## A WORD OF APPROVAL.

Give me a word of approval, I've tried to I

good and true. I am weary and sick

I've given my life for others, have always op posed the wrong : I've tried to lift up the fallen, I have cheered the

Give me a word of approval, ere the setting of

I have a sort of misgiving that my race is near Have felt the spirit of kindness and the thrill of glowing truth
And love the good old honest way as I loved i

When I was a bit of a boy just learning the way

My soul responds as readily to sweet words As in early childhood days, to the prayer be

Give me a word of approval, for my eyes are growing dim, For the way is much rougher now

so fleet of limb. As in the hopeful boyhood days when I cleared For I am in the final race with my eve upon the

Give me a word of approval: it may be the last

stripping the tree
And the chilly winds are blowing; the corn is ripe in the ear ;

be near. Portland, Ore. SCOTT BOHANNON'S BOND.

Two flies struggled up the pane of the courtroom window, fell buzzing to the grimy sill, and raised a tiny puff of dust

in their efforts to be free.

To Miss Cabell, sitting, an incongruous but most gracious figure, behind her desk, the winged prisoners bore a curious resemblance to those in the dock. Quite as irresponsible, quite as surely following had cost them their liberty, eight or ten moonshiners shuffled on the bench which served for the anxious seat in that tem-

Virginia Cabell's father had been United States Judge in his time. Her somber, crape-touched garments bespoke that time as recently past. In the face of many protests she had taken up stenography and, bringing to bear upon it the mind which had made able jurists and statesmen of her male kindred, excelled. She was at that interesting, that adorable She was at that interesting, that adorable point of womanhood when one could not have determined her age, but would have contented himself with saying that he would not have her younger nor older. A very handsome woman, whose beauty would not have her younger nor older. A very handsome woman, whose beauty was her least charm, she evidently made a conscientious offort to tone down a too liberal endowment in the way of good looks, and to dress the part of the court stenographer—with the result that she appeared to take troubled counsel with himself. Finally, "I was in the hideout, and I was workin' at the still, when yore men tuck me," he said. "I reckon I mought say that I wasn't hired tharpart wouldn't be true. I had oblege' but hit wouldn't be true. I had oblege' but hit wouldn't be true. I had oblege' me has been squirrel huntin' together to work a six of the court stenographs. The big, dark, deer-like eyes were all alight. "I knowed old Colonel Pate's but hit wouldn't be true. I had oblege' me has been squirrel huntin' together. particularly elegant, even for her. Her clinging, trailing robes were an offense to her chief, an irate-looking, red little man from a distant State, who was substituting in the place of the regular judge. He glanced sidewise at her slim, charac-

eyed it with distaste. Several prisoners were called in turn, handled bruskly, and dismissed with varying sentences.

perhaps also offended the judge, for he

The judge knew neither the country nor its ways. He was aware that his stenographer knew both, and he labored under the disability of unconsciously caring too much what she thought of his decisions. The judge felt that he was being laughnever exactly suggest to a young woman that she share his judical ermine. Judge Quincy had offered his stenographer the one position in his gift suited to her sex and abilities—and she had declined it. Kindly, graciously; Virginia Cabell would the properties of the country. His chagrin inclined him unfavorably toward the prisoner. "Is she sick, I mean?" he amended testily. "No, suh, she ain't ailin' No she's Kindly, graciously; Virginia Cabell would never do anything in any other manner; she had the name of being able to refuse a man so that he felt it to be almost bet- authority. ter than another woman's acceptance. She retained her lovers as friends. But

Her tired brown eyes rested benignly upon the prisoners. It was only a few days since Virginia had given her reluc-tant negative. Judge Quincy's was an overexacting nature at best, and his pres-ent rigorous frame of mind toword any who came under his just censure made the girl apprehensive for these evident

The next prisoner was on old man with a hawklike profile, whose piercing black eyes were set off by snow-white hair and a hawklike profile, whose piercing black eyes were set off by snow-white hair and beard. He gave his age as fifty-four. Judge Quincy stayed his stenographer's hand above her notes. "Don't write that, Miss Cabell—he'll think better of that. Why, sir"—I'm nearly that age myself. You must certainly be ten to fifteen years older."

