



The Girl from His Town
by Marie Van Vorst
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As Ruggles repeated these things to himself, he watched her beside the son of his old friend. They were talking—rather she was—and behind the orchids and the ferns her voice was sweet and entrancing. Ruggles tried to appreciate his bill of fare while the two appreciated each other. It was strange to Dan to have her so near and so approachable. His sights of her off the stage had been so slight and fleeting. On the boards she had seemed to be an unreal creation made for the public alone. Her dress, cut fearlessly low, displayed her lovely young bosom—soft, bloomy, white as a shell—and her head and ears were as delicate as the petals of a white rose. Low in the nape of her neck, her golden hair lay lightly, and from its soft masses fragrance came to him.

Ruggles could hear her say: "Roach came to the house and told my people that I had a fortune in my voice. I was living with my uncle and my step-aunt and working in the store. And that same day your father sent down a check for five hundred dollars. He said it was for the little girl with the sweet voice, and it gives me a lot of pleasure to think that I began my lessons on that money."

The son of old Dan Blair said earnestly: "I'm darned glad you did—I'm darned glad you did!"

Letty Lane nodded. "So am I. But," with some sharpness, "I don't see why you speak that way. I've earned my way. I made a fortune for Roach all right."

"You mean the man you married?"

"Married—goodness gracious, what made you think that?" She threw back her pretty head and laughed—a laugh with the least possible merriment in it. "Oh, heavens, marry old Job Roach! So they say that, do they? I never heard that. I hear a lot, but I never heard that fairly tale." She put her hands to her cheeks, which had grown crimson. "That's not true!"

Dan swore at himself for his tactless stupidity.

Ruggles had heard both sides. She was adored by the poor, and, as far as rumor knew, she spent thousands on the London paupers, and the West-erner, who had never been given to reveling in scandals and to whom there was something wicked in speaking ill of a woman, no matter whom she might be, listened with embarrassment to tales he had been told in answer to his other questions; and turned with relief to the stories of Letty Lane's charity, and to the stories of her popularity and her success. They were more agreeable, but they couldn't make him forget the rest, and now as he looked at her face across the bouquet of orchids and ferns, it was with a sinking of heart, a great pity for her, and still a decided enmity. He disapproved of her down to the ground. He didn't let himself think how he felt, but it was for the boy. Ruggles was not a man of the world in any sense; he was simple and Puritan in his judgments, and his gentle nature and his big heart kept him from pharisaical and strenuous measures. He had been led in what he was doing tonight by a diplomacy and a common sense that few men east of the Mississippi would have thought out under the circumstances.

"Tell Mr. Ruggles," he heard Dan say to her, "tell him—tell him!"

And she answered:

"I was telling Mr. Blair that, as he is so frightfully rich, I want him to give me some money."

Ruggles gasped, but answered quietly:

"Well, he's a great giver, Miss Lane."

"I guess he is if he's like his father!" she returned. "I am trying to get a lot, though, out of him, and when you asked me to dine tonight I said to myself, 'I'll accept, for it will be a good time to ask Mr. Blair to help me out in what I want to do.'"

At Ruggles' face she smiled sweetly and said graciously:

"Oh, don't think I wouldn't have come anyway. But I'm awfully tired these days, and going out to supper is just one thing too much to do! I want Mr. Blair," she said, turning to Ruggles as if she knew a word from him would make the thing go through, "to help me build a rest home down on the English coast, for girls who get discouraged in their art. When I think of the luck I have had and how these things have been from the beginning, and how money has just poured in, why," she said ardently, "it just makes my heart ache to think of the girls who try and fail, who go on for a little while and have to give up. You can't tell"—she nodded to Ruggles, as though she were herself a matron of forty—"you can not tell what their temptations are or what comes up to make them go to pieces."

Ruggles listened with interest.

"I haven't thought it all out yet, but so many come to me tired out and discouraged, and I think a nice home taken care of by a good creature like

my Higgins, let us say, would be a perfect blessing to them. They could go there and rest and study and just think, and perhaps," she said slowly, as though while she spoke she saw a vision of a tired self, for whom there had been no rest home and no place of retreat, "perhaps a lot of them would pull through in a different way. Now today"—she broke her meditative tone short—"I got a letter from a hospital where a poor thing that used to sing with me in New York was dying with consumption—all gone to pieces and discouraged, and there is where your primroses went to"—she nodded to Dan. "Higgins took them. You don't mind?" And Blair, with a warmth in his voice, touched by her pity more than by her charity, said:

"Why, they grew for you, Miss Lane; I don't care what you do with them."

