

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Author of "THE NEW LADIES' TRAIL" and "THE NEW GENTLEMEN'S TRAIL"

CHAPTER XV.

I Make an Engagement.

The south bound train was now due in ten minutes. A few students had boarded the Chicago train, but a greater number still waited on the farther platform. The girl in gray was surrounded by half a dozen students, all talking animatedly. As I walked toward them I could not justify my stupidity in mistaking a school girl of 15 or 16 for a grown woman; but it was the tam-o-shanter, the short skirt, the youthful joy in the outdoor world that had disguised her as effectually as Rosalind to the eyes of Orlando. She was probably a teacher—quite likely the teacher of music, I argued, who had amused herself at my expense.

It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to approach her with an apology or a farewell, but those few inches added to her skirt and that pretty gray toque substituted for the tam-o-shanter set up a barrier that did not yield at all as I drew nearer. At the last moment, as I crossed the track and stepped upon the other platform, it occurred to me that while I might have some claim upon the attention of Olivia Gladys Armstrong, a wayward school girl of athletic tastes, I had none whatever upon a person whom it was proper to address as Miss Armstrong—who was, I felt sure, quite capable of snubbing me if snubbing fell in with her mood.

She placed toward me and bowed instantly, and her young companions withdrew to a conservative distance. I will say this for the students at St. Agatha's, Annandale: Their manners are beyond criticism, and an affable discretion is one of their most admirable traits.

"I didn't know they ever grew up so fast—in a day and a night!" I was glad I remembered the number of beads in her chain; the item seemed at once to become important. "It's the air, I suppose. It's praised by excellent critics," she laughed.

"But you are going to an ampler ether, a diviner air. You have attained the beatific state and at once take flight, if they confer perfection like an academic degree in St. Agatha's, then—"

I had never felt so stupidly helpless in my life. There were a thousand things I wished to say to her; there were countless questions I wished to ask; but her calmness and poise were disconcerting. Her eyes met mine easily; their azure depths puzzled me. She was almost, but not quite, some one I had seen before, and it was not my woodland Olivia. Her eyes, the note curve of her cheek, the light in her hair—but the memory of another time, another place, another girl, lured only to baffle me.

She laughed—a little murmuring laugh.

"I'll never tell if you won't," she said.

"But I don't see how that helps me with you?"

"It certainly does not! That is a much more serious matter, Mr. Glenarm."

"And the worst of it is that I haven't a single thing to say for myself. It wasn't the not knowing that was so utterly dull—"

"Certainly not! It was talking that ridiculous twaddle. It was trying to flirt with a silly school girl. What will do for 15 is somewhat vacuous for—"

She paused abruptly, colored and laughed.

"I am 27!"

"And I am just the usual age," she said.

"Ages don't count, but time is important. There are many things I wish you would tell me—you who hold the key of the gate of mystery."

"Then you'll have to pick the lock!" She laughed lightly. The somber Sisters patrolling the platform with their charges heeded us little.

"I had no idea you knew Arthur Pickering—when you were just Olivia in the tam-o-shanter."

"Maybe you think he wouldn't have cared for my acquaintance—as Olivia in the tam-o-shanter. Men are very queer!"

"But Arthur Pickering is an old friend of mine."

"So he told me."

"We were neighbors in our youth."

or you nor I had the slightest business there. But you spoke as though you understood what you must have heard, and you say you know Arthur Pickering. It is important for me to know—I have a right to know just what you meant by that warning."

Real distress showed in her face for an instant. The agent and his helpers rushed the last baggage down the platform as the rails hummed their warning of the approaching train.



Her Eyes Met Mine Easily; Their Azure Depths Puzzled Me.

"I was eavesdropping on my own account," she said hurriedly, and with a note of finality. "I was there by intention, and"—there was another hint of the tam-o-shanter in the mirth that seemed to bubble for a moment in her throat—"it's too bad you did not see me, for I had on my prettiest gown, and the fog wasn't good for it. But you know as much of what was said as I do. You are a man, and I have heard that you have had some experience in taking care of yourself, Mr. Glenarm."

"To be sure; but there are times—"

"Yes, there are times when the odds seem rather heavy. I have noticed that myself."

