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CHAPTER I.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedsits continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encouragement of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's tow-colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pock-marks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons, Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurried into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You can't complain of Ron," he said this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last that he'd rather have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He 'lowed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for anybody else."

"That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw.

"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of 'im, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute since he was knee high to a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danube, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hisse'f. You can't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; an' as for good looks, gee-whillikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out in his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the oldest son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep from laughin' out loud."

"You're away off, my friend," sez he; "you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his side-show myself, but I know a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed for the money back, nuther."

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yer an' said, I did; 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow for a minute; the tent's stretched right out thar in the bushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot."

"He willed an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to bless my purpose when them two riz an' poled it out over the straw. I half way got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' began to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the

only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. "My Lord," he grunted, "ef I took folks to law ever' time they joked about you-uns, I'd have my hands full."

"Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us," declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it, Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you, he's no slouch!"

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a hill-side half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building, Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, "nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough for such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay no end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass reading his Blackstone. In his unlikeliness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmist would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clutter up at the house. An' to tell you the truth, I've got a quart hid in that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? I have to keep it hid from the old man; he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, but he loves it like a hog does slop."

"You know I never drink," replied the other, firmly. His words formed a striking contrast to the dialect of his brother; there was a vague sadness of tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped as if they were weary of the print upon which they had been resting.

"Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I take a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry as a powder-horn." He removed a flat stone from the hollow of the stump and took out his flask. "Here's lookin' at you," and the neck of the bottle went into his mouth.

"I suppose they made me the subject of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, when Dave had replaced the flask under the stone and sat on the stump, his legs crossed.

"Not any more'n common, Ron; they've got to talk; talkin' comes as natural to women as cluckin' does to hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when they've laid; the time to git away from a woman's tongue is when she's idle, an' that's all the time. But, honest, I don't see why they won't let you alone. You want to read an' study, because it suits you, an' I am with you, tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head set on ranch life out west, because I liter'ly love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin', but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an' cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two dollars an' a-had my independence."

Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the

high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the county's greatest planter, Col. Henry Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, representing wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of things above and beyond him in the dreamy blue realm of possibility. Its massive Corinthian columns, its vast white proportions and its aristocratic inmates, whom he saw driving along the roads, told him constantly what he and his family were not. Up to his twenty-fifth year his fancy had dared to play only about the exterior of this old family seat, but of late his imagination—call it ambition, if you will, had led him beyond the mystic portals, and he walked there with men and ladies; he dined there; he discussed topics he had read with the white-haired host; he stood near the piano and heard Evelyn Hasbrooke play and sing; he saw her white hands flit over the keys, and felt her smile up at him. And then the bubble would burst and the grim, sordid contrast of his real existence would grasp and wring the gall from his soul.

Evelyn Hasbrooke was unwittingly responsible for these later dreams. He had rendered her a service the preceding summer when she was home from school. To him the act was nothing, but when it was over she had hung white and quivering on his arms, and in that wonderful cadence of hers had told him that he had saved her life. He had helped her over the fence and felt the warmth of her breath on his face. They had stood and chatted for awhile and then they had parted. He had not seen her since, for she was at school in Boston, but he had never forgotten the glory of her deep, gray eyes, the infinite sweetness and beauty of her face. A thousand times since that moment he had wondered if she, too, remembered. Sometimes when his hopes were brightest he fancied that she did—that she must if only because his mind was on her so constantly.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after this he heard that she was home again to remain, her school days being over. His informant also told him that Carnleigh was to have visitors—Mr. James Hardy, a cotton merchant of Charleston, who was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of the colonel's eldest daughter, Caroline, and Capt. Charles Winkle, who owned a fine plantation five miles beyond the mountain and was believed to be an admirer of the young debutante.

Ronald was longing to see Evelyn again, but he met the two sisters and



"WELL, I RECKON YOU DON'T MIND."

their escorts sooner than he desired. He had taken his books and fishing tackle to a shady nook on the river bank and was just getting settled when he heard merry laughter in the wood between the river and the road and a moment later the two couples emerged from the tangle of cane, vines and foliage. Instinctively Ronald drew his wide-brimmed straw hat down over his eyes, and Evelyn did not recognize him for a moment. He had resolved that he should never speak to her again unless she showed a disposition to renew their informal acquaintance, and he was averse to putting her to the test before the others. But Capt. Winkle knew by sight (he did not bother himself with their names) nearly all of what he jocularly termed "the white trash" of that section, and he usually addressed them without ceremony or courtesy. For a moment he paused watching Ronald's line, and then he asked:

"Are they biting, my man?" Ronald felt the hot blood of anger rush to his face and his fingers tightened on his rod. It was on his tongue to retort sharply, but Evelyn's presence helped him control his temper. He made no reply. Capt. Winkle curled his mustache with his white fingers; he thought the fisherman had not heard his question.

