

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

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

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE woke to the chiming of bells, and as his eyes slowly opened the sorrowful people of a dream, who seemed to be bending over him, weeping, swam back into the darkness of the night whence they had come and returned to the imperceptible, leaving their shadows in his heart. Slowly he rose, stumbled into the outer room and released the fluttering shade, but the sunshine, springing like a golden lover through the open window, only dazzled him and found no answering gladness to greet it or joy in the royal day it heralded.

It would be an hour at least before time to start to church, when Ariel expected him. He stared absently up the street, then down and, after that, began slowly to walk in the latter direction with no very active consciousness or care of where he went. He had fallen into a profound reverie, so deep that when he had crossed the bridge and turned into a dusty road which ran along the river bank he stopped mechanically beside the trunk of a fallow sycamore and, lifting his head for the first time since he had set out, looked about him with a melancholy perplexity, a little surprised to find himself there.

For this was the spot where he had first seen the new Ariel, and on that fallen sycamore they had sat together. "Remember, across Main street bridge at noon!" And Joe's cheeks burned as he recalled why he had not understood the clear voice that had bawled him. But that shame had fallen from him; she had changed all that, as she had changed so many things. He sank down in the long grass, with his back against the log, and stared out over the fields of tall corn shaking in a steady wind all the way to the horizon.

"Changed so many things?" he said, half aloud. "Everything!" Ah, yes, she had changed the whole world for Joseph Loudon—at his first sight of her; and now it seemed to him that he was to lose her, but not in the way he had thought.

Almost from the very first he had the feeling that nothing so beautiful as that she should stay in Canaan could happen to him. He was sure that she was but for the little while, that her coming was like the flying petals of which he had told her.

"Changed so many things?" he said, half aloud. "Everything!" Ah, yes, she had changed the whole world for Joseph Loudon—at his first sight of her; and now it seemed to him that he was to lose her, but not in the way he had thought.

The bars that had been between him and half of his world were down, shattered, never more to be replaced, and the ban of Canaan was lifted. Could this have been save for her? And upon that thought he got to his feet, uttering an exclamation of bitter self-reproach, asking himself angrily what he was doing. He knew how much she gave him, what full measure of her affection. Was not that enough? Out upon you, Loudon! Are you to sulk in your tent, dour in the gloom, or to play a man's part, and if she be happy turn a cheery face upon her joy?

And thus this pilgrim recrossed the bridge, emerging to the street with his head up, smiling, and his shoulders thrown back, so that none might see the burden he carried.

Ariel was waiting on the porch for him. She wore the same dress she had worn that Sunday of their tryst—that exquisite dress, with the faint lavender overtint, like the tender colors of the beautiful day he made his own. She had not worn it since, and he was far distant when he caught the first flickering glimpse of her through the lower branches of the maples, but he remembered. And again, as on that day, he heard a faraway, ineffable music, the elfland horns, sounding the mysterious reveille which had wakened his soul to her coming.

She came to the gate to meet him and gave him her hand in greeting without a word—or the need of one—from either. Then together they set forth over the sun-flecked pavement, the maples swishing above them, heavier branches crooning in the strong breeze, under a sky like a Della Robbia background. And up against the glorious blue of it some laughing, invisible god was blowing small rounded clouds of pure cotton, as children blow thistle-down.

When he opened her parasol as they came out into the broad sunshine beyond upper Main street there was the faintest mingling of wild roses and cinnamon loosed on the air.

"Joe," she said, "I'm very happy!" "That's right," he returned heartily. "I think you always will be."

"But, oh, I wish," she went on, "that Mr. Arp could have lived to see you come down the courthouse steps!"

"God bless him!" said Joe. "I can hear the argument!"

"Those dear old men have been so loyal to you, Joe."

"No," he returned; "loyal to Eskew." "To you both," she said. "I'm afraid the old circle is broken up. They haven't met on the National House corner since he died. The colonel told me he couldn't bear to go there again."

