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ABNER DANIEL

(Continued from Page 3)

A quizzical look dawned in the old negro's eyes, and then he gave a resounding guffaw and shook all over.

"I reckon I know his boss, Marse Rayburn," he chuckled.

"That's a good one on you, Alan," laughed Miller. "He knows your 'boss,' I'll have to say that on you when I see you two together."

As the negro left the office Mr. Trabue leaned in the doorway, holding his battered silk hat in his hand and mopping his perspiring face.

He nodded to Alan and said to Miller, "Do you want to write?"

"Not any more for you, thanks," said Miller. "I have the backache now from those depositions I made out for you yesterday."

"Oh, I don't mean that," the old lawyer assured him, "but I can't borrow yore ink just now, an', seein' you at yore desk, I thought you might need it."

"Oh, if I do," jested Miller, "I can buy another bottle at the bookstore. They pay me a commission on the ink I furnish the row. They let me have it cheap by the case. What stumps me is that you looked in to see if I needed it. You are breaking the rule, Mr. Trabue. They generally make me hunt for my office furniture when I need it. They've borrowed everything I have except my iron safe. Their ignorance of the combination, its weight and their confirmed laziness are all that saved it."

When the old lawyer had gone, the two friends sat and smoked in silence for several minutes. Alan was studying Miller's face. Something told him that the news of his father's disaster had reached him and that Miller was going to speak of it. He was not mistaken, for the lawyer soon broached the subject.

"I've been intending to ride out to see you almost every day this week," he said, "but business has always prevented my leaving town."

"Then you have heard?"

"Yes, Alan, I'm sorry, but it's all over the country. A man's bad luck spreads as fast as good war news. I heard it the next day after your father returned from Atlanta, and saw the whole thing in a flash. The truth is, Perkins had the cheek to try his scheme on me. I'm the first target of every scoundrel who has something to sell, and I've learned many of their tricks. I didn't listen to all he had to say, but got rid of him as soon as I could. You must not blame the old man. As I see it now, it was a most plausible scheme, and the shame of it is that no one can be handled for it. Your father will have to grin and bear it. He really didn't pay a fabulous price for the land, and if he were in a condition to hold on to it for, say, twenty-five years he might not lose money. But who can do that sort of thing? I have acres and acres of mountain land offered me at a much lower figure, but what little money I've made has been made by turning my capital rapidly. Have you seen Dolly since it happened?"

"No; not for two weeks," replied Alan. "I went to church with her Sunday before last and have not seen her since. I was wondering if she had heard about it."

"Oh, yes; she's heard it from the colo-

nel. It may surprise you, but the thing has rubbed him the wrong way.

"Why, I don't understand," exclaimed Alan. "Has he?"

"The old man has had about 2,000 acres of land over near your father's purchases, and it seems that he was closely watching all your father's deals and, in spite of his judgment to the contrary, Mr. Bishop's confidence in that sort of real estate has made him put a higher valuation on his holdings over there. So you see, now that your father's mistake is common talk, he is forced to realize a big slump, and he wants to blame some one for it. I don't know but that your father or some one else made him an offer for his land, which he refused. So you see it is only natural for him to be disgruntled."

"I see," said Alan. "I reckon you heard that from Miss Dolly?"

Miller smoked slowly.

