For Rent.

FOR RENT OR LEASE—DOUBLE business room, corner Belmont and Thirteenth streets, Bellaire, Ohio. Inquire of W. S. CARROLL, Bellaire, Ohio. de8

FOR RENT—THE DWELLING-HOUSE of the late Dr. Logan, 901 Main street. Possession given April 1, or sooner if desired. Inquire on the premises, or of W. P. Hubbard, 1124 Chapline street. de14

FOR RENT—A DAIRY FARM, 75 cows and 3 horses, two dwelling houses, orchard and out-buildings. Possession April 1, 1889. For information apply at the premises of Mrs. ROBERT MARSHALL, three miles west of Wheeling. de13

FOR RENT.

In Reilly Block, Corner Market and Fourteenth Streets.

The central hall on the fourth floor, covering the whole of the building, and now occupied by the Knights of Honor, is now lighted, and suitable for Assembly, Lodge meetings and the like. If not sooner rented the ensuing year it will be furnished and rented by the week or day as may be desired. This hall is the greater known as "Lyceum Hall," and is on Fourteenth street. Possession the next April.

Also, Office Rooms Nos. 6 and 9 on third floor.

Also, Office Rooms Nos. 1, 2 and 4 on second floor, Rooms 1 and 2 of No. 3 at once, and Nos. 1 and 2 of No. 5 at once.

Also, Barber Saloon under Schnepf's Drug Store. Possession first next April.

The above rooms are substantially constructed, and have modern conveniences, including light and natural gas.

These rooms will be rented on reasonable terms. For further particulars apply to

M. REILLY,
1309 and 1311 Main Street.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—50 TO 100 BARRELS of apple cider vinegar. Call on or address P. SCHAY, Colerain, Ohio. de13

FOR SALE.

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Choice Building Lots on Wheeling Island for sale at low prices, and on easy terms.

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Twelve Garden Lots, containing large ordinary frame dwelling and large stable, (both newly roofed with steel roofing), situated on the Steubenville Pike and the Pittsburgh Division of the B. & O. Railroad, at Valley Grove, W. Va., three miles from Wheeling. Will sell for $750. JAMES L. HAWLEY, No. 1120 Main street.

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25 Shares Iron and Steel Company.
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25 Shares Benwood Nail Mill.
25 Shares Ohio Valley Bank.
25 Shares Riverside Glass Company.
25 Shares Peabody Insurance Company.

L. IRWIN, Agent,
No. 24 Twelfth street.

BAKERY FOR SALE.

Advertised, well equipped Bakery can be purchased, together with the good-paying trade it enjoys, for a reasonable sum. A desire to engage in other business is the reason for wanting to sell. Address

A. R., this office.

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1,000 ACRES,

Two miles from Middlebourne, Tyler county, W. Va., 300 acres of which is in fine timber.

W. V. HOGE & BRO.,
1300 Market Street.

FOR SALE.

Building Lots on the Old Fair Grounds, Zane's Orchard, North and South Front streets and South Penn streets, at very low figures.

A good 4-roomed House at 2042 Jacob street, at a bargain.

Double Brick House, 77 and 79 Virginia street, will sell separate or both together. They contain all modern improvements.

Store and Dwelling, 37 South Broadway; a good property at much less than cost.

Four-roomed Cottage for $725.

Eight-Roomed House, North Front street; rent for $20; all in good condition; $3,300.

Five-Roomed House, 21 North Broadway; will make a pleasant home.

Six-Roomed Brick House, southwest corner Third and Chapline and Wood streets, at a bargain; will pay for investment.

Dwelling Houses, large and small, always on hand for rent.

O. O. SMITH, 1220 Main Street.

FOR SALE.

(24) Twenty-four Lots in Caldwell's Addition to the City of Wheeling.

Said Lots are bounded on the north by Twenty-ninth street, on the east by Fillmore street, on the south by the Handlan Homestead, and on the west by the B. & O. R. R.

Their proximity to the above named railroad makes them excellent sites for manufacturing establishments.

If not sold in thirty days will be sold at public auction.

For terms and further information apply to

W. V. HOGE & BRO.,
1300 Market Street,

Or WILLIAM M. HANDLAN,
413 S. W. Cor. Chapline & Sixteenth St.

