

The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

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(CONTINUED.)

"No'm; he goin' cross de big water." He stretched out his hand and pointed solemnly to the east. "Him an' me we coteh de boat, an' yo' pa mek 'em taken de hosses on bode. Den we git off at Leeville, five mile' down de rivuh, an' yo' pa hol' de boat whiles I ride back alone an' git de news, an' what de tale is you all is tole, f'um ole Mist' Chen'eth, an' Mist' Chen'eth, he rid back wid me an' see yo' pa at Leeville, an' dey talk in de shed by de landin', an' yo' pa tell Mist' Chen'eth what 'rangements he goin' make wid de property. Den he git on de boat ag'in an' dey sto't her agoin', an' he ain' wave no goodby, ner say no mo' wu'ds.

"Mist' Chen'eth rid back whens de light come, but he res' de hosses an' come back slow, 'case I ponduh on de worl', an' I mighty sorry fer yo' pa, missy. He ain' comin' back no mo', honey, an' Miz Tanberry an' me an' Mamie we goin' take keer er yo'. Yo' pa gone back dah to de F'enchnun, whuh he 'uz a young man. He mighty sick, an' he scafrt, honey; an' he ain' goin' git ovah dat, nelder. 'Peah to me, missy, like he done had a vizm er he own soul when he come an' look down at dat young man layin' on de grass las' night."

The old fellow bent his back before her in a solemn bow, as a feudal retainer in allegiance to the heir, but more in deference to the sorrow written upon her and respecting its magnitude. With no words of comfort, for he knew she wanted only to be alone, he moved away, with infirm steps and shaking head, toward the rear of the house.

Miss Betty threw herself upon the bench again, face downward in her arms. And still the house lay in silence under the sunshine.

An hour had passed, and the shadows slanted strongly to the east, when the stillness was broken by a sound, low and small at first, then rising fearfully, a long, quavering wail of supreme anguish that clutched and shook the listener's heart. No one could have recognized the voice as Fanchon's, yet every one who heard it knew that it was hers and that the soul of Crailley Gray had gone out upon the quest for the Holy Grail.

Miss Betty's hands clinched convulsively round the arm of the bench, and a fit of shuddering seized her as if with the grip of a violent chill, though her eyes were dry. Then she lay quiet.

A long time afterward she became aware of a step that paced the garden path behind her, and turned her face upon her arm so that she saw, but made no other motion. It was Tom Vanrevel, walking slowly up and down, his hands behind his back and his hat pulled far down over his eyes. He had not seen her.

She rose and spoke his name. "He turned and came to her. "Almost at the very last," he said, "Crailley whispered to me that he knew you thought him a great scamp, but to tell you to be sure to remember that it was all true about the stars."

CHAPTER XX.

IT was between twilight and candlelight, the gentle half hour when the kind old sandman steals up the stairs of houses where children are, when rustic lovers stroll with slow and quiet steps down country lanes and old bachelors are loneliest and dream of the things that might have been. Through the silence of the clear dusk came the whistle of the evening boat that was to bear Tom Vanrevel through the first stage of his long journey to the front of war, and the sound fell cheerlessly upon Miss Betty's ear as she stood leaning against the sundial among the lilac bushes. Her attitude was not one of reverie, yet she stood very still—so still that in the wan shimmer of the faded afterglow one might have passed close by her and not have seen her. The long, dark folds of her gown showed faintly against the gray stone, and her arms, bare from the elbow, lay across the face of the dial with unrelaxed fingers clinching the cornice; her head drooping not languidly, but with tension, her eyes half closed, showing the lashes against a pale cheek; and thus motionless, leaning on the stone in the dusk, she might have been Sorrow's self.

She did not move; there was not even a flicker of the eyelashes, when a step sounded on the gravel of the driveway, and Vanrevel came slowly from the house. He stopped at a little distance from her, hat in hand. He was very thin, worn and old looking, and in the falling light might have been taken for a tall, gentle ghost, yet his shoulders

were squared and he held himself as straight as he had the first time she had ever seen him.

"Mrs. Tanberry told me I should find you here," he said hesitatingly. "I have come to say goodby."

She did not turn toward him nor did more than her lips move as she answered, "Goodby," and her tone was neither kind nor cold, but held no meaning whatever, not even indifference.

