



Copyright, 1914, by Harper &amp; Brothers.

## PROLOGUE.

This story of rural life has attracted wide attention in book form and should provide an unusual treat for our readers. An ambitious young man struggling to make a successful career as a newspaper writer is suddenly accused of the awful crime of murder in the first degree and thrown into jail. The touching story of the loyalty of old friends and the devotedness of true womanly affection sounds a high note in the fiction of the day. Read also how the New Clarion rose from the ashes of carelessness and neglect to be the great, throbbing, dominating influence in a community.

CHAPTER I.  
A Crisis.

**A**BNER DANIEL leaned on the fence, looking down at the road. He was tall, thin, with a tuft of gray hair on his chin and a merry twinkle in his dark eyes. Some of his teeth were missing, which gave to his tanned cheeks a hollow appearance. He was about seventy years of age, but was as quick and active as a man of forty.

The farmhouse belonged to Tobias Trumbley and his wife, Martha, and Abner, being unmarried and having no home of his own, boarded there. It was close to his own farm, which joined Trumbley's land on the east.

It was a warm summer afternoon. A spur of the blue ridge mountains rose and life in the distance. Abner was watching a graceful figure approaching from the crossroads store half a mile away. It was Mary, the only daughter of the Trumbleys, a young woman of nineteen or twenty years of age, of medium weight and height, who had a sweet face, blue eyes and abundant chestnut hair.

"I went to the store looking for you," she said, with a welcoming smile, as she reached the gate.

"So, so?" Abner said curiously. "Did you want anything particular?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tinsley was here just after dinner," Mary passed through the gateway, and Abner noticed that she smiled as she spoke. "She seemed anxious to see you and was very much disappointed. She wouldn't stop, but went back home. I told her if I could find you I'd send you over. I knew you wouldn't mind. The truth is she is greatly troubled about something. Mother noticed it as well as I."

"Well, I'll go over to her house," Abner said. "It must be something serious of which she didn't tell two women about it but, to do Sister Tinsley full credit, she never was much of a talker—that is, for a woman. I reckon she'd give a quinine party or chicken hens a bucket, but when she has something to say she talks it right out from the shoulder."

As he spoke Abner unlatched the gate and swung himself out into the roadway, smiling back at Mary as she disappeared in the house. Reaching the bend of the road at the corner of Trumbley's land, he saw Mrs. Tinsley, a short, rather large woman, glowingly advancing toward him. At this moment he noticed that Mrs. Tinsley had observed him and was walking more rapidly, her head up, her eyes fixed on him expectantly. When she was quite near she pushed back her gray hair.

"I was over at your house, Brother Daniel—it was the Methodist form of address to a member of the church—'an' as Mary said she thought you might come back soon, I started over this morn'g."

"I've just heard you was over," he said, "an' I was on my way to see you."

The glance of the woman fell to the ground. Her face held an anxious, careworn expression, and her guarded and stiff fingers twitched as she twisted a corner of her gingham apron between them. "You'll hardly forgive me for comin' to you with my troubles," she made a failure of a smile—"but that really ain't anybody else to go to. You always seem to know what is best to do in a tryin' time."

"I make a stab at it," he was jesting to put her at ease, for his sympathies were already stirred. "When folks are bothered any advice from any quarter is better 'n none, an' I often say the first thing that pops in my mind 'an' hope for the best."

"This is no jokin' matter, Brother Daniel," Mrs. Tinsley sighed. "I've

come to see you about my boy, I'm so troubled that I can't sleep at night or get it off my mind in the daytime." "Well, you needn't bother about Howard, Sister Tinsley. That ain't a young man in the state I like better or count more on. He's true blue. He will make his way up the ladder as sure as he's got hands an' feet."

"Oh, I see you don't know—you haven't heard!" "About him an' Mary? Oh, yes; I've had my eyes on both of 'em. They'll come to an understandin' some day. Give 'em time. They are both young. If ever there was a pair out for each other from a divine pattern it's them two. She's as bright as a new dollar, got a good common school education, an' Howard is makin' a fine newspaper man. He will be editor of that sheet before long. Hillhouse is gittin' old an' careless. The Clarion won't 'a' been in the ditch long ago if your boy hadn't put fresh life into it."