"I see you have some bait, my good fellow," he said in a louder tone. "Will you let me have some of your crickets? The boy has not come with ours," and the captain tossed a silver coin on the grass near Ronald. There was a pause. Ronald was conscious that Evelyn and Mr. Hardy had moved on and that Miss Caroline was waiting for Winkle. Then our hero picked up the piece of silver and tossed it into the stream, at the same moment he doffed his hat and lifted his basket of crickets.

"You are welcome to them," he said. "I should hate to see ladies lose their sport."

"Oh, no, Capt. Winkle!" objected Miss Caroline, "do not mind them; we are very much obliged, I hear the boy coming now."

As she turned away and the captain was following her he looked back and said with a sneer:

"I think, Miss Hasbrooke, that we'd better go further down the stream; he'll be diving for that money and will frighten all the fish."

Ronald's ear had never been so acute; he heard Caroline Hasbrooke's low, guarded voice above the rustling of the leaves against her stiff duck skirt. "You ought not to have noticed him," she said; "that's one of old man Fanshaw's sons; he has taken up the study of law, and it seems to have given him the big head."

"You don't tell me," laughed the captain, "haw, haw!"

Then the negro boy, carrying a basket of crickets, passed at the top of his speed. Ronald baited his hook and flung the line into the stream; his hands were quivering; he was almost beside himself with rage. The drone of voices told him that the fishing party had paused about forty yards away. The reflection of the sunlight on the face of the water was maddening. This, then, was his long dreamed of meeting with Evelyn; she would hear her sister's account of what had taken place after she had moved on. Half an hour passed; a fish nibbled at his bait, taking his line round in a circle, but he did not notice it. Suddenly there was a light step on the grass near him. It was Evelyn Hasbrooke and she came to him with hand outstretched.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Fanshaw," she faltered. "I did not recognize you under that big hat. I did not know it was you till sister mentioned it just now."

He stood up, dropping his hat on the ground.

"I really did not presume that you would care to—to renew our slight acquaintance," he stammered, red in the face.

A pained expression passed over her beautiful features.

"I can't remember anything I have done to make you think so ill of me, Mr. Fanshaw."

She seated herself on the root of a tree and opened the novel she held in her hands. He found himself unable to formulate a suitable reply and he drew in his line and put another cricket on his hook.

"I am afraid," she said, searching his face, "that Capt. Winkle offended you just now. I am sorry that a guest of our house should fail to treat anyone—especially—with due courtesy, and I am glad you rebuked him as you did."

"You are very kind, Miss Hasbrooke."

"My sister is Miss Hasbrooke," she said, with a little laugh. "I am still little Evelyn, even if I have laid my school books away."

Again she had made an unanswerable remark, and silence fell between them. He broke it after a moment's pause.

"But you have grown; you are" (he wanted to say more beautiful) "different."

"I presume a year does change a girl, but you are just the same, Mr. Fanshaw—exactly the same."

[To Be Continued.]

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

Short Story of Tenement Life That Will Disappoint Sticklers for a Conventional Climax.

"Step! Step! Step!" It was some one mounting the stairs. It was a slow and heavy step, and there was something grim and greswome about it—something to tell the listener that the sole owner and proprietor of the step was a lop-shouldered son of a gun without enough mercy in his heart to grease a sunflower seed.

"This he—the landlord!" gasped the woman, who sat in the gloom of her garret room with white face and palpitating heart.

The step came nearer—the frail door was kicked open, and Adamant Flintstone stood before her and said:

"Woman, I am here! If you cannot pay me my rent, out you go!"

"Oh, Mr. Flintstone, have you no heart?" wailed the unfortunate.

"Not a bit. Pay or go!"

"But think of your mother!"

"I haven't any."

"Then your sisters?"

"Never had one."

"Is it possible that because I owe you \$120 rent you will drive me out on the street on a night like this?"

"I am in the landlord business for money," was his unfeeling reply.

"But you can't expect that Heaven will prosper a man that has neither pity nor mercy?"

"I can. I am making 14 per cent. on my investment. Will you pay, or shall I chuck you out of the window?"