There was an interval of silence. Then, without surprise, he walked sadly to the gate, paused, wheeled about suddenly and returned with a quick, firm step.

"I will not go until I know that I do not misunderstand you," he said, "not even if there is only the slightest chance that I do. I want to say something to you if you will let me, though naturally I remember you once asked me never to speak to you again. It is only that I have thought you did that under a misconception or else I should still obey you. If you?"

"What is it that you wish to say?" Her tone was unchanged.

"Only that I think the hardest time for you has passed, and that?"

"Do you?" she interrupted.

"Yes," he returned, "the saddest of your life. I think it has gone forever. And I think that what will come to you will be all you wish for. There will be a little time of waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

He drew a step nearer, and his voice became very gentle. "Cummings and I reach our regiment tomorrow night, and there in the camp is a group of men on the way to the war, and they all go the more bravely because each one of them has you in his heart—not one but will be a better soldier because of you. I want you to believe that if all of them don't come back, yet the one whose safety you think of and fear for will return. For, you see, Crailley told me what you said to him when—when he met you here the last time. I have no way to know which of them you meant; but—he will come back to you! I am sure of it, because I believe you are to be happy. Ah, you've had your allotment of pain!

"After all, there is so little to regret. The town seems empty without its young men, yet you may rejoice, remembering how bravely they went and how gayly. They will sing half the way to Vera Cruz. You think it strange

I should say there is so little to regret when I've just laid away my best friend. It was his own doctrine, and the selfish personal grief and soreness grow less when I think of the gallant end he made, for it was he who went away most bravely and jauntily of all. Crailley was no failure unless I let what he taught me go to no effect. And be sure he would have told you what I tell you now, that all is well with all in the world."

"Please!" she cried, with a quick intake of breath through closed teeth.

"I will do anything in the world to please you," he answered sorrowfully. "Do you mean that?"

She turned at last and faced him, but without lifting her eyes. "Why did you come to say goodby to me?"

"I don't understand."

"I think you do." Her voice was cold and steady, but it was suddenly given to him to perceive that she was trembling from head to heel.

An exclamation of remorse broke from him.

"Ah, you came here to be alone! I—" "Stop," she said. "You said goodby to me once before. Did you come to see—what you saw then?"

He fell back in utter amazement, but she advanced upon him swiftly. "What is that?" she cried.

The unfortunate young man could make no reply and remained unable to defend himself from her inexplicable attack.

"You have not forgotten," she went on impetuously. "It was in the crowd just before they gave you the flag. You saw—I know you saw—and it killed me with the shame of it! Now you come to me to look at the same thing again, and the boat waiting for you! Is it in revenge for that night at the Bareauds? Perhaps this sounds wild to you—I can't help that—but why should you try to make it harder for me?"

From the porch came a strong voice, "Vanrevel!"

"God knows I haven't meant to," said Tom in bitter pain. "I don't understand. It's Cummings calling for me. I'll go at once. I'd hoped, stupidly enough, that you would tell me whom it was you meant when you spoke to Crailley, so that I could help to make it surer that he'd come back to you. But

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I've only annoyed you. And you were here—away from the house—avoiding me and fearing that I?"

"Vanrevel!" shouted William. (Mrs. Tanberry had not told Lieutenant Cummings where to find Miss Betty.)

"Fearing? Yes?"

"Fearing that I might discover you." He let his eyes rest on her loveliness once more, and as he saw that she still trembled he extended his hand toward her in a gesture of infinite gentleness, like a blessing, heaved one great sigh and, with head erect and body straight, set his face manfully toward the house.

He had taken three strides when his heart stopped beating at an ineffable touch on his sleeve, for, with a sharp cry, she sprang to him, and then, once more, among the lilac bushes where he



She sprang to him.

had caught the white kitten, his hand was seized and held between two small palms, and the eyes of Miss Betty Carewe looked into the very soul of him.

"No!" she cried. "No! Fearing with a sick heart that you might not come!" Her pale face, misty with sweetness, wavered before him in the dusk, and he lifted his shaking hand to his forehead. Her own went with it, and the touch of that steadied him.

"You mean," he whispered brokenly, "you mean that you?"

"Yes, always," she answered, rushing through the words half in tears. "There was a little time when I loved what your life had been more than you. Ah, it was you that I saw in him! Yet it was not what you had done after all, but just you!—I knew there could not be any one else—though I thought it could never be you—that night, just before they gave the flag."