"Oh, you don't know all," Mrs. Tinsley sighed. "Hillhouse has not made it public yet. Brother Daniel, he's asked Howard to resign at the end of this week. He's jealous. Somebody told him Howard was the backbone of the paper, an' it made him mad."

"Bad, bad, bad!" Abner cried, in disappointment. "Why, I thought Howard could hold that job as long as he wanted it."

"Well, he can't; an' that ain't all. Him an' his pa is at odds. Last night when he told Hiram about it Hiram flew all to pieces and talked to the boy like he was a dog. You know Howard won't join the church. Him an' his pa has always disagreed on such matters. Howard has a high temper, an' Hiram driv' 'im too far last night. He called the boy a low infidel, an' said he was disgracin' his family by his coldness in religious matters. They came almost to blows," the woman groaned softly. "I ran out an' stepped between them, but an actual fight wouldn't 'a' been any worse than what took place. They set down, Brother Daniel, an' talked like two men that had been enemies for life an' had to settle something. Howard told him that as soon as his time was

up on the Clarion that he was goin' west to stay."

"The boy has always talked it," Abner sighed sympathetically. "He feels tied down here an' cramped, an' thinks he could do wonders in a new country. I was that way myself once. It gets in nearly every young feller's blood sooner or later."

The woman's shoulders shook, her breast heaved. "I simply can't stand to have 'im go," she faltered. "He's all I got in the world. He's headstrong an' hot tempered. I wouldn't rest a minute after he left. I'd rather be dead than live on here with his pa without him. I'm talkin' plain."

"I understand," Abner said. "That is, I think I get your meanin'. Most folks know how harsh an' cold Hiram is, with all his cut an' dried religion. He don't know it, but he's harmin' his own denomination. The young are p'intin' at 'im an' sayin' of that's what religion does for a man they won't dabble in it."

They had turned and were walking toward her house, the low, gray roof of which could be seen above the apple and peach trees surrounding it. "I'm goin' to speak plainer than I have ever done to a human soul," she

said, her face growing pale, her lips set stiff. "I've hesitated to tell even God what I'm goin' to tell you. Brother Daniel, I married that man to please my father an' mother. They said I'd love 'im in time, an' I thought maybe I would. I was miserable till Howard was born; then I had some'n' to live for. Do you understand now—do you see? But now Hiram is drivin' my boy away an' expects me to stay here an' be his drudge. I can't do it, an' I won't!"

"The thing has knocked me out, too," Abner said seriously. "Everybody knows how I like Howard. Me an' him is like two young fellers, Sister Tinsley. We laugh an' crack jokes an' have our fun like frolickin' boys out of school. When I'm with him I forget I'm an old man, an' he never seems to think of it. I've had 'im leave a gang of youngsters many a time an' come to me for a fish or a hunt. Say, we must try to keep 'im here. We must hatch up some excuse or other."

"We can't; he really wants to go. He's ambitious to do something big in newspaper work. He says he has never had a fair show on the Clarion. Hillhouse takes the credit for every good line that he writes."

"That is a noted fact," Abner said. "Hillhouse is on his last legs. He is too old fashioned for this rapid age. 'If you don't mind I'll talk to your husband a little about Howard,' Abner continued. "I don't know that it will help matters, but that may be no harm in tryin'."

"I wish you would," Mrs. Tinsley said. "Leaving him at the door, she entered the house. Her husband had not noticed their approach and now walked to a bench at the side of the house, which held a washbowl and a bathing stick. He had taken his Bible and seemed about to open it. His brow was puckered thoughtfully, the lids of his blue eyes were drawn so close together that only narrow slits appeared.

