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Vine destrict, I'll knock a dent in that egg shaped head o' yor'n an' make them eyes look two ways fer Sunday. You know a gentleman like Alan Bishop wouldn't notice you under ordinary circumstances, an' so you trump up that excuse to git his attention."

The two men glared at each other, but Pole seemed to get the best of that sort of combat, for the officer only growled. "You can insult a man when you

are under arrest," he said, "beca'se you know I am under bond to keep the peace. But I'm not afeerd of you." "They tell me you are afeerd o' sper-

its, though," retorted the prisoner. Pole stood up at his full height, the "They tell me a little nigger boy that chain clanking as he rose. "They hain't was shot when a passle o' skunks went treated me right about this matter, to whip his daddy fer vagrancy stands Alan Bishop," he said, half resentfully, at the foot o' yore bed ever' night. Oh,

"Yes, you know a lots," said the man

sullenly as his eyes fell. To avoid encouraging the disputants further Alan walked suddenly away. The marshal took willing advantage of the opportunity and followed him.

"I could make a case agin you," he said, catching up, "but I know you didn't mean to violate the ordinance." "No, of course I didn't," said Alan, "but I want to know if that fellow could be released if I paid his fine."

"You are not fool enough to do it, are

"That's what I am." "Have you got the money in yore pocket?" The officer was laughing, as if at a good joke.

"I have." "Well"-the marshal laughed again as he swung his short club round by a string that fastened it to his wrist-"well, you come with me, an' I'll show you a man that wants \$30 wuss than any man I know of. I don't believe Bill Barrett has slept a wink sence this thing happened. He'll be tickled to death to git off so easy. The town has deviled the life out of him. He don't go by whar Pole's at work-I mean, whar he ain't at work-fer Pole yells"

at 'im whenever he sees 'im." That night when Alan reached home he sent a servant over to tell Mrs. Baker that Pole was all right and that he'd be home soon. He had eaten his supper and had gone upstairs to go to bed when he heard his name called outside. Going to a window and looking out, he recognized Pole Baker standing at the gate in the clear moonlight.

"Alan," he said softly, "come down heer a minute. I want to see you." Alan went down and joined him. For a moment Pole stood leaning against the fence, his eyes hidden by his broad

brimmed slouch hat. "Did you want to see me, Pole?" Alan

"Yes, I did," the fellow swallowed. asked. He made a motion as if to reach out his hand, but refrained. Then he looked

straight into Alan's face. "I couldn't go to sleep till I'd said some'n' to you," he began, with another gulp. "I laid down an' made a try at it, but it wasn't no go. I've got to say it. I'm heer to swear that ef God or some'n' else don't show me a way to pay you back fer what you done today I'll never draw a satisfied breath. Alan Bishop, yo're a man-a man from yore outside skin to the marrow o' yore bones, an' ef I don't find some way to prove what I think about you I'll jest burn up! I got into that trouble as thoughtless as I'd play a prank with my baby, an' then they all come down on me an' begun to try to drive me like a hog out'n a field with rocks an' sticks, an' the very old Harry riz in me an' defied 'em. recken thar wasn't anything Bill could do but carry out the law, an' I knowed it, but I wasn't ready to admit it. Then you come along an' rendered a verdict in my favor when you needed the money you did it with. Alan, ef I don't show my appreciation it 'll be beca'se I don't live long enough. You never axed me but one thing, an' that was to quit drinkin' whisky. I'm goin' to make a try at it, not beca'se I think that 'll pay you back, but beca'se with a sober head I kin be a better friend to you ef the chance ever comes my way." "I'm glad to hear you say that, Pole," replied Alan, greatly moved by the fellow's earnestness. "I believe you can do it. Then your wife and

"Hang my wife an' children!" snortchildren"ed Pole. "It's you I'm goin' to work

fer-you, I say!" He suddenly turned through the open gate and strode homeward across the fields. Alan stood looking after him till his tall form was lost in the hay moonlight, and then he went up to his

Pole entered the open door of his cabin and began to undress as he sat on the side of his crude bedstead, made of unbarked poles fastened to the bare logs in one corner of the room. His wife and children slept on two beds on the other side of the room.