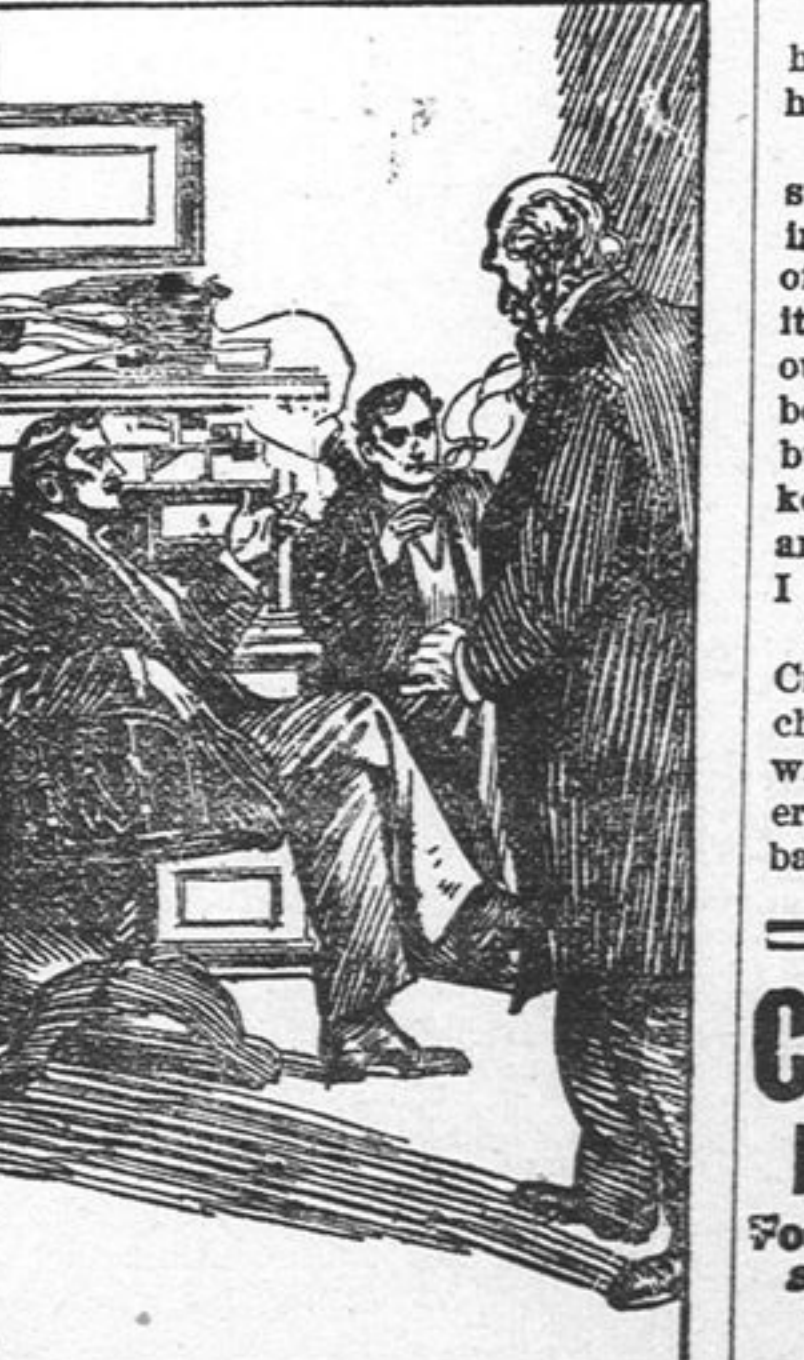
"Yes"—after a pause—"I dropped in there night before last, and she told me about it. She's not one of your surface creatures. She talks sensibly on all sorts of subjects. Of course she's not going to show her heart to me, but she couldn't hide the fact that your trouble was worrying her a good deal. I think she'd like to see you at the ball tonight. Frank Hillhouse will give you a dance or two. He's going to be hard to beat. He's the most attentive fellow I ever ran across. He's got a new buggy—a regular bug-me-tight—and a high stepping Kentucky mare for the summer campaign. He'll have some money at his father's death, and all the old women say he's the best catch in town because he doesn't drink, has a Sunday school class and will have money. We are all going to wear evening suits tonight. There are some girls from Rome visiting Hattie Alexander, and we don't want them to smell hay in our hair. You know how the boys are. Unless all of us wear spiketails no one will; so we took a vote on it, and we'll be on a big dick. There'll be a devilish lot of misfits. Those who haven't suits are borrowing in all directions. Frank Buford will rig out in Colonel Day's antebellum togger. Did you bring yours?"

"It happens to be at Parker's shop," being pressed, said Alan.

