ago had owned a beer saloon with a little room behind the bar, where a shabby boy sometimes played dominoes and seven up with loafers; not quite the same Louie Farbach, however, in outward circumstance, for he was now the brewer of Farbach beer and making Canaan famous. His rise had been Teutonic and sure, and he contributed one-twentieth of his income to the German Orphan asylum and one-tenth to his party's campaign fund. The twentieth saved the orphans from the county, while the tithe gave the county to his party.

He occupied a kitchen chair, enjoying the society of some chickens in a wired inclosure behind the new Italian villa he had erected in that part of Canaan where he would be most uncomfortable, and he looked woodenly at the reporter when the latter put his question.

"Hef you any aquaintance off Mitsrer Fear?" he inquired in return, with no expression decipherable either upon his gargantuan face or in his heavily enfolded eyes.

"No, sir," replied the reporter, grinning. "I never ran across him."

"Dot iss a goot ting fer you," said Mr. Farbach stonily. "He iss not a man poebles bedder try to run across. It iss what Gory tried. Now Gory iss dead."

The reporter, slightly puzzled, lit a cigarette. "See here, Mr. Farbach," he urged, "I only want a word or two about this thing, and you might give me a brief expression concerning that man Louden besides, just a hint of what you think of his influence here, you know, and of the kind of sharp work he practices. Something like that."

"I see," said the brewer slowly. "Happy Fear I hef knowt for a goot many years. He iss a goot frient of mine."

"What?"

"Choe Louden iss a bedder one," continued Mr. Farbach, turning again to stare at his chickens. "Git owit."

"What?"

"Git owit," repeated the other without passion, without anger, without any expression whatsoever. "Git owit."

The reporter's prejudice against the German nation dated from that moment.

There were others, here and there, who were less self contained than the brewer. A farmhand struck a fellow laborer in the harvest field for speaking ill of Joe, and the unraveling of a strange street fight one day disclosed as its cause a like resentment on the part of a blind broommaker, engendered by a like offense. The broommaker's companion, reading the Tocsin as the two walked together, had begun the quarrel by remarking that Happy Fear ought to be hanged once for his own sake and twice more "to show up that shyster Louden." Warm words followed, leading to extremely material conflict, in which, in spite of his blindness, the broommaker had so much the best of it that he was removed from the triumphant attitude he had assumed toward the person of his adversary, which was an admirable imitation of the dismounted St. George and the dragon, and conveyed to the jail. Keenest investigation failed to reveal anything oblique in the man's record. To the astonishment of Canaan, there was nothing against him. He was blind and moderately poor, but a respectable, hardworking artisan and a pride to the church in which he was what has been called an "active worker." It was discovered that his sensitiveness to his companion's attack on Joseph Louden arose from the fact that Joe had obtained the acquittal of an imbecile sister of the blind man, a two-thirds witted woman who had been charged with bigamy.

The Tocsin made what it could of this, and so dexterously that the wrath of Canaan was one farther jot increased against the shyster. Aye, the town was hot, inside and out.

Let us consider the forum. Was there ever before such a summer for the National House corner? How voices first thundered there, then cracked and piped, is not to be rendered in all the tales of the fathers. One who would make vivid the great dolings must indeed "dip his brush in earthquake and eclipse." Even then he could but picture the credible and must despair of this—the silence of Eskew Arp. Not that Eskew held his tongue, not that he was chary of speech—no! O tempora, O mores! No! But that he refused the subject in hand, that he eschewed expression upon it and resolutely drove the argument in other directions, that he achieved such superbly un-Arplike consistency, and with such rich material for his sardonic humors, not at arm's length, not even so far as his finger tips, but beneath his very palms, he rejected it. This was the impossible fact.

