

A Gentleman From Mississippi

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

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Unknown to both, the door leading from the hall had opened to admit Senator Langdon into the lower end of the room. Surprised at the sight of the couple, so seriously intent on each other, he made a sudden gesture of anger, then, apparently changing his mind, advanced toward them.

"I believe you want to see me, sir," he said to Haines. "I hope you'll be brief. I have very little time to spare from my guests."

Hope's bosom fluttered timorously at the interruption. The man nervously stepped forward.

"I shan't take much of your time, Senator Langdon," he said. "There has been a misunderstanding, a terrible mistake. I am sure I can convince you."

Senator Langdon hesitated doubtfully, half turned toward Carolina, Randolph and Norton, who had followed him, and again faced Haines.

Hope pressed her father's arm and looked up into his face entreatingly. Randolph, observing this, quickly stepped close to the senator's side, saying, "I can settle with this Mr. Haines for you."

Waving his son aside, the senator finally spoke.

"I reckon there's been too many attending to my business and settling my affairs, Randolph," he said. "I think for a change I'll settle a few of my own. All of you children go out and leave me here with Mr. Haines."

City claims have been brought before you so strongly that you might vote for Gulf City."

Langdon was amazed. "You sent that note," he exclaimed. "When you know Altacoola is the only proper place and Gulf City is a mud bank?"

The newspaper man smiled. "Of course," he agreed, "but I had to get a rise out of Peabody. This will show where he stands."

"Oh," said Langdon. "I understand. Thanks, boy."

A servant entered with a note. "For Senator Peabody, sir, marked 'Urgent.' The messenger's been hunting him for some hours."

Langdon looked shrewdly at Bud, then turned to the servant.

"You keep that note until I ring for you, then bring it to Senator Peabody. Understand? No matter how urgent it's marked."

The man bowed. "Yes, sir."

"Now tell Mr. Norton, Miss Langdon and Mr. Randolph to come here."

The senator turned back to his secretary.

"I expect I'm going to be pretty busy the rest of the evening, Bud, so in case I forget to mention it again remember to show up at your old desk in the morning."

"I will. Thank you, sir."

"You sent for us, senator," said Norton, approaching with his two dupes.

"You are interested in Altacoola lands," the senator angrily charged.

"I am, sir," he said.

"And you told Mr. Haines that I was interested in Altacoola lands?"

The schemer hesitated, and the senator broke in on him in rage.

"Speak out, man! Tell the truth, if you can."

"I did," admitted the congressman finally.

"Was there any particular reason for your not telling the truth?" demanded the Mississippian in threatening tone.

"I told the truth," replied Norton.

"You are interested in them."

For an instant Langdon seemed about to step toward him, then he controlled himself.

"I didn't know it," he said.

"You have several things to learn, senator," declared the congressman.

"I have things to learn and things to teach," he said. "But go on. Why am I interested?"

"You are interested, senator," replied the trickster, making his big play. "through your son Randolph, who invested \$50,000 of your money in Altacoola, and also through your daughter, Miss Carolina, who, acting on my advice, has put her own money—\$25,000—in Altacoola land also."

For a moment Langdon was speechless. It was too much at first for the honest old southerner to comprehend.

"You mean," he gasped at last, "that you induced a boy to put \$50,000 in Altacoola land when you knew I had to vote on the bill? And you even let my daughter put her money in the same scheme?"

"Of course I did. It was a splendid chance, and I let your son in for friendship and your daughter because she has done me the honor to promise to become my wife."

"What! You have my daughter's promise to marry you, you?"

"She admits it herself."

"Then I reckon here's where I lose a prospective son-in-law," sneered Langdon. "But that's unimportant. Now, Norton, who's behind you?"

"I must decline to answer that."

Langdon looked at him sternly.

"Very well," he said. "You are too small to count. I'll find out for myself. Now you go to my study and wait there until I send for you. I must be alone with my children."

When Norton and Haines had left them, Langdon turned sadly to the two children who had disgraced him.

"Can you understand?" he said. "Do you know what you've done to me?"

"What, father? We've done nothing wrong?" protested Carolina.

"They told me it was perfectly legitimate," urged Randolph. "They said everybody—Peabody and Stevens and the rest—were in it, and Peabody is the boss of the senate."

"Yes, my boy," assented the old planter, "he's the leader in the senate, and that's the shameful part of all this—that a man of his high standing should set you so miserable an example."

Randolph Langdon was not a vicious lad, not a youth who preferred or chose wrongdoing for the increased rewards it offered. He was at heart a chivalrous, straightforward, trustful southern boy who believed in the splendid traditions of his family and loved his father as a son should a parent having the qualities of the old hero of Crawfordville. Jealous of his honor, he had been a victim of Norton's wiles because of the congressman's position and persuasiveness, because this companion of

his young days had won his confidence and had not hesitated to distort the lad's idea of what was right and what was wrong.

Randolph began an indignant protest against his father's reproof when the senator cut him short.

"Don't you see?" said the senator. "I can understand there being rascals in the outside world and that they should believe your careless, foolish old father lawful game, but that he should be thought a tool for dishonest thieving by members of his own family is incomprehensible."