Born on the edge of this mountain community, used from babyhood to these peo-

Born on the edge of this mountain com-munity, used from babyhood to these peo-ple, Virginia could have groaned at such ple, Virginia could have groaned at such lack of tact. Yet the impassive mountaineer showed no indication of the resentment which the girl knew this high handed tone had raised within him.

As Judge Quincy curtly pronounced this sentence he glanced fleetingly at his stenographer. Her eyes dropped immediately and discreetly to her work; but not before he had read in them a disapproval, and a sort of aversion, which stung him beyond reason.

The next name called roused a pathet-huddled figure on the end of the bench. ic,huddled figure on the end of the bench. As Poindexter, the clerk, pronounced the words "Scott Bohannon," this man flung up his head with a start, and sat for a moment, staring straight before him, like one suddenly awakened from sleep, while a brown hand trembled slowly toward his lips.

This one must come from the Far Cove, over beyond Big Buck Gap; Virginia knew the type well with its race of the wild, its horror of the town. To imprison such a man was like caging a hawk. With

such a man was like caging a hawk. With the single lithe movement of the free hunter he was on his feet and pressing close to the rail in front af Quincy's desk. close to the rail in front af Quincy's desk. Yet in the swift action there was time and opportunity for him to thrust, safely and unseen, a small roll upon the stenographer's desk as he passed it. Virginia Cabell, after one quick glance at the man's face, understood perfectly that he feared he would be sent to jail, and wanted the money conveyed to some per-

wanted the would be sent to jail, and wanted the money conveyed to some person. Without hesitation she pushed her papers over the bills, strong in the belief that she understood these people better than the man who was trying them, and that the purpose to which this money was to be devoted was a worthy one and would be leave revealed to her

to be devoted was a worthy one and would be later revealed to her.

The newcomer gave his name "Scott Bohannon," in an eager yet hesitant tone, His eyes, full, dark, big with terror, were on the judge's—the glare of the timid woodland at intruding man. It seemed to Virginia that there should have been and the second of the antlers over such eyes; she half looked for shaken vine-leaves above that startled gaze. There were great oaks in the court-house yard; the light filtering through the dim window-panes fell in dappled shadow and shone upon the butternut jeans, and gave theforward thrust knee a suggestion of the shaggy goat's hide; there might a faun's hoof shelter itself beneath the ragged trousers' edge. Surely the battered, faded felt hat held nervo ly before the mouth concealed a I await the house of quiet and the crossing must

reeded pipe.

"Jedge," he began, leaning heavily on the rail, breathing short, yet speaking with a decision and force which ill became a prisoner in the dock—"Jedge, I jest p'intedly cain't go to jail, this trip. I have obleege' to be home tell the last o' June. I have obleege' to."

Quincy smiled, an unkind smile. "I presume that or some variation of it—is

my man, the jails and penitentiaries would be empty,"

Bohannon's face fell. For some reason

he had looked hopeful as he made his declaration. The hand which gripped the rolled-up hat hesitated slowly down from his lips. "Would—uh, would hit make things any better for me ef I was to—to plead guilty?" he asked, in a voice that labored.

"Your lawyer will advise you about did not glance toward Virginia Cabell nor doubt thrt she would keep the secret of that small roll of bills which he had thrust upon her table.

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"First offense?" asked the judge. Finding voice in his desperation, the young man answered quickly. "Yes, suh —yes, jedge. You see, I've jest been wed; an'my wife, she's mighty young and childish—that's what makes me say teristic, capable hands, as they hovered about her notebook. She wore but one ring, the conventional diamond, which we've done built us a cabin seb'm mile from ary neighbor-"Is your wife ill?"