"Did you see 'im, Pole?" piped up Mrs. Baker from the darkness. "Yes, I seed 'im. Sally, say, whar's that bottle o' whisky I had the last

time I was at home?" There was an ominous silence. Out of it rose the soft breathing of the children. Then the woman sighed. "Pole, shorely you ain't a-goin' to begin agur" -

"No; I want to bu'st it into smithereens. I don't want it about; I don't want to know thar's a drap in the house. I've swore off, an' this time she

sticks. Gi' me that bottle." Another silence. Suddenly the woman spoke: "Pole, you've swore off as many times as a dog has fleas. Often when I feel bad an' sick when you are off, a drap o' whisky makes me feel better. I don't want you to destroy the last bit in the house jest beca'se you've tuck this turn, that may wear off be fore daylight. The last time you emp-tied that keg on the ground an swore off you got on a spree an' helt the baby over the well an' threatened to drap 'er in ef I didn't find a bottle, an' you'd 'a' done it too."

Pole laughed softly. "I reckon yo're right, ole gal," he said. "Besides, ef I can't-ef I ain't man enough to let up with a bottle in the house I won't spree, you'd laugh. I went to git a shave in a barber shop, an' when the I kept smellin' it all mornin' an' tried have to have a barroom stuck under that he had discovered something that yore nose all day like a wet sponge, old man, you mought as well have one

The woman sighed audibly, but she other day, and"the counter." made no reply. "Is Billy awake?" Pole suddenly

asked. "No; you know he ain't," said Mrs.

"Well, I want to take 'im in my bed." Pole stood out on the floor in the sheet of moonlight that fell through the open

"I wouldn't, Pole," said the woman. "The pore little feller's been toddlin' about after the others, draggin' bresh to the heap tell he's tired. He drapped to sleep at the table with a piece o'

bread in his mouth." "I won't wake 'im, God bless his little heart," answered Pole, and he reached down and took the limp child in his arms and pressed him against the side of his face. He carried him tenderly across the room and lay down with him. His wife heard him uttering endearing things to the unconscious child until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

N the middle of the following week some of the young people of Darley gave a picnic at Marley's spring, a beautiful and picturesque spot about a mile below Bishop's farm. Alan had received an urgent invitation to join the party, and he rode down after dinner.

It was a hot afternoon, and the party of a dozen couples had scattered in all directions in search of cool, shady that Miss Barclay would be there; but, in surprise. "I think you are misif the truth must be told, he went solely with the hope of at least getting another look at her. He was more than agreeably surprised, for just as he had hitched his horse to a hanging bow of an oak near the spring Frank Hillhouse came from the tangle of wild vines and underbrush on a little hillside and

approached him. "You are just the fellow I'm looking there in a hammock, and I want to the hill a little brook ran merrily over leave somebody with her. Old man the water browned stones, and its it. I won't be long."

"Oh, I don't care how long you are," smiled Alan. "You can stay all day if you want to."

"I thought you wouldn't mind," grinned Frank. "I used to think you were the one man I had to fight, but I reckon I was mistaken. A feller in love imagines everybody in creation is against him."

Alan made no reply to this, but hurried away to where Dolly sat, a new magazine in her hands and a box of candies on the grass at her feet. saw you riding down the hill," she said, with a pretty flush and no little excitement. "To tell the truth, I sent Frank after the melon when I recog-



"I saw you riding down the hill." hadn't come."

He felt very happy in her presence un at the frees to keep from falling.

der all her assurances of welcome "The idea of your having a business message! That's really funny."

.

"Well, that's what it is. Sit down. She made room for him in the ham mock, and he sat beside ber, his fool ish brain in a whirl. "Why, yes, it is business, and it concerns you. I fancy it is important. Anyway it may take you to town tonight."

"You don't mean it," he laughed. She looked very pretty in her light organdie gown and big rustic hat, with its wide, flowing ribbons.

"Yes, it is a message from Rayburn Miller about that railroad idea of

"Really? Then he told you about

"Yes. He was down to see me last week. He didn't seem te think much of it then, but"-she hesitated and smiled as if over the memory of someit since. As Frank and I drove of goods, price and best attention in through the main street this morning-Frank had gone in a store to get a basket of fruit-he came to me on his way to the train for Atlanta. He hadn't time to say much, but he said bay rum, an' it got in my mustache. if you were out here today to tell you so as to meet him at his office early in All the time I kept walkin' up an' the morning. He'll be back on the down in front o' Luke Sellmore's bar. midnight train. I asked him if it was Finally I said to myself, 'Well, ef you about the railroad, and he said it was;

"I'm glad of that," said Alan, a thrill whar it 'll taste better, an' I slid up to of excitement passing over him. "Rayburn threw cold water on my ideas the

said Dolly warmly. "The idea of his with any of the larger places. thinking he is the only man in Georgia with originality! Anyway, I hope it will come to something."