"I don't believe any of them ever

will," he returned. "And yet I never pass the place that I don't see Eskew in his old chair. I went there last night to commune with him. I couldn't sleep, and I got up and went over there. They'd left the chairs out, the town was asleep, and it was beautiful moonlight!"

"To commune with him? What about?"

"You?"

"Why?" she asked, plainly mystified. "I stood in need of good counsel," he answered cheerfully, "or a friendly word, perhaps, and as I sat there after awhile it came."

"What was it?"

"To forget that I was sodden with selfishness, to pretend not to be as full of meanness as I really was. Doesn't that seem to be Eskew's own voice?"

"Weren't you happy last night, Joe?"

"Oh, it was all right," he said quickly. "Don't you worry."

And at this old speech of his she broke into a little laugh, of which he had no comprehension.

"Mamie came to see me early this morning," she said after they had walked on in silence for a time. "Everything is all right with her again—that is, I think it will be. Eugene is coming home. And," she added thoughtfully, "it will be best for him to have his old place on the Tocsin again. She showed me his letter, and I liked it. I think he's been through the fire!"

Joe's distorted smile appeared. "And has come out gold?" he asked.

"No," she laughed, "but nearer it. And I think he'll try to be more worth her caring for. She has always thought that his leaving the Tocsin in the way he did was heroic. That was her word for it. And it was the finest thing he ever did."

"I can't figure Eugene out." Joe shook his head. "There's something behind his going away that I don't understand." This was altogether the truth, nor was there ever to come a time when either he or Mamie would understand what things had determined the departure of Eugene Bantrey, though Mamie never questioned, as Joe did, the reasons for it or doubted those Eugene had given her, which were the same he had given her father, for she was content with his return.

Again the bells across the square rang out their chime. The paths were decorously enlivened with family and neighborhood groups bound churchward, and the rumble of the organ, playing the people into their pews, shook on the air. And Joe knew that he must speak quickly if he was to say what he had planned to say before he and Ariel went into the church.

"Ariel!" He tried to compel his voice to a casual cheerfulness, but it would do nothing for him except betray a desperate embarrassment.

She looked at him quickly and as quickly away. "Yes?"

"I wanted to say something to you, and I'd better do it now. I think—before I go to church for the first time in two years." He managed to laugh, though with some ruefulness, and con-



"Ah, I've seen how much he cares for you!"

tinued stammering. "I want to tell you how much I like him—how much I admire him!"

"Admire whom?" she asked, a little coldly, for she knew.

"Mr. Ladew."

"So do I," she answered, looking straight ahead. "That is one reason why I wanted you to come with me today."

"It isn't only that I want to tell you—to tell you! He broke off for a second. "You remember that night in my office before Fear came in?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And that I—that something I said troubled you because it sounded as if I cared too much for you?"

"No, not too much." She still looked straight ahead. They were walking very slowly. "You didn't understand. You'd been in my mind, you see, all

those years, so much more than I in yours. I hadn't forgotten you. But to you I was really a stranger!"

"No, no!" he cried.

"Yes, I was," she said gently, but very quickly. "And I—I didn't want you to fall in love with me at first sight. And yet—perhaps I did! But I hadn't thought of things in that way. I had just the same feeling for you that I always had—always! I had never cared so much for any one else, and it seemed to me the most necessary thing in my life to come back to that old companionship. Don't you remember—it used to trouble you so when I would take your hand? I think I loved your being a little rough with me. And once when I saw how you had been hurt, that day you ran away!"

"Ariel!" he gasped helplessly. "Have you forgotten?"

He gathered himself together with all his will. "I want to prove to you," he said resolutely, "that the dear kindness of you isn't thrown away on me. I want you to know what I began to say—that it's all right with me, and I think Ladew!" He stopped again. "Ah, I've seen how much he cares for you!"

"Have you?"

"Ariel," he said, "that isn't fair to me, if you trust me. You could not have helped seeing?"

"But I have not seen it," she interrupted, with great calmness. After having said this, she finished truthfully: "If he did, I would never let him tell me. I like him too much."

"You mean you're not going to?"