Eskew—there is no option but to declare—was no longer Eskew. It is the truth. Since the morning when Ariel Tabor came down from Joe's office, leaving her offering of white roses in that dingy, dusty, shady place, Eskew had not been himself. His comrades observed it somewhat in a physical difference, one of those alterations which may come upon men of his years suddenly, like a "sea change." His face was whiter, his walk slower, his voice filed thinner. He creaked louder when he rose or sat. Old always from his boyhood, he had in the turn of a hand become aged. But such things come and such things go. After eighty there are ups and downs. People fading

away "one week" bloom out pleasantly the next, and resiliency is not at all a patent belonging to youth alone. The material change in Mr. Arp might have been thought little worth remarking. What caused Peter Bradbury, Squire Buckalew and the colonel to shake their heads secretly to one another and wonder if their good old friend's mind had not "begun to go" was something very different. To come straight down to it, he not only abstained from all argument upon the "Cory murder" and the case of Happy Fear, refusing to discuss either in any terms or under any circumstances, but he also declined to speak of Ariel Tabor or of Joseph Louden or of their affairs, singular or plural, masculine, feminine or neuter, or in any declension. Not a word committal or noncommittal. None!

And his face when he was silent fell into sorrowful and troubled lines.

The voices of the fathers fell to the pitch of ordinary discourse; the drowsy town was quiet again; the whine of the planing mill boring its way through the sizzling air to every waking ear. Far away on a quiet street it sounded faintly, like the hum of a bee across a creek, and was drowned in the noise of men at work on the old Tabor house. It seemed the only busy place in Canaan that day, the shade of the big beech trees which surrounded it affording some shelter from the destroying sun to the dripping laborers who were sawing, hammering, painting, plumbing, papering and ripping open old and new packing boxes. There were many changes in the old house—pleasantly in keeping with its simple character—airy enlargements now almost completed so that some of the rooms were already finished and stood, furnished and immaculate, ready for tenancy.

In that which had been Roger Tabor's studio sat Ariel, alone. She had caused some chests and cases stored there to be opened and had taken out of them a few of Roger's canvasses and set them along the wall. Tears filled

her eyes as she looked at them, seeing the tragedy of labor the old man had expended upon them, but she felt the recompense. Hard, tight, literal as they were, he had had his moment of joy in each of them before he saw them coldly and knew the truth. And he had given his years of Paris at last and had seen "how the other fellows did it."

A heavy foot strode through the hall, coming abruptly to a halt in the doorway, and, turning, she discovered Martin Pike, his big Henry VIII. face flushed more with anger than with the heat. His hat was upon his head and remained there, nor did he offer any token or word of greeting whatever, but demanded to know when the work upon the house had begun.

"The second morning after my return," she answered.

"I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me, and I want to know quick."

"Secret?" she echoed, with a wave of her hand to indicate the noise which the workmen were making.

"Upon whose authority was it begun?"

"Mine. Who else could give it?"

"Look here," he said, advancing toward her, "don't try to fool me! You haven't done all this by yourself. Who hired these workmen?"

Remembering her first interview with him, she rose quickly before he could come near her. "Mr. Louden made most of the arrangements for me," she replied quietly, "before he went away. He will take charge of everything when he returns. You haven't forgotten that I told you I intended to place my affairs in his hands?"

He had started forward, but at this he stopped and stared at her inarticulately.

"You remember?" she said, her hands resting negligently upon the back of the chair. "Surely you remember?"

She was not in the least afraid of him, but coolly watchful of him. This had been her habit with him since her return. She had seen little of him ex-

**In Memoriam.**

**DIED**—At her home at Lambert, S. C., May 18, 1907, Kate, the little two-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Sam Joe Haselden. Kate was a sweet little girl and loved by all who knew her. Her little vacant place in the home can never be filled, but she is sleeping over yonder in that beautiful land where the angels stand.

Farewell, Kate, we will meet again some day never more to part.

The body was laid to rest at Johnsonville the following Sunday, May 19, Rev T J Clyde officiating.

When the cares of life have ended; And I cross the silent stream, As I reach the heavenly portal And its glories on me beam, I shall hear the song of welcome As I sweep within the wall, I shall see my mother coming And shall know her loving call, I shall hear her voice so tender And her kindly face shall see, I shall rest upon her bosom, Praise my God through all eternity.

HER MOTHER.

**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.



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