

# His Friend, The Enemy

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## CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

In lieu of a rail, excited hands procured a length of "four-by-four." Keever was placed astride it and then carried, amid hoots and jeers, down the main streets of the town.

And a melancholy figure the doughty Colonel presented.

That white hat, so often and proudly declared to be the badge of his political rank and social position, was still about his ears, while the crown, hinged by a thread at the back, opened and closed with every movement of the four stout men who carried the timber on their shoulders.

The Colonel's clothes were torn, one end of his collar was flapping dismally about his neck and he had lost a shoe, but never once did he forget himself and release his hold upon his cane.

Some two miles out of town the angry citizens dropped their victim roughly and gave him warning, in terms more forcible than polite, never more to show his face within the corporate limits of Concord.

Sampson was the last of the indignant people to make his way back to town. As he was about to pass from sight he turned for one final glimpse of his former employer.

And there the Colonel sat, he, the great man, who had raised out of nothing that monument of tireless energy and intellectual grandeur, The Concord Blizzard! The monument was gone—passed away in a breath—and there he sat, solitary and alone, pondering the depth of his fall.

And Sampson—was he touched by the woful spectacle?

Hearing himself to his full height, he gave a shout of triumph and waved his hat.

"Hit me with your cane!" he shouted, shrilly; "hit me with your cane, will you?"

Then the printer shook his clenched fist, whirled about and disappeared.

## CHAPTER XXI.

As time is reckoned, Guy had sojourned in Goodwill county for a period of two weeks, and two days; but in the broad flight of events, affecting his life for better or for worse, this fortnight and more had multiplied itself unceasingly.

He had faced the citizens of Concord very early Wednesday morning and, with the timely aid of Sampson, had succeeded in clearing his fair name of every suspicion. The people began to see how they had wronged the young man, and, as their anger cooled toward him, it mounted higher against the Colonel.

When public opinion had reached the boiling point, the Colonel's castle was stormed and sacked and Guy's last glimpse of the fallen idol was caught from the procession that wended its way down the main street and out of the town. Before these irate citizens returned, the train from the west had arrived and departed, and Guy had gone with it.

His airy dream of a fortune had been snuffed out like a candle in full glare. His inheritance, all that had been saved from the wreck of his father's estate had sunk from a value of many thousands to a few paltry hundreds. The dream was past. The stern awakening was at hand, and there was nothing for him but work. As he toiled over some one's set of books, he could reflect philosophically on the "rigor of the game" that had wrecked him.

Miss Betty was the one bright spot in all that chaos of maneuver, plot, counterplot and checkmate. He was in love with her—hopelessly, he feared, in more than one sense of the word. Had Concord won the county seat and had he, in the "boom" that followed, realized a small fortune out of his lot, he might have prosecuted his suit, wooed and won. Let sentimentalists prate as they may, success in business very often goes hand-in-hand with success in love.

Besides, Guy had a reserve of pride. How could he face Miss Betty and tell her that the son of Montfort Herbert had hardly a dollar that he could call his own? No; he would "buckle in," make his mark and then go to her. Months would certainly elapse, perhaps years, but if his love could not withstand the wear of time wherein was it worthy? If she cared anything for him she would wait. On the other hand, if she did not care for him she would marry some one else and he would face the future in a manly way and do his utmost to forget. It was wise counsel that his heart took from his head and he set about his plans with courage and determination.

He made Jamestown his Mecca and there he found a loan and investment concern in need of an assistant bookkeeper. He passed an examination, was found competent and entered at once upon his duties. His weekly stipend was \$20—not half the pocket money his indulgent father had at one time allowed him.

It is very easy to work toward a goal as bright as the one Guy had set for himself and it was astonishing how he made shift to economize. Week by week more than half his salary was laid by and, when a month had passed, he was so hungry for news of Concord and Miss Betty that he wrote a line to Pettibone.

In the letter he asked how many Concord people had moved to Harmony; asked if the Colonel had ever been heard from; inquired about Waffle, Glimmer, Bilkins and others and requested the sheriff to send him bills for the lumber and hardware used in the ill-fated courthouse. Guy said that he intended to pay these bills and would do so in time. He wrote no word about Miss Betty, eager though he was to hear from her. But Pettibone knew. His reply would be filled with information concerning the owner of the blue eyes, Guy was certain.