The tall young hunter looked puzzled; then he replied gravely: "No, suh. She's never ill with me. She's a mighty sweetdisposed person. An unrestrainable titter ran through

testily.
"No, suh, she ain't ailin'. No. she's fa'rly peart; but we hain't got a neighbor nearer'n seb'm mile, an' I—" He broke off and looked dumbly at the man in

Well, sir, you have an engagement to keep, back in the mountains. You feel that I ought to let you go and keep it. Judge Quincy was to be a new experience But I can not let men go free who break the law of the land knowingly and wilful-iy. You should have thought of this be-fore you went into illicit distilling."

"I did, suh," came the serious-voiced

answer, free from taunt, retort or abject entreaty. "I did study 'bout jest this very thing a-comin' to pass—but I had to take the resk.

"Well, you took the risk-knowingly, as -andyou admit—and—"
"I didn't 'low to be ketched," put in the

peaceable an' stay in jail ez long ez you

say."

This fumbling with the machinery lack of tact. Yet the impassive mountaineer showed no indication of the resentment which the girl knew this high handed tone had raised within him.

"Fifty-fo'—fifty-fo' come September," he repeated gently. "Our fambly all turns young, bein' black ha'red people. I think, myse'f, that red is a faster color. But I'd ruther hit would turn white, ez to fall off. Body's head gits so cold when they're a deer-chisin' or out huntin' 'coon, ayfter the ha'r leaves 'em." His meditative gaze rested on the Judge's poll, where a reddish fringe was brushed carefully across a bare spot.

This fumbling with the machinery of justice, this arrogating the privilege of treating and bargaining with his judge, should have been fatal to the man's chances; yet Quincy's reply brought a shock of relief not only to the prisoner, but to some of the auditors also. "Very well," he said, "you can go. Court sits again the first week in July. I believe it is July 3d." He conferred apart with his clerk, nodded, and turned again to the prisoner, who was making his way down the steps from the bar, half-dazed with sudden joy.

"You will furnish good bond, of course,"

gaze rested on the Judge's poll, where a reddish fringe was brushed carefully across a bare spot.

"See here," said the sandy small man rather explosively, "we'll leave out the matter of hair restorers, and you tell me all about this illicit distilling."

"What 'stillin'? Whar? and when may this-hyer 'stillin' that troubles you so greatly have come about?" drawled the prisoner, dispassionately.

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The prisoner turned heartbrokenly his shoulders heaved once as with a sob, the deep voice declared: "I—I dassent stay down hyer in jail, while she—I—I dassent;" and the dark eyes glanced wildly, desperately. from door to window of court-room, so that a couple of officers drew closer and stood ready for any at-

tempt on his part.

Bohannon yet clung to the railing, incredulous gaze upon the face of the judge, his expression that of a suffering animal who knows not how pain may be escaped, when suddenly, on the tense ess of the court room, the low, smooth tones of the court stenographer

spoke:
"I will sign the bond for this man, Judge Quincy,"
His honor turned sharply. "Miss Cabell," he began in a remonstrant tone.

The girl affected to receive the words as a recognition and acceptance of her proposal. "You know the value of my homestead," she said simply. "It will just cover the matter."

The clerk, a silvery-haired old gentle-man, who had held Virginia Cabell on his knee many times in her happy guarded childhood, shook his head. Yet when the judge attempted a whispered remon-strance, Mr. Poindexter said: "Your honor will be obliged to admit the bond.

Miss Cabell is twenty-one—owns the land—she's the sole survivor of her family. It's entirely with her.

The judge accepted the bond shortly, almost indignantly. But the remaining prisoners later felt that they suffered for Scott Bohannon's good fortune.

In the dusk of the evening the releas-ed mountaineer came past Virginia Cabell's boarding place to thank her and say good-by. She was standing at the gate as he came up the village street, a slen-der, powerful figure walking in the middle of the broad dusty way, with the smooth, silent, swinging tread of the hunter. She had returned to him his little roll of money, and a sack upon his shoulder evidently contained the things which he had told her he was to buy for the girl wife in the mountains.

'You needn't have no fear, lady," he said in that odd voice of the woodlander, Quincy smiled, an unkind smile. "I the man much alone with nature, which presume that—or some variation of it—is seemed always as though it might break what every prisoner would say when he off midway and forget speech. "Ef I live what every prisoner would say when he is brought into court," he observed. "If —an the Lord will shorely spar' me tell we paid attention to that sort of thing, then—I'll be hyer befo' noon on the third day o' July.'

