By Stewart Edward White

mortgage on the company's newry acquired property-the tugs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the financing determined. It left the company with obligations of \$1,500 a rear in interest, expenses which would no heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock worth at par exactly \$49,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these ifabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to de-Brer about 100,000,000 feet of logs. after some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary.

"The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newmark, "is that we have only one season contracts. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fall to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's b-u-s-t-bust."



RDE'S bank account, in spite of his laughing assertion to Newmark, contained some \$1,100. After a brief but comprehensive tour of inspection over all the works then forward he drew a hundred of this and announced to Newmark that business would take him away for about two weeks.

At Redding, whither he went to pack his little sole leather trunk, he told Grandma Orde the same thing. She came and stood by the man leaning over the trunk.

"Speak to her, Jack," said she quietv. "She cares for you." Orde looked up in astonishment, but he did not pretend to deny the implied

accusation as to his destination. "Why, mother," he cried, "she's only seen me three or four times! It's ab-

surd-yet." "I know," nodded Grandma Orde wisely; "I know. But you mark my words-she cares for you."

She placed her hand for an instant on his shoulder and went away. The Ordes were not a demonstrative people. The journey to New York was at

that time very long and disagreeable, but Orde bore it with his accustomed stoicism. He had visited the metropolis before, so it was not unfamiliar to him. He made his way to a small hotel just off Broadway.

Orde ate, dressed and set out afoot in search of Miss Bishop's address. He arrived in front of the house a little past 8 o'clock and after a moment's hesitation mounted the steps and rang

The door swung silently back to frame an impressive manservant dressed in livery. To Orde's inquiry he stated that Miss Bishop had gone out to the theater. The young man left his name and a message of regret. At this the footman, with an irony so subtle as to be quite lost on Orde, demanded a card. Orde scribbled a line in his notebook, tore it out, folded it and

He retired early and arose early, as had become his habit. At the office the clerk handed him a note: My Dear Mr. Orde-I was so sorry to

miss you that evening because of a stupid play. Come around as early as you can tomorrow morning. I shall expect you. Sincerely yours.

CARROLL BISHOP. Orde glanced at the clock, which pointed to 7. He breakfasted and started leisurely in the direction of West Ninth street. He walked slowly. At University place he was seized with a panic and hurried rapidly to his destination. The door was answered by the same man who had opened it the night before. To Orde's inquiry be



"Speak to her, Jack. She cares for you." Bishop was not yet visible and pre- er will be delighted."

pared to close the door. "You are mistaken," said Orde. "I have an engagement with Miss Bishop, the table.

Tell her Mr. Orde is here." The man departed, leaving Orde standing in the gloomy hall. That young man, however, parted the curtains leading into a parlor and sat

cown in a spindle legged chair. For quite three quarters of an hour he waited without hearing any other indications of life than muffled sounds.

Occasionally he shifted his position, but cautiously, as though he feared to awaken some one. Three oil portraits stared at him with all the reserved aloofness of their painted eyes. He began to doubt whether the man had announced him at all.

Then, breaking the stillness with almost startling abruptness, he heard a clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhythmical swish of skirts, punctuated by the light pat-pat of a girl tripping downstairs, brought him to his feet. A moment later the curtains parted,

and she entered, holding out her hand. He stood holding her hand, suddenly unable to say a word, looking at her hungrily. A flood of emotion, of which he had had no prevision, swelled up within him to fill his throat.

"It was good of you to come so promptly," said she. "I'm so anxious to hear all about the dear people at Redding."

The sounds in the next room increased in volume, as though several people must have entered that apartment. In a moment or so the curtains to the hall parted to frame the servant.

"Mrs. Bishop wishes to know, miss," said that functionary, "if you're not coming to breakfast." Orde sprang to his feet.

"Haven't you had your breakfast yet?" he cried, conscience stricken. "Didn't you gather the fact that I'm just up?" she mocked him. "I assure you it doesn't matter. The family has just come down."

"But," cried Orde, "I wasn't here until 9 o'clock. I thought, of course, you'd be around. I'm mighty sorry"-"Oh, la, la!" she cried, cutting him

Orde was for taking his leave, but this she would not have.

