

# Both Sides OF The Shield

By Major  
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One of the Heroes of the Titanic and President Taft's Military Aid.

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### SYNOPSIS

Palmer, a Boston newspaper man, is sent to Georgia to report social and industrial conditions in a series of letters to his paper. Colonel Turpin, a southerner, thinks Palmer is a lawyer and has come to foreclose the Turpin plantation's mortgage.

Palmer undecides him, and the colonel, thinking that Palmer is a kinsman, invites him to be his guest at the Pines. Palmer meets Ellen and Bud Turpin and is hospitably received.

He becomes interested in Ellen and learns that the Turpin home is in grave peril through lack of funds. He wants to confess that he is not really a kinsman, but fails to do so.

She had rolled up her sleeves in order to knead the dough, and with her arms bared to the elbow she pointed out to me a road which she advised me to take, telling me it would bring me to the old Ogethorpe bridge.

"But your father promised that you should take me there," I said, "and that is a debt of honor you must pay."  
"Very well," she laughed, as if preparing to go, "but you will go without your breakfast, and, what is worse, Bud will call you out for making him lose his, for he comes from the fields hungry and out of temper sometimes."

"I would not mind going without mine," I said, "but heaven forbid that so fine a fellow should go without his."  
Tears came into her eyes, but she soon brushed them away and with a smile said:

"You touched a weak spot then. Bud is the salt of the earth, and he deserves to find diamonds in this dull soil instead of fighting out his life for a few pounds of cotton."

I started down the road which she had pointed out, wondering what had come over me when my life in Boston had seemed a thing forgotten in a few hours and my work and literary career become a secondary matter with me. I passed through an old orchard, where the opening apple buds lent their fragrance to the air, and by my side it seemed to me that the unseen presence of Miss Ellen walked.

The dogwood was blossoming down by the branch, and when I reached the pine trees their crisp needles, stirring in the breeze, seemed singing some blithesome air instead of wailing mournfully, as they had done the evening previous. I saw her little rose garden and, picking the only flower then in bloom, hid it away beneath my waistcoat. There was an impassioned picturesqueness in the unkept lawn, and out of the cedar and underbrush I might have expected to see some dried come. I found the bridge by the path Miss Ellen had pointed out and for an hour sat reclining upon its ivy colored arch conjuring up such scenes as I imagined had been enacted here when its owners lived in affluence and when women in silks and satin and powdered hair sat in the oaken dining hall and danced the stately minuet on rich carpets and under many lights. In my mental vision I thought I saw one with the features of Miss Ellen who glided past all others and stood in gay colored brocade waiting to be wooed like a princess. The picture faded, and I saw the real Ellen, none the less regal, but in place of the scorn the other wore upon her lips there was a gentle patience, and about her form there hung a simple cotton gown more beautiful than the stately gown woven in my dream picture. I must have been asleep, then, after all, I thought, looking at my watch, for it was past the time when she told me to be back. Hurrying home the way I came, I found them seated at the breakfast table, and I pleaded guilty to an early morning nap among the woods.

"And your dream?" she asked, as if reading what was in my mind.

"Was of a beautiful woman clad in silks," I said, "and she stood in an old hall waiting for a prince to come."  
"Ah, what a sad awakening!" she said, laughing sweetly.

"But wait until I tell you of the change that came 'er the spirit of my dream," I added.

"And I will some day show you the first scene of your picture," she said softly.

"And the last part?"

"I do not know what it is, and you have not told me."

"But I will some day, and," looking into her deep brown eyes and almost speaking in a whisper, "I like it better than the first portion of my picture."

I did not see Miss Ellen alone again that day. Squire Hawkins called in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. He was a kindly looking man, not over fifty, I should say, and he wore a prosperous air, and he seemed to me to have seen a good deal of the world. Miss Ellen did not play for us that evening, for she and the squire took a long walk in the moonlight, and when she came home she went to her room.

only stopping to say good night as she passed us on the porch. The squire stayed awhile longer and entertained us with stories of his university days in Germany, where he had been educated. He seemed to treat Miss Ellen when he was with her in such a gentle, fatherly way that I laughed at the idle gossip that I had heard about his courting her. I enjoyed his company and laughed heartily over his stories, which were good and well told. He had some good cigars, which Bud and I enjoyed, but the colonel would not smoke one, for he said they would upset his nerves and make him "hanker after the feshpots of Egypt." The squire tried to banter him out of his resolution, but the colonel was obstinate and stuck to the pipe.

### CHAPTER IV. Almost a Proposal.

EARLY Sunday morning the old coach was got ready, for Miss Ellen sang in the church choir, and we had to make an early start in order that she might get there on time. "I reckon you are not a churchman," said the colonel, "for, if I remember rightly, the Palmers were always blue-back Presbyterians, but most people down here are Episcopalians, so don't you go unless you feel so inclined."