After posting the letter he waited. The days passed without bringing a reply and a chill of disappointment swept through the young man's soul. His round of duties became irksome. He was beginning to realize how hard it would be to face the future without Miss Betty. The desire within him to run down to Concord some Saturday night was very strong. During Sunday forenoon he could take an inventory and ascertain how much of the town had been carted away, and in the afternoon he could drive to the other side of the county and find out how much of his town Harmony had already absorbed. He even pictured himself at Willowview indulging in persiflage with the squire over the county-seat contest. He would not reveal the true state of his affairs, but would pose as the wealthy son of Montfort Herbert. A business plea would take him from Willowview Sunday night so that he could get back to Jamestown in time to begin his weekly grind in the loan office. Miss Betty should never know the straits to which he was put until he had wrested a fortune from the clutch of fate and had laid it at her feet, together with his heart.

Just as Guy, bending mechanically over his ledger, had figured the matter to suit his exacting fancy, he heard a voice in the outer office. He dropped his pen, startled, and his heart leaped into his throat.

"Is this the office of the Jarvis Loan and Investment company?" inquired the voice.

"It is madam," returned the obsequious senior partner. "I am Mr. Jarvis."

"Is there a Mr. Herbert connected with your firm?"

Connected with the firm! Guy shivered and pressed one hand to his throbbing temples.

"There is no such person connected with our firm, madame," returned Mr. Jarvis. "We have an assistant bookkeeper in our employ whose name is Herbert."

Miss Betty there! Guy would have given worlds to effect an escape. He could not even get his coat for that was in the closet beyond the private office.

"I would like to see him a moment, please," said Miss Betty, after a pause.

"Herbert!" called Jarvis in the arrogant tone that is part and parcel of the money-lender. "This way, Herbert!"

Guy was wearing clothes which he had discarded in his better days. He was in his shirt-sleeves and had absent-mindedly picked up the pen with his ink-stained fingers and placed it behind his ear. In passing the office mirror he halted for a peep at his tumbled hair and careless appearance.

"Herbert, I say!" came from Jarvis, impatiently.

The next moment Guy was in the senior partner's private room.

"What is it, Mr. Jarvis?" he asked.

"A lady to see you," was the short answer.

The young man turned to Miss Betty. Patricia she was from the toe of her daintily shod foot to the feather that crowned her hat.

She gave a start and an amazed look overspread her face. Guy bowed. What did those blue eyes hold besides surprise? Pity? He would have none of that. In an instant he became ridiculously haughty.

"At last," murmured Miss Betty hastening toward him. "At last the lost is found!" She extended a gloved hand which he accepted in a perfunctory way. "Why did you fold your tent and steal away in such nomadic fashion, Mr. Herbert?" she asked.

"I did not know that any one would care," he said, lamely.

"You did not care anyway, that is certain. I am a very persistent person, however, as you must know by this time. I found that Mr. Pettibone had heard from you and I have come to see you on very important business. I am staying with my friend, Mr. James Mortimer. Will you come to see me there, this evening?"

"I shall be most happy."

She gave him a quick, penetrating glance and then turned hastily with a little bow and left the office.

"Who is that lady, Herbert?" inquired Jarvis.

"Miss Elizabeth Vlandingham," replied Guy.

"What! Wilbur Vlandingham's daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"A fine girl and she will come into a property one of these days that will foot up six figures."

These words echoed and reechoed through Guy's brain for the remainder of the afternoon. He felt humiliated. In the midst of his brave thoughts, the son of Mr. Montfort Herbert had been discovered as he was—abject, fortuneless, a waiter upon the grace of the arrogant Jarvis. What could any fine girl with a fortune that footed up six figures do but pity him? Perhaps ask him to Mr. Mortimer's to offer a few hundred as a salve for his poverty? Guy's cheeks were in a flame.

When he had prepared himself that evening for his call at the Mortimer home—one of the finest homes in Jamestown—he had no cause to be ashamed of his appearance. The son of Montfort Herbert, even in his palmiest days, had never looked better.

Once in the drawing-room and Miss Betty came to him quickly. She was clad in a dress of some light, diaphanous material and her Titian hair was a golden glory under the soft light. He wanted to get down on his knees and ask her not to pity him, not to offer him money, not to tender any mistaken kindness which, at her hands, could only abase him in his own estimation. She seated herself close to him, so close that he could look into her blue eyes and note the faintest lights and shadows that played there. A woman's eyes do all the mischief here below. They invite or they flash disdain, reveal nothing of the heart or everything, are angelically kind or cruelly indifferent. A little idle chat and then Miss Betty inquired:

"You came to Jamestown directly after leaving Concord in such a precipitate manner, did you, Mr. Herbert?"

"Directly," he answered.

"And united your fortunes with those of the Jarvis Loan & Investment company?"

"I went to work for them," he said, bluntly, for he had no desire to take refuge behind high sounding phrases. "At one time I was my father's private secretary and kept his books. It is a good thing for a young man to know a trade."