"I certainly do," responded Alan. "It's the only thing I could think of to help my people, and I am willing to stake all I have on it-which is, after all, nothing but time and energy."

"Well, don't you let him or any one else discourage you," said the girl, her eyes flashing. "A man who listens to other people and puts his own ideas aside is unworthy of the brain God gave him. There is another thing"her voice sank lower and her eyes sought the ground-"Rayburn Miller is a fine, all round man, but he is not perfect by any means. He talks freely to me, you know; he's known me since I was knee high. Well, he told me-he told me of the talk he had with you at the dance that night. Oh, that burt

me-hurt me!" "He told you that!" exclaimed Alan

in surprise. "Yes, and it actually disgusted me. Does he think all men ought to act on that sort of advice? He might, for he has made an unnatural man of himself, with all his fancies for new faces, but you are not that kind, Alan, and I'm sorry you and he are so intimate; not that he can influence you much, but he has already in a way, and that

has pained me deeply." "He has influenced me?" cried Alan

"You may not realize it, but he has," said Dolly, with gentle and yet unyielding earnestness. "You see, you are so very sensitive that it would not be hard to make you believe that a young man ought not to keep on caring for a girl whose parents object to his attentions."

"Ah!" He had caught her drift. There was a pause. At the foot of melon in his patch if I'd come over for tinctly. Under the trees across the gold. Truly it was good to be alive. together and were singing:

"I see the boat go round the bend, Goodby, my lover, goodby."

Dolly had said exactly what he had never hoped to hear her say, and the fact of her broaching such a subject in such a frank, determined way sent a glow of happiness all over him.

"I don't think," he began thoughtfully, "that Rayburn or any man could keep me from"-he looked into her full, expectant eyes and then plunged madly-"could keep me from caring for you, from loving you with all my heart, Dolly, but it really is a terrible thing to know that you are robbing a girl of not only the love of her parents, but her rightful inheritance, when-when" -he hurried on, seeing that an impulse to speak was urging her to protest-"when you haven't a cent to your name and, moreover, have a black eye from your father's mistakes."

"I knew that's what he'd said!" declared the girl, almost white with anger. "I knew it! Oh, Alan, Rayburn Miller might be able to draw back and leave a girl at such a time, but no man could that truly loves as-as I believe you love me. I have known how you have felt all this time, and it has nearly broken my heart, but I could not write to you when you had never even told me what you have today. You must not let anybody or anything influence you, Alan. I'd rather be a poor man's wife and do my own work than let a paltry thing like my father's money keep me from standing by the man I love."

Alan's face was ablaze. He drew himself up and gazed at her, all his soul in his eyes. "Then I shall not give you up," he declared-"not fer anything in the world. And if there is a chance in the railroad idea I shall work at it ten times as hard now that I have talked with you."

They sat together in blissful ignorance of the passage of time till some one shouted out that Frank Hillhouse was coming with the watermelon. Then all the couples in sight or hearit. You may be surprised, but I have could be seen plunging the big melon a business message for you, and I into the water. Hattie Alexander and would have made Frank drive me past | Charlie Durant, who had been perched your house on the way home if you on a jutting bowlder high up on the "Business," Alan laughed merrily running, half sliding, down, catching

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"Better come get your teeth in that melou," Hattie said, with a knowing suale at Dolly. They lived next door o each other and were quite intimate. "Come on, Alan." Dolly rose. "Frank till never forgive me if I don't have

"I sha'n't have time if I go to town tonight," replied Alan. "I have something to do at home first."

"Then I won't keep you," Dolly smiled, "for you must go and meet Rayburn Miller. I'm going to hope that he has had good luck in Atlanta." The world had never seemed so full of joy and hope as Alan rode homeward. The sun was setting in glorious splendor beyond the towering mountains, above which the sky seemed an ocean of mother of pearl and liquid

gourd under his arm. "I know right whar you've been," he said, with a broad smile as he threw down the bars for Alan to pass. through. "I seed that gang drive by in all the'r flurry this mornin', the queen bee in the lead with that little makeshift of a man."

