

# THE MASTER OF APPELEBY

By Francis Lynde

I stirred the dying embers, throwing on a pine knot for better light. Then I took down my father's sword from its deer-horn brackets over the chimney-piece, and set myself to fine its edge and point with a bit of Scotch whinstone. It was a good blade, a true old Andrea Ferrara got in battle in the seventeenth century by one of the Nottingham Iretons.

## CHAPTER II WHICH KNITS UP SOME BROKEN ENDS.

It was in the autumn of the year '64, as I was coming of age, that my father made ready to send me to England, himself a conscientious Episcopalian, Virginia, and a descendant of those Nottingham Iretons whose ber known son fought stoutly against church and king under Oliver Cromwell, he was yet willing to humor my bent, and to use the interest of my mother's family to enter me in the king's service.

Accordingly, I took ship at Norfolk for "home," as we called it in those days; and, after a stormy passage and overmuch waiting as my cousins' guest in Lincolnshire, and my pair of colors in the Scots Blues, I duly home from garrison duty in the Canadas.

Of the life in barracks of a young ensign with little wit and less wisdom, and with more guineas in his purse than was good for him; the less said the better. But my his out expression, I know that, what with good father's Puritan decency come down to me from the sound-hearted old Round-head stock, I won out of that devil's sponging-house, an arm in the time of peace, with somewhat less of my score than others had to theirs.

It was in this barracks life that I came to know Richard Coverdale and his evil genius, the man Francis Coverdale. Coverdale was an ensign in my own regiment, and we were sworn friends from the first. His was a clean soul and brave; and it was to him that I owed escape from many of the grosser charges on that score above named.

As for Falconnet, he was even then a ruffian and a bully, though he was not yet in the army. He was a young man, and at that time there were two livers between him and the baronetcy; but with a mother's bequeathings to purchase idleness and to gild his iniquities he was a fair example of the jeunesse dorée of that England; a libertine, a gambler, a rake, brags the tiger to be brave, and to the full as pitiless. He was a boon companion of the officers' mess; and for a time—and purpose—posed as Coverdale's friend, and mine.

Since I would not tell my poor Dick's story to Richard Jenner, I may not set it down in cold words here for you, it was the age-old tragic comedy of a false friend's treachery and a woman's weakness; a duel, and the wrong man slain. And you may know this, that Falconnet's most meretricious role in it was the part he played one chill November morning when he put Richard Coverdale to the wall and ran him through.

As you have guessed, I was Coverdale's next friend and second in this affair, and for the upsetting news of the Tyrant's tyranny in Carolina—news which reached me on the very day of the meeting—I should there and then have called the slayer to his account.

How my father, who was, had always been of the king's side, came to espouse the cause of the "Regulators," as they called themselves, I know not. In my youthful memories of him he figures as the feudal lord of his own domain, more absolute than many of the northern kings; I came afterward to know in the German marches. But this, too, I remember; that while his rule at Appley Hundred was stern and despotic enough, he was ever ready to lend a willing ear to the poor man's complaint. And what men say of the tyrant Tyrone's tax gatherers and law court robbers be no more than half truth, there was need for any honest gentleman to oppose them.

Touching this, I was not long kept in ignorance. Of all the vast demesne of Appley Hundred there was no roof to shelter the son of the outlawed Roger Ireton save that of this poor hunting lodge in the mighty forest of the Catawba, overlooked, with the few runaway blacks inhabiting it, in the intaking of an estate so large that I think not even my father knew all the metes and bounds of it.

I shall not soon forget the interview with the lawyer in which I was told the inhospitable truth. No, I shall forget his prudent leer when he hinted that I had best be gone out of these parts, since it was not yet too late to bring down the sentence of outlawry from the father to the son.

It was well for him that I knew not at that time that he was Gilbert Sturtevant. For I was mad enough to have throtted him where he sat at his writing table, matching his long fingers and smirking at me with his evil smile. But of this man more in his time and place. His name was Owen Pengarvin. I would have you remember it.

For a week and a day I lingered on at Queensborough, for what I knew not, save that all the world seemed suddenly to have grown stale and profitless, and my life a thing of small account. One day I would be minded to go back to my old field marshal and the keeping of the Turkish border; the next I would ride over some part of my stolen heritage and swear a great oath to bide till I should come to my own again. And on these alternate days the storm of black rage filled my horizon, and I became a derelict to drive on any rock or shoal in this uncharted sea of wrath.