"Hello! How are you, old stick in the mud?" Abner called out in his usual jocular tone. "I seed you lookin' at your bees just now. Expectin' them little flyin' bugs to give you a lot of honey next time you bust into the humble domicle, eh? Looks like a man that walks with God as frequently as you do would take pity on his most industrious creatures. The longer I live the blinder you shoutin' Christians seem to get. Do you know, I believe custom makes folks do all they do, an' the time is shore to come when bees an' silkworms won't be made to work hard to fill men's bellies an' kiver gals' leers."

"Humph!" Hiram snorted, with a contemptuous jerk of his fringed bald head. "I wonder why you never say a thing that has a bit of common sense in it."

"I can't talk common sense to an uncommon man, an' that's what you are, Hiram. If the Lord had made you just he'd 'a' made an array of ordinary men out of yore pore ribs. But no jokin', I stopped to talk to you about Howard. I'm sorry to hear the boy has concluded to go away. He's young an' quick tempered, an' right now it looks to me like home is the best place for a feller like him."

"This home ain't!" Hiram waved his hand in the direction of the house. "I raised 'im an' educated 'im to see 'im git too big for his britches. He has the cheek to argue with me an' dispute what's hid down in this book. He's wiser'n the Almighty hisself, who gave his word to live by. The young fool denies it all, I tell you, an' why he ain't struck dead in his tracks for blasphemy I don't know."

"Maybe he is more p'lesin' to the Lord than you imagine," Abner said down on the end of the wash bench, and, crossing his long legs, swung his right foot up and down.

Hiram jerked the Bible from beneath his arm, and, raising his foot to the bench, he opened the book on his knee. Rapidly he turned the pages, a fanatical gleam in his eyes. "I've got authority for my stand," he cried. "This book tells me my duty plain enough. I don't have to go to a pappy man like you, who is even now sayin' exactly what the devil prompts. Listen close to this an' see of anything could possibly be plainer. Matthew xi, 35: 'For I'm comin'—that's our Savior speakin', remember—I'm come to set a man at variance against his father.' No, that ain't it; wait! 'For a man's foes shall be of his own household.' That ain't it neither. Here it is, verse 37: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, an' he that loveth son—behold that—the one that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'"

"I ketch yore p'int," Abner smiled slightly. "an' all I got to say is that I don't intend to let you nor no other crusty old duck like you interpret my scriptur' for me. Now, I've always thought that Jesus meant some'n' like this, for instance: Ef a man had a son, we'll say, that wanted to go into hoss steidin' for a regular business an' invited his pa to help 'im out, why, the man was advised to part company with 'im, of reform was impossible. But yore boy ain't done nothin' but read a little on fresh lines an' think fer 'isself. It is all in the way you look at it, you see. I don't want to be rough, Hiram, but I believe of Jesus was to come upon us at this minute he'd tell you that in yore lack of love an' kindness, both to yore wife an' son, you are a whole generation of vipers an' hypocrites stuffed in one pair of pants. He said, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' an' you are judgin' that's yore heart without seemin' even the outside wrappin' of it. Jesus would say you was tryin' to git a mote out of the boy's eye when you have a beam in yore own as big as any piece of timber that ever left a sawmill."

"I'm goin' to speak plainer than I have ever done to a human soul," she

said, her face growing pale, her lips set stiff. "I've hesitated to tell even God what I'm goin' to tell you. Brother Daniel, I married that man to please my father an' mother. They said I'd love 'im in time, an' I thought maybe I would. I was miserable till Howard was born; then I had some'n' to live for. Do you understand now—do you see? But now Hiram is drivin' my boy away an' expects me to stay here an' be his drudge. I can't do it, an' I won't!"

"The thing has knocked me out, too," Abner said seriously. "Everybody knows how I like Howard. Me an' him is like two young fellers, Sister Tinsley. We laugh an' crack jokes an' have our fun like frolickin' boys out of school. When I'm with him I forget I'm an old man, an' he never seems to think of it. I've had 'im leave a gang of youngsters many a time an' come to me for a fish or a hunt. Say, we must try to keep 'im here. We must hatch up some excuse or other."

