THE WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912.



Copyright 1908, by The Bobbs-Meerill Co. "Then let them up at once! Do you hear? At once!"

And as he began to unlock the door, walked off. After that, her interest in the rock waned; the Mount seemed but a prison; she, herself, desired only to escape from it.

"Have my saddle put on Baladin." she said to Beppo the next day, toward the end of a long alternoon.

Very well, my lady. Who accompanies your lady ship?"

"No one!" With slight emphasis. "I ride alone."

Beppo discretely suppressed his surprise. "Is your ladyship going far? If so, I beg to remind that tonight is the change of the moon, and the 'grand,' not the 'little' tide may be coming in."

"I was already aware of it, and shall keep between . the Mount and the shore. Have my horse sent to the upper gate," she added, and soon afterward rode down.

The town was astir, and many looked after her as she passed; not kindly, but with the varying expressions she had of late begun to notice. Again was she cognizant of that feeling of secret antagonism, even from these people whose houses clung to the very foundations of her own abode, and her lips set tightly. Why did they hate her? What right had they to hate her? A sensation, almost of relief, came over her, when passing through the massive, feudai sate, she found herself on the beach.

Still and languorous was the day; not a breath stirred above the tiny ripples of the sand; a caim, almost unnatural, seemed to wrap the world in its embrace. The girl breathed deeper, feeling the closeness of the air; her impatient eyes looked around; scanned the shore; to the left, low and flat-to the right, days before on the land and walted to the beach-fluttered like a live thing suddenly before him. In his tense mood, Sakadin, affrighted, sprang to one side; then wheeling outright, madly took the bit in his teeth. Perforce his mistress resigned herself, sitting streight and sure, with little hands hard and firm at the reins. Saladin was behaving very badly, but -at least he was superb, worth conquering, if-

A brief thrill of apprehension seized her as, again drawing near the point of land, he showed no signs of yieldings resisted all her attempts to turn, to direct him to it. With nostrils thrust forward and breathing strong, he continued to choose his own course; to whit! her on; past the promontory; around into the great bay beyond-now a vast expanse, or desert of sand, broken only, about halfway across, by the small isle of Casque. Toward this rocky formation, a pygmy to the great Mount from which it lay concealed by the intervening projection of land, the borse rushed.

On, on! In vain she still endeavored to stop him; thinking uneasily of stories the fishermen told of this neighboring coast; of the sands that often shifted here, setting pitfalls for the unwary. She saw the sky grow yet darker, noted the nearer flashings of light, and heard the louder rumblings that followed. Then presently another danger she had long been conscious of, on a sudden became real.

She saw, or thought she saw, a faint streak, like a silver line drawn across the sky where the yellow sands touched the sombrous horizon. And Saladin seemed to observe it, too: to detect in it cause for wonder; reason for hesitation. At any rate, that headlong speed now showed signs of diminishing; he clipped and tossed the sand less vigorously, and looked around at his mistress with wild, uneasy eyes. Again she spoke to him; | ter, now?" pulled with all her strength at the reins, and, at once, he stopped.

None too soon! Great drops of rain had begun to fall, but the girl did not notice them. The white line alone riveted her attention! It seemed to grow breader; to acquire an intangible movement of its own; at the same time to give out a sound-a strange, low droning that filled the air. Heard for the first time, a stranger at the Mount would have found it inexplicable; to the Governor's daughter, the menacing cadence left no room for doubt as to its origin.

The girl's cheek paled; her gaze swung in the opposite direction, toward the point of land, now so distant. Could they reach it? She did not believe they could; indeed, the grand tide coming up behind on the verge of the storm, faster than any horse could gallop, would overtake them midway. And Saladin seemed to know it also; beneath her, he trembled. Yet must they try, she thought, and had tightened the reins to turn, when looking ahead once more, she discerned a break in the forbidding cliffs of the little island of Casque, and, back of the fissure, a shining spot which marked a tiny

a heaviness like that of half-sleep; of bodily heat, and also a little bodily pain. For an indefinite period, really (a moment or two, she resigned herself to that dreamy torpor; then, with an effort, lifted her lashes once more.

As she gazed before her, something bright seemed leaping back and forth; a flame-that played on the wall; revealing the joints between the stones of massive masonry; casting shadows, but to wipe them out; paling near a small window, the only aperture apparent in the cell-like place. Turning from the flickerings, her glance quickly sought their source-a fire in a hearth, before which she lay-or halfsat, propped against a stone.