Commissioners' Sale.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE.

State of West Virginia, county of Ohio, ss. In the Circuit Court of said county.

W. J. Quinn and John G. Kline) vs. Charles J. Mayer and others. } In Chancery.

By virtue of a decree entered by said Court in the above entitled cause on the 6th day of October, 1888, the undersigned special commissioners will sell at public auction at the north front door of the Court House of said county, on

SATURDAY, THE 12TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1888,

beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property, that is to say: All that portion of the south half of Lot No. 22, situated on the west side of Main street, between seventh and eighth streets, in the city of Wheeling, county of Ohio, State of West Virginia, bounded as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot on Main street, running thence with said street north eighteen feet, more or less, to the centre of the brick partition wall of the brick house erected on said half lot; thence with the centre of said wall at right angles with Main street west to the western boundary of said lot; thence with the western boundary of the same south to the southern line of said lot; thence with the southern line of the same to the place of beginning.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third and as much more of the purchase money as the purchaser elects to pay in cash on the day of sale, the balance in two equal installments at one and two years, notes bearing interest from the day of sale to be given for the deferred payments.

THOS. O'BRIEN,
W. J. W. COWDEN,
Special Commissioners.

W. H. HALLER, Auctioneer.

That bond with security as required by law and the decree of said Court has been given by said special commissioners is hereby certified this 11th day of November, 1888.

JOHN N. MITCHELL,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Ohio County.

Trustee's Sale.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a deed of trust made by David Kull, Junior, and Barbara, his wife, to me as trustee, bearing date on the twelfth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book No. 22, page 9, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the front door of the Court House of Ohio county, in Wheeling, W. Va., on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889,

commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property, that is to say: All that certain piece of real estate situate in the city of Wheeling, in the county of Ohio, and State of West Virginia, and particularly described as follows, that is to say: Thirty feet of lot numbered one hundred and ninety two, situated on the east side of Chapline street, in that part of the city of Wheeling known as Centre Wheeling, being all of the same property which was conveyed to H. H. Hornbrook by Daniel Peck and Henry M. Russell, special commissioners, by deed dated November 7, 1881, and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Ohio county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 76, page 188, and conveyed to the said David Kull, Junior, by H. H. Hornbrook and wife by deed dated January 15, 1885, which last mentioned deed is duly of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Ohio County, West Virginia.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money, or as much more as the purchaser may elect to pay, cash in hand on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal installments, payable respectively in one and two years from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser to give his notes, with good security, for the deferred payments, and the legal title to be retained as further security until payment in full.

The title is believed to be good, but selling as trustee I shall convey only such title as is vested in me by the above mentioned deed of trust.

GEORGE R. E. GILCHRIST,
Trustee.

China, Glass and Queensware.

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Dinner and Chamber Sets,

which will be sold at very low prices. Don't fail to see these goods before buying.

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Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

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INVALIDS RELISH IT.

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Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.

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Is entirely a vegetable preparation containing no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, or other poisonous substances.

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Has cured hundreds of cases of Epithelioma or Cancer of the Skin, thousands of cases of Eczema, Blood Humors and Skin Diseases, and hundreds of thousands of cases of Scrofula, Blood Poison and Blood Taint.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

Has relieved thousands of cases of Mercurial Poisoning, Rheumatism and Stiffness of the Joints.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1888—Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: My little girl early part of the present year, a bad case of blood poison appeared upon me. I began taking S. S. S. under advice of a physician, and to-day I feel greatly improved. I am still taking the medicine and shall continue to do so until I am perfectly well. I believe it will be a perfect cure. Yours truly,

DOC. P. HOWARD,
111 West Sixth St.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 7, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism for over years. I could get no permanent relief from any medicine prescribed by my physician. I took over a dozen bottles of your S. S. S., and now I am as well as I ever was in my life. I am sure your medicine cured me, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from any blood disease. Yours truly,

O. E. HUGHES,
Conductor C. & G. R. R.

WACO, TEXAS, May 9, 1888—Gentlemen: The wife of my partner contracted a horrid blood affected with a loathsome skin disease, that covered her whole body. She was confined to her bed for several years by this affliction, and could not help herself at all. She could not sleep from excessive itching and bleeding of the skin. The disease baffled the skill of the physicians who treated it. Her husband began giving her and his wife Swift's Specific, and she commenced to improve almost immediately, and in a few weeks she was apparently free from the disease, and looking healthy, with no trace of the affliction left. Yours very truly, J. E. BRAND, Wholesale Druggist, Austin Avenue.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3 Atlanta, Ga.; New York, 739 Broadway.