I acknowledged to being a member of the Presbyterian church, but expressed a willingness—nay, even an eagerness—to go, for I knew that Miss Ellen would not be at home. The drive that morning was a memorable one. Bud sat on the box and did the driving, with Pickaninny Sam by his side. Colonel and Mrs. Turpin, Miss Ellen and I occupied the seats on the inside. I had seen the George Washington coach at Mount Vernon, and I could not help thinking of it as I looked at this bedroom of the Turpins. I might have thought that it had once been used by General Ogethorpe himself, so ancient did it look.

The colonel assured me in a most serious vein that it had never had that distinction, though there was a tradition in the family that it had been occupied by General Washington on his famous visit to Fort Augusta after the days of the Revolution, when he stayed at Meadow Garden, the home of the Waltons, the head of which family had been one of those to sign the Declaration of Independence. The coach was still strong and did not look out of place as it rambled through the pine forests, but it would come near to upsetting at times when going down hills where the roads were washed into deep trenches.

Every now and then Bud would bring the team to a stand and, telling us that the trace or some other part



The Coach Would Come Near to Upsetting at Times.

of the harness had broken, would get down and, taking a bundle of twine from his pocket, tie the ends together, and soon we would start again. I cared not how many times the traces might snap or how long it took us to get to church while opposite to me sat Miss Ellen, her eyes laughing into mine every time the horses were brought to a stop.

"Bud, the harness is getting pretty old," said the colonel with grave dignity when Bud halted the coach for the fifth time, I think, and just within sight of the old church.

"Yes, father; it must be considerably older than I am," answered Bud cheerfully as he used the last bit of twine he had, "but it will hold together another six months, I reckon," smiling into the coach at Miss Ellen and me.

"Do you think the coach will hold together that long, Bud?" nervously asked Mrs. Turpin, for her faith in the vehicle was but little. Indeed, she had suggested using the wagon before we started.

"How can you ask such a question, Mary?" said the colonel, showing annoyance. "Has it not lasted ever since George Washington visited Augusta? It will be here when we are gone and serve your grandchildren well yet, I'll be bound," at which Miss Ellen colored and Bud laughed heartily.

Bud drove to the back of the church, where there was a long row of horse stalls. There were several old coaches standing by, but none as ancient or as grand as ours, and I found myself taking pride in the apparent antiquity of the family I was visiting and remembering quite well sneering at the newly painted buggies which were

lined along the fence. We not only had a pew well up under the chancel, but occupied a place of honor among the middle aisle aristocracy. I had never heard Miss Ellen sing and did not know now whether she was soprano or alto. I was tempted sorely to look around just once to see her in the organ loft, but so many eyes were fixed on me that I kept mine fixed religiously on the minister. After sermon the Turpins held quite a reception under the pines in the yard, and I was given an opportunity of seeing in what respect they were held in the county. Several of the young men invited me to hunt with them and offered me their guns, shells and dogs.

"We know Bud is pretty busy," they would say, "so if you give the word we will ride by for you some day this week." Miss Ellen was the center of attraction, and every man tried to edge himself within the circle that surrounded her in order to receive one passing remark from her at least. She seemed entirely unconscious of the influence she exerted in her limited sphere, yet apparently took this homage for granted, or so it appeared to me.

"We must have a dance in the ball while Mr. Palmer is here," I heard her saying to some of the girls who were standing near, at which they immediately set up such a clatter and chatter as a hundred sparrows might be expected to make upon the first warm day in spring. The following Friday was settled as the day, and all boys and girls as well, agreed to come Thursday and help cook the supper for the party, and each agreed, too, to bring something. Margaret Robertson said she would bring all the sugar needed for the cake, Bert Simmons promised three quarts of cream for the sabbab, and Jim Barrett said he would make up the rest that might be needed. Ruth Howard would donate flour, and another offered chickens for the salad, and so on down the list.

"Be sure to bring them picked," George Adams, said Miss Ellen, laughing, to the lad who had donated the chickens, "for if Sally Stavall is there you will be of no assistance, as we know from experience. And two of you girls must come prepared to spend the night of the ball to help clear away the remnants the next day." All volunteered, and Miss Ellen had a hard time to choose between them, so highly was this honor prized. The rector, coming out and hearing what all the chatter was about, delivered a lecture upon the frivolity of youth and ended by saying:

"And if no one has seen about the music I promise to furnish that as my share. I will bring my old violin and be one of the band myself," which announcement was greeted with applause, for I heard afterward that no one could keep such good time as Mr. Lamb, and the darky band always played better when he led it.

That afternoon a number of older people in the county called, and Miss Ellen served tea on the shady side of the house under the porch. Later Bud and I rode horseback. He took me to see the camping ground of General Sherman, which Miss Ellen had pointed out to me the night of my arrival, and from there we took a circuitous route home. He told me many of the difficulties of farming in the county. We passed a number of farmers, and from each I learned something and stored up in my mind many a quaint anecdote for my letters from these simple country folk. One time when Bud had ridden forward to consult some one about getting extra hands I rode up to a stolid looking individual whom I saw sitting on a rail fence near by whittling a stick. His beard and hair were unkempt, and his whole attitude was one of supreme indifference to his surroundings.