But why? The spot was strange; in her ears sounded a buzzing, like the murmur of a waterfall. She remembered now; she had lingered before one-in the woods; and Saladin had run away, madly, across the sands

until-my lady raised her hand to her brow; abruptly let it fall. In the shadow on the other side of the hearth some one moved; some one who had been watching her and who now stepped out into the light.

"Are you better?" said a voice. She stared. On the bold, swarthy

features of a young man now standing and looking down at her, the light flared and gleamed; the open shirt revealed a muscular throat; the downturned black eyes were steady, solicitous. His appearance was unexpected. yet not quite strange; she had seen him before, but, in the general surprise and perplexity of the moment, did not ask herself where. The interval between what she last remembered on the beach-the rush and swirl of water-and what she woke to, absorbed the hazy workings of her mind.

'The young man stopped; stirred the fire, and after a pause, apparently to give her time to collect her thoughts, repeated his question: "Are you bet-

"Ob, yes," she said, with an effort, talf sitting up. And then irrelevantly,



ality, came another.

"I have seen you-spoken with you before! On the beach-the night of | Will Look After Big South Carolina the dance!" The young man turned. "Your

Ladyship so far honored me-as to dance with me!" he said, in his eyes a touch of that brightness that had caused her to regard him imperiously, as he had swung her to the measure of the music, on the occasion in question.

"Started to!" She corrected him, straightening suddenly at the recollection of that evening, when humility and modesty were virtues conspicuously wanting in his demeanor.

"Your Ladyship is right," he said quiotly. "An alarm from the Mount interrupted."

She glanced at him quickly. His eyes met hers with a look of unconcern.

"Are you-a fisherman?" she aske abruptly. "On occasions."

"And when you are not one-tola.

are you then?" "At times-a hunter."

"Ah!" Her eye lingered on some-

have-pistols?"

"Exactly, my Lady!"

weapons, of finest workmanship, in world's record for corn production on laid with a metal that gleamed dully like gold, in the light from the fire His glance followed hers; she was about to speak, when quickly he interrunted.

"Has your Ladyship thought how she is going to get back to the Mount?"

My lady's questioning, along the line of personal inquiry, ceased; the Gov ernor's daughter looked a little blank "No-that is, haven't you a boat?" "Not here."

"Then you walked over?"

He neither affirmed, nor denied. "And the tide will not be out for hours!" Her look showed consterna tion; she glanced toward the opening in the wall. "Isn't it becoming dark now?"

"Yes, my Lady."

"Of course, it was almost sundown when- But I must return at once! Don't you understand?"

He regarded her silently; the beau tiful, impatient eyes; the slim, white fingers that tapped restlessly, one against another. "I will do what can!" he said at last slowly.

"But what?" she demanded. "What can you do?" He did not answer; my lady made

gesture. "How ridiculous! A prison er on an island!" "There may be a way," he began.

"My horse?" she said quickly. "What

JERRY MOORE IN CHARGE.

Exhibit in Chicago.

Columbia, Sept. 5 .- The State deparment of agriculture is preparing to bring the agricultural resources of South Carolinaa to the attention of the business men and farmers of the North and East. An aggressive and yet conservative campaign will be waged.

Commissioner Watson said that he had secured a most discrable space in the Colliseum in Chicago for the showing in a concise manner the agricultural resources of the State is bewindow. "And that is the reason you publicity of the kind that pays, beacre. Capt. Z. J. Drake, the Marl-She continued to regard the boro county planter who holds the one acre, has been invited to accompany Jerry Moore. He will very probably have to decline to attend betelling of the advantages offered by this State will be distributed at the State will be conservative yet results will be obtained. In addition to the exhibit at Chi-

for the Southern building of the tract the attention of all visiting the in the canvass, which may placeplace.

will send out trains this fall.

vation.

State.

cost."

The Men Who Succeed.

Many Driven From Home.

Wilson in the Campaign.

New York Commercial, Aug. 30,

It is with great approval, there can be no doubt, that judicious people will find their hopes justified as to Governor Wilson's share in public speaking during the next two months. He will not take the stump, but will contine himself to some half-a-dozen. address, well thought out and for-

