

which was hers by right of allotment, and on his birthday presented him with a turning-lathe of wonderful simplicity and multifarious efficiencies. And their mutual delight in the lathe, which was his, was only equalled by their delight in Meb's first foal, which was Dede's special private property. Daylight had made no assertion of total abstinence, though he had not taken a drink for months after the day he resolved to let his business go to smash. Soon he proved himself strong enough to dare to take a drink without taking a second. On the other hand, with his coming to live in the country, had passed all desire and need for drink. He felt no yearning for it, and even forgot that it existed. Yet he refused to be afraid of it, and in town, on occasion, when invited by the stockkeeper, would reply: "All right, son. I'm taking a drink will make you happy, here goes. Whisky for mine."

But such a drink begat no desire for a second. It made no impression. He was too profoundly strong to be affected by a thimbleful. As he had prophesied to Dede, Burning Daylight, the city financier, had died a quick death on the ranch, and his younger brother, the Daylight from Alaska, had taken his place. The threatened foundation of fat had subsided, and all his old-time Indian leanness and likeness of muscle had returned. So, likewise, did the old slight hollows in his cheeks come back. For him they indicated the pink of physical condition. He became the acknowledged strong man of Sonoma Valley, the heaviest lifter and hardest winded among a husky race of farmer folk.

At first, when in need of ready cash, he had followed Ferguson's example of working at day's labor; but he was not long in gravitating to a form of work that was more stimulating and more satisfying, and that allowed him even more time for Dede and the

ranch and the perpetual riding through the hills. Having been challenged by the blacksmith, in a spirit of banter, to attempt the breaking of a certain incorrigible colt, he succeeded so signally as to earn quite a reputation as a horse-breaker. And soon he was able to earn whatever money he desired at this, to him, agreeable work. His life was eminently wholesome and natural. Early to bed, he slept like an infant and was up with the dawn. Always with something to do and with a thousand little things that enticed but did not clamor, he was himself never overdone. Nevertheless, there were times when both he and Dede was not above confessing tiredness at bedtime after seventy or eighty miles in the saddle. Sometimes, when he had accumulated a little money, and when the season favored, they would mount their horses, with saddle-bags behind, and ride away over the wall of the valley and down into the other valleys.

One day, stopping to mail a letter at the Glen Ellen post-office, they were halted by the blacksmith.

"Say, Daylight," he said, "a young fellow named Slosson sends you his regards. He came through in an auto on the way to Santa Rosa. He wanted to know if you didn't live hereabouts, but the crowd with him was in a hurry. So he sent you his regards and said to tell you he'd taken your advice and was still going on breaking his own record."

Daylight had long since told Dede of the incident.

"Slosson?" he meditated. "Slosson? That must be the hammer-thrower. He put my hand down twice, the



"Say," He Called Out, "I'd Like to Tackle You Again."

young scamp." He turned suddenly to Dede. "Say, it's only twelve miles to Santa Rosa, and the horses are fresh."

She divined what was in his mind, of which his twinkling eyes and sheepish, boyish grin gave sufficient advertisement, and she smiled and nodded acquiescence.

"We'll cut across by Bennett Valley," he said. "It's nearer that way."

There was little difficulty, once in Santa Rosa, of finding Slosson. He and his party had registered at the Oberlin Hotel, and Daylight encountered the young hammer-thrower himself in the office.

"Look here, son," Daylight announced, as soon as he had introduced Dede, "I've come to go you another flutter at that hand game. Here's a likely place."

Slosson smiled and accepted. The two men faced each other, the elbows of their right arms on the counter, the hands clasped. Slosson's hand quickly forced backward and down.

"You're the first man that ever succeeded in doing it," he said. "Let's try it again."

It is learned that every day one

"Sure," Daylight answered. "And don't forget, son, that you're the first man that put mine down. That's why I lit out after you today."