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From its combination of valuable medicines, is superior to the extracts of Ginger in the cure of Cramps, Colic, Dyspepsia and Bowel disorders, and is invaluable for all Throat and Lung troubles. Use it without delay. Regular size, 50c. and $1.

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EAT QUAKER MILLS

ROLLED WHITE OATS

FOR BREAKFAST.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Quaker Mill Co., Ravenna, Ohio.

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ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY JOB WORK Neatly and promptly executed at the DAILY INTELLIGENCER JOB OFFICE, Nos. 25 and 27 Fourteenth street.

"CRESSY."

[Continued from Second Page.]

his mind the next afternoon to the prejudice of that calm and studious repose which the deserted school house usually superinduced, and which had been so fondly noted by McKinstry and Uncle Ben. The latter had not arrived for his usual lesson; it was possible that undue attention had been attracted to his movements now that his good fortune was known; and the master was alone save for the occasional swooping incursion of a depredatory jay in search of crumbs from the children's luncheons, who added apparently querulous insult to the larcenious act. He regretted Uncle Ben's absence, as he wanted to know more about his connection with the Harrison attack and his eventual intentions. Ever since the master emerged from the barn and regained his hotel under cover of the darkness, he had heard only the vaguest rumors, and he purposely avoided direct inquiry.

He had been quite prepared for Cressy's absence from school that morning—indeed in his present vacillating mood he had felt that her presence would have been irksome and embarrassing, but it struck him suddenly and unpleasantly that her easy desertion of him at that critical moment in the barn had not since been followed by the least sign of anxiety to know the result of her mother's interference. What did she imagine had transpired between Mrs. McKinstry and himself? Had she confidently expected her mothar's prompt acceptance of the situation and a reconciliation? Was that the reason why she had treated that interruption as lightly as if she were already his recognized betrothed? Had she even calculated upon it? Had she— He stopped, his cheek glowing from irritation under the suspicion, and shame of the disloyalty of entertaining it.

Opening his desk, he began to arrange his papers mechanically, when he discovered with a slight feeling of annoyance that he had placed Cressy's bouquet—now dried and withered—in the same pigeon hole with the mysterious letters with which he had so often communed in former days. He at once separated them with a half bitter smile, yet after a moment's hesitation, and with his old sense of attempting to revive a forgotten association, he tried to re-peruse them. But they did not even restrain his straying thoughts, nor prevent him from detecting a singular occurrence. The nearly level sun was, after its old fashion, already hanging the shadowed tassels of the pine boughs like a garland on the wall. But the shadow seemed to have suddenly grown larger and more compact, and he turned with a quick consciousness of some interposing figure at the pane. Nothing, however, was to be seen. Yet so impressed had he been that he walked to the door and stepped from the porch to discover the intruder. The clearing was deserted; there was a slight rustling in the adjacent laurels, but no human being was visible. Nevertheless, the old feeling of security and isolation, which had never been quite the same since Mr. McKinstry's confession, seemed now to have fled the sylvan school-house altogether, and he somewhat angrily closed his desk, locked it, and determined to go home.

His way lay through the first belt of pines towards the mining flat, but to-day from some vague impulse he turned and followed the ridge. He had not proceeded far when he perceived Rupert Filgee lounging before him on the trail, and at a little distance further on his brother Johnny. At the sight of these two favourite pupils Mr. Ford's heart smote him with a consciousness that he had of late neglected them, possibly because Rupert's lofty scorn of the "silly" sex was not as amusing to him as formerly, and possibly because Johnny's curiosity had been at times obtrusive. He however quickened his pace and joined Rupert, laying his hand familiarly as of old on his shoulder. To his surprise the boy received his advances with some constraint and awkwardness, glancing uneasily in the direction of Johnny. A sudden idea crossed Mr. Ford's mind.