mulated, of a sort to exhibit his fine. intellectual gifts and training at their best, and will stand the test of reading, as well as hearing, a criterion South Carolina exhibit at the nation- which some of the world's greatest al land show to be held beginning on orators have failed under, such for November 23d. The space is located example as Charles James Fox, whose directly in front of the main entrance reported speeches were a woeful disof the large building. An exhibit appointment to those who had thrilled to his masterful genius in viva voce debate. Yet the Democratic caning prepared and will be installed in didate might easily have yielded to the space. The exhibit will be in the temptation to captivate the pubcharge of Jerry Moore, the cham- lie in his way. . He has shown an adpion boy corn grower of the world mirable skill in extemporaneous utthing bright on the ledge beneath the who has given South Carolina much terances during his gubernatorial career and need not dread to competecause of his big corn yield on one in lucid and captivating power of speech even with such past masters as Mr. Bryan, whose genius in this respect needs no eulogium. But competent as is the New Jersey governor, when he needs to exercise his power, in the attainments of the cause of failing health. Literature stump his finer capacity of measured and deliberated speech ranks him so much higher as a sagacious thinkbooth. The plan for advertising the er that it squares his purpose happily with a high self-respect for an . exacting candidate.

Several of the Wilson speeches, cago the State is preparing an exhibit which have been scheduled, in the large cities, will be addresses of cc-Southern Commercial Congress, which casion, devoted to non-political is located in Washington. The con- themes so far as politics is of the imgress is advertising the building mediately pertinent sort. They will throughout the North and when visi- not be specifically campaign speechtors stop over in Washington on their es. Such as touch the direct issues of way South they will be given litera- the time, we may rest assured, will beture telling of the advantages offer- conceived on that high plane of expoed. An expert will be in charge of sition and compact lucidity of phrasethe South Carolina exhibit in Wash- for which he has won the special esington. The space is one of the most teem of his opponents. In confining desirable in the building and will at- bimself to this kind of participation.

him on the White House throne, he-In addition to the space at the na- will have demonstrated one sort of tional land show Commissioner Wat- fitness to fill that seat, the temperason has secured permission for lec- ment and dignity of the statesman, astures in the hall at Chicago. Jerry compared with the impulses of the-Moore and other agricultural experts politicians. There can be no queswill tell of the land values in South tion that the American public will

marked by the dark fringe of a forest. Which way should she go? Irresolutely she turned in the direction of the wood.

Saladin, her horse, seemed in unusually fine fettle, and the distance separating her from the land was soon covered; but still she continued to follow the shore, swinging around and out toward a point some distance seaward. Not until she had reached that extreme projection of land. where the wooing green crept out from the forest as far as it might, did she draw rein. Saladin stopped, albeit with protest, tossing his great head.

"You might as well make an end of that, sir!" said the girl, and, springing from the saddle, deftly secured him. Then turning her back toward the Mount, a shadowy pyramid in the distance, she seated herself in the grass with her eyes to the woods.

Not long, however, did my lady remain thus; soon rising, she walked toward the shadowy depths. At the verge she paused; her brows grew thoughtful; what was it the woods recalled? Suddenly, she remembered -a boy she had met the night she left for school so long ago, had told her he lived in them. She recalled, too, as a child, how the woman, Marie, who had been maid to her mother, had tried to frighten her about that sequestered domain, with tales of flerce wild animals and unearthly creatures, visible and invisible, that roamed within.

She had no fear now, though faint rustlings and a pulsation of sound held her listening. Then, tarough the leafy interstice, a gleaming and flashing, as if some one were throwing jewels to the earth, lured her on to the cause of the seeming enchantment-a tiny waterwall!

The moment passed; still she lingered. Around the Mount's high top, her own home, only transcendent silence reigned; here was she surrounded by babbling voices and all manner of merry creatures-lively little squirrels; winged insects, romping in the twilight shade; a portly and well-satistied appearing green monster who regarded her amicably from & niche of green. A butterfly, poised and waving its wings, held her a long time-until she was suddenly aroused by the wood growing darker. Raising her eyes, she saw through the green foliage overhead that the bright sky had become sunless. At the same time a rumbling detonation, faint, far-off, broke in upon the whisperings and tinklings of that wood nook. Getting up, she stood for a moment listening; then walked away.

Near the verge of the sind, Saladin greeted her with impatience, tossing his head toward the darkening heav- no more. ens. Nor did he wait until she was fairly seated before starting back at a rapid gate along the shore. But the girl offered no protest; her face showed only enjoyment. A little wild

A moment she hesitated; what should she do? Ride toward the isle and the white danger, or toward the point of mainland and from it? Either alternative was a desperate one, but the isle lay much nearer; and quickly, the brown eyes gleaming with



A Butterfly, Poised and Waving Its Wings, Held Her for a Long Time.

sudden courage, she decided; touched her horse and pressed him forward.