"You must meet my family," she negatived, "for if you're here for so short a time we want to see something of you. Come right out now." Orde thereupon followed her down

a narrow, dark hall to a door that opened slantwise into the dining room. With her back to the bow window sat a woman well beyond middle age, but with evidently some pretensions to youth. She was tall, quick in movement. Dark rings below her eyes attested either a nervous disease, a hysfourteen years of age, his face a curious contradiction between a naturally frank and open expression and a growing sullenness. Next him stood a vacant chair, evidently for Miss Bishop. Opposite lolled a young man,

holding a news-

paper in one

fee cup in the

very handsome,

with a drooping

black mustache,

dark eyes, un-

derlashes almost

too luxuriant and

a long, oval face,



pression. The know it you're not vis-a-vis to Mrs. coming to break Bishop was the

gray haired General Bishop, Carroll's father. Miss Bishop performed the necessary intrograsped his hand.

mother would barely notice the sunburned, ungainly looking riverman.

Carroll Bishop appeared quite unconscious of an atmosphere which seemed to Orde strained, but sank into her place at the table and unfolded her napkin. The silent butler drew forward a chair for Orde and stood looking impassively in Mrs. Bishop's direction.

"You will have some breakfast with us?" she inquired. "No? A cup of coffee at least?"

She began to manipulate the coffeepot without paying the slightest attention to Orde's disclaimer. The general puffed out his cheeks and coughed a bit in embarrassment.

"A good cup of coffee is never amiss to an old campaigner," he said to Orde. "It's as good as a full meal in a pinch. I remember when I was a major in the Eleventh, down near the City of Mexico, in '48, the time Hardy's command was so nearly wiped out by that viaduct"- He half turned toward Orde. his face lighting up, his fingers reaching for the fork with which, after the custom of old soldiers, to trace the chart of his reminiscences.

Mrs. Bishop rattled her cup and saucer with an uncontrollably nervous jerk of her slender body. "Spare us, father," she said brusquely, "Will you have another cup of coffee?"

The old gentleman looked a trifle be-

wildered, but subsided meekly. Orde, overwhelmed by embarrassment, discovered that none of the others had paid the incident the slightest attention. Only on the lips of Gerald Bishop he surprised a fine, detached smile. The butler brought a letter for Mrs. Bishop. The contents seemed to vex her.

She began to abuse the writer, a seamstress, for a delay in the finishing of an altar cloth and then transferred the blame to her children. It was a painful test for Orde. He finally rose. "I must be going," said he.

"Well," Carroll conceded, "I suppose I'd better see if I can't help mother out. But you'll come in again. Come stated, with great brevity, that Miss and dine with us this evening. Moth-

Mrs. Bishop departed from the room. Orde bowed to the other occupants of Orde was immediately joined on the

street by young Mr. Bishop, most correctly appointed. "Going anywhere in particular?" he

inquired. "Let's go up the avenue, then. Everybody will be out."

They walked for some distance. "Your father was in the Mexican war?" said Orde, -

"He was a most distinguished offi-

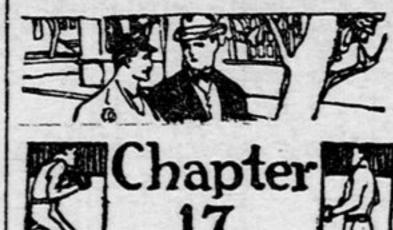
"What command had he in the civil They gets muscle bound." war? I fooled around that a little my-

"My father resigned from the army in '54," replied Gerald. "That was too bad; just before the

chance for more service," said Orde. "Army life was incompatible with my mother's temperament," stated Gerald. "You are from Redding, of course. My sister is very enthusiastic about the place. You are in business there?"

Orde gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he was interested. "And you," he said at last-"I sup-

pose you're either a broker or lawyer." "I am neither," stated Gerald, "I have sufficient income to make business unnecessary. There is plenty to occupy one's time. I have my clubs, mg gymnasium, my horse and my friends. That is my gymnasium," pointing to a building on a side street. "Won't you come in with me? I am due now for my practice."



T became difficult for Orde to un derstand the home life of the Bishops. Everybody seemed a victim to the caprice of the mother, who became hysterical at the slightest provocation and was fond of contracting imaginary ills in order to gain added attention.