Alan dismounted to prevent his uncle from putting up the bars, and they walked homeward side by side. "Yes, and I've had the time of my

life," said the young man. "I talked to her for a solid hour." "I could see that in yore face," said

Abner quietly. "You couldn't hide it, an' I'll bet she didn't lose time in Dttin' you know what she never could hide from me." "We understand each other better

now," admitted Alan. "Well, I've certainly set my heart on the match—on gittin' her in our family," affirmed Abner. "Durned ef-I declare, sometimes I'm afeerd I'm gone on 'er myse'f. Yes. I want you an' her

(Continued on Page 4)

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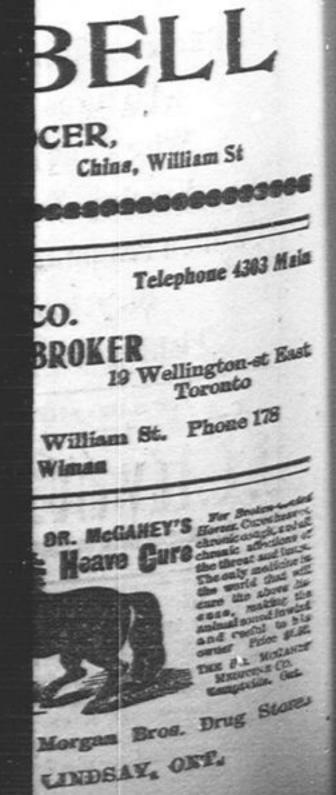
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(Continied from last week) days they can't hold him any longer,

that if they attempt to flog 'im he'll kill the first man that lays hands on him. I think Bill Barrett likes him too well to have 'im whipped, an' the whole town is guyin' him an' axin' 'im why he don't make Pole set in."

Alan went down the street to see Pole. He found him seated on a large stone, a long handled rock hammer at his feet. He looked up from under his broad brimmed hat, and a crestfallen look came into his big brown eyes. "I'm sorry to see this, Pole," said

half as if he recognized his own error. I know what I'm talkin' about!" "Bill knows he hain't done the fair thing. I know I was full, but I jest wanted to have my fun. That don't justify him in puttin' me out heer with these niggers fer folks to gap' at, an' he knows it. He ain't a friend

right. Me an' him has slep' together on the same pile o' leaves, an' I've let 'im pull down on a squirrel when I could 'a' knocket it from its perch, an' I've lent 'im my pointer an' gun many an' many a time. But he's showed what he is! He's got the wrong sow by the yeer, though, fer ef he keeps me heer till Christmas I'll never crack a rock unless I do it by accidentally steppin' on it. Mark my words, Alan Bishop, thar'll be trouble out o' this."

"Don't talk that way, Pole," said "You've broken the law, and they had to punish you for it. If they hadn't, they would have made themselves ridiculous. Why didn't you send me word you were in trouble, Pole?" The fellow hung his head and then

blurted out: "Beca'se I knowed you would make a fool o' yorese'f an' try to pay me out. Durn it, Alan Bishop, this ain't no business o' yore'n!" "I'll make it my business," said-

Alan. "How much is your fine? You ought to have sent me word." "Sent you nothin', Alan Bishop," growled the prisoner. "When I send you word to he'p me out of a scrape that whisky got me into, I'll do it after I've decently cut my throat! I say-

when you've plead with me like you have to quit the durn stuff!" At this point of the conversation Jeff Dukes, a man of medium size, dressed in dark blue uniform, with a nickel plated badge shaped like a shield and bearing the words "Marshal No. 2," came directly toward them from a

stonecutter's shop near by. "Look heer, Bishop," he said dictatorially, "whar'd you git the right to talk to that man?"

Alan looked surprised. "Am I breaking the law too?" "You are ef you hain't got a permit WHITE, graduate of Toronto from the mayor in yore pocket." University Medical Faculty, also "Well, I have no permit," replied graduate of Trinity University. Alan with a good natured smile. "Have

Toronto, and member of College of you got another ball and chain handy?" Physicians and Surgeons. Ontario. The officer frowned off his inclination to treat the matter as a jest. "You ort to have more sense than that," he said crustily. "Pole's put out heer to work say and Russell-sts. Licentiate of his time out, an' ef everybody in town Royal College Physicians and Sur- is allowed to laugh an' joke with him geons, Edinburg. Licentiate of he'd crack about as many rocks as you

"You are a durn liar, Jeff Dukes," said Pole angrily. "You are a-makin" that up to humiliate me furder. You know no law like that never was enforced. Ef I ever git you out in Pea

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