But fast as she went the "grand" tide came faster; struck with a loud, menacing sound the seaward side of the isle and swung hungrily around. My lady cast over her shoulder a quick glance; the cove, however, was near; only a line of small rocks, jutting from the sand, separated her from it. If they could but pass, she thought; they had passed, she told herself joyfully, when of a sudden the horse stumbled; fell. Thrown violently from his back, a moment was she cognizant of a deafening roar; a riotous advance of foam; above, a hundred birds that screamed distractedly; then all these sounds mingled; darkness succeeded, and she remembered

CHAPTER VIII.

The Old Watch-Tower.

"At Times-a Hunter."

with rather a wild glance about her: "Isn't-isn't it storming outside?" "A little-not much-" A smile crossed the dark features.

"I remember," she added, as if forcing herself to speak, "it had just begun to on the beach, when it-the 'grand' tide-" The words died away; mechanically she lifted her hand, brushed back the shining waves of hair.

"Why think of it now?" he interposed gently.

"But," uncertainly she smoothed her skirt; it was damp and warm; "I suppose this is the island of Casque?" "Yes.

"And this place?"

"The old watch-tower."

"But how-" Then she noticed that his hands, long, brown and wellformed, were cut and bruised; bore many jagged marks as from a flerce struggle. "How did you hurt your hands?"

He thrust them into his pockets. "Was it from the rocks-and the waves? How did I get here?"

"Oh, I was standing on the cliff," he answered carelessly, "and-saw your horse running away!"

"You did? And then-came down?" "What else was there to do?" he said simply.

Her gaze returned to the fire. "But the tide was rushing in-rushing! it was right upon me!"

She looked again toward the pockets into which his hands were thrust; observed his shirt, torn at the shoulder; then arose unsteadily. "I know-it was not so easy!" she said. "It was brave of you-"

"Your Ladyship is no coward!" he interrupted, a sparkle in his eyes. "When you turned the horse toward the tide, I was watching; hoping you would dare, and you did!"

About to reply, she became once more aware she was still very dizzy from the fall on the sand; the shapely figure swayed and she put out her city. hand with a gesture of helplessness. At the same time, the man reached of Mrs. John Macy, whose husband is forward quickly and caught her. A secretary to Mayor George R. Lunn. moment was she conscious of a firm | On Miss Keller's arrival she will be grasp; a dark, anxious gaze bent upon appointed by Mayor Lann as a metaher; then, slid gently back to the her of the board of public welfare and stone seat.

A brief interval, and gradually she began to see again more distinctlya man's face, not far from hers; a face affairs of that party in this vicinity. that drew back as her own look cleared. At a respectful distance he

became of him?" "He was swept away by the tide!"

Into the proud eyes came a softer lig t-of regret, pain.

"Your Ladyship should remember in might have been worse," he added, it tones intended to reassure her. "After all, it was only a horse-"

"Only a horse!" she exclaimed in dignantly. "But, I suppose you can" these trains. understand-caring for a horse!" "I can understand caring for a

ship!" he answered quickly, a flash o amusement, hardly concealed, in his bold, dark eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Newspaper Guy.

I see a man pushing his way through the lines

Of the cops, where the work of the fire fiend shines;

The Chief?" I inquired, someone scornfully cries

"Chief nothin', he's one of these newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door of a show

Where the great throngs are blocked by the sign S. R. O.

"Is this the star, that no ticket he buys?"

"Star nothin', he's one of those newspaper guys."

crook,

He scorns the police, but he brings him to book;

"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire, a policeman replies

"Sherlock H----l. he's just one of those newspaper guys." And some day I'll stand by the great

gates of gold,

And see a man pass through, unquestioned and bold. 'A Saint?" I'll inquire, and old

Peter'll reply, 'Naw, he carries a pass, he's a news-

paper guy."

What We Never Forget.

Star.

Carolina and of the methods of cultiwelcome with extreme interest these

further revelations of the man of his In connection with the campaign ideals with well grounded anticipation for advertising the State along agri- of their illuminating quality. Concultural lines the Southern Railway vincing lucidity and directness of apand the Atlantic Cosat Line Railway peal have always been characteristic

of the Wilson intellect. In following An exhibit is being prepared by the the declared policy, which has been State department of agriculture for but too frequently violated and will be smashed into smithereens by Col.