"I'm not afraid to trust you," and Vir-

ginia leaned upon the gate and looked kindly at the man before her. "I only wish I were as sure of some other things in this world as I am that you will come back to stand your trial." He gazed down at this embodied source of his deliverance with a sort of adora-

tion. "Looks like they ort to be nothin' denied to sech a lady as you," he finally faltered inadequately. "Ef I had the givin' out o' blessin,' I'd—" He fell silent, that—but if you're guilty, you'd better say so," the judge suggested briefly.

"I hain't got no lawyer," said the man simply. "I didn't have no money for to buy one." It was characteristic that he did not glance toward Virginia Cabell nor doubt that she would keen the secret of the

> many a time, when the fambly was up in the mountings for the summer. Lord- kill Laurelly, ef yo're jailed."

an' you're goin' clean to Chiny to-why, you an' Emory Pate must be fixin' to wed." dancing eyes. She had not intended to speak of this; yet the money from the sale of her home was indeed to take her to the arms of her promised husband who would be stationed in Eastern waters for many months. She had refused to accept the necessary funds from him, or a Virginia bit her lip and laughed with cept the necessary funds from him, or a loan from any of her friends; yet she characteristically risked the whole amount upon the faith of this mountaineer.

hannon put down the sack from his shoulder and showed her the purchases he had made for his wife; white cotton cloth and thread; some coarse flannel; a thimble, because hers had fallen down the shallow well. And he displayed the remaining meansy which weat taken to speed in a long, lithe, swinging gait; for there was an early moon which aided him at first; but it set about midnight, and as its crescent dipped below the horizon there rose the first shuddering mur of a mountain thunder-storm. Com-Confidence calling for confidence, Bo-

remaining money which was to take them safely through till he must return.

Virginia looked after him as, burdened though he was, he buoyantly breasted the first rise. It would have been natural for the wood god the farm to whom about for the wood god, the faun, to whom she had likened him in her own mind, to kill —at least to desert—the sick thing. He was health itself, with his clear, limpid eyes, his swift, lithe, light movements; yet he was all devotion; his health and his strength and swiftness were to carry him the sooner home to his weaker mate, that he might tend on her and cheer her. The man slept in the mountains that night, after climbing long in the dark, dawn brought him to his cabin. Behind him, the valley lay in shadow, but these high places were already hazy with the promise of day. Early as it was, the little wife was up and about, and ran out at the first bay of the hound to fling herself upon him in an ecstacy of relief. She was a slim creature, with the white and red of childhood in her face, and a thick coil of straw-colored hair twisted at the back of her small head in an attempt

to look matronly.

"Oh, Scott! Oh, Scotty, honey! I thort I should 'a' died, when they come an' told me you was tuck, an' likely to be jailed down to Garyville!"

"Thar, thar—hit's all right, now Laurella, honey," he soothed her. "I'm hyer—no need to be sheddin' tears now," for the little woman was weeping.

"I'm plumb foolish, 'case I'm so glad to have ye hack." she protested as she clung.

"I'm plumb foolish, 'case I'm so glad to have ye back," she protested as she clung to him, pulling him toward the cabin. "I jest got my own, lonesome snack ready, an' was gwine out to feed ol' Spot, when I hyeard ol' Ranger speak."

When they were seated at the board, Scott must tell her over and over of how the kind judge had forgiven and excused him—to put the anxiety of the bond up.

