

SYNOPSIS.

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CHAPTER XXVIII .- Continued.

"Young mars' feel 'way up in de clouds dis day," he said to Aunt people, too, now) around us, and I Daphne. "He wake up ez glad ez shall hear you say: 'I, Shirley, take of he done 'fessed 'ligion las' night. thee, John-' And to think it is really Well, all de folkses cert'n'y 'joyed to come true! Do you remember the devselves. Ol' Mistah Fargo done eat text the minister preached from? It was bout forty uh dem jumbles. Ah heah But all men perceive that they have him talkin' ter Mars' John. 'Reck'n yo' riches, and that their faces shine as mus' hab er crackahjack cook down the faces of angels.' I think I shall teah.' he say. Hyuh, hyuh!" "G'way wid yo' blackyardin'!-" eniffed Aunt Daphne, delighted. "Don' I have riches-your love for me, dear. need ter come eroun' honey-caffuddlin'

me!" Jefferson; "he did fo' er fac'!"

when your little muddy boot went road at nightfall to find something trampling down the earth about their that so horribly hurt them both. roots, I wanted to stoop down and It was almost dark-save for the you was!) Not that evening at Rose- the square ivy-grown spire rearing wood, with the arbor fragrance about stark from its huddle of foliage tah!" us. (I think I shall always picture you against the blurred background. He with roses all about you. Red roses pushed open the gate and went slowly the color of your lips!) No, it was not up the worn path toward the great going to get married if the man hasn't Her auditors hunched themselves then that it began-nor that dreadful iron-bound and hooded door. Under hour when you fought with me to save the larches on either hand the outlines my life-nor the morning you sat your of the gravestones loomed pallidly, green habit that made your hair look inquiring cry of a small owl. Valiant like molten copper. No, it began the stood looking about him. What could first afternoon, when I sat in my mo- he learn here? He read no answer to tor with your rose in my hand! It the riddle. A little to one side of the King Katiko." has never left me since, by day or by path something showed snow-like on night. And yet there are people in the ground, and he went toward it. this age of airships and honking high- Nearer, he saw that it was a mass of

I thought of a day-may it be soon!when you and I might stand before that altar, with your people (my go about henceforth with my face shining, so that all men will see that

"Dat's whut he say," insisted Uncle has set. I am sending this over by the scent; it was cape jessamine. Uncle Jefferson. Send me back just

"Shall I tell you when it began with | thought that Shirley was suffering, | him. (Greenville Female Seminary ; cast. "Rosebud Meredith," said Rickme? Not last night-nor the day we too. It seemed incredible that he Simms, if you slap that little nigger ey witheringly, "It would serve you planted the ramblers. (Do you know, should now be raging along a country again, I'll slap you!)" Greenie rolled over on the grass and if your hand would get all over warts!

tittered. "Miss Mattle Sue didn'." she I'm sure I hope it will." She rescued said. "Ah heah huh say de yuddah the fallen plece of bark and ankiss it? So dear everything about starlight-when he saw the shadow of day et wuz er moughty good feelin' nounced: "The collection this afterter go ter baid Mistis en git up Mars- noon has amounted to a hundred dol-"Well," said Cozy, tossing her head dren, we will skip the catechism and till the flower earrings danced, "I'm I will tell you a story."

got anything but a character and a nearer, a double row of attentive white red mustache. Married women don't and black faces, as Rickey with a prehave to prove they could have got Hminary bass cough, began in a drawlhorse in the box-rows in that yew and from the bell tower came the faint a husband if they had wanted to." ing tone whose mimicry called forth "Let's play something," proposed giggles of esctasy.

er and more righteous sister. "We're like that little nigger over there! The forbidden to play anything but Bible one with his thumb in his mouth! One ways and typewriters' who think love flowers, staring up whitely from the games on Sunday, and if Rosebud was little Mary and the other was does, I'll tell."