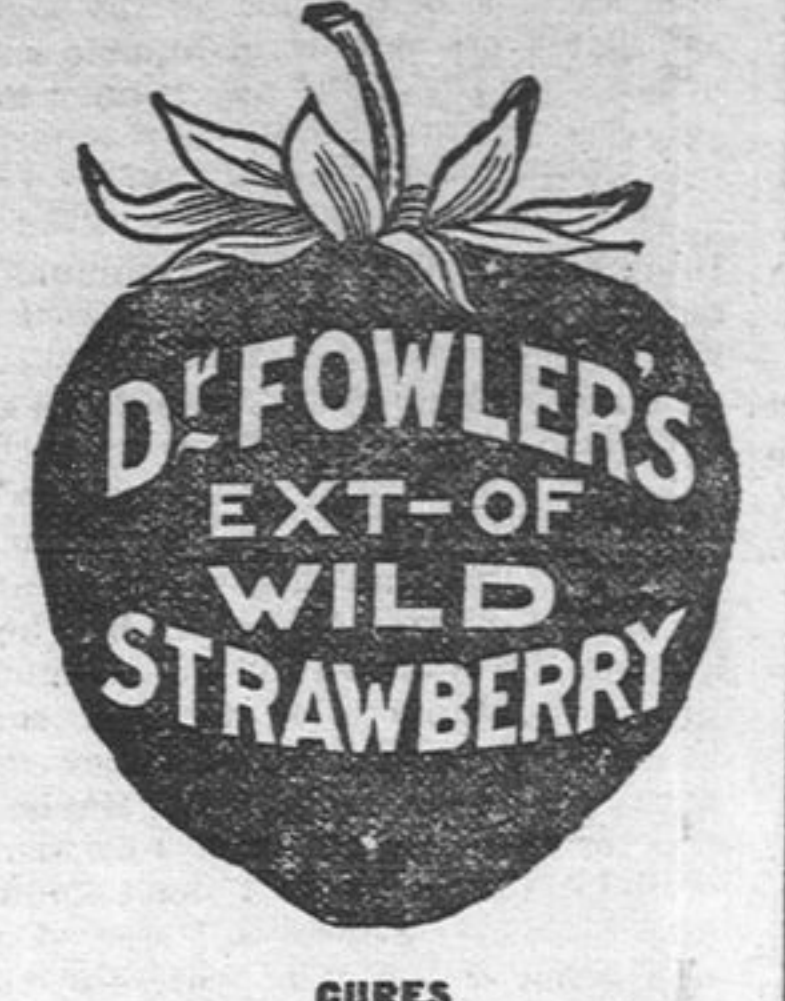
"I've had three in the last six years," laughed Miller. "You know how much larger Todd Selman is than I am. He burst one of mine from collar to waist last summer at the Springs. I can't refuse 'em, God bless 'em! Jeff Higgins married in my best Prince Albert last week and spilled boiled custard on it, but he's got a good wife and a fair job on a railroad in Tennessee now. I'd have given him the coat, but he'd never have accepted it and been mad the rest of his life at my offer. Parker said somebody had tried to scrape the custard off with a sharp knife and that he had a lot of trouble cleaning it. I wore the coat yesterday and felt like I was going to be married. Todd must have left some of his shivers in it. I reckon that's as near as I'll ever come to the hitching post."

Just then a tall, thin man entered. He wore a rather threadbare frock coat, unevenly bound with braid, and had a shallow, sunken and rather long face. It was Samuel Craig, one of the two private bankers of the town. He was about sixty years of age and had a pronounced stoop.

"Hello!" he said pleasantly. "You young bloods are a-goin' to play smash with the gals' hearts tonight, I reckon. I say, go it while you are young. Rayburn, I want to get one of them iron-



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Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Sole and \$1.00; all druggists.

I had no idea when the money would be called for, I placed it with his nibs here 'on call.' Things got in a tangle at the mill, and they kept waiting, and our friend here concluded I had given it to him.

"I thought you had forgotten you had it," said Craig, with another of his loud, infectious laughs.

"Anyway," went on Miller, "I got a sudden order for the amount and ran in on him on my way from the post office. I made out my check and stuck it under his nose. Great Scott! You ought to have seen him wilt. I don't believe he had half of it in the house, but he had ten million excuses. He kept me waiting two days and hustled around to beat the band. He thought I was going to close him up."

"That was a close shave," admitted Craig. "Never mind about the over-checking, my boy. Keep it up, if it will help you. You are doing altogether too much business with the other bank to suit me anyway."

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FREE.

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FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE young people assembled slowly at the dance that evening. Toward dark it had begun raining, and, according to custom, two lively stable carriages, called "hacks," were engaged to convey all the couples to and from the hotel.

Everything in life is relative, and to young people who often went to less pretentious entertainments this affair was rather impressive in its elegance. Lamps shone everywhere, and bunches of candles blazed and sputtered in nooks hung about with evergreens. The girls were becomingly attired in light evening gowns, and many of them were good looking, refined and graceful. All were soft spoken and easy in their manners and either wore or carried flowers. The evening suits of the young men were well in evidence and more noticeable to the wearers themselves than they would have been to a spectator used to conventional style of dress. They could be seen in all stages of inadaptability to figures too large or too small, and even after the dance began there were several swaps and a due amount of congratulation on the improvement from the appreciative fair sex. The young lady accompanying each young man had planned a small bouquet on his lapel, so that it would have been impossible to tell whether a man had a natural taste for flowers or was the willing victim to a taste higher than his own.