Letty Lane sank her head on her hands, her elbows leaned on the table. She seemed suddenly to have lost interest even in her topic. She looked around the room indifferently. The orchestra was softly playing "The Dove Song" from "Mandalay," and very softly under her breath the star hummed it, her eyes vaguely fixed on some unknown scene. To Dan and to Ruggles she had grown strange. The music, her brilliancy, her sudden indifference, put her out of their commonplace reach. Ruggles to himself thought with relief:

"She doesn't care one rap for the boy anyway, thank God. She's got other fish to land."

And Dan Blair thought: "It's my infernal money again." But he was generous at heart and glad to be of service to her, and was perfectly willing to be "touched" for her poor. Then two or three men came up and joined them. She greeted them indolently, bestowing a word or look on this one or on that; all fire and light seemed to have gone out of her, and Dan said:

"You are tired. I guess I had better take you home."

She did not appear to hear him. Indeed she was not looking at him, and Dan saw Prince Pontotowsky making his way toward their table across the room.

Letty Lane rose. Dan put her cloak about her shoulders, and glancing toward Ruggles and toward the boy as indifferently as she had considered the new-comers, who formed a small group around the brilliant figure of the actress, she nodded good night to both Ruggles and Blair and went up to the Hungarian as though he were her husband, who had come to take her home. However, at the door she sufficiently shook off her mood to smile slightly at Dan:

"I have had lots of fun, and the Scotch broth was great! Thank you both so much."

Until they were up in their sitting-room her hosts did not exchange a word. Then Ruggles took a book up from the table and sat down with his cigar. "I am going to read a little Dan. Slept all day; feel as wide-awake as an owl."

Dan showed no desire to be communicative, however, to Ruggles' disappointment, but he exclaimed abruptly:

"I'll be darned, Ruggles, if I can guess what you asked her for!"

"Well, it did turn out to be a pretty expensive party for you, Dannie, didn't it?" Ruggles returned humorously. "I'll let you off from any more supper parties."

And Dan fumed as he turned his back. "Expensive! There you are again, Ruggles, with your infernal intrusion of money into everything I do."

When the older man found himself alone, he read a little and then put his book down to muse. And his meditations were on the tide of life and the beds it runs over; the living whirlpool as Ruggles himself had seen it coursing through London under fog and mist. It seemed now to surge up in the dark to his very windows, and the flow mysteriously passed under his windows in these silent hours over which the waters go. Out of the sound, as it flowed on, the cries rose, he thought, kindly to his ears: "God bless her—God bless Letty Lane!" And with this sound he closed his meditations, thinking of a more peaceful stream, the brighter, sweeter waters of the boy's nature, translucent and clear. The vision was happier, and with it Ruggles rose and yawned, and shut his book.

CHAPTER XII.

The Green Knight.

The Duchess of Breakwater had made Dan promise at Osdene the day he went back to London that he would take her over to her own place, Stalner Court, and with her see the beauty, ruins and traditions of the place.

When Dan got up well on in the morning, Ruggles had gone to the bank. Dan's thoughts turned from

everything to Letty Lane. With irritation he put her out of his mind. There had come up between himself and the girl he had known slightly in his own town two years ago a wall of partition. Every time he saw her Pontotowsky was there, condescending, arrogant, rude and proud. The prince the night before had given the tips of his fingers to Dan, nodded to Ruggles as if the Westerner had been his tailor, and had appropriated Letty Lane, and she had gone away under his shadow. The simplicity of Dan's life, his decent bringing up, his immaculate youth, for such it was, his aloofness from the world, made him naive, but he was not dull. He waited—not like a skeptic who would fit every one into his pigeonholes—on the contrary, he waited to find every one as perfect as he knew they must be, and every time he tried to think of Letty Lane, Pontotowsky troubled him horribly and seemed to rise before him, and sardonically look at him through his eye-glass, making the boy's belief in good things ridiculous.