"Jay-bird tattle-tale!" sang Rosebud uncle who lived in Richmond, and derisively. "Don't care if you do!" "Well," decreed Rickey. "We'll play them each a dollar. And they were Sunday school then. It would take a ve-e-ery glad. It wasn't a mean old saint to object to that. I'm superin- paper dollar, all'dirt and creases; nor tendent and this stump's my desk. All a battered whiter silver dollar; but you children sit down under that tree." It was a bright round gold dollar, right They ranged themselves in two out of the mint. Little Mary and little rows, the white children, in clean Sab- Susy could be dy sleep that night for bath pinafores and go-to-meeting thisking of what they could buy with

knickerbockers, in front and the col- those gold dollars. ored ones, in ginghams and cottonprints, in the rear-the habitual expression of a differing social station. "Oh!" shrieked Miss Cabell, "and I'll be Mrs. Merryweather Mason and teach the infants' class." "There isn't any infant class," said Rickey. "How could there be when

there aren't any infants? The lesson is over and I've just rung the bell for silence. Children, this is Missionary Sunday, and I'm glad to see so many happy faces here today. Cozy," she said relenting, "you can be the organist if you want to."

"I won't," said Cozy sullenly, "If I can't be table-cloth I won't be dishrag.

"All right, you needn't," retorted Rickey freezingly. "Sit up, Greenie. a tear in her eye, but she took the dol-People don't lie on their backs in Sunday-school.'

the missionary-box. Snydah," she said. "Ah'd ruthah lose



Largest Fire and Life lar home, and next day when she went Insurance Companies to Sunday-school, she dropped it in to the World. . . . . THE BEST IS THE "Little children, what do you reckon CHEAPEST

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He Bent Over, Suddenly Noting the Scent; It Was Cape Jessamine.

"I am so happy I can hardly see the semi-obscurity from within an iron words-or perhaps it is that the sun railing. He bent over, suddenly noting With the curious sensation of almost She drew her hands from the suds a word by him, sweetheart, to say I prescience plucking at him, he took a and looked at him anxiously. "Jeff'son, may come to you tonight. And add box of vestas from his pocket and ed herself with injured slowness. "Ah yo' reck'n Mars' John gwineter fotch the three short words I am so thirsty struck one. It flared up illuminating diffuses ter 'cep' yo' insult, Rickey dat Yankee 'ooman heah ter Dam'ry to hear over and over-one verb be- a flat granite slab in which was cut

Rosebud Meredith, on whom the discussion palled. "Let's play King, who went to Sunday-school and loved their teacher ve-e-ery much. They "It's Sunday!"-this from her small- were always good and attentive-not

Co'ot, ter be ough mistis?"

bighfalutin' gal whut done swaller de camrod? No sub-ree-bob-tail! De citations is! Don' yo' tek no mo' he wore and dispatched it. trouble on yo' back den yo' kin keek off'n vo' heels! She ain' gwineter run dis place, er ol' Devil-John tuhn ovah in he grave!"

Sunset found Valiant sitting in the music-room before the old square plano. In the shadowy chamber the keys of mother-of-pearl gleamed with dull colors under his fingers. He struck at first only broken chords, that became finally the haunting barcarole of "Tales of Hoffmann." It was the air that had drifted across the garden when he had stood with Shirley by the sun-dial, in the moment of their first kiss. Over and over he played it, improvising dreamy variations, till the tender melody seemed the dear ghost of that embrace. At length he



For an Instant He Stared Unbelievingly.

went into the library and in the crimsoning light sat down at the desk, and began to write: "Dear Bluebird of Mine:

"I can't wait any longer to talk to have been cons, if one measured time spent those eons in the garden, just ocably apart? wandering about, dreaming over those wonderful, wonderful moments by the darkness or that the friendly doors of sun-dial. Ah, dear little wild heart the edifice would be closed, he caught now!" said Cozy Cabell, hanging yelborn of the flowers, with the soul of up his hat and went swiftly down the low lady-slippers over her ears. a bird (yet you are woman, too!) that drive to the road, along which he wish we could play here always." old disk is marking happy hours now plunged breathlessly. The blue starfor me!

love.

tween two pronouns-so that I can a name and inscription: "Humph!" scoffed her spouse. "Dat kiss them all at once!"

gin?

He raised his head, a little flushed and with eyes brillfant. lighted a oldah yo' gits, de mo' foolishah yo' candle, sealed the letter with the ring

> Thereafter he sat looking into the growing dusk, watching the pale from his fingers and in the supervenlamps of the constellations deepen to green gilt against the lapis-lazuli of him by the throat. Shirley had laid these there, on the grave of the man the sky, and listening to the insect noises dulling into the woven chorus his father had killed-the cape jessaof evening. Uncle Jefferson was long her mother! He understood. in returning, and he grew impatient

> . . . . . . . finally and began to prowl through the It came to him at last that there dusty corridors like a leopard, then was a chill mist groping among the to the front porch and finally to the trees and that he was very cold. driveway, listening at every turn for the familiar slouching step.