him—to put the anxiety of the bond up-on her was not to be thought of. "An' he jest turned you a-loose!" she repeated, again and again. "Why, that was awful friendly. Of course, he could

see that you was a good man—anybody could see that—" loyally; "but I think he must be a mighty kind-hearted somebody. I wusht I had anything on airth to—to—fitten to offer him." And in the days that followed, as Scott tilled the little farm, and got the crop laid by so that he might be spared for the journey of which only he knew, Laumonent. It would be unjust to say that he enjoyed his situation at that moment. But the very sting of that disfavor which he read in the eyes of his auditors, and which his own soul answered, hardened him in the position he had the judge. She had a few fowl, as Scott tilled the little farm, and got the crop laid by so that he might be spared for the journey of which only he knew, Laumoncent fondness toward the wonderful and benevolent judge continued to overflow. She never lifted a lad of but ter from her cedar churn with it wondering if it would be good enough to send the judge. She had a few fowl, and she the sale of her homestead was to furnish th And in the days that followed, as Scott

taken. "It's bond or jail," he said coldly. speculated upon the propriety of a set-"Step down there, and let the next man ting of eggs as an offering. There was nothing produced upon the poor, rocky, little mountain farm which she did not canvass as a possible gift to send to the kind judge the next time Scott went down to the settlement.

So time wore on. June days in the mountain are the most beautiful days imaginable; yet Scott Bohannon saw them pass with fear and trembling. Finally, word was given him that he must go for the old mountain woman who was to be with the little Laurella through her time of trial, and for whose payment the small remnant of the money had been strictly reserved. It was the second day of July that they called him in to see the young mother with her baby laid beside er on the pillow.

"A fine gal- an' both on' em feelin' as peart as you need to ask," Aunt Drusilla said as she pushed him into the room.

He went and sat beside the bed, and was shown the baby's wonderful hands and feet; his attention was called to the fact that it had a "tol'able smart head of hair right now," and it favored him, being "dark complected.

"I'm proud hit's a gal," he said seriously. "Hit'll be mo' company for you, Laurelly. Yes, I'm plumb proud hit's a gal." "I wanted to name the baby for the jedge down thar," whispered the little mother, with a note of disappointment in her tone. "Mebbe I could anyway. Didn't you say his name was William? Willie's a fine name for a gal."

Scott flinched and dared not look at her. She saw that her suggestion had not found favor.
"Ef he had a wife, I'd love to name the

baby fer her," she amended. "They was a mighty pretty lady in the riey was a lingity pretty lady in the cou't room, doin' some writin'," Bohannon observed finally. "I thought the jedge seemed mighty petted on her. When I go down—an' I've got to start to-night—I'll find out what her name is. Mebbe you'd ruther call the baby fer her?" "You got to go down tonight?" in star-

"Yes, honey, I didn't tell ye befo', 'case I was afeared hit would fret ye; but the

There was an extraordinary sound near the foot of the bed; Bohannon looked up in alarm to see Aunt Drusilla shaking her head and contorting her features in what was meant to be a warning manner, while she cleared her throat again to attract his attention.

A second look at his wife's pale, anx ious little face was enough.

"W'y they's a—er—a matter o' business, Laurelly," he floundered helplessly;
Scott had been, from his boyhood up, no good at a lie. "They's a little matter o' business, greatly to my advantage, an' yo'rs, that'll come up on the third day o' July, an' I have obleeged to be thar. You don't mind," he went on hastily, as he saw the blue eyes swimming in tears.
"You mind"—his own eyes roved desperately in quest of something to comfort her—"when you know hit's somethin' that'll be best for the baby, too. An' I'll find out that young lady's given name," he concluded triumphantly. "Don't you dast to name my baby gal tell her daddy gits back." And with a show of jollity, he was got out of the room, to receive a lecture from Aunt Drusilla. But that good woman's face lengthened considerably when she learned what his visit to

Garyville really was, and weighed the chances of his being detained there in jail for months. "Don't you go back," she counseled.

"No hit won't," replied the man, som-brely, but resolutely. "She's past danger brely, but resolutely. "She's past danger now; the crop hit's all laid by; an' she can live tell I git back. Laurelly would

The time was perilously short. Bohannon tied some food in a handkerchief, made his brief farewell, and set off down the mountain in haste. He traveled at bond was forfeited. ing to the point where Big Buck Short Cut left the main traveled trail, "I'll chance hit," he whispered. "An' need hit all, ef I'm gwine to git thar in time." He plunged into the deeper darkness of the Cut, and he was still in the timber when a colder air came to his nostrils, and the great trees began writhing and twisting, beating their branches together.