"Randolph, my son, Carolina, my daughter, through all their generations the Langdons have been honorable. Your mother was a Randolph, and this from you! Oh, Carolina! And, you, Randolph! How could you? How could you betray or seek to betray your father, who sees in you the image of your dear mother, who has gone?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A Dubious Welcome.

The good people of Lake City and Scranton, being disappointed in their efforts to get a new county, now talk very strongly about coming over into Florence. This is a mighty good section of country, and mighty good people, but did you ever hear of a new member being adopted in the household and proving an entering wedge to break up the family? That happens so often that we are inclined to be a little cautious. We would love to have that member of our household if we had any assurance that they would stay with us. Florence is a mighty good county to come into, a good family to be connected with, a family that believes in respecting the rights of all of its members and giving them as much liberty as is consistent with the family safety. Our friends down in Williamsburg had better stay around their own hearth and fireside except when they come up as company.—*Florence Times.*

The September American Magazine.

"Hill against Harriman—The Story of the Ten Years' Struggle for the Railroad Supremacy of the West" is the leading feature of the September American Magazine. Its author, George H. Cushing, says "Hill has worked in the tomorrow of things. Harriman today. Hill has won by projecting an idea ahead of him and working up to it. Harriman thinks in present profits and crashes through opposition with the weight of his financial support. Hill's is the success of brain; Harriman's of money and organization." The article gives a surprising glimpse into the inside workings of great railroad deals.

Ray Stannard Baker writes about "The Faith of the Unchurched" and tells why it is that of the one billion dollars that has been given away by Americans during the past ten years for various philanthropic purposes, comparatively little has gone to the churches.

"Woman and the Occupation," by Prof. W. I. Thomas, shows how women are entering the trades and professions from the top and bottom, and that they are therefore entitled to equal suffrage.

"The Evolution of a Train Robber," by Edgar Beecher Bronson, is the story of a good cow-puncher who went wrong, and Walter Pritchard Eaton describes where and how moving pictures are made.

High grade fiction is contributed by Inez Haynes Gillmore, Mrs. L. H. Harris, Fielding Ball and James Oppenheim, while intervening reading is offered in "A Servant on the Servant Problem," "Margarita's Soul," "The Pilgrim's Scrip" and "In the Interpreter's House."

An important editorial announcement is made in this issue of the American Magazine which will awaken much curiosity and lively interest in the October and succeeding issues.

Washington's Plague Spots

lie in the low, marshy bottoms of the the Potomac, breeding ground of malaria germs. These germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility and bring suffering or death to thousands yearly. But Electric Bitters never fails to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "They are the best all-round tonic and cure for malaria I ever used," writes R. M. James of Louellen, S. C. "They cure Stomach, Liver Kidney and Blood Troubles and will prevent Typhoid. Try them, 50c. Guaranteed by D. C. Scott."

ELECTION AFTERMATH

As Viewed by Harpers Correspondent—State-wide Prohibition the Thing.

Harpers, August 23:—The exciting elections both on the whiskey question and that of the formation of Rutledge county have passed quietly into history. The people of the county have made their will known at the ballot box and their wishes should prevail.

It is reported here that Rosemary precinct, in Georgetown county, will be contested. Georgetown county gave the dispensary only 80 votes majority, and ninety-nine votes at Rosemary were cast for the dispensary. If this poll be thrown out it would leave a majority for prohibition.

We note that all the "wet" counties, except Charleston, have very small majorities for the dispensary and we hope that the Legislature at its next session will pass a State-wide prohibition law. The will of the people of 36 counties out of the 42 has now been expressed and the remaining six counties also be made to come under the law. Those six counties should not have the right to sow the seed of the devil; let them be governed by the majority of the counties of the State. If allowed to retain the dispensary those six counties will create almost as much evil in the State as though every county was selling rum. I hope our law-makers will see the importance of passing a State-wide prohibition bill next winter. Let the wishes of the people rule.

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THE STATE'S FINANCES.

Statement from Comptroller General Showing Cash on Hand in Counties.

Although the State is to borrow another \$100,000 next month to meet current expenses, bringing the total so far borrowed this year up to the statutory limit of half a million, and practically all the counties are more or less heavy borrowers, a statement issued by the comptroller general today as of June 30 shows total cash on hand to the State and county treasurers of \$1,495,239.38. This looks like bad financing somewhere, but it is explained that in the first place the statement as of date June 30 shows quite a different state of affairs than a statement which might be gotten up of conditions existing right now, although the State was borrowing money heavily at the former period.

The statement of the comptroller general shows cash balances for the State treasury of \$267,798.10 to the credit of the general fund and \$241,116.49 to the credit of special funds, a total of \$408,914.59, but since then, it is explained, a seminal interest bill of \$145,000 has been paid and a number of big items as well.

And among the counties it is known that in spite of the fact that several show large cash balances, many of them have been borrowing to meet current expenses. In the case of Clarendon, for instance, which according to the comptroller general's statement had \$27,745.05 on June 30, and is now on a strain for cash to such an extent that a few days ago a claim for less than \$5 against the county commissioners was turned down because there was not cash enough on hand to meet such claims.

The comptroller general's statement of county cash balances on June 30, 1909, shows Williamsburg to have cash on hand \$16,260.11, of which amount \$659.10 was in the office and \$15,601.01 in banks.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at D. C. Scott's.

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