He went back along the Red Road stumblingly. Was this to be the end When at length the old negro apof the dream, which he had fancled peared. Valiant took tha note he brought, his heart beating rapidly, would last forever? Could it be that and carried it hastily in to the candle- she was not for him? Was it no hoary of some days' growth, had an ugly And then they happened to find the light. He did not open it at once, but lie that the sins of the fathers were sat for a full minute pressing it be. visited upon the third and fourth gen- Without getting up, he rolled over to were ve-e-ery dry. They took them tween his palms as though to extract eration?

When he re-entered the library the from the delicate paper the beloved thrill of her touch. His hand shook candle was guttering in the burned the children. slightly as he drew the folded leaves wings of a night-moth. The place from the envelope. How would it be looked all at once gaunt and desolate tion," said Rickey. ("You can do it, "My Knight of the Crimson and despoiled. What could Virginia, June. Use a flat piece of bark.) Re- think did the most good with her dol-Rose?" or "Dear Gardener?" (She had what could Damory Court, be to him member that what we give today is lar-little Susy or little Mary?" called him Gardener the day they had without her? The wrinkled note lay for the poor heathen in-in Alabama." set out the roses) or perhaps even on the desk and he bent suddenly with "Sweetheart?" It would not be long, a sharp catching breath and kissed it. ceiving leaves, acorns, and an occa- ar' can'bals," gasped a dusky infant only a mere "Yes" or "Come to me," There welled over him a wave of sional pin. Midway, however, there breathlessly. "-dey done eat up all perhaps; yet even the shortest missive had its beginning and its ending. He opened and read. away. He stood under the moonlight. For an instant he stared unbeliev, with his arms about her, his lips on ingly. Then the paper crackled to a hers and his heart beating to the

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Coming of Greef King.

ball in his clutched hand, and he made sound of the violins behind them. a hoarse sound which was half cry, He laughed-a harsh wild laugh that then sat perfectly still, his whole face rang through the gloomy room. Then shuddering. What he crushed in his he threw himself on the couch and hand was no note of tender love buried his face in his hands. He was phrases; it was an abrupt dismissai. still iving there when the misty rain-The staggering contretemps struck wet dawn came through the shutters.

the color from his face and left every nerve raw and guivering. To be "nothing to her, as she could be nothing to him?" He felt a ghastly inclination to laugh. Nothing to her!

It was Sunday afternoon, and under Presently, his brows frowning heavthe hemlocks, Rickey Snyder had gathily, he spread out the crumpled paper ered her minions-a dozen children and reread it with bitter slowness, from the near-by houses with the weighing each phrase. "Something usual sprinkling of little blacks from which she had learned since she last the kitchens. There were parents, of you. Less than a day has passed saw him, which lay between them." course, to whom this mingling of color since we were together, but it might She had not known it, then, last night, and degree was a matter of convenwhen they had kissed beside the sun- tional prohibition, but since the ad- of Pennsylvania by Edward C. Dale, by heart-beats. What have you been dial! She had loved him then! What doing and thinking, I wonder? I have could there be that thrust them irrev-

Without stopping to think of the in the observance. "My! Ain't it scrumptious here "Mr. Valiant will let us," said Rick-

spangled sky was now streaked with ey. "I asked him." "How have I deserved this thing clouds like faded orchids, and the "Oh, he will," responded Cozy gloomthat has come to me?-sad bungler shadows on the uneven ground under ily, "but he'll probably go and marry that I have been! Sometimes it seems his hurried feet made him giddy, somebody who'll be mean about it." too glad and sweet, and I am suddenly Through the din and hurly-burly of his "Everybody doesn't get married," desperately afraid I shall wake to find thoughts he was conscious of dimly said one of the Byloe twins, with masmyself facing another dull morning moving shapes acrose fences. the culine assurance, "Maybe he won't," in Paris, in 1792, and that Jane Tay- operations of our day, and hereafter in that old, useless, empty life of mine, sweet breath of cows, and a negro per I am very humble, dear, before your destrian who greeted him in passing torted Cozy scornfully. "Women have Jones, went to Paris and took posses arms" we shall have to include the He was stricken suddenly with .the to, and some one of them will make sion of everything left by the sea dying machine.