Again they clasped hands, and again Slosson's hand went down. He was a broad-shouldered, heavy-muscled young giant, at least half a head taller than Daylight, and he frankly expressed his chagrin and asked for a third trial. This time he steeled himself to the effort, and for a moment the issue was in doubt. With flushed face and set teeth he met the other's strength till his crackling muscles failed him. The air exploded sharply from his tensed lungs, as he relaxed in surrender, and the hand dropped limply down.

"You're too many for me," he confessed. "I only hope you'll keep out of the hammer-throwing game."

Daylight laughed and shook his head.

"We might compromise, and each stay in his own class. You stick to hammer-throwing, and I'll go on turning down hands."

But Slosson refused to accept defeat.

"Say," he called out, as Daylight and Dede, astride their horses, were preparing to depart. "Say—do you mind if I look you up next year? I'd like to tackle you again."

"Sure, son. You're welcome to a flutter any time. Though I give you fair warning that you'll have to go some. You'll have to train up, for I'm plowing and chopping wood and breaking colts these days."

Now and again, on the way home, Dede could hear her big boy-husband chuckling gleefully. As they halted their horses on the top of the divide out of Bennett Valley, in order to watch the sunset, he ranged alongside and slipped his arm around her waist.

"Little woman," he said, "you're sure responsible for it all. And I leave it to you, if all the money in creation is worth as much as one arm like that

when it's got a sweet little woman like this to go around."

Daylight's steadfast contentment was that his wife should not become cook, waitress, and chambermaid because she did not happen to possess a household of servants. On the other hand, chafing-dish suppers in the big living-room for their camping guests were a common happening, at which times Daylight allotted them their chores and saw that they were performed. For one who stopped only for the night it was different. Likewise it was different with her brother, back from Germany, and again able to sit a horse. On his vacations he became the third in the family, and to him was given the building of the fires, the sweeping, and the washing of the dishes.

CHAPTER XXI.

But there came the day, one year, in early April, when Dede sat in an easy chair on the porch, sewing on certain small garments, while Daylight read aloud to her. It was in the afternoon, and a bright sun was shining down on a world of new green. Along the irrigation channels of the vegetable garden streams of water were flowing, and now and again Daylight broke off from his reading to run out and change the flow of water. Also, he was teasingly interested in the certain small garments on which Dede worked, while she was radiantly happy over them, though at times, when his tender fun was too insistent, she was roily confused or affectionately resentful. It was a few minutes later that Daylight, breaking off from his reading to change the streams of irrigation, found that the water had ceased flowing. He shouldered a pick and shovel, took a hammer and a pipe-wrench from the tool-house, and returned to Dede on the porch.

"I reckon I'll have to go down and dig the pipe out," he told her. "It's that slide that's threatened all winter. I guess she's come down at last."

"Don't you read ahead, now," he warned, as he passed around the house and took the trail that led down the wall of the canyon.

Halfway down the trail, he came upon the slide. It was a small affair, only a few tons of earth and crumbling rock; but, starting from fifty feet above, it had struck the water-pipe with force sufficient to break it at a connection. Before proceeding to work, he glanced up the path of the slide, and he saw what made his eyes startle and cease for the moment from questing farther.

"Hello," he commended aloud, "look who's here."

His glance moved on up the steep broken surface, and across it from side to side. Here and there, in places, small twisted manzanitas were rooted precariously, but in the main, save for weeds and grass, that portion of the canyon was bare. There were signs of a surface that had shifted often as the rain poured a flow of rich eroded soil from above over the lip of the canyon.

"A true fissure vein, or I never saw one," he proclaimed softly.

