

ABNER DANIEL

By W. N. HARBEN
Author of "Wasteful"

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Synopsis.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with Alfred Bishop, a Georgia planter, closing a trade of 200 acres of land in Alabama with a man named Mr. Pole. Mr. Pole is a man of means, and the trade is a profitable one for both. Mr. Pole is a man of means, and the trade is a profitable one for both.

voice to utterance. He leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes, pretending to be calm, though his alert wife saw that he was quivering in every limb.

CHAPTER XV.—The supper that evening the Bishop set out on the veranda to get the cool air before retiring. There was only one light burning in the house, and that was the little lamp in the kitchen, where the cook was washing the dishes.

"Supper's ready, Marce Alan," she said, "en't it gettin' col' ergin'."

CHAPTER XVI.—The next morning, Bishop sent over for Pole Baker to drive the wagon. Alan sat beside Pole, and Almer and Bishop and Mrs. Bishop occupied the rear seats.

"I believe you are right," said Alan, pulling a long face, "and I'm afraid I'm not so sure as you are."

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him?" asked Miller.

"You bet I do—think set about fifty, half red faced, black eyes, from gray hair, and mighty high always with a cigar in his mouth."

"That's right," blurted Miller. "Now do your work, and we won't forget you. By all means keep him away from medicine people."

"When I was in the office and Miller had resumed his revolving chair, Mrs. Bishop addressed him, looking straight into his eyes.

"I don't see," she said in a timid, hesitating way and yet with a note of firmness dominating her tone—"I don't see why we have to go through all this trickery to make the trade. If the land is good security for the money, we needn't be afraid of what the man will find out. If it ain't good security, I don't want his money, as far as I'm concerned."

"I was just thinkin' that a fool," chimed in her husband, throwing a troubled glance all around. "I want money to help me out of my scrape, but I don't want to trick no man, Yankee or what not, into takin' my lands. As Betsy says, it seems to me if the land's worth the money we needn't make such a great do do. I'm afraid I won't feel exactly right about it."

"You don't understand," said Miller, laughing, but he seemed to be unprepared for views so heretical to financial matters, and could not finish what he had started to say.

"Why," said Alan testily, "the land is worth all Wilson can make out of it with the aid of his capital and the railroad. You have spent several years looking up the best timbered property and getting good titles to it, and to a big lumber company a body of timber like you hold is no small thing. We don't want to cheat him, but we do want to keep him from trying to cheat us by getting the upper hand. Rayburn thinks if he finds out we are hard up he'll try to squeeze us to the lowest notch."

"Well," chimed Mrs. Bishop, "I'm afraid I never had no idea we'd resort to gettin' Pole Baker to tote anybody around like a hog after a year or oren. I loved we was goin' to make a corn and shut trade that would be proud of an' stop talkin' mouths about Almer's foolish doings. But"—she looked at Almer, who stood in the doorway leading to the consultation room—"I'll do whatever Brother Ab takes up."

"I believe you are right," said Alan, pulling a long face, "and I'm afraid I'm not so sure as you are."

"We are willing," said he, "to make the loan at 5 per cent per annum on two conditions."

"Well, out with them," laughed Miller.

"First," said Wilson slowly and methodically, "we want the refusal of the property at one hundred thousand dollars."

"Miller's indifference was surprising. He refused to let the length of time do any part of the refusal of the property at the figure?" he asked, almost in a tone of contempt.

"Wilson hung fire, his brow wrinkled thoughtfully.

"I reckon I have," said Pole, "if you've got the mate to that cigar."

"Wilson laughed again as he fished a desired article from his pocket and gave it a match to Pole. Then he leaned against the heavy railing of the banisters. "I may as well tell you," he said, "I'm a dealer in lumber myself, and I'd like to know what kind of timber you have out there."

"Pole pulled at the cigar, thrust it into the corner of his mouth with the fire end smoking very near his left eye, and looked thoughtful. "To tell you the truth, my friend," he said, "I really believe you'd be wastin' time to go over that."

"Oh, you think so?" It was a vocal remark to the part of Wilson.

"Yes, sir; the truth is old man Bishop has simply raked into his den a clutch ever' acre of one timber out that way. Now, if you want to set over 'tother side,' you can't do it unless you pick up some good timber; but, as I said, old man Bishop's got it all in a bag out our way. Sawmill?"

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

A Dozen Times A Night. Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, Va., writes: I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night. I never received any permanent benefit from any medicine until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured. Denton & Ward.

When did Moses sleep with five in bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

Potent Pill Pleasure. The pills that are potent in their action and pleasant in effect are DeWitt's Little Early Rising. W. S. Thompson of Albany, Ga., says: "During a bilious attack I took one Small as it was called more good than cologne blue. I never received any permanent benefit from any medicine until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured. Denton & Ward."

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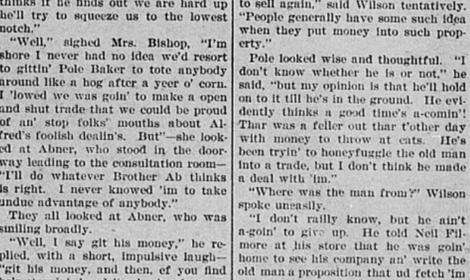
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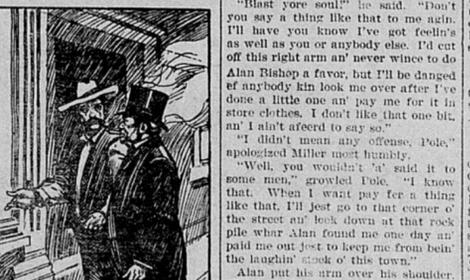
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"That you are," said Pole.



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"Supper's ready, Marce Alan."

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