She smiled, but for an instant a sad look came into her eyes—a look that vaguely but insistently suggested another time and place.

"I want you to come back," I said boldly, for the train was very near and I felt that the eyes of the Sisters were upon us. "You can not go away where I shall not find you!"

I did not know who this girl was, her home, or her relation to the school, but I knew that her life and mine had touched strangely; that her eyes were blue, and that her voice had called to me twice through the dark, in mockery once, and in warning another time, and that the sense of having seen her before, of having looked into her eyes haunted me. The youth in her was so luring; she was at once so frank and so guarded—breeding and the taste and training of an ampler world than that of Annandale were so evidenced in the witchery of her voice, in the grace and ease that marked her every motion, in the soft gray tone of hat, dress and gloves, that a new mood, a new hope and faith sang in my pulses. There, on that platform, I felt again the sweet spring first warmed the Vermont hillsides and the mountains sent the last snows singing in joy of their release down through the brook-beds and into the wakened heart of youth.

She met my eyes steadily.

"If I thought there was the slightest chance of my ever seeing you again I shouldn't be talking to you here. But I thought—I thought it would be good fun to see how you really talked to a grown-up. So I am risking the displeasure of these good Sisters just to test your conversational powers, Mr. Glenarm. You see how perfectly frank I am."

"But you forgot that I can follow you; I don't intend to sit down in this hole and dream about you. You can't go anywhere but I shall follow and find you."

"That is finely spoken, Squire Glenarm! But I imagine you are hardly likely to go far from Glenarm very soon. I don't hesitate to say that I feel perfectly safe from pursuit!"—and she laughed her little low laugh that was delicious in its mockery.

I felt the blood mounting to my cheek. She knew, then, that I was virtually a prisoner at Glenarm, and for once in my life, at least, I was ashamed of my folly that had caused my grandfather to hold and check me from the grave, as he had never been able to control me in his life. The countryside knew why I was at Glenarm, and that did not matter, but my heart rebelled at the thought that this girl knew and mocked me with her knowledge.

"I shall follow and find you," I repeated. "I shall see you Christmas eve," I said, "wherever you may be."

"In three days? Then you will come to my Christmas eve party. I shall be delighted to see you,—and flattered! Just think of throwing away a fortune to satisfy one's curiosity! I'm surprised at you, but gratified, on the whole, Mr. Glenarm!"

"I will give more than a fortune; I will give the honor I have pledged to my grandfather's memory to hear your voice again."

"That is a great deal—for so small a voice; but money, fortune! A man will risk his honor readily enough, but his fortune is a more serious matter. I'm sorry we shall not meet again. It would be pleasant to discuss the subject further. It interests me particularly."

"In three days I shall see you," I said.

She was instantly grave.

"No! Please do not try. It would be a very great mistake. And, anyhow, you can hardly come to my party without being invited."

"That matter is closed. Wherever you are on Christmas eve I shall find you," I said, and felt my heart leap, knowing that I meant what I said.

"Good-by," she said, turning away. "I'm sorry I shan't ever chase rabbits at Glenarm any more."

"Or paddle a canoe, or play wonderful celestial music on the organ."

"Or be an eavesdropper or hear pleasant words from the master of Glenarm—"

"But I don't know where you are going—you haven't told me anything—you are slipping out into the world—"

She did not hear or would not answer. The train reared up to the platform, and she was at once surrounded by a laughing throng of departing students. Two brown-robed Sisters stood like sentinels, one at either side, as she stepped into the car. I was conscious of a feeling that from the depths of their hoods they regarded me with un-Christian disdain. Through the windows I could see the students fluttering to seats, and the girl in gray seemed to be marshaling them. The gray hat appeared at a window for an instant, and her smiling face gladdened, I am sure, the guardians of the peace at St. Agatha's.

The last trunk crashed into the baggage car, every window framed a girl's face, and the train was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

OBITUARY.

The death angel has again visited the home of C. A. and Anna Frazer and taken from them their little daughter Anna, aged eight months and twenty days. She was the pride of their home, a sweet little girl. And made their home happy and bright, but all we can do is to make ourselves ready to meet little Anna in a land that is ready and waiting for us.