"It is, indeed," she spoke carelessly as though not very deeply impressed.

"Have you heard anything of Col. Keever?" Guy inquired, forcing himself to sudden interest in a topic far from his thoughts.

"Nothing is known about the Colonel except that, after collecting the price of his treachery, he fled to the west."

"I felt all along," said Guy, "that he was a man who could not be trusted."

"Mr. Herbert," she continued, earnestly, "I came here to find you and to assure you that I knew nothing of the transaction that lost Concord the county seat. If I could undo the wrong, if the election might be recalled and held over again, believe me, Concord would hold its own. Neither I nor my father knew anything of that despicable affair until late Tuesday night."

"I was sure of it," returned Guy.

"Why were you sure of it?" she asked, looking at him steadily. "Had I not told you that it was a case of diamond cut diamond? Did you not see me actively concerned in the stealing of your courthouse? Why should you think well of me after that?"

"But for you, Miss Vlandingham," he replied, gratefully, "that contest would have been a sanguinary one. I had no influence; you threw the weight of yours, into the scales and, by a diplomacy as rare as it was skillful, warded off the violence that seemed bound to come. The loss of one life would not have paid for a dozen county seats."

There was a strange something in the blue eyes as they bent upon him, and why could he not read their mystery?

"I am glad you think that," she said, simply. "I was afraid you had gained a wrong impression. Mr. Pinebeck paid those 20 Jamestown men and took Harmony lots for the amount. My father has also paid for the courthouse."

This was the nearest she had yet come to striking the blow he feared. "It is all very well for the payment of the Jamestown men to come out of Harmony," observed Guy, "but I shall pay for the courthouse myself."

She saw that he was determined. "You may do so some time," she answered. "I don't think you should, but I shall not attempt to set my judgment against your own."

He thanked her for that. Saving ten dollars per week it would take him a little less than two years to pay for the pile of ashes on the Harmony square. Nevertheless, he thanked her mentally and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Have all the Concord people moved over to your town, Miss Vlandingham?" he queried, smilingly.

"The county officials have joined us—Mr. Pettibone and Mr. Biggs. If Mr. Pettibone had not been in Harmony I presume I should not have discovered your whereabouts."

"Are the rest of the townspeople going to remain in Concord, do you know?"

"I understand that there will be no radical change. To be frank, Mr. Herbert, although Harmony is now the county seat and is enjoying the benefits of a 'boom' as they call it, yet Concord is nearer the center of

the county and has more good farming land tributary to it. My father says so and I have confidence in his judgment."

"So have I," returned Guy, hopefully.

"My father, Mr. Herbert," she proceeded, hesitatingly, "would like to purchase your interest in Concord."

"How much would he give?"

"He wished me to ask you if you would consider \$5,000."

There it was! Guy reddened. Tactful as ever, Miss Betty was seeking to bestow her charity in the way least calculated to wound his feelings. His pride was exaggerated, of course, but had he not loved the fair girl who was seeking to aid him he would not have felt so keenly. He got up.

"I am working for the munificent salary of \$20 per week, Miss Vlandingham," said he, coldly. "If I am properly attentive to business I am to receive \$25 per week after two years. Notwithstanding that, I am altogether too rich to sell for \$5,000 a number of lots that would be dear at \$500. I will send you money for the courthouse," he added, drawing himself up grandly and haughtily.

"Possibly I can borrow it. If not, I will send my note. I have the honor to bid you a very good evening!"

He strode to the door and laid his hand on the knob. He was not going to look back, but she did not speak, and he heard something very like a sob. Then he turned. Poor Betty had her face in her hands and was weeping forlornly.

Guy felt a sudden pang of remorse. He was a brute to act in that silly way. He had imagined that she would flare out at him, would give a sharp word and retaliate in kind. Instead of angering he had only wounded.

"Miss Vlandingham!"

There was no answer, no lifting of the bowed head, and he walked to her quickly.

"Betty," he murmured, his words coming in a torrent, "I am a wretch. I did not mean what I said! Forgive me. Take those worthless lots and give me \$5,000, or \$500,000, or \$5,000,000 for them, if you want to. It was not the proposition so much as the fact that it came from you. I have loved you ever since we first met—ever since you fell into my arms from the cupola of that freight car. I do not want pity, or money, or anything else from the girl I love—just her heart, that's all. When I have made a fortune I am coming to ask you if you will have me, if you will—"

She looked up at him suddenly, her eyes dancing through her tears.

"Do you know how long it will take you to make a fortune at the rate of \$20 per week, Guy?" she whispered.

"It depends largely on the magnificence of the fortune, I suppose."