"Good morning," I said.  
"Same to you," he answered without looking up to see who had addressed him.

"How are your crops this year?" I asked.

"Poor," was his monosyllabic reply.

"Good last year?"

"Nup," with maddening indifference.

"I hope your crops will be better next year," I ventured again.

"Doubt it," was all he would answer.

The field back of him did not look encouraging. Despairing finally of getting any information from him, I drew rein, preparing to join Bud, adding, however, before leaving:

"Well, that's too bad."

With sudden animation he stopped whittling for a moment to look up and remark:

"Tain't as bad as you think, my friend. I don't own this land."

I rode off, laughing at this quaint conception of the value of land. He had not intended to be either witty or humorous, but was sincere in trying to disabuse my mind of a false impression I might have of the extent of his troubles. When Bud rode up he explained to me that the man farmed only on shares and had he owned the land he would have been held responsible for the interest on the mortgage. Indeed, he said that to own certain of the land around that section was regarded as a calamity.

That ride with Bud gave me much material for a letter, and when I went to my room I wrote until after midnight. I touched only on the general condition of the planters and petty farmers and made use of such apt comments as I had chanced to pick up away from the Pines. I read and reread my letter to make sure it could not be traced to Ogethorpe or its immediate vicinity. I was satisfied that it would describe many of the older counties in the state; but, looking back now, it seems to me that I was too general in my deductions and that the illustrations, while unique, did not give a proper conception either of the manners of the people or of the conditions

of the country save in the exceptional case. But I had been trained to look for the exception, I fear, which I think is the main fault of all young people who have a pen put into their hands, who are prone to point out the ridiculous side of life instead of seeing the manhood and the strength which often underlie conditions, no matter how strange they may appear at first.

But my work for that week was done, and I arose the next morning with the feeling that I could do with my time as I wished without trying to remember incidents or conversations which might make interesting reading matter in Boston. I rode to the station and mailed my letter, and on my return I found Miss Ellen engaged, as she said, in putting the house to rights. "For if we leave all until the last day, very little will be done," she said, and so I spent the day lending a hand here or lifting a piece of furniture there. Miss Ellen mended many an old lace curtain that day, while I would sit, pipe in mouth, watching her fingers move backward and forward and keeping my eyes on her face when her own were fixed on the work in her lap. I was on the point several times of telling her why I had come south, to confess that there was no kinship possibly with the Kentucky Palmers, but after several efforts, which really got no further than planning them, I would forego all determination to play a strictly honorable role, and then, too, I feared it might put Colonel Turpin in a false position as well as myself, or so I chose then to think. That evening Miss Ellen played more beautifully than I had ever heard her play before, and she sang some old time melodies for us too. Her voice was sweet, and she sang simply and without effort. Before bedtime we had gathered around the piano and sung glees, even the colonel remembering enough from his old Princeton days to lend discord occasionally. It was an uneventful but happy day, and it swept me many leagues nearer to the goal to which I had been drifting unconsciously since the first minute I had seen Miss Ellen and looked into her honest brown eyes.

The next morning some of the young men of the county, Bud's friends, came for me to go hunting with them. I got into some of Bud's hunting togs and with his gun on my shoulder rode with them to the hunting lodge, from which point we scoured the country for many miles that day. The sport was new to me on account of the game we found. I had indifferent luck, however, though the others filled their bags with plover, robins, doves and larks. There were plenty of blackbirds, but we scorned shooting these, though I was told they make a good pie, which is a favorite dish with the colored hands on the farms. I saw something of each member of the party during the day and



I Rode With Them to the Hunting Lodge.

found them all, to a greater or less degree, in love with Miss Ellen. Jim gave me much information about the others, but added:

"She just laughs at them all and won't even let them pay her compliments as they do to the other girls."

"And you?" I said.

"Oh, me! She would not even look at me," said the manly young fellow, looking me squarely in the face, not ashamed to confess the hopelessness of his love. I made up my mind that if it ever came in my way to do Jim a good turn, no matter how my own suit came out, for I was now intent upon winning Miss Ellen, I would do it for his open and honest confession.

(Continued in next Friday's paper.)

### The Hundred Best Words.

With lists of the 100 best books we are wearisomely familiar; a list of 100 prize-winning words is something of a novelty. Grenville Kleiser of 1269 Broadway, New York, formerly instructor in public speaking at Yale university, has been trying his hand at it, and offers a prize of \$100 for a list as good as his, to be sent in by December 1. No doubt competitors can get a copy of the original list, which is a thrilling reading, though somewhat disconnected, and therefore not suitable for reproduction in extenso. Its tenor may be gathered from one letter—"P" for preference: "Patriotism, peace, peerless, perfection, perseverance, pluck, power, pre-eminence, princely, progress, prosperity."

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