"We've little time, Vanrevel!" called the voice from the porch.

Tom's eyes filled slowly. He raised them and looked at the newly come stars. "Crailley, Crailley!" he murmured.

Her gaze followed his. "Ah, it's he—and they—that make me know you will come back to me!" she said.

THE END.

To Cure Cold in One Day.

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HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

The Hideous and Cruel Practice of Flesh Sculpture in China.

"Victor Hugo in 'The Man Who Laughs,' said an ethnologist, 'tells of the sculptors of living flesh—those horrible people of the middle ages who kidnapped tender little children and turned them into all sorts of monsters, dwarfs, hunchbacks and the like, selling them afterward for jesters or for showmen's freaks.

"The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture still continues. There is a tribe of Chinese gypsies who steal children and turn them into so called wild men. The practice is, of course, illegal.

"A kidnaped child is flayed alive, bit by bit, and the shaggy skin of a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot.

"The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unspeakably cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast.

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this.

"Finally, speechless, shaggy, lunatic, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part."

HOG MONEY.

Origin of the Curious Old Brass Coins of Bermuda.

"Hog money" is the name by which the brass money which began to be struck in Bermuda in 1650 came to be known. On one face of it was a hog, on the other a ship of that period. These old coins are very rare and highly prized by collectors.

The history of this device is curious and interesting. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of hogs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship was wrecked there. Is it any wonder that the treacherous coast got from Spanish and English alike the name of Devil's Land? Yet it is one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, and it has been claimed that in brilliancy Mediterranean effects are not at all equal to those of Bermuda.

Bermuda is said to be the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest." The strange noises which mariners heard coming from this island, and which they did not then know were produced by hogs, caused them to say that it was haunted and to report weird things of it.—Pearson's.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Money Wisely Expended is Safely and Profitably Expended.

Beautified utility is never too costly. Over and over again the cost benefits of public improvements have been proved, defined, established. It is true of public betterments of a sanitary character; it is true of public betterments that look to commercial ad-

vancement; it is true of public betterments that have primarily an art value. The practical and the ornamental betterment are alike in this—that money wisely expended for good purposes is safely and profitably invested.

The limitations of expenditures for civic betterment are of course very obvious. The work undertaken must be good in itself and serve some good purpose. Money expended for a worthless filtration plant, for example, is money worse than wasted. Money spent for bad art is not always considered as so completely lost as money that might be wasted for worthless sanitary apparatus. The statue causes no ill health and may be avoided by passing down the next street, while an impure water supply brings death and destruction to many helpless persons.—Homes and Garden.

Heer and Schroeder High Guns.

Lincoln, June 6.—The thirtieth annual tournament of the Nebraska Sportsmen's association began on the grounds of the Lincoln Gun club. There were ninety-two entries for the six events, two being ladies, Mrs. A. W. Butler of Chanute, Kan., and Mrs. Nellie Bennett of Denver. In the free-for-all, at 130 targets, the two high guns were Heer of Concordia, Kan., and Schroeder of Columbus, Neb., each with 128. Tom Marshall of Keithsburg, Ill., twice winner of the national handicap, had an off day, scoring but 110 hits. Gottlieb of Kansas City, another famous marksman, broke 121.

TRIPLETT AGAIN INDICTED.

Grand Jury Also Returns True Bills Against Edmisten and Hendee.

Omaha, June 5.—Against Aquilla Triplett, the Alliance man who has brought suit against the federal secret service men to restrain them from spying upon him and following him about, a second indictment in a western land case was returned against him when the federal grand jury reported at noon. This bill is in eleven counts and charges that he suborned a number of persons to make fraudulent homestead filings for Bartlett Richards, William G. Corstock, Charles C. Jameson and the Nebraska Land and Feeding company, whose ranch is in Sheridan and Cherry counties and comprises something like 400,000 acres.

Two bills were returned against James H. Edmisten, former state oil inspector, who lives at Lincoln. One of the bills charges that he forged the name of Ollin W. Hendee to final proof papers on land in Thomas county. In the second bill he is jointly indicted with Ollin W. Hendee on a conspiracy charge.

The words of the good are like a staff in a slippery place.—Hindoo Maxim.

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