Social and Personal

Society, in so far as a large Richmond contingent may be taken into account, enjoyed its Fourth of July at Virginia Beach, where everything took on a very gay effect indeed.

The Princess Anne Hotel and the cottages were thronged, and the surf re-echoed with the merry laughter of young people enjoying a revivifying whiff of the briny atmosphere and the luxury of a swim in the waves, that is worth all the cosmetics and beauty treatments in the world.

Among the Richmonders who were seen at the Beach were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sinton and their party, Miss Nellie Sinton, Miss Emma Clarke, Miss Madge Montgomery and Miss Maude Starke, who were pleasantly quartered at the Randolph cottage.

Others noted were Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Benson, Misses Margaret and Lina Shields, Miss Preston Womack, Miss Aline Jennings, Mr. Clarence Gray, Mr. Osborne Watson, Mr. Thomas Correll and Major A. S. Lanier.

The weather yesterday rendered the day an unusually pleasant holiday, free from the blaze of heat which usually characterizes it.

Horner—Jones.

One of the most interesting social events of the June season of weddings was the marriage on last Wednesday, at New Store, in Buckingham county, of Miss Alice Maud Jones, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dibrell Jones, and Mr. William Ferebee Horner, of Rosemary, N. C.

The marriage was celebrated in the New Store Presbyterian Church, an edifice noted during the past three-quarters of a century in the history of Presbyterianism of the State. The church had been handsomely decorated with many varieties of evergreens, the streamers extending from above the pulpit to the pillars sustaining the galleries, the pillars themselves being entwined with ropes of evergreen. The pulpit was covered with magnolia blossoms and red roses, and the bell under which the couple stood when they plighted their troth was made of field daisies and magnolia blossoms.

The church had been brilliantly lighted and presented a scene somewhat of the nature of tropical climes. Lights shone from out the intense green of the foliage, while from above came brilliant streamers of light from the handsome chandelier, which had recently been presented to the church by the Masonic lodge of Farmville.

The bridal party was made up at "Keswick," the home of the bride, whence all were driven in carriages to the church, where there had already assembled a large concourse of friends of the bride and groom.

At 8 o'clock Mrs. Pollard, an accomplished organist, began the wedding march from Lohengrin, when the bridal party entered. The attendants entered the church in reverse order—two ladies up the right aisle and two gentlemen opposite—the next couple alternating. The bride entered with her sister, Mrs. Wiley B. Morris, who was matron of honor, and the groom with Mr. Thomas Horner, his brother, who was best man. Miss Virginia Gilliam, first bridesmaid, and Mr. Leake Peace, first groomsman, entered alone in opposite aisles.

Little Miss Julia Jones, niece of the bride, was the ring bearer. In her charming manner she preceded the bride and took her place beside the officiating minister. Rev. James Henderlite, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Henderson, N. C., performed the ceremony in a graceful and impressive manner. The company at this juncture presented a beautiful scene. The bridesmaids were dressed in pure white, each carrying a bunch of pink carnations; the groomsmen, dressed in uniform black, each wore a carnation in the buttonhole of the lapel. The bride was gowned in white, her veil being caught up with an old-fashioned brooch, an ancestral piece, which was the gift of her mother.

It was quite remarkable that nearly every girl in the bridal party wore a Kappa Alpha pin, as well as a badge of the Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority, the first woman's fraternity ever chartered in the State, and of which the bride is now president.

As the organ pealed the inspiring strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march the party went out in the following order:

Mr. Joseph Louis Jones and Henry F. Chappell, ushers; Mr. Maben Somerville Jones, with Miss Lelie Horner; Mr. George Elcan, with Miss Evangeline Morton; Mr. Ernest Jones, with Miss Lila Waller Duval; Mr. James Horner, with Miss Edna McLaurine; Mr. Wilson Mullen, with Miss Grace Estelle Elcan; Mr. Plummer F. Jones, with Miss Jessie Whitmore; Mr. Leake Peace, with Miss Virginia Gilliam; Mr. Thomas Horner, with Miss Ethelyn LeGrand Morris, and Mr. William Horner and the bride.

A lunch was served at the home of the bride to the bridal party, after which all drove to Farmville and took the midnight train towards the East. The bridal presents were numerous and beautiful, many of them being unique.

The bride and groom left for an extensive tour, after which they will reside at Rosemary, N. C., the present home of the groom. Later in the summer they will visit the World's Fair at St. Louis.