Suddenly she turned to him. "No," she said, with a depth of anger he had not heard in her voice since that long ago winter day when she struck Eugene Bantrey with her clinched fist. She swept over him a blinding look of reproach. "How could I?"

And there, upon the steps of the church, in the sudden, dazzling vision of her love, fell the burden of him who had made his sorrowful pilgrimage across Main street bridge that morning.

THE END.

The Tobacconist's Effigy.

One of the most peculiar things in the whole history of signs is the fact that while all other shopkeepers were patronizing the embryo painters the tobacconist always called upon the woodcarver on the continent as well as in England. As long ago as Elizabeth's reign the wooden image of the black boy was the favorite sign of the tobacco dealers. Later the customary sign was the highlander or a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Holland, for some strange reason, the tobacconist adopted the dairymaid as their sign, with the motto, "Consolation for sucklings." The Indian, naturally enough, has always been the predominant sign in this country, although once in awhile a reversion to type crops out with the ancient black boy.

Paris Has No Wash Day.

Paris sends all her washing out in the country—that is, the bonton Parisian. The city laundries that do up the linen of the foreigners from England, Asia and America wash by machine and dry by steam heat under the pavement or near the sewer arteries. It is against the law to hang out wash. If a tenant put a pocket handkerchief or a towel in the window to dry the concierge would have a fit, and if he couldn't persuade her to remove the nuisance the gendarme would. Large and small concerns send delivery wagons about for work, which is expressed to the country and returned in a week or ten days. The work is exquisite and prices are reasonable, but the strain on the garments is treble the wear.

Space Fillers.

Two chance acquaintances on a train between Washington and Philadelphia discovered that they had come originally from the same neighborhood in Delaware and fell to conversing about old times.

"By the way," said the passenger in the skullcap, "whatever became of Harry Mullins?"

"Oh, he's a special writer on one of the New York papers," replied the passenger with the red tie. "Gets \$10 a column. Good thing."

"And his brother Dick?"

"Dick's a fat man in a museum. Weighs 410 pounds. Gets a good salary."

"Well, well," mused the man in the skullcap. "Both of 'em have achieved success as space fillers, eh?"—New York Times.

Fearless Divers.

The black boys of the Sandwich or Indian islands think nothing of diving fifty or sixty feet for the sake of a few coppers or a silver piece. At all the ports of these islands tourists are met and sent on their way by the diving boys. As soon as a steamer is sighted outside the harbor half a dozen or more lithe limbed, dark skinned blacks leap into the water and swim out a mile or more to be the first to "beg you a quattie, missus." They follow the steamer in and climb up the side when she slides up to the dock, and they shove their woolly heads over the railing to look for a generous and curious tourist who will pay for the exhibition they are willing to give at a moment's notice.

POISON IN FLOWERS.

Certain Death Lurks in Many of the Beautiful Plants.

Beautiful as flowers appear to the eye, there lurks behind their attractiveness certain death. They may be handled with impunity and their odors enjoyed without any danger, but let any one taste the juice of some of the sweetest, and with every drop he is taking deadly poison into his system. Even the bulbs of such dainty flowers as the snowdrop, narcissus, hyacinth and the jonquil are poisonous.

The oxalis also is not a safe thing to put between the lips, and all the lobelias will produce dizziness and general disease. The monk's hood and the beautiful foxglove are noxious affairs, from which powerful drugs are obtained, more than a few drops of their extracts being usually a fatal dose.

Certain of the crocuses if eaten, even if nothing is swallowed but the juice, produce vomiting. The bulb of the intricately beautiful lady's slipper poisons externally as the noxious ivy, dogwood and sumac. The quaint old jack-in-the-pulpit, although not a garden plant, is another enemy to health and life, and so also is the marvelous Queen Anne's lace, which now and then will creep in through the paling and looks so enchanting when far and wide it embroiders field and roadside.

The laughing little buttercup, that might be a drop of visible sunlight, is by no means as innocent as it looks. The cow in the pasture knows enough to avoid it. That and all its cousins, the rich, profuse peonies, the dazzling blue larkspurs and the rest, are full of toxic properties.