On one of these gallops farthest afield I chanced upon the bridge path that led to our old hunting lodge in the forest depths. Tracing the path to its end among the maples I found the cabin, so lightly touched by time that the mere sight of it carried me swiftly back to those happy days when my father and I had stalked the white-tailed deer to the hill glades beyond, with this log-built cabin for a rest camp. I spurred up under the low-hanging trees. The door stood wide open, and a thin wreath of blue smoke curled upward from the mouth of the walled chimney.

Then and there I had my first welcome home. Old black Darius—old when I had last seen him at Appley Hundred, and a very grandsire of ancient now—was one of the runaways who had made the forest lodge a refuge. He had been my father's body-servant, and, notwithstanding all the years that lay between, he knew me at once.

Thereupon, as you would guess, I came immediately into some portion of my kingdom. Though Darius was the patriarch, the other blacks were also fugitives from Appley Hundred; and for the son of Roger Ireton there was instant vassalage and loyal service. But best of all, on my first evening before the handful of fire in the great fire-place Darius let me in a pack, wrapped in many wrappings of Indian-tanned deerskin. It contained my father's sword, and, more precious than this, a message from the dead. My father's farewell was written upon a leaf torn from his journal, and was but a hasty scrawl. I here transcribe it.

"I know not if this will ever come into your hands, but it and my sword shall be left in trust with the faithful Darius. We have made our ultimatum cast for liberty and it has failed, and tomorrow I and five others are to die at the gallows. I bequeath you my sword—'tis all the tyrant hath left me to devise—and my blessing to go with it when you, or another Ireton, shall once more bare the true old blade in the sacred cause of liberty. Thy father, 'Roger Ireton.'"

You may be sure I combed these few words well, I had them well by heart; and later, when my voice was surer and my eyes less dim, I summoned Darius and bade him tell me all he knew. And it was thus I learned what I have here set down of my father's end.

The next day, all indecision gone, I rode to the tower to ascertain, if so I might, how best to throw the weight of the good old Andrea into the patriot scale, meaning to push on thence to Charlotte when I had got the bearings of the nearest patriot force.

"'Twas none so easy to learn what I needed to know; though, now I sought for information, a curious thing or two developed. One was that this light-horse outpost in our hamlet was far in advance of the army of invasion—so far that it was dangerously isolated, and beyond support. Another was the air of secrecy maintained, and the holding, unmasked, down the high road, not fight or flight.

"Oh, come, Sir Frank! that's too bad!" cried the younger of the twain; and then I took two strides to front him fairly.

"Sir Francis Falconnet, you are a foul-tipped blackguard!" I said; and, lest that should not be enough, I smote him in the face so that he fell like an ox in the shambles.

## CHAPTER III IN WHICH MY ENEMY SCORES FIRST.

True to his promise, Richard Jenner met in the cool gray birthright of the new day at a turn in the river road not above a mile or two from the rendezvous, and thence we jogged on together.

After the greetings, which, as you may like to know, were grateful enough on my part, I would fain inquire how the baronet had taken his second's defection; but of this Jenner would say nothing. He had a prudent air, his principal, whether in anger or not I could only guess; and one of Falconnet's brother officers, that younger one of the twin who had cried shame at the baronet's vile boast, was to serve in his stead.

It was such a day dawn as I have sometimes seen in the Carpathians; cool and clear, but with that sweet dewy wetness in the lower air which washes the over-night cobwebs from the brain, and is both meat and drink to one who breathes it. On the left the road was overhung by the bordering forest and where the branches drooped lowest we brushed the fragrance from the wild grape bloom in passing. On the right the river, late in flood, eddied softly; and sounds other than the murmuring of the waters, the matin songs of the birds, and the rust of water on the reeds, were there none. Peace, deep and abiding, was the keynote of nature's morning hymn; and in all this sylvan byway there was naught reminding of the fierce interrace warfare afloat in all the countryside. Some rough forging of his thought, hammered out for Jenner's hot rods along, and his laugh was not devoid of bitterness.