Rayburn Miller and Alan sat smoking and talking in the room of the latter till half past 9 o'clock, and then they went down. As a general rule, young men were expected to escort ladies to dances when the young men went to all, but Alan was often excused from so doing on account of living in the country, and Miller had broken down every precedent in that respect and never invited a girl to go with him. He atoned for this shortcoming by contributing most liberally to every entertainment given by the young people, even when he was out of town. He used to say he liked to graze and nibble at such things and feel free to go to bed or business at will.

As the two friends entered the big parlor Alan espied the girl about whom he had been thinking all day. She was seated in one of the deep, lace curtained windows behind the piano. Frank Hillhouse was just presenting to her a faultlessly attired traveling salesman. At this juncture one of the floor managers with a white rosette on his lapel called Miller away to ask his advice about some details and Alan turned out of the parlor into the wide corridor which ran through the house. He did this in obedience to another unwritten law governing Darley's social intercourse—that it would be impolite for a resident gentleman to intrude himself upon a stranger who had just been introduced to a lady. So he went down to the ground floor and strolled into the office. It was full of tobacco smoke and a throng of men, some of whom were from the country and others from the town drawn to the hotel by the festivities. From the office a door opened into a bar and billiard room, whence came the clicking of ivory balls and the grunting of cues. Another door led into the large dining room, which had been cleared of its tables that it might be used for dancing. There were a sawing of fiddles, the twanging of guitars, the jingling of tambourines and the grunting of a bass viol. The musicians, black and yellow, occupied chairs on one of the tables, which had been placed against the wall, and one of the floor managers was engaged in whittling paraffin candles over the floor and rubbing it in with his feet. Seeing what he was doing, some of the young men, desirous of trying their new patent leather pumps, came in and began to waltz singly and in couples.

When everything was in readiness, the floor manager piloted the dancers downstairs. From the office Alan saw them filing into the big room and taking seats in the chairs arranged against the walls on all sides. He saw Frank Hillhouse and Dolly Barclay sit down near the band; the salesman had disappeared. Alan threw his cigar away and went straight to her.

"Oh, here you are!" laughed Frank Hillhouse as Alan shook hands with her. "I told Miss Dolly coming on that the west wind would blow you this way, and when I saw Ray Miller just now I knew you'd struck the town."

"It wasn't exactly the wind," replied Alan. "I'm afraid you will forget me if I stay on the farm all the time."

"We certainly are glad to have you," smiled Miss Barclay.

"I knew she'd say that—I knew it," said Hillhouse. "A girl can always think of nicer things to say to a fellow than his rival can. Old Squire Trabue was teasing me the other day about how hard you was to beat. Bishop, but I told him the bigger the war the more victory for somebody, and, as the fellow said, I tote fair and am aboveboard."

Alan greeted this with an all but visible shudder. There was much in his dignified bearing and good appearance to commend him to the preference of any thinking woman, especially when contrasted to Hillhouse, who was only a little taller than Dolly and was showing himself even at a greater disadvantage in his unrefined allusions to his and Alan's attentions to her. Indeed Alan was sorry for the spectacle the fellow was making of himself and tried to pass it over.

"I usually come in on Saturdays," he explained.

"That's true," said Dolly, with one of her rare smiles.

"Yes"—Hillhouse took another head-into forbidden waters—"he's about joined your church, they tell me." Alan treated this with an indulgent

smile. He did not dislike Hillhouse, but he did not admire him, and he had never quite liked his constant attentions to Miss Barclay. But it was an acknowledged fact among the society girls of Darley that if a girl refused to go out with any young man in good standing it was not long before she was left at home oftener than was pleasant. Dolly was easily the best looking girl in the room—not perhaps the most daintily pretty, but she possessed a beauty which strength of character and intellect alone could give to a face already well featured. Even her physical beauty alone was of that texture which gives the beholder an agreeable sense of solidity. She was well formed, above medium height, had a beautiful neck and shoulders, dark gray eyes and abundant golden brown hair.

"May I see your card?" asked Alan. "I came early to secure at least one."