There was an angel hand that was not complete, so God took our darling Anna to fill the vacant chair. She is waiting for the ones she loved best, shall gladly hail coming to the Mansion of the Blest. Gave by one the Savior gathers choice flowers, rich and rare, and transplants them in his garden to bloom forever there. The funeral services was conducted by Rev. Cassidy, after which the burial took place in the family graveyard on Mount Nebe holl.

Lizzie Vanhorn

Make a note now to get Ely's Cream Balm if you are troubled with nasal catarrh, hay fever or cold in the head. It is purifying and soothing to the sensitive membranes that line the air passages. It is made to cure the disease, not to fool the patient by a short, deceptive relief. There is no cocaine nor mercury in it. Do not be talked into taking a substitute for Ely's Cream Balm. All druggists sell it. Price 50c. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

MARTHA.

Wilburn Claffin made a business trip to Garvey branch this week.

A pretty wedding occurred at this place last week. The contracting parties were Miss Sarah A. Holbrook and C. C. Skaggs.

E. T. Prince and wife were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Pilla Diala, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Stella and Oscar Prince were visiting relatives in Elliott county Sunday.

Mrs. Samantha Boggs and Miss Nora Hay were shopping at M. A. Hay's yesterday.

Mrs. Anna Bailey has gone to Elliott county to see her sick parents.

Oscar Bailey, who has been attending school at Louisa, has returned home.

Misses Nono Ward, Lona and Flora Lyons were visiting at their uncle J. N. Sparks' Saturday night.

Misses Lula, Lonna and Pharris Sarraives, Oscar and Rufus Bailey visited at E. T. Prince's Sunday evening.

The infant child of M. A. Hay died Tuesday morning of last week of whooping cough.

Mrs. Boggs, who has been sick so long is slowly improving.

Jesse Sarraives, of Laurel Hill, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Almada Stinson, Saturday.

Miss Rachel Gibson, of this place, is visiting her sister in W. Va.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM MANY STATES

Important News Gathered from Abroad for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Somewhere in the maze of busy thoroughfares and bewildering bustle and glittering lights of the great city of Cincinnati, Frank Hines, Jailer of Somerset, Ky., has lost himself. Weary and footsore, Chas. Earl Gray, a mountain youth who was to have been taken to a reformatory in Kentucky yesterday by Hines to serve a sentence of two years, reached police headquarters last evening, after tramping all over the city trying to locate his jailer so the latter could take him to the place where he was to be imprisoned.

He had hunted high and low for Jailer Hines, and then, hungry and tired, without money, and not knowing where else to go, Gray appealed to the police. He was furnished with a hot meal and locked in a cell, while the police tried to locate the missing official.

A movement is on foot to secure a pardon for Fred Pharris, sentenced for five years for killing Fred Ketterer, a patient from Ashland, in the Eastern Kentucky Asylum at Lexington, where Pharris was an attendant.

Winchester, Ky., April 6. — Seven men broke jail here tonight and made their escape. They are: Frank Mahon, a white man, held here pending charges of forgery and obtaining goods under false pretenses, also wanted in other places; Charles Bircham, also white, who has recently been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for horse stealing; WEL Anderson, also white, held pending a charge of arson, and Rock Rome, Charles Berry, Walter Mack and James Allen, all negroes, who have committed or are charged with minor offenses. George William colored, charged with burglary, refused to go with them, and as soon as they were out gave the alarm. He was prevented from giving it before only by threats of death. They piled aside one of the stone walls, which is about five feet by three feet in size, and making their way along the wall until they could drop down unperceived.

Hopkinsville, Ky., April 5. — In reaching over the arm of a chair in which he was sitting to pick up a letter, which he had dropped, Prof. H. Clay Smith, Principal of the young ladies' department of South Kentucky College, suffered a fractured rib. A lead pencil in his pocket was pressed against his side with sufficient force to break the bone.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., April 5. — The Democratic District Committee of the Ninetieth Legislative District, composed of the committeemen of Menifee and Montgomery counties, in convention today at Frenchburg indorsed J. Will Clay, of this city, a candidate for Representative. This action settles the question as to Clay's nomination.