"Even to make a fortune that is not very magnificent would take too long—too long for me to wait."

"Darling!" he murmured. "You will take me now, as I am?"

"I can help you, dearest. Why can we not face the world together?"

He folded her to his breast.

"I am rich already," he whispered, "since I have your love. My friend, the enemy, is to be my wife and I am the happiest fellow in the world!"

Thus it came about as Pettibone had said. The sheriff knew, for so had it been with himself and Matilda.

## THE END.

### The Press Can Be Trusted.

"We recall an incident," says the editor of Zion's Herald, of Boston, "which occurred many years ago, and which was very influential in helping the writer to correct notions concerning the daily press. In a private circle of friends, made up largely of ministers, the daily newspaper became the subject of conversation—mainly of severe criticism and condemnation. Among that company was an ex-governor, a man of large experience in public life, able, honored and revered, and familiar for 50 active years with journalism. Finally, after patiently listening to the criticisms, he said, gently but firmly: 'Gentlemen, you are mistaken. The public press is indispensable for the dissemination of information and for the direction of public opinion. In the main, it is right and beneficent. It is almost miraculous in its alertness in going to the bottom of things, and usually it is correct and can be trusted.'"

### Spoke Louder Than Words.

Alice, who was five years old, was often asked to run errands for her mother. She went very willingly if she could pronounce the name of the article wanted, but she dreaded the laughter which greeted her attempts to pronounce certain words. "Vinegar" was one of the hardest for her. She never would go for it if she could help it; but one morning her mother found it absolutely necessary to send her.

On entering the store she handed the jug to the clerk and said: "Smell the jug and give me a quart."—Little Chronicle.

### A Peculiarity of Conscience.

"I suppose you will vote according to your conscience?" said the friend.

"I will," answered the politician, who is sadly practical.

"Pecuniary considerations will not figure?"

"Well, I don't know. There's nothing that hurts my conscience more than to feel that I have been wasting money."—Washington Star.

### Hibernicism.

Laborer (waving flag)—Ye'll hav ter turn back. This street's closed.

Driver—What's it closed for?

Laborer—Bekase it's jist been opened by the tilyphone company ter put down their wires. That's why it's closed.—Philadelphia Press.

## A VANISHING ARMY.

### Columns of Our Brave Citizen Soldiers Are Serried.

#### Thoughts Suggested by the Grand Army Encampment at Washington—War Songs Still Move the Multitude.

[Special Washington Letter.]

VANISHING from the face of this earth are the serried columns of citizen soldiers whose campaigns and battles shook the world 40 years ago, and whose victories settled for all mankind and for all time that one man shall not eat his bread in the sweat of another man's face.

Regiment after regiment has disappeared over the brow of the hill of time. During these recent years they have been going into the impenetrable beyond, brigade after brigade, every year. Now they are going by divisions, and soon whole army corps will annually disappear until all of them are gone.

The feeble remnants of those powerful masses of men are here now in their last reunion at the national capital, and they are numerous enough to establish headquarters for the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of the Middle Military division, the Army of West Virginia, the Army of Ohio, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Gulf; but this is the last time on earth that they can do so, for in another decade, or half of that time, they will have gone forth clothed with the benedictions of an emancipated race and the benisons of the land of the free whose perpetuity they preserved.

Ten years ago they gathered here. The average age of the veterans then was 50 years. Still sturdy and strong they presented a grand appearance, did the Grand Army of the Republic, when they paraded Pennsylvania avenue, with ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes in the front rank. Gen. Benj. Harrison was then president of the republic, but he was unable to mingle with his comrades or to see them in review, because of the fatal illness of his wife.

William McKinley, the last union soldier-president, and the last that ever will be, was here with the Ohio troops, wearing his grand army uniform and mingling freely with "the boys." Today they are gathered here, but Hayes, Harrison and McKinley are not with them. They have gone to the Land of the Dead. They are with that "cloud of witnesses" that no man can see and no man number. Their bodies rest beneath the canopy of the little green tent which nature spreads for every soldier.

The greatest living volunteer soldier, the lieutenant general of the army, is absent from this city and from the country, on duty in the far east. Gen. Miles has attended every reunion of his comrades since the organization of the grand army, until this year, when he is unavoidably detained from attendance upon the encampment. He enlisted as a private soldier when only 20 years of age, just before attaining his majority. When the civil war closed he was a brigadier general, having fought his way up. He was supposed to be mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. There he was in every other battle fought by the Army of the Potomac. There is no soldier living with a better record than he made them, and in subsequent Indian campaigns. His short campaign of strategy in Porto Rico elicited enco-



LOMBARD AT VICKSBURG.

miums from the great soldiers of the world. He is now serving his last year, and will be retired during the coming summer, on account of age. Soon he, too, will be passing over to join the columns of the vanishing army on the frontiers of the world of mystery, where listening love hears only the rustle of the wings of hope and breathes the invisible beckonings of love returned.