"At this Frank Hillhouse burst out

laughing, and she smiled up at him. "He's been teasing me all evening about the predicament I'm in," she explained. "The truth is, I'm not going to dance at all. The president of the association happened in town today on his way through and is at our house. I know how bitter he is against dancing members dancing. At first I thought I shouldn't come a step, but Hillhouse and I succeeded in getting up a compromise. I can only look on and fill my card for what they call stationary dances."

Alan laughed as he took the card which was already almost filled, and wrote his name in one of the blank spaces. Some one called Hillhouse away, and then an awkward silence fell upon them. For the first time Alan noticed a worried expression on her face.

"You have no buttonhole bouquet," she said, noticing his bare lapel. "That's what you get for not bringing a girl. Let me make you one."

"I wish you would," he said thoughtfully, for as she began to arrange her flowers for some moments she leaves her noted again the expression of countenance that had already pained him.

"Since you are so popular," he went on, his eyes on her deft fingers, "I'd better try to make another engagement. I'd as well confess that I came in town solely to ask you to let me take you to church tomorrow evening."

He saw her start. She raised her eyes to his almost imploringly, and then she looked down. His heart beat breast heavy suddenly as with a thrill, and time she looked forward to the end of the hour.

(Continued next week)



Sunshine Furnace

extracts all the heat from the fuel and distributes it through the house—only the smoke goes up the chimney.

And it hasn't got that enormous appetite for coal, so common in the ordinary furnace.

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Burns coal, coke or wood.

Booklet free.

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Mrs. A. Craigie, Lighthouse Street, Goderich, Ont., relates her experience:

"For some time I suffered with a great deal of backache and kidney trouble, and a severe headache which continued to grow worse. I heard of the Backache Kidney Tablets, and I determined to try them. I procured a bottle from the nearest drug store, P. M. Dunham, and they acted splendidly, stopping the backache and headache, and curing the kidney complaint. I strongly recommend these Tablets to every one suffering as I did."

Mrs. John Wiseman, Woodham Street, St. Mary's, Ont., says:

"During a recent sharp attack of lumbago, due to exposure to cold, I used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets with complete relief. I did not use the entire bottle, which speaks well for the ability to cure backache kidney troubles."

and the poisons which these organs should filter out of the blood are circulating through the system and making havoc with the health.

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No woman whose kidneys are out of order can afford to delay one day in procuring Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

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or have children or relatives that do so, or be a friend that is afflicted, then send for the trial and try it. It will be sent by mail for 25c. The trial is guaranteed. If cured, the cost of the medicine is refunded. When writing mention this paper, and give full address to

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(Continued next week)

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\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Vol. XLVI, No. 30.

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Last week's good. We speak by the performance list of Bargains for dollars.

10 pieces Fancy Dress Mus 4 pieces Black Stripe Cott 15 pieces Checked Gingham 8c, B. D. 1 Extra Heavy Bleached S 22c, B. D. 2 pieces White Lawn, reg 2 pieces White Striped A 11c, B. D. 5 pieces 36 inch Unbleach 1 piece Black Ladies' Clo 20 Dinner Plats, reg 7c 20 Old S. covers for 1c each 10 Ladies' Trimmed S. B Caps, reg 40c, B. D. White Table Linen, 64 inch 1 Unbleached 58 inch Tall Pink, Yellow, Orange and 2 pieces Heavy Cottonad 10 Ladies' Wrappers, reg 4 pieces Art Muslin, reg 2 pieces Spotted Frilled I Berlin Wools, Shetland 1 Black, White and Colored 50 pairs Nottingham Lac Cream and Green Shade 100 pairs Ladies' Ribbed Cotton, Linen and Glass Men's Railbriggan Under Curtain Poles, Oak and 15 Remnants of Union and 3 dozen Ladies' Belts, reg Men's Cottonade pants, Men's Odd Pant, reg \$1 Ladies' Homespun Skirts Ladies' Parasols, reg \$1.50 100 Remnants D.ress Goods Men's Colored Regatta G Ladies' White Cotton V Ladies' Hand bags, reg 5 Val. Laces 5c kinds for \$ Ladies' black, white and 12-13 per cent. off all Cl

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Our stock moving out. This is not want to c We need date Fail Go

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FRIDAY'S LACROSSE WAS A DIS

The Game with the Several Fights—

On Friday afternoon match between the team and the Total city club, Peterburg large crowd. Mr. P. B. Beaverston, a former C. L. A. was referee knew that the rule would be pretty vig They were a bit det of the ballgame ten savage partimes a Rugby football eng