"Were you looking for me at the schoolroom just now?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't look in at the window to see if I was there?" continued the master.

"No, sir.

The master glanced at Rupert. Truth telling was a part of Rupert's truculent temper, although as the boy had often bitterly remarked, it had "kept him a-goin' him."

"All right," said the master, perfectly convinced. "It must have been my fancy; but I thought somebody looked in—or passed by the window."

But here Johnny, who had overheard the dialogue and approached them, suddenly threw himself upon his brother's unoffending legs and commenced to beat and pull them about with unintelligible protests. Rupert without looking down said quietly, "Quit that now—I won't, I tell ye," and went through certain automatic movements of dislodging Johnny as if he were a mere impeding puppy.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" said the master, to whom these gyrations were not unfamiliar.

Johnny only replied by a new grip of his brother's trousers.

"Well sir," said Rupert, slightly recovering his dimples and his readiness, "Johnny yer, wants me to tell ye something. If he wasn't the most original self-cocking, God forsaken liar in Injin Spring—if he didn't lie awake in his crib mornin's to invent lies fer the day, I wouldn't mind tellin' ye, and would her told you before. However, since you ask, and since you think you saw somebody around the school house, Johnny yer allows that Seth Davis is spyin' round and followin' ye wherever you go, and he dragged me down yer to see it, He says he saw him doggin' ye."

"With a knife and pithtolth," added Johnny's boundless imagination to the detriment of his limited facts.

Mr. Ford looked keenly from one to the other, but rather with a suspicion that they were cognizant of his late fracas than belief in the truth of Johnny's statement.

"And what do *you* think of it, Rupert?" he asked carelessly.

"I think sir," said Rupert, "that allowin'—for onct—that Johnny ain't lying, mebbe it's Cressy McKinstry that Seth's huntin' round, and knowin' that she's always runnin' after you—" he stopped, and reddening with a newborn sense that his fatal truthfulness had led him into a glaring indelicacy towards the master, hurriedly added: "I mean, sir, that mebbe it's Uncle Ben he's jealous of now that he's got rich enough for Cressy to be whim, and knowin' he comes to school in the afternoon perhaps—"

"Tain't either!" broke in Johnny promptly. "Theth's over ther beyond the thchool, and Crethy's eatin' ithe cream at the bakerth with Uncle Ben."

"Well suppose she is, Seth dont know it, silly!" answered Rupert sharply. Then more politely to the master: "Thats it! Seth has seen Uncle Ben gallivanting with Cressy and thinks he's bringing her over yer. Don't you see?"

The master however did not see but one thing. The girl who had only two days ago carelessly left it to him to explain a compromising situation to her mother—this girl who had precipitated him into a frontier fight to the peril of his position and her good name, was calmly eating ices with an available suitor without the least concern of the past! The connection was perhaps illogical, but it was unpleasant. It was the more awkward from the fact that he fancied that not only Rupert's beautiful eyes, but even the infant Johnny's round ones were fixed upon him with an embarassed expression of hesitating and foreboding sympathy.

"I think Johnny believes what he says—don't you, Johnny?" he smiled with an assumption of cheerful ease, "but I see no necessity just yet for binding Seth Davis over to keep the peace. Tell me about yourself, Rupe. I hope Uncle Ben doesn't think of changing his young tutor with his good fortune?"

"No, sir," returned Rupert brightening; "he promises to take me to Sacramento with him as his private secretary or confidential clerk, you know ef—ef—" he hesitated again with very un-Rupert-like caution, "ef things go as he wants'em." He stopped awkwardly and his brown eyes became clouded. "Like ez not, Mr. Ford, he's only foolin' me—and—*himself*." The boy's eyes sought the master's curiously.

"I don't know about that," returned Mr. Ford uneasily, with a certain recollection of Uncle Ben's triumph over his own incredulity, "he surely hasn't shown himself a fool or a boaster so far. I consider your prospect a very fair one, and I wish you joy of it, my boy." He ran his fingers through Rupert's curls in his old caressing fashion, the more tenderly perhaps that he fancied he still saw symptoms of storm and wet weather in the boy's brown eyes. "Run along home, both of you, and don't worry yourselves about me."