He wrote a note to Ruggles, saying that he would be back late and not to wait for him, and set out in his own car for Blankshire, where the duchess was to meet him at Stalner Court at noon. On his way out he decided that he had been a fool to discuss Letty Lane with the Duchess of Breakwater, and that it had been none of his business to put her duty before her, and that he had judged her quickly and unfairly. He fell in love with the lovely English country over which his motor took him, and it made him more affectionate toward the English woman. He sat back in his car, looking over the fine shooting land, the misty golden forests, as through the misty country his motor took its way. The breath of England was on his cheeks, he breathed in its odors fresh and sweet, the wildness air was cool and fragrant. His cheeks grew red, his eyes shone like stars, and he was content with his youth and his lot. When they stopped at Castelen, the property belonging to Stalner Court, he felt something of proprietorship stir in him, and at Stalner Arms ordered a drink, bought petroleum, and then pushed up the avenue under the leafless giant trees, whose roots were older than his father's name or than any state of the Union. And he felt admiration and something like emotion as he saw the first towers of Stalner Court finally appear.

The duchess waited for him in the room known as the "Green Knight's Room," because of a figure in tapestry on the walls. The legend in wool had been woven in Spain, somewhere about the time when Isabelle was kind, and when in turn a continent loomed up for the world in general out of the mist. The subject of the Green Knight's tapestry was simple and convincing. On a sheer-cut village of low ferns, whose daisies stood up like trees, a slender lady poised her dark sandaled feet on the pin-like turf. Her figure was all swathed round with a spotless dress of woolly white, softened by age into a golden misty tone, and a pair of friendly and confidential rabbits sat close to her golden slippers. The lady's face was candid and mild; her eyes were soft, and around her head was wound a fillet of woven threads, mellow in tone, a red, no doubt, originally, but softened to a coral pink by time. This lady in all her grace and virginal sweetness was only half of the woven story. To her right stood a youth in forest green, his sword drawn, and his intention evidently to kill a creature which, near to the gentle rabbits, out of the daisied grass lifted its cruel snakelike head. For nearly five hundred years the serpent's venom had been poised, and if the serpent should start the Green Knight would strike, too, at the same magic moment.

Close to the tapestry a fire had been laid in the broad fireplace, and the duchess had ordered the luncheon table for Dan and herself spread with the cold things England knows how to combine into a delectable feast. The room was full of mediaeval furnishings, but the Green Knight was the best of all. The Duchess of Breakwater took him for granted. She had known him all her life, and she had only been struck by his expensive beauty when the offer came to her from the National Museum to buy him, and she wondered how long she could afford to stick to her price.

When Dan came in he found her in a short tweed skirt, a mannish blouse, looking boyish and wholly charming, and she mixed him a cocktail under the Green Knight's very nose and offered it with the wisdom of the serpent itself, and the duchess didn't in the least suggest the white-robed, milk-white lady.

The friends drank their cocktails in good spirits, and Dan presented the lady with the flowers he had brought her, and he felt a strong sentiment stir at the sight of her in this old room, alone and waiting for him. The servants left them, the duchess put her hands on the boy's broad shoulders. Nearly as tall as he, she was a good example of the best-looking English woman, straight and strong, and her eyes were level, and Dan met them with his own.

"I am so glad you came," she murmured. "I've been raggling myself every minute since you went away from Osdene."

"You have? What for?"

"Because I was such a perfect prig I'll do anything you like for Miss Lane. I mean to say, I'll arrange for a musicale and ask her to sing."

The color rushed into Dan's face. How bully of her! What a brick this showed her to be! He said: "You are as sweet as a peach!"

The duchess' hands were still on his shoulders. She could feel his rapid breath.

"I don't make you think of a box of

candy now?" she murmured, and the boy covered her hand with his own.

"I don't know what you make me think of—it is bully, whatever it is!"

If the Spanish tapestry could only have reversed its idea, and if the immaculate lady, or even one of the rabbits, could have drawn a sword to protect the Green Knight, it would have been passing well. But the woven work, when it first had been embroidered, was done for ever; it was irrevocable in its mistaken idea, that it is only the woman who needs protection!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Face of Letty Lane.

As Dan went through the halls of the Carlton on his way to his rooms that same evening, the porter gave him two notes, which Dan went down into the smoking-room to read. He tore open the note bearing the Hotel Savoy on the envelope, and read:

"Dear Boy: Will you come around tonight and see me about five o'clock? Don't let anything keep you." (Letty Lane had the habit of scratching out phrases to insert others, and there was something scratched out.) "I want to talk to you about something very important. Come sure. L. L."