"We can't; he really wants to go. He's ambitious to do something big in newspaper work. He says he has never had a fair show on the Clarion. Hillhouse takes the credit for every good line that he writes."

"That is a noted fact," Abner said. "Hillhouse is on his last legs. He is too old fashioned for this rapid age. 'If you don't mind I'll talk to your husband a little about Howard,' Abner continued. "I don't know that it will help matters, but that may be no harm in tryin'."

"I wish you would," Mrs. Tinsley said. "Leaving him at the door, she entered the house. Her husband had not noticed their approach and now walked to a bench at the side of the house, which held a washbowl and a bathing stick. He had taken his Bible and seemed about to open it. His brow was puckered thoughtfully, the lids of his blue eyes were drawn so close together that only narrow slits appeared.

"Hello! How are you, old stick in the mud?" Abner called out in his usual jocular tone. "I seed you lookin' at your bees just now. Expectin' them little flyin' bugs to give you a lot of honey next time you bust into the humble domicle, eh? Looks like a man that walks with God as frequently as you do would take pity on his most industrious creatures. The longer I live the blinder you shoutin' Christians seem to get. Do you know, I believe custom makes folks do all they do, an' the time is shore to come when bees an' silkworms won't be made to work hard to fill men's bellies an' kiver gals' leers."

"Humph!" Hiram snorted, with a contemptuous jerk of his fringed bald head. "I wonder why you never say a thing that has a bit of common sense in it."

"I can't talk common sense to an uncommon man, an' that's what you are, Hiram. If the Lord had made you just he'd 'a' made an array of ordinary men out of yore pore ribs. But no jokin', I stopped to talk to you about Howard. I'm sorry to hear the boy has concluded to go away. He's young an' quick tempered, an' right now it looks to me like home is the best place for a feller like him."

"This home ain't!" Hiram waved his hand in the direction of the house. "I raised 'im an' educated 'im to see 'im git too big for his britches. He has the cheek to argue with me an' dispute what's hid down in this book. He's wiser'n the Almighty hisself, who gave his word to live by. The young fool denies it all, I tell you, an' why he ain't struck dead in his tracks for blasphemy I don't know."

"Maybe he is more p'lesin' to the Lord than you imagine," Abner said down on the end of the wash bench, and, crossing his long legs, swung his right foot up and down.

Hiram jerked the Bible from beneath his arm, and, raising his foot to the bench, he opened the book on his knee. Rapidly he turned the pages, a fanatical gleam in his eyes. "I've got authority for my stand," he cried. "This book tells me my duty plain enough. I don't have to go to a pappy man like you, who is even now sayin' exactly what the devil prompts. Listen close to this an' see of anything could possibly be plainer. Matthew xi, 35: 'For I'm comin'—that's our Savior speakin', remember—I'm come to set a man at variance against his father.' No, that ain't it; wait! 'For a man's foes shall be of his own household.' That ain't it neither. Here it is, verse 37: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, an' he that loveth son—behold that—the one that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'"

"I ketch yore p'int," Abner smiled slightly. "an' all I got to say is that I don't intend to let you nor no other crusty old duck like you interpret my scriptur' for me. Now, I've always thought that Jesus meant some'n' like this, for instance: Ef a man had a son, we'll say, that wanted to go into hoss steidin' for a regular business an' invited his pa to help 'im out, why, the man was advised to part company with 'im, of reform was impossible. But yore boy ain't done nothin' but read a little on fresh lines an' think fer 'isself. It is all in the way you look at it, you see. I don't want to be rough, Hiram, but I believe of Jesus was to come upon us at this minute he'd tell you that in yore lack of love an' kindness, both to yore wife an' son, you are a whole generation of vipers an' hypocrites stuffed in one pair of pants. He said, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' an' you are judgin' that's yore heart without seemin' even the outside wrappin' of it. Jesus would say you was tryin' to git a mote out of the boy's eye when you have a beam in yore own as big as any piece of timber that ever left a sawmill."