He turned away, but had scarcely proceeded half a dozen yards before he felt a tug at his coat. Looking down he saw the diminutive Johnny. "They'll be comin' home thith way," he said, reaching up in a hoarse confidential whisper.

"Who?"

"Crethy and 'im."

But before the master could make any response to this presumably gratifying information, Johnny had rejoined his brother. The two boys waved their hands towards him with the same diffident and mysterious sympathy that left him hesitating between a smile and a frown. Then he proceeded on his way. Nevertheless, for no other reason than that he felt a sudden distaste to meeting any one, when he reached the point where the trail descended directly to the settlement, he turned into a longer and more soitary detour by the woods.

The sun was already so low that its long rays pierced the forest from beneath, and suffused the dim colonnade of straight pine shafts with a golden haze, while it left the dense intercrossed branches fifty feet above in deeper shadow. *Walking in this yellow twilight*, with his feet noiselessly treading down the yielding carpet of pine needles, it seemed to the master that he was passing through the woods in a dream. There was no sound but the dull intermittent double knock of the wood-pecker, or the drowsy croak of some early roosting bird; all suggestion of the settlement, with all traces of human contiguity were left far behind. It was therefore with a strange and nervous sense of being softly hailed by some woodland spirit that he seemed to hear his own name faintly wafted upon the air. He turned quickly; it was Cressy, panting behind him! Even then, in her white closely gathered skirts, her bared head and graceful arching neck bent forward, her flying braids freed from the straw hat which she had swung from her arm so as not to impede her flight, there was so much of the following Maenid about her that he was for an instant startled.

He stopped: she bounded to him, and throwing her arms around his neck with a light laugh, let herself hang for a moment breathless on his breast. Then recovering her speech she said slowly.:

"I started on an Injin trot after you, just as you turned off the trail, but you'ld got so far ahead while I was shaking myself clear of Uncle Ben that I had to jist lope the whole way through the woods to catch up." She stopped, and looking up into his troubled face caught his cheeks between her hands, and bringing his knit brows down to the level of her humid blue eyes said, "You haven't kissed me yet. What's the matter?"

Doesen't it strike you that t might ask that question, considering that it's three days since I've seen you, and that you left me in a awkward position to explain matters to your mother?" he said coldly. He had formulated the sentence in his mind some moments before, but now that it was uttered, it appeared singularly weak and impotent.

"That's so," she said with a frank laugh, burying her face in his waistcoat. "You see, dandy boy"—his pet name—"I reckoned for that reason we'd better lie low for a day or two. Well," she continued, untying his cravat and retying it again, "how *did* you crawl out of it?"

"Do you mean to say that your mother did not tell you?" he asked indignantly.

"Why should she?" returned Cressy lazily. "She never talks to me of these things, honey."

"And you knew nothing about it?" Cressy shook her head, and then winding one of her long braids around the young man's neck, offered the end of it to his mouth, and on his sternly declining it, took it in her own.

Yet even her ignorance of what had really happened did not account to the master for the indifference of her long silence, and albeit conscious of some inefficiency in his present nubecic attitude, he continued sarcastically,

"May I ask *what* you imagined would happen when you left me?"

"Well," said Cressy confidently, "I reconed, chile, you could lie as well as the next man, and that being gifted you'ld sling Maw something new and purty. Why, I ain't got no fancy, but I fixed up something against Paw's questioning *me*. I made that conceited Masters promise to swear that *he* was in the barn with me, Then I calculated to tell Paw that you came meandering along just before Maw popped in, and that I skedaddled to join Masters. Of course," she added quickly, tightening her hold of the master as he made a sudden attempt at withdrawal, "I didn't let on to Masters *why* I wanted him to promise, or that you were there,"

"Cressy," said Ford, irritated beyond measure, "are you mad, or do you think I am?"

The girl's face changed. She cast a half-frightened, half-questioning glance at his eyes and then around the darkening aisle. "If we're going to quarrel, Jack," she said hurriedly, "don't let's do it *before folks*."

"In the name of Heaven," he said following her eyes indignantly, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, with a slight shiver of resignation and scorn, "if you—oh dear! if *it's all* going to be like *them* let's keep it to ourselves."

He gazed at her in hopeless bewilderment. Did she really mean that she was more frightened at the possible revelation of their disagreement than of their intimacy?