The day after his walk with Gerald Bishop, Orde and Carroll had arranged for a walk. But Mrs. Bishop met them at the door and demanded that her daughter stay at home to attend to several trivial matters. But the evening turned out very well fortunately. Orde could not have stood much more. They had the parlor quite to themselves. Carroll took the cover from the tall harp, and, leaning her cheek against it, she played dreamily terical temperament or both. Immedi- for a half hour. Her arms were bare. ately at her left sat a boy of about Her soft bosom pressed against the broad sounding board. There is about the tones of a harp well played something luminous, like the rich, warm sunlight. When the girl muted the strings at last it seemed to Orde as though all at once the room had perceptibly darkened. He took his leave finally, his spirit soothed and restored.

Tranquillity was not for long, howhand and a cofever. Orde's visits were naturally as frequent as possible. To them almost instantly Mrs. Bishop opposed the strong and intuitive jealousy of egotism. She had as yet no fears as to the young man's intentions, but instinctively she felt an influence that opposed her own supreme dominance.

The week passed. Orde saw as much

dark in complexas he could of Miss Bishop. Gerald himself seemed to be much occupied Precisely at 11 every morning, however, he appeared at the gymnasium for his practice, and in this Orde dropped into the habit of joining him. When the young men first stripped in each other's presence they eyed each other with a secret surprise. Gerald's ductions. General Bishop arose and slender body was gracefully muscled. His bones were small, but his flesh Gerald Bishop cast an ironically was hard. Orde had earned from the amused glance across at Orde, and the ! river the torso of an ancient athlete. The round, full arch of his chest was topped by a mass of clean cut muscles. Across his back, beneath the smooth skin, the muscles rippled and ridged and dimpled with every movement. The abdomen showed the peculiar corrugation of the very strong man. His arms were magnificent.

"Murphy," called Gerald, "come

A very hairy, thickset, bullet headed man, the type of semiprofessional "handlers," appeared. "Do you think you could down this

fellow?" asked Gerald. Murphy looked Orde over critically.

"Who ye ringin' in on me?" he inquired. "This is a friend of mine," said Ger-

ald severely. "Ever box much?" Gerald asked Orde. "Box?" Orde laughed. "Never had

time for that sort of thing. Had the gloves on a few times." "Where did you get your training, sir?" asked the handler.

"My training," repeated Orde, puzzled. "Oh, I see! I was always pret-



She played dreamily for half an hour. ty heavy, and I suppose the work on the river keeps a man in pretty good

Gerald's langor vanished. "Put on the gloves with Murphy," he suggested, "will you? I'd like to see you two

"Surely," agreed Orde good naturedly. "I'm not much good at it, but I'd just as soon try." Gerald rang a bell, and to the boy

who answered he said: "Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow, Mr. Clark and whoever else is in the smoking room and tell them from me to come over to the gymnasium. Tell them there's some fun on." Gerald managed a word apart with

the trainer. "Can you do him, Murphy," he whispered.

"Sure!" said the handler. "Them kind's always as slow as dray horses.

"Give it to him," said Gerald, "but don't kill him. He's a friend of mine." Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters a high banker or a cowboy as he watches the tenderfoot about to climb the broncho.

The first round was sharp. Orde had stood like a rock, his feet planted to the floor, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will, Orde hit back, but without landing. Nevertheless Murphy when questioned apart did not seem satisfied.

"The man's pig iron," said be. " punched him plenty hard enough, and it didn't seem to jar him."

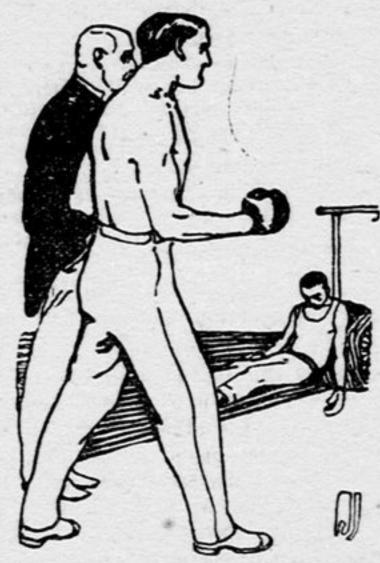
The gallery at one end of the running track had by now half filled with interested spectators. "Time!" called Gerald for round 2.