Dropping the hammer and pipe-wrench, but retaining pick and shovel, he climbed up the slide to where a vague line of out-jutting but mostly soil-covered rock could be seen. It was all but indiscernible, but his practiced eye had sketched the hidden information which it signified. Here and there, along this wall of the vein, he attacked the crumbling rock with the pick and shoveled the encumbering soil away. Several times he examined this rock. So soft was some of it that he could break it in his fingers. Shifting a dozen feet higher up, he again attacked with pick and shovel. And this time, when he rubbed the soil from a chunk of rock and looked, he straightened up suddenly, gasping with delight. And then, like a deer at a drinking pool in fear of its master, he flung a quick glance

around to see if any eye were gazing upon him. He grinned at his own foolishness and returned to his examination of the chunk. A slant of sunlight fell on it, and it was all aglitter with tiny specks of unmistakable free gold.

"From the grass roots down," he muttered in an awe-stricken voice, as he swung his pick into the yielding surface.

Sometimes he started small slides of earth that covered up his work and compelled him to dig again. Once he was swept fifty feet down the canyon-side; but he floundered and scrambled up again without pausing for breath. He hit upon quartz that was so rotten that it was almost like clay, and here the gold was richer than ever. It was a veritable treasure chamber. For a hundred feet up and down he traced the walls of the vein. He even climbed over the canyon-lip to look along the brow of the hill for signs of the outcrop. But that could wait, and he hurried back to his find.

He tolled on in the same mad haste, until exhaustion and an intolerable ache in his back compelled him to pause. He straightened up with even a richer piece of gold-laden quartz. Stooping, the sweat from his forehead had fallen to the ground. It now ran into his eyes, blinding him. He wiped it from him with the back of his hand and returned to a scrutiny of the gold. It would run thirty thousand to the ton, fifty thousand, anything—he knew that. And as he gazed upon the yellow lure, and panted for air, and wiped the sweat away, his quick vision leaped and set to work. He saw the spur-track that must run up from the valley and across the upland pastures, and he ran the grades and built the bridge that would span the canyon, until it was real before his eyes.

Across the canyon was the place for the mill, and there he erected it; and he erected, also, the endless chain of



"Here, Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick!"

buckets, suspended from a cable and operated by gravity, that would cross the canyon to the quartz-crusher. Likewise, the whole mine grew before him and beneath him—tunnels, shafts, and galleries, and hoisting plants. The blasts of the miners were in his ears, and from across the canyon he could hear the roar of the stamps. The hand that held the lump of quartz was trembling, and there was a tired, nervous palpitation apparently in the pit of his stomach. It came to him abruptly that what he wanted was a drink—whisky, cocktails, anything, a drink. And even then, with this new hot yearning for the alcohol upon him, he heard, faint and far, drifting down the green abyss of the canyon, Dede's voice, crying:—

"Here, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick!"

He was astounded at the lapse of time. She had left her sewing on the porch and was feeding the chickens preparatory to getting supper. The afternoon was gone. He could not conceive that he had been away that long.

Again came the call: "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick!"

It was the way she always called—first five, and then three. He had long since noticed it. And from these thoughts of her arose other thoughts that caused a great fear slowly to grow in his face. For it seemed to him that he had almost lost her. Not once had he thought of her in those frenzied hours, and for that much, at least, had she truly been lost to him. He dropped the piece of quartz, slid down the slide, and started up the trail, running heavily. At the edge of the clearing he eased down and almost crept to a point of vantage whence he could peer out, himself unseen. She was feeding the chickens, tossing to them handfuls of grain and laughing at their antics.

The sight of her seemed to relieve the panic fear into which he had been flung, and he turned and ran back down the trail. Again he climbed the slide, but this time he climbed higher, carrying the pick and shovel with him. And again he tolled frenziedly, but this time with a different purpose. He worked artfully, loosing slide after slide of the red soil and sending it streaming down and covering up all he had uncovered, biding from the light of day the treasure he had discovered. He even went into the woods and scooped armfuls of last year's fallen leaves, which he scattered over the slide. But this he gave up as a vain task, and he sent more slides of soil down upon the scene of his labor, until no sign remained of the out-jutting walls of the vein. Next he repaired the broken pipe, gathered his tools together, and started up the trail. He walked slowly, feeling a great weariness, as of a man who had

passed through a frightful crisis. He put the tools away, took a great drink of the water that again flowed through the pipes, and sat down on the bench by the open kitchen door. Dede was inside, preparing supper, and the sound of her footsteps gave him a vast content.