The oleander tree that is set outdoors when spring comes and that lines the streets of various of our southern cities is another hive of deadly poison.

The superb catalpa tree, towering with its great leaves and its masses of white and fragrant flowers, is a charming thing in the garden, but its bark is exceedingly injurious, and the laburnum, that looks like a fountain of gold leaping into the sun, is poison in leaf and flower and seed, and even the grass beneath it is best thrown away when cut instead of being fed to cattle.

Would Be a Queen.

She was eight years old and had been reading fairy tales until she could think of nothing else. One day recently she astonished her mother by quietly saying, "Mamma, I'm going to run away from home and go to England."

"What in the world do you want to go to England for?"

"I want to go there to become a kitchen girl in the king's kitchen."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, perhaps if I became a kitchen girl some prince will see me and marry me and make me a princess, and then when the king dies I'll be a queen."

"I think," said the mother, "that you had better lay your fairy books aside and help me darn these stockings."—Columbus Dispatch.

Was a Collector Himself.

Saint-Saens while walking along one of the Paris boulevards one afternoon encountered a very miserable beggar, to whom he gave 2 sous and passed on. A wealthy Parisian hastened up to the beggar and said, "Here, my man, I'll give you 5 francs for those 2 sous that gentleman just dropped in your hat." "What's that for?" asked the astonished beggar. "I want them for my collection. The man who gave them to you is Saint-Saens, the poet." "What—him?" asked the beggar, pointing toward the fast retreating figure of the donor. "Yes, that's Saint-Saens." "That being the case," returned the beggar, "I think I'll keep the coins. I'm a collector myself."

Not the Same Growl.

A noted woman suffrage leader was talking in Philadelphia about divorce. "Ill temper is at the root of divorce," she said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorces than immorality. When I was living in Pittsburg I called one day on a certain married woman. At dinner time my hostess rang for the maid. She said: "'Mary, is that Mr. Brown downstairs? I thought I heard him just now.'"

"'No'm,' Mary answered. 'That wuz the dawg what wuz growlin!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

Webster's Compliment.

Mr. Webster said one of the heartiest compliments ever paid him was by a Maine farmer for whom when a young man he had gone into Maine and tried a case. As they left the courtroom—it is to be presumed flushed with victory—the client with flat hand struck him a blow on the back that made the dust fly, saying, "Dan, you're a hoss!"

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head of these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics. Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, night or day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggist giving you

Preventics

D. C. SCOTT.

REVIVO
RESTORES VITALITY
"Made a Well Man of Me."
THE GREAT
REVIVO REMEDY
produces fine results in 30 days. Restores vitality and quickly cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unites one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it, with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Kingstree, S. C. By D. C. Scott, druggist.

Courtney's Ice Cream Palace

AN IDEAL RESORT FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Everything New and Up-to-date.

CIGARS, CANDY, AND SODA WATER.

Hahn's Ice Cream served fresh daily.

PROPRIETOR

Kingstree Bottling Works.

5-16-07

"A dollar saved is a dollar made"

There is no better way to save your dollars than by dealing with

J. L. Stuckey, the old reliable live-stock man.

I have a splendid line of

Buggies, Wagons and Harness,

that in view of the hard times am offering at 10 per cent above cost.

A nice bunch of HORSES and MULES always on hand at prices to suit.

J. L. Stuckey, Lake City, S. C.

IT'S SUMMER NOW

and you want to freshen up your home in keeping with the season. See my new lines of

Bed Room Suits, Felt Mattresses, Hammocks, Rugs and Mattings and Refrigerators.

I keep constantly on hand a complete line of

COFFINS AND CASKETS

and am prepared to render my services day and night.

L. J. STACKLEY,
THE FURNITURE MAN.

KINGSTREE, S. C.

THE Palmetto Mutual Fire Insurance Company

Offers to the Insuring public safe, reliable, economical protection at the lowest cost. Country risks a specialty. Correspondence solicited. Agents wanted.

P. O. Box No. 370,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

4-25-tf.