EDWARD SASSOON. 'spises yo' spissable dissisition!" "Forgive us our trespasses."

"Let us all rise," continued Rickey. unmoved, "and sing 'Kingdom Com-The silence seemed to crash to earth ing."" And she struck up lustily, like a great looking-glass and shiver into a million pieces. The wax dropped stick, and the rows of children joined in with unction, the colored contingent ing darkness a numb fright gripped coming out strong on the chorus.

mines she had wanted that day, for As watahs dat covah de sea!

The clear voices in the quiet air startled the fluttering birds and sent his brush. They roused a man, too, him.

who had lain in a sodden sleep under a bush at a little distance. He was

The bark-slab made its rounds, re- came from the colored ranks. "Dem rebellious longing. The candle spread arose a shrill shrikk from the bearer dat candy and dem goober-peas, too?" to a hazy yellow blur. The walls fell and the collection was scattered broad-



QUESTION RIGHT TO SWORD | fighter. Later the sword was sent to Robert Morris.

Historic Relic Now in Possession of University of Pennsylvania Has Evoked Discussion.

tion of the fight he made with the Bon Homme Richard against the Serapis has been presented to the University

was more honored in the breach than nati. The sword has been in the possession of the Dale family for more

> This is the sword which Charles clares now should be in possession of Admiral Dewey. It had been gen-

became of that dollar? It bought a mah 'ligion dan mah laz'ness. En Ah big satchelful of tracts for a missionary. He had been a poor man with six children and a wife with a bonefelon on her right hand-not a child old enough to wash dishes and all of beating time on the stump with a them young enough to fall in the fireso he had to go and be a missionary. He was going to Alabam-to a cannibal island, and he took the tracts and sailed away in a ship that landed him De yerf shall be full ob de wunduhful on the shore. And when the heathen cannibals saw him they were ve-e-ery glad, for there hadn't been any shipwrecked sailors for a long time, and

they were ve-e-ery hungry. So they a squirrel to the tip-top of an oak, tied up the missionary and gathered from which he looked down, flirting a lot of wood to make a fire and cook

"But is had rained and rained and rained for so long that the wood was ragged and solled and his heavy bru- all wet, and it wouldn't burn, and they tal face, covered with a dark stubble all cried because they were so hungry. scar slanting back from cheek to hair, satchelful of tracts, and the tracts command a better view, and set his and stuck them under the wet wood, eyes, blinking from their slumber, on and the tracts burned and the wood caught fire and they cooked the mis-"We will now take up the collec. slonary and ate him.

"Now, little children, which do you

The front row sniggered, and a sigh (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bird Man Has Arrived.

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DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pean's Office at Palace Livery Statis, Ballan foute, Pa. Both 'phones,

legacy, and that it should have been handed down to Barry's successor as senior officer, eventually reaching the possession of Admiral Dewey .-- Philadelphia Press. vent of Rickey, in whose soul lay a son of the late Richard C. Dale, a for-Napoleonic instinct of leadership, this mer president of the Society of Cincin-On the day after Christmas-a Russian aviator at St. Petersburg flew a new machine of his own making for than a century.

hours, carrying ten passengers in addi-Henry Hart, a local historian, de tion to a heavy load of ballast. This establishes the aeroplane' as a sure adjunct of modern transportation, inerally accepted that the sword passed cluding passengers and freight. A by will of Commodore Jones to Com- few days before this even we heard modore Dale, a forbear, of Richard C. of the successful use of the flying ma-Dale. Mr. Hart denied this. He de- chine by the French army operating clares that the sword was in posses. In Morocco, which puts this new mode sion of John Paul Jones when he died of warfare among the arms of military "Much a boy knows about it!" re- lor of Dumfries, Scotland, a sister of when we use the expression "all

According to Mr. Hart Mr. Morris later presented the sword to Commodore John Barry, senior officer of the American navy in 1795, but that

the presentation was only a life

The gold sword that Louis XVI presented to John Paul Jones in recogni-