He breathed the balmy mountain air in great gulps, like a diver fresh-risen from a sea. And, as he drank in the air, he gazed with all his eyes at the clouds and sky and valley, as if he were drinking in that, too, along with the air.

Dede did not know he had come back, and at times he turned his head and stole glances in at her—at her efficient hands, at the bronze of her brown hair that smoldered with fire when she crossed the path of sunshine that streamed through the window, at the promise of her figure that shot through him a pang most strangely sweet and sweetly dear. He heard

her approaching the door, and kept his head turned resolutely toward the valley. And next, he thrilled, as he had always thrilled, when he felt the caressing gentleness of her fingers through his hair.

"I didn't know you were back," she said. "Was it serious?"

"Pretty bad, that slide," he answered, still gazing away and thrilling to her touch. "More serious than I reckoned. But I've got the plan. Do you know what I'm going to do?—I'm going to plant eucalyptus all over it. They'll hold it. I'll plant them thick as grass, so that even a hungry rabbit can't squeeze between them; and when they get their roots agoing, nothing in creation will ever move that dirt again."

"Why, is it as bad as that?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing exciting. But I'd sure like to see you blamed old slide get the best of me that's all. I'm going to seal that slide down so that it'll stay

there for a million years. And when the last trump sounds, and Sonoma Mountain and all the other mountains pass into nothingness, that old slide will be still a-standing there, held up by the roots."

He passed his arm around her and pulled her down on his knees.

"Say, little woman, you sure miss a lot by living here on the ranch—music, and theaters, and such things. Don't you ever have a hankering to drop it all and go back?"

So great was his anxiety that he dared not look at her, and when she laughed and shook her head he was aware of a great relief. Also, he noted the undiminished youth that rang through that same old-time boyish laugh of hers.

"Say," he said, with sudden fierceness, "don't you go fooling around that slide until after I get the trees in and rooted. It's mighty dangerous, and I sure can't afford to lose you now."

He drew her lips to his and kissed her hungrily and passionately.

"What a lover!" she said; and pride in him and in her own womanhood was in her voice.

"Look at that, Dede." He removed one encircling arm and swept it in a wide gesture over the valley and the mountains beyond. "The Valley of the Moon—a good name, a good name. Do you know, when I look out over it all, and think of you and of all it means, it kind of makes me ache in the throat, and I have things in my heart I can't find the words to say, and I have a feeling that I can almost understand Browning and those other high-flying poet-fellows. Look at Hood Mountain there, just where the sun's striking. It was down in that crease that we found the spring."

"And that was the night you didn't milk the cows till ten o'clock," she laughed. "And if you keep me here much longer, supper won't be any earlier than it was that night."

Both rose from the bench, and Daylight caught up the milk-pail from the nail by the door. He paused a moment longer to look out over the valley.

"It's sure grand," he said.

"It's sure grand," she echoed, laughing joyously at him and with him and herself and all the world, as she passed in through the door.

And Daylight, like the old man he once had met, himself went down the hill through the fires of sunset with a milkpail on his arm.

THE END.

Horse-Loving Xenophon.

We may breed different types of horses, and we may harness and use them differently; but the points of excellence that combine to form the most perfect horse are no different in one age than another. Xenophon, it is true, attached some importance to points that we care much less about now—as, for instance, a smooth, round back that is 'easy to sit upon,' which was owing to the fact that the Greeks did not use saddles, but only a cloth, fastened to the horse's body by a surcingle; but these are minor matters. He knew the points of a good horse, and he knew horse nature. And he had, too, that delight in horses that is found only in the true horseman, the man who loves as well as knows them. "It is upon horses," says he, "that gods and heroes are painted riding; and men who are able to manage them skillfully are regarded as deserving of admiration. So extremely beautiful and admirable and noble a sight is a horse that bears himself superbly that he fills the gaze of all who see him, both young and old; no one, indeed, leaves him or is tired of contemplating him as long as he continues to display his magnificent attitudes."—From the Atlantic.