"I—I will pay!" she sobbed, as the storm increased and the wind tried to shake the stuffing out of the old tenement.

And, pulling two \$100 bills out of her pocket, she handed them out and received \$80 in change, and Adamant Flintstone chuckled in his frozen heart as he turned away and left her trying to choke herself to death with a button-hook.—Washington Post.

LED BY A WHITE MAN.

Insurgents 400 Strong Attacked a Scouting Party Under Capt. Beigler, But Were Driven Off with Heavy Loss.

Manila, Oct. 29.—While scouting near Looc a detachment of the Twentieth and Twenty-eighth regiments, under Capt. Beigler, were attacked by 400 insurgents armed with rifles, under the command of a white man whose nationality is not known to the Americans. The insurgents for the most part were intrenched. After a heroic fight Capt. Beigler drove off the enemy, killing more than 75. The fight lasted for two hours. Capt. Beigler and three privates were slightly wounded and two of the Americans were killed.

Archbishop Chappelle, who recently left Manila accompanied by several friars for the northern districts of Luzon under conditions that aroused the suspicions of the Filipinos here that he intended to establish the friars in parishes there, was warmly welcomed on his arrival at Dagupan. As two years have elapsed since an opportunity for baptism had been presented, more than 2,500 persons have been baptized. In view of the protest of the parish against the appointment of a friar as parish president, Mgr. Chappelle did not attempt to make it.

A Filipino Fled Condemned.

Manila, Oct. 29.—The rebel captain, Novicio, has been tried by a military commission at Belar, northern Luzon, charged with burying alive a seaman named McDonald, of Lieut. Gilmore's Yorktown party. Novicio was found guilty and sentenced to death. The commission's decision is now in the hands of Gen. MacArthur for approval.

BOERS ACTIVE.

Fifteen Thousand of Them Yet in the Field, Divided into Small Commands of 300 Each.

London, Oct. 29.—According to a dispatch from Cape Town to the Daily Mail a force of Boers attacked and surrounded a patrol of Cape police, with a convoy, near Hoopstad, Orange River colony, last Wednesday and a sharp fight ensued. "The police," says the correspondent, "were compelled to abandon two Maxim's. Ultimately reinforced by the yeomanry, they succeeded in getting away with the convoy; but they lost seven killed, 11 wounded and 15 captured. The colonials were outnumbered ten to one and the engagement lasted for two hours. The Boers have 15,000 men in the field, nearly half of whom are in Orange River colony. These are divided into commandoes of some 300 each, but are capable of combination for large operations."

Chicago Post Office Clerks Join A. F. of L.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Post office clerks of Chicago yesterday entered the ranks of the trade unionists. The clerks have affiliated themselves with the American Federation of Labor and the new organization will be known as "The Chicago Post Office Clerks' union." It is claimed that practically all the 1,400 post office employes in Chicago are included in the movement. Foremost among the objects for which the new union is to strive will be the adoption of the eight-hour work day for letter carriers. Another object to be given almost equal prominence will be the agitation in favor of federal legislation that will fix absolutely the rate of wages for letter carriers and other post office employes, taking that matter completely out of the hands of the "promotion boards" and other similar agencies.

A Bad Storm at Winona, Minn.

Winona, Minn., Oct. 29.—This city and vicinity was visited yesterday by the worst storm in many years at this season of the year. Lightning did considerable damage in the city and the railroads suffered considerable loss on account of washouts and high water. The Chicago & Northwestern had 1,000 feet of track washed out near Rockland, Wis. and 1,000 near West Salem, Wis. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road had two washouts. All passenger trains on the river division of the Milwaukee are abandoned.

A White Girl Weds a Negro.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 29.—William Gordon, of Missouri, was in Des Moines yesterday in search of his daughter. He said that she was abducted by John Wilkinson, colored, and persuaded to marry him. As she is under age, her father is determined to take her away from Wilkinson. They were married in Ottumwa, Ia., on October 3. Yesterday they were discovered living on Grand avenue, and Gordon with a detective and sheriff went out and arrested Wilkinson for abduction.

John Sherman's Biographer.

Mansfield, O., Oct. 29.—Though ex-Secretary of State Sherman did not designate any one to be his biographer, it is thought here that Henry C. Hedges, chairman of the speakers' bureau at national republican headquarters in Chicago, will likely be chosen when the time comes to have the biography prepared. Sherman, in his will, set aside \$10,000 for this purpose.