The plunged into the deeper darkness of the spectators on the threshold, and plunged down the steps.

From far up the village street came a stir and the sound of cheering. Along its route, men ran out of their stores and of-

ped through the tree-tops, warned him of his imminent danger. The lightning be-came almost continuous. And by its baleful glare, which terrified him beyond words, making him long to creep under a cliff and crouch there safe and dry till the storm abated, he pushed ahead, bruised, breathless, his torn clothes streaming with water, making for the moontain thoroughfare. Once in the highway, he

thoroughfare. Once in the highway, he would be comparatively safe.

Upon a moment of darkness followed a lightning flash which showed him the open road through a gap in the trees. He leaped for it with a gasped "Thank God!" But even in the instant of his springing forward a fiercer gust lashed across the mountain flank, bringing destiny in its hand. It laid hold upon the top of a tall dead tree which last winter's storms had spared for this purpose; the old oak

dead tree which last winter's storms had spared for this purpose; the old oak swayed, bowed toward him, and with a rending roar carried him down, bleeding, struggling in the blackness.

At first he lay as one dead. Then burst forth afresh the pattering gush of the rain. His hair was drenched with it; it was flying in his face as from a cup. was flung in his face as from a cup.
"The bond—the bond! My God, I've
ruin't her—I'll be too late!" he moaned,
and writhed where he lay pinned fast. movement cost him consciousness

and he swooned again. Meantime, history had been making in

funds for that journey.

Much must be forgiven a nervous dyspeptic—having once forgiven a nervous dyspepsia. To that ailment, then, one may lay the fact that Judge Quincy regretted his second conference with his stenographer more than the first; that he felt he had condescended, and to no end, since he, a man of family, of wealth and influence, was passed over for a penniless naval officer. Taking all things together, the judge may be pardoned a certain satisfaction when the opening of court failed to find Scott Bohannon present, and it appeared likely that the bond would be forfeited. This satisfaction of his was, however, not of a pleasurable sort-if one may make such a paradox. It partook of the nature of suffering. It reddened his brow, set his found it easy to take harsh and arbitra fingers to trembling, and made him an action, and hard to face the consequence swer at random when spoken to.

A Southern village is wonderfully like a large family. Everybody knows everybody else's affairs, in the kindest and most affectionate manner. Virginia Ca-bell's engagement to Emory Pate was satisfactory to a community which opined that the two young people were just made for each other. Her stiff-neckedness in refusing to be helped to that journey abroad, and desiring to sell her home that she might make it, was—after considerable discussion and some unfavorable comment—decided to be, on the whole, creditable to her, and "just like all the Cabells; independent and touch-me-not in their notions." Now, old ladies who knew little about the conduct of the judiciary, expressed freely the belief that Judge Quincy was an upstart—it is to be feared that some of them added, an upstart Yankee—and indignantly asserted that if he were any part of a gentleman he would find some way not to take Miss

Virginia's home from her.
"Lawful heart!" commented Mrs. Tazewell, with whom Virginia boarded, "how does that man know but that poor gump of a moonshiner has done gone and fell down a well or something? And like as not he'd lose count of the days—him not being where there's morning papers and trains coming in—and lope in here two days late. I wanted to advise Judge Quincy, but land! I wished I'd kept my advice to myself. He gave me to understand that the law was the law; and if that there man didn't walk in right to make mistakes. But"—his tone deepthim only a little self-forgetful. So now he took Poindexter sharply by the shoulder; his glance went swiftly from the clerk's face to that of Miss Cabell, to rest at last on the pallid countenance she bent above; he burst out impulsively:

"I may be an outsider—a rank outsider; I may not understand the people here, nor their ways. I—we—it is human to make mistakes. But"—his tone deepthim only a little self-forgetful. So now he took Poindexter sharply by the shoulder; his glance went swiftly from the clerk's face to that of Miss Cabell, to rest at last on the pallid countenance she bent above; he burst out impulsively:

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"I may be an outsider—a rank outsider; I may not understand the people here, nor their ways. I—we—it is human to make miss and the people here." well, with whom Virginia boarded, "how that there man didn't walk in right to the minute, Miss Virginia's home was gone—the old Cabell place, where her father died, and where she was born!"