Lexington, Ky., April 5.—W. F. Klair, nominee for the Legislature on the Democratic ticket for this city, has received a letter from Charles J. Gooch, who has been nominated as Representative on the Democratic ticket in Simpson county, requesting his support for Speaker of the House of Representatives for the next Legislature.

The contest over an odd will, written by Thomas C. Williams, colored, was tried in the County Court today, the will being admitted to probate. Williams died about a month ago, leaving considerable property, including a life insurance policy for \$1,000. He left a will written on a scrap of an envelope, dated December 28, 1905, bequeathing the life insurance to Mattie Simpson, a negro woman not a relative of his. When the will was offered for probate it was found that Mattie Simpson had died, and her sister, Cordella Simpson, of Boston, claimed the insurance as her sister's heir. Williams' brother and sister made a contest, but the will was admitted to probate, and under the court's decision Cordella Simpson will get the money.

All logs for use in the construction of the Port of Boonesboro, Kentucky's building at the Jamestown Exposition, have been shipped, and promises are bright for the completion of the major portion of the fort by the opening of the exposition on April 28. The last car passed through Louisville last week, coming from Warren county. A few days previous a car containing 100 logs had been sent from Boyd county, where they were collected by

Col. Douglas Putnam. C. T. Holte-claw, contractor for the Kentucky building, announced several days ago that the central log houses, or the main assembling place, will be ready in ample time for the opening. The more or less congested condition of the freight yards at Norfolk may cause a delay in completing the remaining four log houses and the World's Fair.

It has been the promise of the Kentucky Commission that there will always be plenty of room for visitors. Chairs and settees will be found everywhere within the stockade and as many as 600 persons can find seats at one time. Rustic furniture will be used in the Kentucky building, and large and comfortable bakery chairs will be found on the broad piazzas running the full length of the main cabins.

Eight children have been born to a young couple in Daviess county, the last arrivals—twins—coming on the eighth anniversary of the wedding.

Frankfort, Ky., April 6.—At a meeting of the bar of Frankfort this afternoon Judge Stout brought before the body a report that had come to him of the laxity of examinations for admissions to practice law. It had been reported to him that "almost anyone could procure license to practice." Judge Stout admonished the bar to see that no one is admitted without having been duly qualified and learned in law.

Judge T. I. Edelen and W. Horace Posey were appointed examiners at County Judge J. H. Polgrove and A. C. Vanwinkle alternates. The examiners are among Frankfort's ablest and best scholarly attorneys.

An inspector of the State Board of Pharmacy caught all the drug stores in Bowling Green by purchasing morphine from the stores without a prescription, and prosecutions may follow for violation of the drug law.

Bowling Green, Ky., April 7.—In the hope of checking the epidemic cerebro spinal meningitis, which is causing many deaths in Harlan, Dr. Elmer Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute of New York, will come to Kentucky and will use his newly-discovered serum, which it is hoped will prove as efficacious in curing this disease as antitoxin has been in robbing diphtheria of its terrors.

It was reported to the State Board of Health to-day that a serious situation prevails in Harlan, and that so far twenty deaths have occurred, with new cases being reported frequently. The disease is unusually mortal, and death has followed within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the patient has been taken ill. At first the authorities of Harlan were not certain what the disease was but there is no doubt now that it is the most virulent form of "spotted fever," as the malady is usually termed.

NEW THACKER, W. Va.

This is a business place when the coal mines are in operation.

We have a fine bank boss, Hugh Boyd.

Mrs. Annie Cox and daughters, Sylvia and Lou, were visiting Mrs. Mandy Parker Monday.

Hugh Boyd moved into the house recently vacated by Leander Cox.

Mr. Gille Peterman, visited Thacker friend Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Jane Johnson, who has been on the sick list, is slowly improving.

Wm. Cox visited this place Sunday.

Wm. Hatfield moved to Steep Cut Sunday.

I hear that all the girls of Three Mills, Ky., are going to leave for Arkansas. Nobody's Darling.

Wallace, "The Big Sandy Insurance Man" will be pleased to show you the new forms of life insurance, known as the New York Standard Policy, being approved by the New York Legislature. Issued by the Old Reliable Mutual Life of New York.

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