"I'm goin' to speak plainer than I have ever done to a human soul," she

said, her face growing pale, her lips set stiff. "I've hesitated to tell even God what I'm goin' to tell you. Brother Daniel, I married that man to please my father an' mother. They said I'd love 'im in time, an' I thought maybe I would. I was miserable till Howard was born; then I had some'n' to live for. Do you understand now—do you see? But now Hiram is drivin' my boy away an' expects me to stay here an' be his drudge. I can't do it, an' I won't!"

"The thing has knocked me out, too," Abner said seriously. "Everybody knows how I like Howard. Me an' him is like two young fellers, Sister Tinsley. We laugh an' crack jokes an' have our fun like frolickin' boys out of school. When I'm with him I forget I'm an old man, an' he never seems to think of it. I've had 'im leave a gang of youngsters many a time an' come to me for a fish or a hunt. Say, we must try to keep 'im here. We must hatch up some excuse or other."

"We can't; he really wants to go. He's ambitious to do something big in newspaper work. He says he has never had a fair show on the Clarion. Hillhouse takes the credit for every good line that he writes."

"That is a noted fact," Abner said. "Hillhouse is on his last legs. He is too old fashioned for this rapid age. 'If you don't mind I'll talk to your husband a little about Howard,' Abner continued. "I don't know that it will help matters, but that may be no harm in tryin'."

"I wish you would," Mrs. Tinsley said. "Leaving him at the door, she entered the house. Her husband had not noticed their approach and now walked to a bench at the side of the house, which held a washbowl and a bathing stick. He had taken his Bible and seemed about to open it. His brow was puckered thoughtfully, the lids of his blue eyes were drawn so close together that only narrow slits appeared.

"Hello! How are you, old stick in the mud?" Abner called out in his usual jocular tone. "I seed you lookin' at your bees just now. Expectin' them little flyin' bugs to give you a lot of honey next time you bust into the humble domicle, eh? Looks like a man that walks with God as frequently as you do would take pity on his most industrious creatures. The longer I live the blinder you shoutin' Christians seem to get. Do you know, I believe custom makes folks do all they do, an' the time is shore to come when bees an' silkworms won't be made to work hard to fill men's bellies an' kiver gals' leers."

"Humph!" Hiram snorted, with a contemptuous jerk of his fringed bald head. "I wonder why you never say a thing that has a bit of common sense in it."

"I can't talk common sense to an uncommon man, an' that's what you are, Hiram. If the Lord had made you just he'd 'a' made an array of ordinary men out of yore pore ribs. But no jokin', I stopped to talk to you about Howard. I'm sorry to hear the boy has concluded to go away. He's young an' quick tempered, an' right now it looks to me like home is the best place for a feller like him."

"This home ain't!" Hiram waved his hand in the direction of the house. "I raised 'im an' educated 'im to see 'im git too big for his britches. He has the cheek to argue with me an' dispute what's hid down in this book. He's wiser'n the Almighty hisself, who gave his word to live by. The young fool denies it all, I tell you, an' why he ain't struck dead in his tracks for blasphemy I don't know."

"Maybe he is more p'lesin' to the Lord than you imagine," Abner said down on the end of the wash bench, and, crossing his long legs, swung his right foot up and down.

Hiram jerked the Bible from beneath his arm, and, raising his foot to the bench, he opened the book on his knee. Rapidly he turned the pages, a fanatical gleam in his eyes. "I've got authority for my stand," he cried. "This book tells me my duty plain enough. I don't have to go to a pappy man like you, who is even now sayin' exactly what the devil prompts. Listen close to this an' see of anything could possibly be plainer. Matthew xi, 35: 'For I'm comin'—that's our Savior speakin', remember—I'm come to set a man at variance against his father.' No, that ain't it; wait! 'For a man's foes shall be of his own household.' That ain't it neither. Here it is, verse 37: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, an' he that loveth son—behold that—the one that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'"