The national corn show to be held Roosevelt, if the latter pursues an anin Columbia during January and nounced program of tearing through February of next year will attract the country like a cyclone, Governor thousands of visitors from all sections Wilson embodies the true logic of his of the United States. These exhibits position,

that have been planned by the depart-The third term candidate, aside ment of agriculture will give the visitfrom that temperament of the prizeors an excellent idea of conditions fighter which delights in the "guadia prevailing in South Carolina and will certaminis," and "battling . on the create an interest in the lands of this plains of windy Troy," has so much to explain, that his stump speaking on "The people of the country are a big scale is inevitable. The "intoxilooking toward the South as they cation of his own verbosity." as Lord. have never looked before," said Com- Beaconstield said of Gladstone--Heavmissioner Watson, "and the object of en pardon the comparison-may catch this campaign is to tell all what we in its whirlwind infection not a few have to offer in South Carolina. The recipient and plastic minds, but it agricultural possibilities of the State will need something far more than wil be stressed and I am satisfied that this, the baiting with sprats to catch results will be obtained at a minimum whales, to dominate the greatest clientage of the nation. Yet there is nothing left but this for the Saga-We are still hopeful that South more of Oyster Bay. Mr. Taft can. Carolina will go Democratic in No- stand on the fine record of his administration. Governor Wilson can rest with assurance on his few well

digested pronouncements of principle as heads of large enterprises are men which will certainly augment the adof great energy. Success, today, de- miration which his public and acadmands health. To ail is to fail. It's emic career has elicited and not less utter folly for a man to endure a on the dignified resources of that suweak, run-down, half alive condition pervision which will animate and diwhen Electric Bitters will put him rect the strategy of a big battle-field right on his feet in short order. "Four bottles did me more real good out of the thick and fury of the fray. than any other medicine I ever took," For this reason, in addition to othwrites Chas. B. Allen, Sylvania, Ga. ers, the next two months will ripen. "After years of suffering with rheumatism, liver trouble, stomach disor- experience of great interest. Goverders and deranged kidneys, 1 am nor Wilson is a fine administrator and again, thanks to Electric Bitters, executive as well as an expositor of sound and well." Try them. Only opinion and student of State-philosophy. He will, it is said, manage as own campaign to an extent which Owing to a recent murder and row-

few presidential candidates since Martin Van Buren and Samuel Tilden have ventured on. The comparative result of tilling such a capacity will excite public curiosity. It may also take long for conditions to get so bad add to the prestige which would attend his entrance into the White up their minds to shoot .--- Wilmington licuse.

Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen chil-Every year, in many parts of the dren and have the praise of doing country, thousands are driven from more work than any young woman in their homes by coughs and lung dis- my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, eases. Friends and business are left Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five behind for other climates, but this is years with stomach trouble and could costly and not always sure. A better not cat as much as a biscuit without way-the way of multitudes-is to suffering. I have taken three bottles A wall! A window-a prison-like now stood, his bearing at once erect according to science, are the things use Dr. King's New Discovery and of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver he might be at times, as became on? Interior! As her eyes opened, the and buoyant, and more curiously she associated with our early home life, cure yourself at home. Stay right Tablets and am now a well woman

50 cents at Stbert's Drug Store, Helen Ketler, Public Official. Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 4 .-- Announcement is made here that Miss dyism around Washigton, Pa., the Helen Keller of Wrentham, Mass., the young women of that city are carrynoted blind and deaf woman, will ing revolvers for protection. Where henceforth make her home in this the laws are not enforced it does not She has been a lifelong companion, that it compels even women to make

doubtless to other civic boards. Shell is a Socialist and will assist in the

I see a man start on the trail of a vember .-- Greenwood Journal.

such as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, that there, with your friends, and take and weigh 168 pounds, 1 can eat Governor's daughter strove confusedly regarded him. A distinct type, here of rugged ancestry, but never victous, mother or grandmother used to cure this safe medicine. Threat and lung anything I want to and as much as I only headstrong! And she didn't to decipher her surroundings. The pride and intelligence stamped themour burns, boils, scalds, sores, skin troubles find quick relief and health want and feel better than I have at wall seemed real; the narrow window, selves strongly on the dark, handsome or builder, bons, search, and some or bruises. Its help in coughs, cold, any time in ten years. I refer to any-too, high above, framing, against a features; courage and daring were Forty years of cures prove its merit. grip, croup, whooping cough and sore one in Boone Mill or vicinity and they mind that-Already had he begun to slack that darkening background, a slant of fine written on the bold, self-reliant brow. Unrivaled for piles, corns or cold lungs make it a positive blessing, 50c will wouch for what I say." Chamberfirst thundering pace when something rain! Again she closed her eyes, only And with this realization of something sores. Only 25 cents at Sibert's Drug and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guar- lain's Tablets are for sale by all dealwhite-a veil, perhaps, dropped from to be conscious of a gentle languor; distinctive, compelling, in his person- Store. the cavalcade of lords and ladies some anteed by Sibert's Drug Store. lers.