"Come," she continued tenderly, still glancing however uneasily around her, "come! We'll be more comfortable in the hollow. It's only a step." Still holding him by her braid she half led, half dragged him away. To the right was one of those sudden depressions in the ground caused by the subsidence of the earth from hidden springs and the uprooting of one or two of the larger trees. When she had forced him down this decliyity below the level of the needle-strewn forest floor, she seated him upon a mossy root, and shaking out her skirts in a half childlike, half coquettish way, comfortably seated herself in his lap, with her arm supplementing the clinging braid around his neck.

"Now hark to me, and don't holler so loud," she said, turning his face to her questioning eyes. "What's gone of you anyway, nigger boy?" It should be premised that Cressy's terms of endearment were mainly negro dialectical, reminiscences of her brief babyhood, her slave nurse, and the only playmate she had ever known.

Still implacable, the master coldly repeated the counts of his indictment against the girl's strange indifference and still stranger entanglements, winding up by setting forth the whole story of his interview with her mother, his enforced defence of the barn, Seth's outspoken accusation, and their silent and furious struggle in the loft. But if he had expected that this daughter of a south-western fighter would betray any enthusiam over her lover's participation in one of their characteristic feuds—if he looked for any fond praise for his own prowess, he was bitterly mistaken. She loosened her arm from his neck of her own accord, unwound the braid, and putting her two little hands clasped between her knees, crossed her small feet before her, and, albeit still in his lap, looked the picture of languid dejection.

"Maw ought to have more sense, and ought to have lit out through the window after me," she said with a lazy sigh. "Fightin' ain't in your line —it's too much like *them*. That Seth's sure to get even with you."

"I can protect myself," he said haughtily. Nevertheless he had a depressing consciousness that his lithe and graceful burden was somewhat in the way of any heroic expression.

"Seth can lick you out of your boots, chile," she said with native abstraction. Then, as he struggled to secure an upright position, "Don't get riled honey. Of course *you'ld* let them kill you before you'ld give in. But that's their best holt —thats their trade! That's all they can do—don't you see? That's where *you're* not like *them*—that's why you're my boy —that's why I love you!"

She had thrown her whole weight again upon his shoulders until she had forced him back to his seat. Then with her locked hands again around his neck, she looked intently into his face. The varying colour dropped from her cheeks, her eyes seemed to grow larger, the same look of rapt absorption and possession that had so transfigured her young face at the ball was fixed upon it now. Her lips parted slightly, she seemed to murmur rather than speak:

"What are these people to us? What are Seth's jealousies, Uncle Ben's and Masters's toolishness, Paw and Maw's quarr'ls and tantrums to you and me, dear? What is it what *they* think, what they reckon, what they plan out, and what they set themselves against—to us? We love each other, we belong to each other, without their help or their hindrance. From the time we first saw each other it was so, and from that time Paw and Maw, and Seth and Masters, and even *you* and *me*, dear, had nothing else to do. That was love as I know it; not Seth's sneaking rages, and Uncle Ben's sneeking fooleries, and Master's sneaking conceit, but only love. And knowing that, I let Seth rage, and Uncle Ben dawdle, and Masters trifle—and for what? To keep them from me and my boy. They were satisfied, and we were happy."

Vague and unreasoning as he knew her speech to be, the rapt and perfect conviction with which it was uttered staggered him.

"But how is this to end, Cressy?" he said passionately.

The abstracted look passed, and the slight colour and delicate mobility of her face returned. "To end, dandy boy?" she repeated lazily. "You didn't think of marrying me—did you?"

He blushed, stammered, and said "Yes," albeit with all his past vacillation and his present distrust of her, transparent on his cheek and audible in his voice.

"No dear," she said quietly, reaching down, untying her little shoe and shaking the dust and pine needles from its recesses, "no! I don't know enough to be a wife to you, just now, and you know it. And I couldn't keep a house fit for you, and you couldn't afford to keep *me* without it. And then it would be all known, and it wouldn't be us two, dear, and our lonely meetings any more, And we couldn't be engaged—that would be too much like me and Seth over again. That's what you mean, dandy boy,—for you're only a dandy boy, you know, and they don't get married to backwood Southern girls who haven't a nigger to bless themselves with since the war! No," she continued, lifting her proud little head so promptly after Ford had recovered from his surprise as to make the ruse of emptying her shoe perfectly palpable, "no, that's what we've both allowed, dear, all along. And now, honey, it's near time for me to go. Tell me something good—before I go. Tell me that you love me as you used to—tell me how you felt that night at the ball when you first knew we loved each other. But stop —kiss me first—there once more—for keeps."