Shipbuilding in China.

According to a Shanghai telegram, the Chinese government accepted the bid of the Klingman arsenal for the applicants for positions as rural policemen.

construction of four warships at about 1,500,000 taels. The arsenal, under control of Liang-Kiang, viceroys, engages principally in the manufacture of arms. Although it has equipment for shipbuilding, it has not turned out any warships in the history of its existence for the last twenty-odd years, its experience so far having only consisted in putting together gunboats that were built in foreign countries.

Again, at the Mamel dockyard at Fukien one gunboat was constructed in 1899 and another in the following year, which were completed in 1902. But they were small ships, each having the displacement of 861 tons. The present order consists of two gunboats with the displacement of 1,000 tons each and two smaller river gunboats. Inasmuch as the Mamel dockyard is under the management of French people, this is the first time that China has ever attempted to build her own warships at her own dockyard.

Philosophy of the Unsuccessful.

We are perhaps too prone to get our ideas and standards of worth from the successful, without reflecting that the interpretations of life which patriotic legend, copy-book philosophy, and the sayings of the wealthy give us, are pitifully inadequate for those who fall behind in the race. Surely there are enough people to whom the task of making a decent living and maintaining themselves and their families in their social class, or of winning and keeping the respect of their fellows, is a hard and bitter task, to make a philosophy gained through personal disability and failure as just and true a method of appraising the life around us as the cheap optimism of the ordinary professional man. And certainly a kindler, for it has no shade of contempt or disparagement about it.—Atlantic.

WATSON WILL BE CANDIDATE.

Would Succeed Himself as Commissioner of Agriculture.

Columbia, Feb. 26.—Mr. E. J. Watson will be a candidate for election to the office of commissioner of agriculture, commerce and industries at the primary this summer, and announcement to this effect was made today by Commissioner Watson. He has held this position, by appointment, since the office was first created, and is well known all over the State and throughout the country.

This office was made elective at this session of the General Assembly, having heretofore been appointive by the Governor.

New Books at Library.

The following new books have been added to the Civic League library:

- The Harvester—Gene Stratton Porter.
- The Following of The Star—Florence Barclay.
- Adrian Savage—Lucas Malet.
- The Story Fire—L. M. Montgomery.
- Captains Courageous—Rudyard Kipling.
- Dragon's Blood—Henry M. Rideout.
- Robert Kimberly—Frank Spearman.
- Armita—J. C. Snaith.
- Broke of Convendence—J. C. Snaith.
- Thorpes Way—Morley Roberts.
- M. A. HOOD, Librarian.

At Work on Cave-In.

City Engineer Lee Tuesday morning had a force of hands at work on the cave-in out on Salem avenue, preparatory to making the needed repairs in the sewerage line at that place.

As the sewerage pipe is fifteen or sixteen feet deep at this place it requires considerable digging before the pipe is reached and considerable more work before the proper repairs are made. It is thought that the sewerage pipe broke at this place when the earth caved in and other piping will have to be put in to replace it.

Substantial progress is being made on the work of securing titles for the rights of way for the South Carolina Western Railroad, but no definite time has been fixed for the work to commence as it will not be started until there is a clear title to right of way between here and Bishopville.

Teddy says "Big Business trembles when I speak." It is afraid he will put his foot in it and give away the deal.—Wilmington Star.

**Removal of Hardware Headquarters.**

The Sumter Hardware Company have removed their place of business to No. 39 South Main St. (Geo. D. Shore & Bro. old stand.) Drop in and see us at our new place of business.

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