Cooke—Drummond.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot of Sunday contains the following announcement of interest:

"The approaching marriage of Miss Daisy Fletcher Drummond to Mr. Willar Ransom Cooke, on Wednesday afternoon next, is of interest to the large circle of friends of both bride and groom-elect. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's mother, No. 125 Boush Street, at 5:30 o'clock, and the Rev. Griffin Bull, of Atlanta, Ga., cousin of the bride, will assist in the ceremony.

"Miss Madge H. Drummond, sister of the bride, will be her maid of honor, and Mr. Ralph P. Gage will act as best man.

"The wedding will be a quiet one, with relatives and friends present, followed by a small reception. Among the out-of-town guests will be the Rev. and Mrs. Griffin Bull, of Atlanta, Ga.; Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Bell, of Kentucky. The bride and groom will spend the summer in the Adirondacks, returning to Norfolk in October.

Of Interest Here.

To out-of-town weddings scheduled for Wednesday next in which Richmond people are interested are those of Miss Nannie Newman Hall, of "Greyburn," Va., to Mr. Charles Stringfellow Hooper, of Buckingham county, and of Miss Mary Bagby to Captain William T. Haynes, in Brulington Baptist Church, King and Queen county.

In Honor of Miss Camm.

Miss Gertrude Camm, who is the guest of Mrs. Hugh Nelson Page, in Norfolk, was a guest of honor at a supper party given last week by Mr. George Lindsay at the Southern Club. Other guests besides Miss Camm were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Herman, and Mrs. Thomas, of Mobile, Ala.

Visitors in Norfolk.

Richmond girls are fond of visiting in Norfolk, a number of them being there at present. Miss Hamilton is staying with Miss Lillian Kensitt, in Botetourt Street; Miss Mary Thomas, with Miss Margaret Roper; Miss Katherine Copeland, with Mrs. William T. Brooke; Miss Rose Merrill, with Miss Mary Lou Gray, and Miss May Douthat, with her sister, Mrs. Harry G. Tyler, in Ghent.

Miss Mary Drake has returned from being the guest of Miss Alice Parrish, and Miss Mary Buford, who was entertained last week by Mrs. Junius F. Lynch, of Bute Street, will leave Wednesday to join Mrs. Fred Scott's delightful house party at "Royal Orchard," near Afton, Va.

Guessing Contest.

Miss Mary Thomas was a guest at a "guessing contest" given last Thursday by Mrs. John Walker, of Ghent. Prizes were won by Miss Margaret Roper and Mr. Hugh Southgate. Other guests were Miss Margaret Whiting, Misses Margaret and Virginia Roper, Miss Helen Southgate, Miss Elizabeth Bowden, Messrs. Robert Wainwright, Robert Dickinson, Hugh Southgate, Fenton Priest, Brevard and John Walker.

Miss Thomas was also among the guests at a Willoughby Beach luncheon party of last week, in which Miss Mae Perry was the hostess.

Delightful Luncheon.

Mr. John Howe entertained Miss Saidie De Jarnette, of Richmond, and Miss Annie Dornin at a delightful luncheon given in the Norfolk Country Club recently.

Miss Hammond Entertains.

Mrs. P. W. Phillips, of Newport News, entertained in her residence in Hope Street Friday evening in honor of Misses Ella Hammond, of Richmond; Miss Ella Miller and Miss Marie Whitehurst, of Norfolk, who are the guests of Mrs. Phillips's niece, Miss Collis Lackey.

The guests of the evening were Mrs. Rosa Ball, of Richmond; Misses Jennie and Ellen McCallum, Messrs. Marshall Hall, Edward Bush, Dr. Howard, Gordon Brown, C. L. Liebey, Monroe Harris, Sam Addison, M. O. Lackey and Charles Sangster.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. West, after two weeks pleasantly spent at the seashore, have returned to "Tuckahoe," and will have as their guests until the middle of July Miss Chapman, of Atlanta, and Misses Cary and Gertrude Penn, of Harrisburg.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Graves will spend the week at Virginia Beach. Miss Sadie De Jarnette is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. De Jarnette at this popular resort. Miss Lina Shields and Miss Polly Mason, of Washington, D. C., are expected to visit Miss Lily Woodward at the Princess Anne this week.

• • •

The Rev. Thomas G. Faulkner and bride have been spending a few days since their marriage last Wednesday at Old Point before going to Clifton Forge, Va., where Mr. Faulkner has charge of St. Andrew's Church.

• • •

Colonel R. E. Withers and Miss Willie Withers are gathering their usual delightful house party at Ingleside, the Withers' home, near Wytheville, for the summer. Among those of his household who are spending the week of the Fourth with the Colonel are: Mrs. Albert Gravely, of Martinsville; Mrs. Boyd, of Nelson county, and Mr. R. E. Withers, Jr.