CHAPTER XI.

When Uncle Ben, or "Benjamin Daubigny, Esq." as he was already known in the columns of the "Star," accompanied Miss Cressy McKinstry on her way home after the first display of attention and hospitality since his accession to wealth and position he remained for some moments in a state of bewildered and smiling idiocy. It was true that their meeting was chance and accidental; it was true that Cressy had accepted his attention with lazy amusement; it was true that she had suddenly and audaciously left him on the borders of the McKinstry woods in a way that might have seemed rude and abrupt to any escort less invincibly good humored than Uncle Ben, but none of these things marred his fatuous felicity. It is even probable that in his gratuitous belief that his timid attentions had been too marked and impulsive, he attributed Cressy's flight to a maidenly coyness that pleasurably increased his admiration for her and his confidence in himself. In his abstraction of enjoyment and in the gathering darkness he ran against a fir tree very much as he had done while walking with her, and he confusedly apologized to it as he had to her, and by her own appeleation. In this way he eventually overran his trail and found himself unexpectedly and apologetically in the clearing before the school house.

"Ef this ain't the singlerest thing, miss," he said, and then stopped suddenly. A faint noise in the school house like the sound of splintered wood attracted his attention. The master was evidently there. If he was alone he would speak to him.

He went to the windoow, looked in and in an instant his amiable abstraction left him. He crept softly to the door, tried it, and then putting his powerful shoulder against the panel, forced the lock from its fastenings. He entered the room as Seth Davis, frightened but furious, lifted himself from before the master's desk which he had just broken open. He had barely time to conceal something in his pocket and close the lid again before Uncle Ben approached him.

"What mout ye be doin' here, Seth Davis?" he asked with the slow deliberation which in that locality meant mischief.

"And what mout *you* be doin' here, Mister Ben Dabney?" said Seth, resuming his effrontery.

"Well," returned Uncle Ben, planting himself in the aisle before his opponent; "I ain't do'in no sheriff's *posse* business jest now, but I reckon to keep my hand in far enuff to purtect other folks' property," he added with a significant glance at the broken lock of the desk.

"Ben Dabney," said Seth in snarling expostulation, "I hain't got no quar'll with ye!"

"Then hand me over whatever you took just now from teacher's desk and we'll talk about that afterwards," said Uncle Ben advancing.

"I tell ye I hain't got no quar'll with ye, Uncle Ben," continued Seth, retreating with a malignant sneer; "and when you talk of protectin' other folks property, mebbe ye'd better protect *your own* —or what ye'd like to call so—instead of quar'lin' with the man that's helpin' ye. I've got yer the proofs that that sneaking' hound of a Yankee school master that Cress McKinstry's hell bent on, and that the old man and old woman are just chuckin' into her arms, is a lyin', black-hearted, hypocritical seducer—"

"Stop!" said Uncle Ben in a voice that made the crazy casement rattle.

He strode towards Seth Davis, no longer with his habitual careful, hesitating step, but with a tread that seemed to shake the whole school room. A single dominant clutch of his powerful right hand on the young man's breast forced him backwards into the vacant chair of the master. His usually florid face had grown as grey as the twilight; his menacing form in a moment filled the little room and darkened the windows. Then in some inexplicable reaction his figure slightly drooped, he laid one heavy hand tremblingly on the desk, and with the other affected to wipe his mouth after his old embarassed fashion.

"What's that you were sayin' o' Cressy?" he said huskily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FINANCE AND TRADE.

The Features of the Money and Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Money on call easy at 3 to 6 per cent; last loan 3 per cent; closed offered at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4½@6½ per cent. Sterling exchange dull but strong at $4 84½@4 88½. Sales of stocks 161,412 shares.