"Old Mother Nature ruffles her feathers little enough for any teapot of ours," he said. "But speaking of the cruelties, we provincial savages, as my old Cornwallis calls us, have no monopoly. The most fierce of our horses bring blood-curdling stories of Colonel Tarlton's doings. 'Tis said he overtook some of Mr. Lincoln's reinforcements come too late. They gave battle but faint-heartedly, being all unready for an enemy, and presently they were down in their arms and begged for quarter—beggard, and were cut down as they stood."

"Faugh!" said I. "That is but hangman's work. And yet in London I heard that this same Colonel Tarlton was with Lord Howe in Philadelphia and had made much of the ladies." Jenner's laugh was neither mirthful nor pleasant.

"'Tis a weakness of the sex," he scoffed. "The women have a fondness for a man with a dash of the brute in him."

"You say it feelingly. Do you speak by the book?"

"Aye, that I do. Now here is my lady Mage preaching peace and all manner of patience to me in one breath, and upholding the honor of my baronet captain who though I would have seconded him at a pinch, is but a pattern of his brutal cologne!"

"I put two and two together. As Falconnet is on terms at Appley Hundred, is Gilbert Sturtevant open house for any and all of the winning hand, as I told you."

The thought of this unspoiled young maiden having aught to do with such a thrice-cursed despoiler of women made my blood boil afresh; and in the heat of it I let my feet slip, or rather some small part of it.

"Sir Francis had ever a sure hand with the woman," I said; and then I could have bitten my masterless tongue as a gutter."

"So?" queried Jenner. "Then this is not your first knowing of him?"

"We rode on in silence for a little space, and then my youthful mind needs break out again in fresh beseechings.

"Tell me what you know of him, and what he has done of late, and how he treated. You can't deny me now, Jack."

## AMAZING NUMBER OF CHILD WIVES

### Many Immigrant Girls Marry at an Exceedingly Young Age.

## BEAUTY FADES EARLY

### Chicago Crusade, Reveals Facts That Startle Many Sociologists—Whole-sale Importation of Wives Aroused the Officials.

Washington Times: A crusade against the marriage of children by the compulsory education department in Chicago is bringing to light a deplorable condition of affairs in the tenement districts of the great city, particularly in the Italian and Sicilian settlements. There are thousands of child wives, and the latest census shows that there are nine husbands not over 15 years old.

Early marriages with their attendant marriage of girls under 18 years of age and men under 21—are a relic of barbarism. The foreign element which is pouring into this country from southern Europe clings to this ancient custom, though the moral progress of only the girls who marry very young.

Undoubtedly the women of the countries of southern Europe mature much earlier than do those of America and other northern countries. Whether or not this early maturity is due to climatic influences or to racial tendencies is a question that has been much discussed. However that may be, the immigrants to this country from the south of Europe continue to marry their girls at an age which to Americans seems unduly young. Many emigrants are strongly opposed to this, maintaining that the custom of early marriages—especially those in which young girls become wives—is un-American and has a tendency to deteriorate the alien races which have made this country their home.

### Beauty Fades Early.

In Italy is the custom for girls to marry at from 12 to 14 years of age. The Italian women are in the full bloom of maturity from 14 to 22. When she has reached the age of 23 the voluptuous beauty of the Italian woman begins to fade.

### Starts Fight Against Cupid.

In support of his determination Superintendent Bodine stated a trustful officer, an Italian, with a force of others, into the tenement districts of the river wards to make a house-to-house search for child wives or girls who were being harbored without being sent to school for the purpose of making some countryman a desirable young wife.

### Evading the Law.

"We are finding them a very wary lot. This is the way they try to fool us in the tenement districts. They send an office to the houses and they take a chance of some of the young girls who come under our jurisdiction opening the door or of getting a glimpse of them. Then we can haul them into court and the burden of proof that they are over the legal age for attending school lies with them or their parents or guardians."

### American Country Hotels.

Philadelphia Record: "One effect of the automobile is to direct attention to a distinctly American institution—the country hotel. Nothing like it is to be found anywhere else, which is fortunate for persons who go anywhere else. English novelists and occasional American travelers have made us acquainted with the village inn of England, and it comes near to being the ideal of a hotel, which may be the exterior, comfort, cleanliness and courtesy make the interior cheerful. The food may be heavy, being English, and the ale heady, but the clean beds and prompt and willing service make the general impression agreeable. In France poverty is a characteristic of the country albergo—a battered hut with no floor but the bare ground in the kitchen, which is also the dining room, sitting and bed room of the landlord and his family. Yet such is the cleanliness of the place that the smelly traveler is not disposed to complain bitterly. He may go hungry, but at least he is free from nausea.