• • •

Miss Janie Howard, who spent a part of June with her aunt, Mrs. A. F. Camm, in this city, is now visiting Mrs. G. M. Blackford on Pearl Street, Lynchburg.

• • •

Dr. John Blair Spencer, of Williamsburg, Va., has been appointed surgeon for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hastings Taylor are expected to return from their bridal trip a day after a delightful stay at Asheville, N. C., and a visit to Mr. Taylor's parents in Lynchburg, where a reception was given in their honor.

• • •

Miss Elizabeth Cocke is visiting Miss Mary Taylor, of York Street, Norfolk.

• • •

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, of Charlotte, N. C., and her granddaughter, Julia Jackson Christian, are at Marinosa, in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, where they will spend the summer.

• • •

Wrightsville, on the North Carolina coast, will be gay this summer in out-of-door life, golf on Mr. Pembroke Jones's spacious links nearby, being a new feature. These links extend along the coast for nearly two miles, and are the finest in the State.

• • •

Misses Bessie and Ruby Akers are the guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Jennings, of Lynchburg.

• • •

Mr. John A. Simpson is spending the week with Mr. E. G. Moseley's family in Danville.

• • •

Miss Margaret Hogan is visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Casey, of Norfolk, Va.

• • •

Dr. Goodwin, of Lincastle, Va., is entertaining a house party, and has among his guests Mrs. Essie Frederick Cabell, of Danville, Va.

• • •

Miss Tatum, who is spending the summer in Wytheville, Va., was the guest of honor at a card party given July 1st by Mrs. William S. Moore and Mrs. William Wilkins.

• • •

Mrs. J. P. Collins, of San Antonio, Tex., who has been spending some time in Williamsburg and Richmond, and accompanied the A. P. V. A. excursion to Shirley and Brandon last week, will leave for the Virginia mountains on Thursday next.

• • •

Mrs. Edward R. Baird, Jr., who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jacob Michaux, in Richmond, has returned to Norfolk.

• • •

Miss Lucy Christian is the guest of Mrs. Edmund Christian at Money Point.

• • •

The annual golf tournament between the Hampton Roads Country Club and the Petersburg Country Club, scheduled for Saturday next, is exciting no little interest. A handsome loving cup will be awarded the winners.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Plunkett, who were married last week at Glen Wilton, Va., and are now in St. Louis, will return from their wedding trip to make their home in Richmond.

Mr. Plunkett is a popular postal railway clerk, who runs on the James River Division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad between Richmond and Clifton Forge.

• • •

"Dalphne and Her Lad," by M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland, is exciting favorable comments among the critics and book reviewers. The Baltimore Sun says of it in conclusion:

"There is a brisk atmosphere of modern newspaper work in the story, and the two characters stand clearly revealed through the medium of their bright letters.

A Philadelphia exchange sums up the situation thus:

"It would be wrong to give the notion that the book is based on a mere conceit, as shown in its construction. It really is a story in which the usual medium was chosen because it best suited the theme the authors had and laid itself open to a real dual authorship as the letters of one character are by one of the authors and the other half by her associate. Thus we have not only art, but we have a combination of ideas which is entertaining. There is much in the book that is dainty, much that is fundamental. It is a book which plays on the emotions very strongly. The authors have harps with a thousand strings, which they have tuned to their story. It is not a large book nor a long story, but it is an entertaining one.

• • •

Mrs. Douglas Robins, sister of the President, who is now at Henderson Home, near Richfield Springs, celebrated the Fourth by giving an old-fashioned dance for her guests, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Jr., and Mr. Monroe Douglas Robinson, who came over from his school at Harrow, England, to be present at his brother's recently celebrated nuptials.

• • •

Madame Melba is spending the summer at her English country seat, Quarry Wood, near Great Marlow, on the Thames. A favorite summer amusement of hers is boating on the Thames. Her sister and little niece are her guests.

• • •

Madame Emma Eames and her husband, Mr. Julian Story, will soon be at Torre di Campiglioni, near Vallambrosa, in the Appennines, Italy, their castle on the hillside overlooking the Arno. Here the Storys gather about delightful groups of friends and lead a life of perfect freedom.

• • •

Madame Schumann Heink, when the summer comes, hie away to her pretty Villa Tini, near Dresden, where her babies, some big and some little, are awaiting her. Her youngest boy is named George Washington Schumann because New York was the city of his birth during the great singer's first American season.