There was a breath of relief amid the close-packed crowd. Something like

"Well, there's one thing," said the minister's wife, to whom she was speaking, and she said it unofficially, for she spoke in a most unchristian frame of mind, "if that man takes her house away from her and goes to living in it, he needn't expect the best people in Garyville to notice him!"

Only Virginia Cabell seemed quite calm, "But that's her way," Mrs. Tazewell explained. "She's a red Indian to stand torture, and keep her feelings hid." The girl had come and gone quietly between her home and the court-house every day, always just so composed, so smiling, so serene, that nobody felt like commiserat-

ing or offering assistance.
In the court-room the morning session of the 3d of July drew to its noon close. Upon the stroke of twelve Scott Bohan-non's bond would be forfeited, and Virginia Cabell penniless. Judge Quincy had taken up a minor matter or two, quietly refusing a request to move the Bohannon case upon the docket. Virginia sat very pale, and rather glad that the quesnon case upon the docket. Virginia sat bananas to a pulp—equal portions of very pale, and rather glad that the question under discussion before the court flavoring of sherry; freeze. had been amusin and not pathetic. She felt that any touch laid upon her feelings would bring a humiliating burst of tears. So she was pleased to listen while the man who had engaged to bring the body of a certain person into the court explainbut the girl's pallor deepened as she not-ed that Judge Quincy was pushing his pa-pers nervously together and parting his lips to say that court was adjourned—after which she knew he must turn to her and announce that Scott Bohannon's

She sat looking down at her fingers keep from seeing his face. Finally, in wonder that he did not speak, she glanced up. He was gazing toward the back of the room, where some disturbance had arisen, and his interest in the matter held back his speech. Two people were cran-ing their necks toward the side lights around the door. Suddenly a man jump-ed from his seat, pushed his way through

when a colder air came to his nostrils, and the great trees began writhing and twisting, beating their branches together. "This hyer looks mighty bad," he said aloud, and the thunder drowned his voice, the wind blew the words back in his face. He dared not slacken pace, and in the pitchy blackness of the storm he ran against tree trunks and tripped over roots, falling only to spring up and go on —before him always the beautiful face of decrease and the sound of cheering. Along its route, men ran out of their stores and offices; women came to door or window, and then hurried out to their gates. Down the middle of the dusty way, just as Virginia had seen him walk with the sack on his shoulder, came a tall mountaineer with a bloody cloth about his face was death-white, his eyes bloodshot. He staggered as he walked, sometimes pitchy blackness of the same against tree trunks and tripped over roots, falling only to spring up and go on —before him always the beautiful face of the woman who had risked her all on his faithfulness.

The cracking and threshing of limbs overhead, or the crash and rushing sound overhead, or the crash and rushing sound beautiful loose and drop-before him always the beautiful face of fail. But when he saw the clock upon the court-house, he broke into a shambling run, that was like the last gallant effort of an overdriven horse, and there

hoarse, formless cry.
"Clear the door thar! Clear the door, gentlemen!" roared Big Dave Partridge, the marshal (it was he who had run out to see what was the disturbance.) With the words, he swung his long arm; and up the lane thus made he pushed and supported the ghastly, tottering figure. On up the aisle Bohannon reeled, coming to an abrupt stop at the bar. Ashen, trembling through all his slender body, he fixed on the judge his wild, sunken eyes—the big, dark, blood-streaked eyes of a spent stag. Quincy half rose, wincing and flinching.