Even the desperate poverty of the poorest French albergo is to be preferred a thousand times to some of the hotels Waldorf and Delmonico, which disgrace so many American villages. Before this typical hotel or inside the dirty "office" are shirt-sleeved loungers, who have made the naked cigar a widespread cure. The landlord, also in shirt sleeves, does not remove his shabby hat on the entrance of a guest, and perhaps does not suspend his game of checkers to receive him. No foreign servility about him. In the dining room a slatternly village belle presides over the swarming flies and the pine tables with soiled covers. Most persons would prefer starvation to the greasy food served in such circumstances.

### All in the Dark.

Ida—When Jack told Mabel he was going to steal a kiss in the first tunnel, she said she wished there were no tunnels on the road.

Belle—I don't say!

Yes, but ever they passed the first she said she wished the whole road was one continuous tunnel.—Chicago Daily News.

such importations of young Italian women to become the brides of their countrymen already established in Chicago. Similar conditions are said to prevail in all the larger cities, and similar investigations to that inaugurated this week by Superintendent Bodine are being undertaken in New York and elsewhere.

In speaking of the result of the investigations of his department thus far Mr. Bodine says: "The investigation of the compulsory education laws on the affidavits of the applicant, unsupported by proof of the girl's age by parental testimony or church records places a premium on child marriage and makes it possible for children of compulsory school attending age to marry if they come direct from foreign countries and are not enrolled in school.

"Unspeaking social conditions surrounding children in some homes have also been unearthed. We have discovered a child wife who is the mother of two children at 15 years of age. A case of a white-haired man from a country district of Illinois, 65 years old, who married a Chicago girl of 15, was another result of our search of the records. Instances of young girls being married to men of 40 or 50 years of age are not infrequently noted. The husband and mother of the young wife and child have been found by our special officers who have been working in the Italian and Sicilian districts.

"From what has already been discovered and which will soon be embodied in a detailed report, where startling statistics will be given it is plain that the laws of Illinois should be amended to absolutely prohibit marriage of any girl under 18 years of age and require proof of age of every female between the ages of 14 and 16. Such proof to be submitted by sworn testimony of parents or guardians, church record, or some verification similar to the provision of the child labor law, which prevents children of illegal working age from going to work."

### Worst Form of Child Slavery.

"There is no worse form of child slavery than that of a girl of fourteen or fifteen years old becoming a child wife to assume heavy household duties and maternal cares. The present marriage laws make the practice of deception in giving ages perfectly easy."

Clerk Salmonson, of the marriage license bureau in Chicago, takes a more optimistic view of the situation than does Superintendent Bodine. Clerk Salmonson is proficient in the Italian language. He talks with applicants for marriage licenses in their own tongues.

"There is a great deal of interest in the study of this, as well as other sociological problems. He inclines distinctly toward a championship of early marriages of girls of Italian, Sicilian, and other races where the women mature at an early age.

### Champions Early Marriages.

"It is the custom of such countries as Italy, Sicily, Poland, Bohemia, and many of the other countries for women to marry at an early age. Most of the Slav races mature early, as do the Latin races. I do not believe that climatic conditions have anything to do with this early development. It is purely a matter of race. It is true, however, that in the southern part of Germany the women mature much earlier than they do in the northern portions.

"Those who object to early marriages do so usually on the ground that they are detrimental to the health of the women and their progeny. I have known many cases of women who married at very early ages and who raised large families of children, performed all the duties of a good housewife and lived to a ripe old age, enjoying the best of health. In support of the contention that such marriages are not detrimental I can cite the case of my own grandmother. She was married in Germany when she was fourteen years old. She bore and reared nine children and lived to be seventy years old and enjoyed during her entire life the very best of health. Instead of being a detriment, I believe that in such instances of races whose women mature at an early age they are a benefit and serve to promote morality."

### Wors Influences Than Marriage.

"To be sure," continued Mr. Grosser, "the idea of an early marriage for one's own daughter is repugnant. Americans with daughters generally dislike to think of their marriage until they have reached at least the age of eighteen. I do not believe that those who would dislike, as a general thing, to have their daughters marry young would prefer a marriage at say fourteen to other alternatives that suggest themselves. And this being true of American parents, as I believe it is, how much more reasonable is the attitude of parents among races where women mature much earlier than is the case with Americans and are thus earlier susceptible to influences that are far worse than early marriage."