"I ketch yore p'int," Abner smiled slightly. "an' all I got to say is that I don't intend to let you nor no other crusty old duck like you interpret my scriptur' for me. Now, I've always thought that Jesus meant some'n' like this, for instance: Ef a man had a son, we'll say, that wanted to go into hoss steidin' for a regular business an' invited his pa to help 'im out, why, the man was advised to part company with 'im, of reform was impossible. But yore boy ain't done nothin' but read a little on fresh lines an' think fer 'isself. It is all in the way you look at it, you see. I don't want to be rough, Hiram, but I believe of Jesus was to come upon us at this minute he'd tell you that in yore lack of love an' kindness, both to yore wife an' son, you are a whole generation of vipers an' hypocrites stuffed in one pair of pants. He said, 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' an' you are judgin' that's yore heart without seemin' even the outside wrappin' of it. Jesus would say you was tryin' to git a mote out of the boy's eye when you have a beam in yore own as big as any piece of timber that ever left a sawmill."

"I'm goin' to speak plainer than I have ever done to a human soul," she

Old Folks Saved  
From Suffering

Mrs. Mary A. Dean, Taunton, Mass., was 87th year, says: "I thought I was beyond the reach of medicine, but since Kidney Pills have proven most beneficial in my case."

Mrs. Sam A. Weaver, High Point, N. C., writes: "I suffered from kidney trouble at night and I had to get up several times to urinate. Now I do not have to get up at night, and consider myself in very normal condition, which I attribute to Foley Kidney Pills, as I have taken nothing else since."

Mrs. M. A. Bridges, Robinson, Mass., says: "I suffered from kidney ailment for two years. I commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills ten months ago, and though I am 61 years of age, feel like a 35-year-old girl."

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic, strengthening and up-building, and restore normal action to the kidneys and to a disordered and painful bladder. They act quickly and contain no dangerous or harmful drugs.

Sold Everywhere.

Tinsley was white with rage. "Cling the Bible, he pushed it back under his arm. 'I'll attend to my business an' you attend to your'n,' he panted."

The next morning Abner drove to the village of Darley. He had a bale of cotton on his wagon. He unloaded the cotton at the main warehouse, where he unharnessed his horses and tethered them to a hitching post in a vacant lot near by. In a grocery store across the street he secured two small boxes into which he put some oats. At the same store he borrowed a pail and watered the horses from a well in the middle of the street. After this was done Abner went into the Johnston House, built long before the civil war.

Abner sauntered into the hotel office, and, approaching the clerk's counter in a corner of the room, he leaned on a small showcase for cigars. The clerk, a middle aged man by the name of Smart, was sorting some letters and placing them in the numbered pigeonholes which held the keys of the various rooms. He lighted a cigar.

"Say, Tom," he went on, "have you seen Howard Tinsley around this mornin'?"

"Yes, he was in at breakfast. He's staying here regular now. Say, what's wrong between him and his pa, Mr. Daniel? Howard doesn't keep back anything from his friends, and I am one. He didn't say what it was about, but when he engaged his room here yesterday he was mad as a tiger. He intimated that he had been ordered away from home."

Abner's forehead wrinkled between his bushy brows. "I don't keep track of such things," he said. "Ef that is any misunderstanding I reckon it will git smoothed out. Old Tinsley means well, an' so does Howard."

"There won't be any smooth out this time," the clerk smiled knowingly. "Howard's had enough on all sides. Hillhouse won't give him any show here in town, and his father won't out home. He's going west to grow up with the country. He's got his eye on some new, booming town in Texas. He is a rising newspaper man; best judges say so. You are going to take dinner with us, ain't you?"

Abner wrote his name on the register.

Later Howard Tinsley arrived and told of his resolve to leave town.

That evening at dusk as Howard was passing the big parlor of the hotel on his way to his room to dress for the dance the young people had arranged in his and Miss Corn Langham's honor he met that young lady strolling toward the long veranda which overlooked the main street.