Dan looked at the clock; it was after nine, and she would be at the Gate going on with her performance.

The other note, which he opened more slowly, was from Ruggles, and it began in just the same way as the dancer's had begun:

"Dear Boy: I have been suddenly called back to the United States. As I didn't know how to get at you, I couldn't. I had a cable that takes me right back. I get the Lusitania at Liverpool and you can send me a Marconi. Better make the first boat you can and come over." "Joshua Ruggles."

Ruggles left no word of advice, and unconscious of this master stroke on the part of the old man, whose heart yearned for him as for his own son, Dan folded the note up and thought no more about Ruggles.

When an hour later he came out of the Carlton he was prepared for the life of the evening. He stopped at the telephone desk and sent a telegram to Ruggles on the Lusitania:

"Can't come yet awhile; am engaged to be married to the Duchess of Breakwater."

He wrote this out in full and the man at the Marconi "sat up" and smiled as he wrote. With Letty Lane's badly written note in his pocket, and wondering very much at her summons of him, Dan drove to the Galety, and at the end of the third act went back of the scenes. There were several people in her dressing-room. Higgins was lacing her into a white bodice and Miss Lane, before her glass, was putting the rouge on her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

\$100 Reward, \$100.

*The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In The Police Court.

There was only one case heard in the recorder's court Friday.

Bernard Manning plead guilty to violating the automobile ordinance by exceeding the speed limit and turning corner without stopping, a fine of \$10 for both offenses being imposed.

The Danger After Grip.

Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Sibert's Drug Store.

E. C. NUNN DISAPPEARS.

Advised Mrs. Nunn to Go to His Mother—Feared That He Lost His Mind.

Columbia, April 12.—E. C. Nunn disappeared from his boarding house at 1305 Sumter street Tuesday afternoon and has not as yet been located. Mr. Nunn, who is a concrete workman, came to Columbia last Friday from Atlanta. He was accompanied by Mrs. Nunn. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Nunn went from his boarding house leaving a note to his wife reading as follows: "Don't be uneasy. Stay where you are or go to your mother or mine. I had rather you go to mine."

A man is said to have seen Mr. Nunn down by the canal on Tuesday afternoon about 3 o'clock. About 5 o'clock on the same day he is said to have been seen in the city. This is the only information his wife has been able to gather about her missing husband.

The police have been notified and are working on the case. He is described as a man about five feet six inches, red faced, dark brown mustache, blue-gray eyes; about 36 years of age, small scar on chin, wearing black slouch hat and soft-soled tan shoes.

Mrs. Nunn is very much worried and any information about her husband will be greatly appreciated. He has never before acted in this manner. It is feared that Mr. Nunn's mind might have become deranged. Mr. Nunn is from Atlanta, Ga., his parents residing at 193 Washington street, that city.

BISHOPVILLE MASS MEETING.

Looks to Organization of Chamber of Commerce.

Bishopville, April 11.—Pursuant to a call in the local papers there was assembled last night a mass meeting of the citizens of Bishopville and Lee county to meet and hear an address of Mr. Snell, the Sumter secretary of commerce. At the appointed hour the court house auditorium was about three-fourths filled with representative business men and some ladies to lend their presence in effecting the organization. After listening attentively to an excellent address of the guest, the speaker, who made many valuable and pointed suggestions, a temporary organization was effected by the election of 18 members of the board of directors, who are called to meet again next Friday night at the office of McLeod and Dennis to frame a constitution or by-laws and to prepare nominations of the permanent officers. It is agreed and recognized that the time has come for business methods in properly advertising and handling the affairs of our town and community if we wish to develop more rapidly by presenting our many valuable resources to the investing outside world and for the proper attention to the interests of our own citizenship. Bishopville is certainly on the boom and its citizens appreciate the advantage of fostering more local enterprises and the wisdom of reaching out for some of the attractive plums being distributed among its neighbor cities.

It Looks Like a Crime

to separate a boy from a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. His pimples, boils, scratches, knocks, sprains and bruises demand it, and its quick relief for burns, scalds, or cuts is his right. Keep it handy for boys, also girls. Heals everything healable and does it quick. Unequaled for piles. Only 25 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.

The Same Errand But Apart.

Florence Times.