### Was Cracked Before.

A cheery little fellow was accustomed to hear a servant in the house always saying when she broke a dish that it was cracked before. As soon as a dish was broken the servant's excuse might have been heard all over the house. It was cracked before. One day the little lad tumbled downstairs, and his mother cried in alarm, "Oh, Tommy, have you broken your head? Tommy got on his feet, scratched his head, and said, with a grin, "Never mind, mother, it was cracked before."

## DYSPEPSIA WELDS

### A NINE YEARS' VICTIM FINDS A REMEDY THAT CURES.

#### For Two Years Too Weak to Work—A Dozen Doctors Had Tried to Check Disease. Treatment That Succeeded.

All sufferers from weakness or disorders of the digestive organs will read with lively interest the story of the complete recovery of Mrs. Nettie Darvoux from chronic dyspepsia which was thought to be incurable.

"To be ailing for nine years is not a very pleasant experience," said Mrs. Darvoux, when asked for some account of her illness. "For two years I was critically ill and could not attend to my household duties, and at one time I was so weak and miserable that I could not even walk. My trouble was chronic dyspepsia. I became extremely thin and had a sallow complexion. I had no appetite and could not take any food without suffering great distress."

"Did you have a physician?"

"Yes, I took medicine from a dozen different doctors, but without getting any benefit whatever."

"How did you get on the track of a cure?"

"A book about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was thrown in our doorway one day. My husband picked it up and read it through carefully. He was so impressed by the statements of those who had been cured by that remedy that he immediately bought three boxes of the pills and insisted on my taking them."

"Did they help you at once?"

"I began to feel better the second day after I started to use the pills and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure even when doctors fail, and they cure thoroughly, for a long time has passed since my restoration to health and I know it is complete and lasting."

The surest way to make sound digestion is to give strength to the organs concerned. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new vigor to the blood. No other remedy yields such radical results.

Mrs. Darvoux lives at No. 497 Sixth street, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists in every part of the world. Dyspepsics should send to Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for a new booklet entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat."

### AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERR DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called "Laxative Peppermint."

### LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to the Lane's Family Medicine. The bottles each hold 4 oz. of the medicine. Address, O. F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.

### A Spray Calendar.

A large part of the yearly fruit crop is destroyed by bugs or fungus diseases. The apple worm or codling moth injures the fruit, and others feed on the foliage of the various plants, thus preventing the plant from properly carrying on its work.

In the growing of many crops, the grower's skill is more exercised in the combatting of these enemies than in the cultivation of the crop. To aid the farmer and fruit grower in this work, the Iowa experiment station has just issued a spray calendar, which tells just what to use for these troubles, how to prepare it and when to apply. These directions are simple yet effective, and any grower can follow them with profit. We understand that this spray calendar may be obtained free, upon application, and we advise those of our readers who are interested, to write the director, C. F. Curtiss, Ames, Ia., for a copy.

### THOUGHT SHE WOULD DIE.

Mrs. S. W. Marine, of Colorado Springs, began to fear the Worst—Doan's Kidney Pills Saved Her.

Mrs. Sarah Marine, of 428 St. Union street, Colorado Springs, Colo., President of the Glen Eyrle Club, writes:

"I suffered for three years with severe backache. The doctors told me my kidneys were affected and prescribed medicines for me, but I found that it was only a waste of time and money to take them, and began to fear that I would never get well.

A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. Within a week after I began using them I was so much better that I decided to keep up the treatment, and when I had used a little over two boxes I was entirely well. I have now enjoyed the best of health for more than four months, and words can but poorly express my gratitude."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fruits grown in China are usually inferior in flavor, but superior to American in keeping qualities.

### His Friendly Scheme.

Chicago Tribune: Little Brown Belligerent—I thought you were my friend. Yet you are furnishing arms and ammunition to the honorable enemy!

Robust Al—Hi! Not a word! I am lying them to him so that you can capture them and get the stuff for nothing, don't you know.

### We All Could.

Could I get as rich as Astor? Bless your heart, I could! I could make a fortune faster than did John Jacob Astor, if I had a million dollars for a start.