Murphy went in more viciously, aiming and measuring his blows accurately. Orde stood as before, hitting back at the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring. The handler landed almost at will, but without apparent damage. He grew

ugly-finally lost his head. "Well, if ye will have it!" he muttered and aimed what was intended as a knockout blow.

Gerald uttered a half cry of warning. Orde's head snapped back; but, to the surprise of every one, the punch had no other effect, and a quick exchange of infighting sent Murphy staggering back from the encounter. The smile disappeared from Orde's face, and his eye had calmed.

Orde turned Lack to his antagonist. The latter advanced once more, his bullet head sunk between his shoulders, his little eyes twinkling. Like a tiger Orde sprang forward, hitting out



He lay quite still.

fiercely, first with one hand, then with the other. Murphy gave ground, blocked, ducked, exerted all a ring general's skill either to stop or avoid the rush. Orde followed him, insistent. Murphy ducked in and planted a number of short arm jabs at close range. The round ended almost immediately to a storm of applause from the galleries.

Orde sprang at his adversary in the third, repeating the headlong rush with which the previous round had ended. The young man hammered away tirelessly, insistently, delivering a hurricane of his two handed blows, pressing relentlessly in as Murphy shifted and gave ground, his head up. his eyes steady. The gallery was in an uproar. Perspiration stood out all over Murphy's body. His blows failed of their effect, and some of Orde's were landing. At length, bewildered, he closed in to straight slugging, stand up, give and take.

Orde dropped slightly his right shoulder behind his next blow. The glove crashed straight as a pile driver through Murphy's upraised hands to his face. The trainer was hurled through the air to land doubled up against the parallel bars. There he

lay quite still. When, however, Orde perceived that Murphy was unconscious he ran forward to the professional's side.

"Do you suppose he's killed?" he gasped. "He's just knocked out," reassured

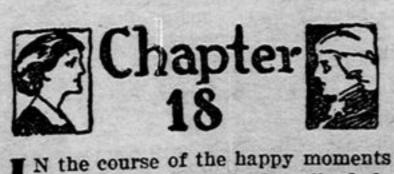
one of the men. The clubmen crowded about. "You're a wonder, my friend," said

"By Jove, he's hardly breathing fast after all that rushing," said a second. Later, when the young men were resting after a rubdown, the true significance of the affair for Orde came out. Since the fight Gerald's customary lassitude was gone. His eye was bright, and a color mounted beneath the pale olive of his skin. He looked across at Orde several times, hesitated

and at last decided to speak. "Look here, Orde," said he, "I want to confess something. When you first came I had lots of fun about you. You know your clothes aren't quite the thing, and I thought your manner was queer. I want to apologize. You're a man, and I like you better than any fellow I've met for a long time. And if there's any trouble-in the future-I'm on your side. You know what I

mean." "Bishop," was Orde's reply, "you're not near so much of a dandy as you think you are."





he had alone with Carroll, Orde arrived at a more intimate plane of conversation with her. He questioning acceptance of Mrs. Bish- -w3.

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op's attitude. Carroll truly believed | Live Stock Insurance | TARM FOR SALE-Lot 15, con. \$ that none but herself could perform for her mother the various petty offices that lady demanded from her next of kin and that her practical slavery was due by every consideration of filial affection. In his hotel room he brooded Peel-st. over the state of affairs until his thoughts took a very gloomy tinge indeed. To begin with, in spite of his mother's assurance he had no faith in his own cause. His acquaintance with Carroll was but an affair of months, and their actual meetings comprised incredibly few days. Orde was naturally humble minded. It did not seem conceivable to him that he could win her without a long court-

to her domestic duties. Nevertheless, at the very moment when he had made up his mind that it would be utterly useless even to indulge in hope for some years to come.

ship. And superadded was the almost

intolerable weight of Carroll's ideas as

And as a climax she had assumed the | Estate agent, Lindsay. impregnable position of a complete prostration, wherein she demanded the minute care of an invalid in the crisis of a disorder. The mere mention of the subject nearest Carroll's heart brought the feeble complaint:

"Do you want to kill me?" The only scrap of victory to be snatched from this stricken field was the fact that Carroll insisted on going to meet her lover every afternoon.

FUR SALE

(To be Continuen

dale colt, \$160. These animals are first-class in every particular, but came to an understanding of her un- ply to F. F. SHATZ, Oakwood, Ont. block or, if desired, separately,

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