"It is very kind of the boys to do this, isn't it?" she said in her soft, low voice. "Oh, they are so nice! I love them all. My society friends in Atlanta wonder how I can have such a good time here in the summer. You see, they want to go to New York or Atlantic City. They would die or be disgraced in their own estimation if they didn't get to those places once a year, but as for me—well, when the summer rolls around I am simply famished for old Darley." Miss Langham was visiting friends.

"I think I understand," he smiled. "You think you do?" She raised her long lashes and gazed at him with a pained expression. "You are going to say something mean again, and right when you are going away too."

"Why, you are a natural woman," he laughed. "You have had the admiration of men all your life. You have fed upon it as a regular diet till it has become almost the chief part of your existence. Down in Atlanta, however, your field is not quite so novel."

"My field?" she sniffed. "I don't like that word."

"It is all right," he laughed teasingly. "Down there the young men are busier, as a class, and there are other girls in your set, I am sure, who like admiration, and they keep playing the game. But here there is only one of your particular kind. You have charmed this whole rural bunch, old and young, married and unmarried, and you enjoy it, that's all. You would not be true to your type if you did not enjoy it."

"Howard," she put her hand on his arm. "Howard, do you know you are the only man who ever dared to speak to me like this? I wish I could get angry with you, but I can't."

"That's because I am sincere. I mean what I say, and you know it. I heard you say once quite frankly that thirty thirty different men had proposed to you. I don't doubt it and that fully fifty have been in love with you. I feel your charm myself. It fairly sweeps me off my feet at times, and I have to clutch at something. There is only one straw, and I grab it."

A flush of delight suffused her face. She was fairly off her guard. "What is that straw, pray?" she asked.

"Why, the fact that my best judgment tells me you are not for me,"

simply refuse to fall into the masculine scrap heap your dainty feet have kicked aside. You are the most delicious creature I ever met. There are moments in which I let my imagination fairly sweep me away with the fancy that we love each other, but I hold myself in check."

Her face hardened a little under sheer perplexity. "You will write to me when you get located in the west, won't you?"

"As an old friend, perhaps, yes," he answered firmly, "but not as one of the scrap heap. Our ways really are wide apart. I am going to try to make a living. You will continue, supported by your father's money, to break hearts to the end."

She put her hand on his arm, and they walked through the as yet unlighted corridor toward the veranda on the opposite side of the building. "Howard, you have no idea how much I like you. I think I like you more than any one I ever met. I am not sure, but I think so."

(To Be Continued.)

## Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

Fred Wagner of Louisville was here today for a short time looking after some matters of importance at the court house.

Frank L. Rhoden, from near Murray, was in the city last evening for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

A. B. Fornoff of near Cullom was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Adam Hild was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters with the merchants and visiting with his sons here.

D. A. Eaton and wife from near Union were in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business at the court house.

Peter Meisinger and wife from near Cedar Creek were in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Fred Clark, road overseer of Liberty precinct, was here today for a few hours taking in the session of the board of county commissioners.

C. E. Mockenhaupt of Wabash was in the city today for a short time looking after some matters with the county board at the court house.

O. K. Reed of Falls City was here today looking after the interests of the Monarch Engineering company before the board of county commissioners.

Mrs. John Fight was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha to visit for the day in that city with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Sullivan and family.

Editor Rutledge of the Nebraska News, and father, and Morris Pollard of that city were here for a few hours yesterday, motoring up from their homes.

"Ted" Jeary, the irrepressible, of Elmwood, was in the city today engaged in looking after some matters at the court house and calling on his friends.

W. F. Moore, from near Murray, was in the city yesterday afternoon for a short time attending to some matters of business and calling on his friends.

W. E. Rosenkrans returned home last evening from San Antonio, Texas, where he has been for the past week looking after the land interests in that state.

John B. Kaffenberger came in this morning from his farm home west of this city and departed on the early Burlington train to look after some matters on the live stock market.

Mrs. P. J. Vallery and daughter, Mrs. Jay Vaughn, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will visit for the day, looking after some matters of business.