The candidates for governor seem to be an unprejudiced observer to stay mighty far apart. While Judge Jones is hobnobbing with the hill bills of the Piedmont Governor Blaise is making most violent love to the sand lappers on the coast. Nothing seems possible in the effort to draw them into a joint debate.

Why He Was Late.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Smithson."

"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home for supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs. Sold by all dealers."

Marriage License Record.

Andrew Robertson and Mary Murray of Sumter, colored, secured a marriage license Thursday.

"Dan, J. Joyce, Senville, Va., is so glad he escaped consumption and regained his health, that he writes about it for the benefit of others. 'I had a cough which hung on for two years when I began using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I kept on until the cough finally left me and I gained in weight from 113 to 185 pounds. In two years I have grown strong and healthy, all from the use of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, which cured me.' Sibert's Drug Store.

TRAIN STRUCK YOUNG LADY.

Miss Bessie Hatchell Experienced Narrow Escape From Injury on Outing Near Timmonsville.

Timmonsville, April 11.—Yesterday afternoon, Miss Bessie Hatchell, a student of the graded school, narrowly escaped a horrible death, while crossing over a trestle half mile from town. The students of the seventh and eighth grades of the school were taking a jaunt to Cartersville on foot, accompanied by their teachers, Misses Schuler, Ketchen and Houston. They took the railroad route, and a short distance from town they had to cross a trestle over a creek. A passing freight going toward Columbia was nearing the trestle just as the party started across, but it was thought that there was plenty of time to effect a crossing before it reached the trestle, and the party started across. After proceeding a part of the way across those in the rear realized that the train was nearer than they had supposed, but by hastening, all safely reached the other side except Miss Hatchell, who was last in the party. When she realized her danger she evidently became frightened and crouched by the side of the trestle. The train crew saw her danger and sought to stop the train, but could not in time. The engine lightly bruised her, and the girl fell into the branch, but sustained only a slight injury where the engine struck her. Fortunately she fell in shallow water where there were no obstacles. The train was stopped as quickly as possible and members of the crew rescued Miss Hatchell in a few moments. The train was backed to town with the girl, accompanied by Miss Schuler. Aside from a bruised shoulder and a thorough drenching the young lady was no worse for her thrilling incident.

The party proceeded on foot to Cartersville and came back on the train. Miss Hatchell was at the station to greet them and assure them she was not seriously injured. Prof. W. C. Herbert, principal, also accompanied the party.

ANIMALS MAY BE MAD.

Dog That is Believed to Have Had Hydrophobia Caused Trouble Near Timmonsville.

Timmonsville, April 11.—As a result of being bitten by a dog that to all appearances had hydrophobia, a horse, cow and a hog on the place of E. M. DuBose, near town, have died and several more animals are afflicted. Two weeks ago Mr. DuBose observed a strange dog in his barnyard and noticing the queer actions of the canine, he shut it up in a stable. It was noticed that several of the animals in the yard showed signs of having been bitten. A day or two ago the horse became stiff in the legs and died after acting as if suffering from rabies. Last night the cow was affected in practically the same manner and had to be killed. Today a hog was more clearly affected, trying to bite everything in its reach. The animal also had to be killed. Several other members of Mr. DuBose's barnyard family are affected in the same manner, all evidently suffering from rabies in some stage.

In giving treatment to his horse Mr. DuBose had his hand, on which there is a scratch to come in contact with the wound.

As a matter of precaution he will undergo the Pasteur treatment.

*Do not drag along with a kidney ailment that saps your strength, causes terrible backaches, sleeplessness, nervousness, and loss of appetite. Take Foley Kidney Pills. They quickly cure all kidney and bladder ailments. Sibert's Drug Store.

The resolution of City Council to enact an ordinance to prevent the blocking of business streets by automobiles and other vehicles is endorsed by a very large majority of citizens, but it strikes a disinterested observer that to prohibit automobiles turning in the streets between corners is going a step too far, and it is open to question whether or not such a regulation applying to automobiles alone would be enforceable. Furthermore, is it not equally as dangerous for an auto to turn around at the intersection of two streets as between corners? Nothing is gained by making regulations too drastic and it looks as if the proposed anti-turn-around ordinance is just a little too much of a good thing.

Almost a Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holselaw, Clarendon, Texas, was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for coughs and colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Sibert's Drug Store.

Send us your job work. Give us your job work.

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