The stock market to-day was again very dull, with little or no feature of importance. The traders indulged in considerable hammering during the forenoon, and during the first hour there was some activity, while prices slowly yielded small fractions further. After that time, however, the market became intensely dull, and prices slowly rusted until toward 2 p. m., when the decline was resumed with loss of insignificant fractions. Stagnation again followed and the market remained without movement for the rest of the day, finally closing dull and fairly steady at slight concessions from last evening's figures. The final changes in the active list, without exception, are for fractional amounts only.

Railroad bonds dull; sales $834,000.

Government and State bonds dull and steady.

BONDS AND STOCK QUOTATIONS—CLOSED BID.

U. S. 4s reg	127	Nash & Chat	81
U. S. 4s coupon	128	New Jersey Central	92⅝
U. S. 4½s reg	108½	Northern Pacific	24
U. S. 4½ coupon	108½	do preferred	57⅝
Adams Express	143	Chicago & N. W.	103¾
American Express	110	do preferred	137½
Canada Southern	51	New York Central	106⅝
Central Pacific	34	Ohio & Mississippi	20½
Chesapeake & Ohio	17¼	do preferred	83
do first preferred	14⅝	Pacific Mail	36
do second pref'd	10¼	Pittsburgh	155
C. C. C. & I	52½	Reading	42⅝
Denver & R. G	16	St. L. & S. F.	24⅝
Erie	25⅞	do preferred	64⅛
do preferred	39	do first preferred	110¼
Fort Wayne	150½	O. M. & St. Paul	52⅝
Kansas & Texas	13	do preferred	100⅞
Lake Erie & West	16	Texas Pacific	20⅞
do preferred	49¼	Union Pacific	61⅝
Lake Shore	99¼	United States Ex	74
Louisville & Nash	58¾	W., St. L. & P	12
L., N. A. & C	49	do preferred	23⅞
Memphis & Chas	93	Wells-Fargo Ex	140
Michigan Central	84	Western Union	82¾
Missouri Pacific	69⅝		

Breadstuffs and Provisions.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Flour, receipts 21,000 packages; exports 9,700 barrels and 10,570 sacks; market dull and unchanged; sales 16,700 barrels. Wheat, receipts 9,900 bushels; sales 108,000 bushels of futures and 10,000 bushels of spot; spot market weak; ungraded red 88@90c; No. 2 Chicago $1 13¼; No. 3 Milwaukee $1 03¼; options dull and heavy; No. 2 red December $1 05¼@1 06, closing at $1 05¼; January $1 06¼@1 07¼, closing at $1 06¼; February $1 07¾@1 08¼, closing at $1 07¾; March $1 09¾@1 10¼; June $1 11¼. Rye, western 61@63c. Barley quiet. Corn, receipts 55,000 bushels; exports 77,000 bushels; sales 704,000 bushels of futures; spot market moderately active; ungraded mixed 37@40c; options weak; December 40½c; January 46½c; February 46¾@46½c, closing at 46½c; May 45¾@45⅝c, closing at 45½c. Oats, receipts 4,000 bushels; exports 1,881 bushels; sales 7,000 bushels of futures and 114,000 bushels of spot; market weaker; spot No. 2 white 34¾@35c; mixed western 28@31c; white do 33@40c. Hay and hops quiet. Coffee, steady and 5@10 points lower; December 15.00@15.05c; January 15.20c; February, March, April, May and June 15.15@15.40c; July, August and September 15.35@15.50c; Rio easy at 17c. Sugar, refined strong. Molasses nominal. Rye strong. Tallow lower; city steam 6⅝c. Rosin and turpentine quiet. Eggs firm; western 25c. Pork steady; mess $14 75@15 00. Cut meats weak. Lard dull; western steam $7 75@; December 8.30c; January, February, March and April 8.10c; May and June 8.15c. Butter steady; western dairy 14@21c; creamery 19@31c. Cheese firm; western 11⅝c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Outside orders for wheat were few and only a moderate business was transacted, chiefly local, and a nervous feeling existed. Corn was fairly active and weaker. Provisions moderately active. Flour firm and unchanged. Wheat, cash No. 2 spring $1 04¼@1 05⅝; No. 3 spring 93c; No. 2 red $1 02¼@1 02⅝; December $1 03¾@1 05⅝, closing at $