"Forty years ago," says venerable William T. Turpin, "the army blue uniforms were welcomed with tears of joy and shouts of pride. The first troops that came to prevent the capture of this city received the welcome of all the inhabitants. Gradually others came, and soon the streets were filled with soldiers marching back and forth. The officers filled the hotel lobbies, thronged the streets and galloped hither and yon. They were all busy. There are as many old soldiers here now with the blue blouses as there were at any time during the war, excepting the grand review; but that was immediately after the war. But the numerous uniforms alone fulfill the desire of memory."

"This picture is vastly different from that. Forty years ago very few of the soldiers were more than 25 years of age. Fewer still were over 30. We sel-

dom saw a man of 40 or 50 in uniform. They were stalwart, handsome fellows. Each man was fresh from school, home, mother, sister, sweetheart or young wife. It was indeed a grand army, for there was grandeur in the turgid strength of every man, while the marching of the columns was the tread of powerful precision. Every man was master of himself, self-assertive and eager for the fray.

"In this grand army of to-day there is not a man less than 55, and they are very few. Some of the little drummer boys are here, but all of them are 55 or more. The average age of these veterans is 60. Their hearts are as light and their spirits as bright as in the heyday of youth, but they don't march as though every step were a



"HAVE SOME COMMISSARY?"

pleasure and every alignment a rhythm of collective individual power. The grand army which I saw during the civil war not only had ruddy cheeks, but hair with some coloring matter in it. The boys had black, brown, red or auburn hair. But here is an army of men whose heads are all blossoming as the almond tree, and there is not a ruddy cheek to be seen."

Yes, the pictures are different, as drawn by the man who saw them then, and who sees them now. But it is a great pleasure to see them and observe the fact that they do not realize the lapse of time, and very few seem to understand that this is their last gathering in this city. They are seemingly as happy and contented with their reunion as a lot of boys on a picnic or other excursion. They are living in the past—living it all over again.

One of "the boys" from Minnesota sang songs for a crowd of comrades in a hotel on the avenue, beginning with "I feel just as happy as a big sunflower." Finally he started the "Star Spangled Banner," and all joined with him. Then he told a story of the song, saying:

"Frank Lombard, who used to sing 'Old Shady' for us, was a popular minstrel before the war, and he sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' all over the north and south. He could sing it better than anybody else, because of the range and power of his voice. In June, 1863, while we were creeping closer against Vicksburg until our earthworks were so near each other that we could almost throw stones across the line, Frank Lombard came into our camps one night and entertained us with a lot of songs. When he sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' we heard a voice calling: 'Say, Yank! Ain't that Frank Lombard?' When we answered in the affirmative, the voice called back: 'I heard him sing it in New Orleans. It sounds good to hear him again!'"

One veteran from Maine has brought with him a quartette of his grandchildren, and their singing is marvelous to the old soldiers. The old man likes to show them off, and although they are all about 20 years of age (the children of the old man's four children), they like to show off, too. They can sing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and bring tears to the cheeks of the old boys while they win shouts of applause from the surrounding crowds. And their "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," is always good for an encore.

During the long lulls when there was no marching and no fighting to be done, everybody learned how to play cards to pass the time away; and lots of fellows learned how to win away the small salaries of the others. It is very apparent that they have not forgotten their old tricks, for in all of the tents there have been gathered a lot of fellows playing seven-up and poker. One old, grizzled fellow from Kentucky says that he came here expecting the other fellows to pay his expenses, and he has won enough to satisfy him. And he claims to love his comrades as well as any of the other fellows; and he probably does, too. But where old soldiers gather some of them are bound to gamble, just as they used to do.

Another habit of the long ago has been painfully apparent. There are some old fellows here who have been looked upon as models of dignity at home for many years, who have been unable to say "no" to old comrades who have invited them to "take a little commissary." Indulging, for the sake of old times, they have overlooked the fact that they can't stand what they once could, and quite a number of them have felt their legs giving way beneath them, and the ambulances have taken them to the hospital.

But yet they are a grand army, and even those who have shown their weaknesses by reason of old age and good fellowship, are entitled to the love and veneration of us all; and of their children's children, for many generations and ages.

Good-by, old boys; we never shall see your like again. SMITH D. FRY.

A Matter of Dollars and Cents.  
Perfume manufacturers make dollars out of cents.