And well he might. It seemed incredible that less than twenty-four hours, of

whatever physical agony and anguish of mind, could have so marred and ravaged and wasted a visage. The apparition thrust up a shaking arm, as though to take the oath; the dry lips parted but nothing articulate answered the convul-sive effort of throat and chest. Again came the heart-shaking, formless, almost unhuman sound. He yawed, struggling, coming to his knees; his elbows caught upon the railing of the bar, and he seem ed to be stretching piteous, imploring hands across it, as Big Dave eased him

down to the floor. Pocket flasks were reached forward by eager, helpful hands. For the first time during her tenure of it, Miss Cabell left her post, hurrying to the prostrate form, with her handkerchief, and a glass of water she had caught up, the clerk of the court following and supporting her. Poindexter's gray head bent over the un-conscious man, close beside Virginia's dark tresses. What he saw must have

he had an instinct for the dramatic. Straightening up and turning toward the thoroughly uncomfortable judge, he said in his full, round. clerk's voice, that penetrated to every corner of the room :
"Your honor, the body of Scott Bohannon

is in court !" Intense silence, broken by the sound of running feet on the walk outside, and a woman's sob from the back of the room. "Oh, it's not so bad as that, is it?"

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, is it?" responded Judge Quincy sharply. "The man's not—he isn't—dead, is he?"
His chief's look of positive dismay should have appealed to Poindexter; but that gentle old gossip had been a gallant soldier in his day, and his sympathy did not naturally flow out to a man who found it easy to take harsh and arbitrary action, and hard to face the consequences of those acts. He dropped his head a little and looked defiantly at the judge:

"I used the words in their legal sense," he said, in his most uncompromising

drawl. "The man's a-comin' to, all right.
He'll be able to go to jail—time your
honor would like to send him."

"Jail! To jail!" echoed Quincy, recoiling as though the other had mentioned something unknown in the proceedings of that court. "What do you take me for, sir?" The judge hesitated—glancing about him. He looked mostly upon backs and shoulders. Where he saw a face it was full of aversion and accusation

was full of aversion and accusation. Poor Quincy! Of those unfortunates driven by a perverse angel to aggress, to antagonize, and to shrink sensitively when this comes back to them in resentment and misliking; to plant hatred and estrangement, ever futilely desiring love and sympathy. For at bottom of his exacting, irritable, quarrelsome soul there was, after all, a great fund of humanity, a warm throbbing response to his fellow creatures. And he could be noble, too, if he were but deeply enough bust to make he were but deeply enough hurt to make him only a little self-forgetful. So now he took Poindexter sharply by the shoul-

There was a breath of relief amid the There was a breath of relief amid the close-packed crowd. Something like a smile began to show upon Poindexter's angry, tense face; tears brimmed the kind eyes Virginia lifted to the speaker's. "I take off my hat to a country that breeds such men as this," with a pasicionate contract toward the mentalized." sionate gesture toward the mountaineer's prostrate form. "Mr. Poindexter, you may place it on record that the case of the United States against Scott Bohannon is dismissed."—By Grace MacGowan Cook, in Collier's.

His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact.

Frozen Strawberries and Bananas.-Crush the strawberries and mash the

Sounded Best When Silent. In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed occasionally with "bulls" so glaring that even he himself has to join in the mugh that invariably follows such a "break" on his part. There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his bear-

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."-Philadelphia Times.

The Psychological Moment. "Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition. "She is that," responded Celia Leahy.

three weeks over from Ireland and a most willing handmaiden. "Will yez step in. sorr?" "I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she

is not engaged." said the neighbor. Celia flung wide the door and waved "If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful." she said in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks tomorrer since I come here, and he's not put his fut over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure. 'tis your chanst!"-

Youth's Companion.

An Obstructionist. "Speakin' 'bout large feet." said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I don't know when I was mo' insulted dan I was dis afternoon. I was standin' on de curbstone facin' de house, an' de policeman, he come along an' says I's got to turn around jes' a ...tle."

"What foh?" "He says pointin' my shoes de same way de street runs is de onlies' way foh me to keep fum obstructin' de sidewalk."-Washington Star.

Mrs. Hoyle—Your husband has a mind of his own, my husband says. Mrs. Doyle--I'll speak to him about the when he comes home.-New York

Jack Ashore. Fond Mother-You are never satisfied. Jack. When you go to sen you're homesick, and when you come home you're seasick .- London Punch.

He that loves to be flattered in worthy of the flatterer. -Shakespeare.