• • •

Madame Sembrick gives two months to her home in the garden district of Dresden. Then she and her husband, Professor Stengel, who has been her lover since her girlhood, go to Switzerland for mountain climbing, renewing their youth in the wonderful atmosphere of the Alps.

• • •

Madame Calve, who has established a home for invalid girls near her feudal castle, Carlberes, in the south of France, often visits these girls and sings to them in a fashion which the world knows nothing of, but which drives away weariness and pain from the hearts of her listeners. She loves, during the summer days to join the peasants in their sheep-tending or haymaking, as the fancy seizes her.

• • •

Mrs. J. Weinstein is the guest of Mrs. I. Parrill, of No. 1331 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore.

• • •

Mrs. Ben Nash and Miss Mary Hatcher will leave this week for the Jefferson Park Hotel, near the University of Virginia.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pinckney, of Charleston, S. C., will spend the summer at their home, "Toxaway," N. C.

"First Build Your Cage."

An old adage counsels the young man to first build his cage—then catch the bird.

Its meaning is plain. The wisdom of preparing a home is generally recognized. No young man can begin saving his dollars too early, and they should be placed where they will be available, safe and increasing.

Our savings department is the ideal place for such savings. We pay 3 per cent. interest, and add to this the certainty of safety and the advantage of instant availability.

Accounts opened for $1 and upwards. Interest compounded semi-annually.

Call with that first deposit to-day or write for free details of how to bank by mail.

Planters National Bank

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

TWELFTH AND MAIN STREETS.

RICHMOND, VA.

CAPITAL $300,000.00

SURPLUS AND PROFIT $825,000.00.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

MISSES' COSTUME.

Nos. 4567-4568.—The surplice waist is unmistakably making great headway in favor, and is not only seen upon the mother, but the miss as well. In the design shown here, the surplice effect is decidedly quaint and old-fashioned. The deep collar comes well down over the shoulder, and, crossing in the front, is fastened at the left side. The collar and sleeve may be edged with ruffles or may be ornamented by lace frills. This gives a very pretty finish for a thin summer frock.

The skirt is circular shaping, having the fullness in upper edge taken up by graduated pin tucks. The skirt also has deep tucks, which may be trimmed or not, as preferred. The costume is a very becoming one, and, as most mothers know, it is hard to find one for a miss fourteen or thereabouts that is not too young or perhaps too old. The model will develop satisfactorily in any of the light weight wools, silk or summer lawns. A pretty idea would be to make the dress of figured lawn and making the ruffles of Val. lace insertion.

Sizes—4567: 12, 14 and 16 years.

Sizes—4568: 12, 14 and 16 years.

On receipt of 10 cents either of these patterns will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 136-140 West Twenty-third Street, New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from The Times-Dispatch.

4567-4568.

Size.....

Name.....

Address.....

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 228.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Francis Scott Key, born 1779, died 1843, was a native of Frederick county, Md. On September 12, 1814, during the war of 1812, with England, Key went out to the British flagship in the Chesapeake Bay under flag of truce to ask the release of one of his friends who had been captured when the British burned Washington. The admiral promised to grant Key's request, but detained him on board to prevent word being carried ashore of the intended attack of Fort McHenry at Baltimore.

The British admiral has declared that he would make the defenders of the fort haul down the flag, and so Key, all during the night watched with straining eyes until the bombardment ceased. Before day break he was again on deck, and when the first ray of light showed the flag still floating, his joy knew no bounds. He scribbled some notes on the back of an envelope, which he put into verse while returning in a small boat to Baltimore. A few days later the verses were adapted to the air of an English song, "To Anacreon in Heaven." The text of the song here given is that of the original edition of Key's poems.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

F S Key

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FOURTH

(By Associated Press.)

OYSTER BAY, July 4.—President Roosevelt spent the day picnicing with his family. During the forenoon the President, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and their children and two or three others, left Sagamore Hill for a row across the bay, towards Cold Springs. Later in the day, the President and his family returned after a thoroughly enjoyable outing. President and Mrs. Roosevelt to-night entertained about a hundred of their friends at a fireworks party.

Secretary Loeb issued the following official statement to-night:

"The arrangements in effect at Oyster Bay this summer during the President's stay, will be the same as those made for President McKinley at Canton in 1900. No delegation or excursion party will be admitted to the grounds of Sagamore Hill, and any one having public business of importance must first secure an appointment through the President's secretary. All persons wishing to see the President on matters affecting the campaign will be referred to Chairman Cortelyou, as well as all communications on that subject. The regular business of the administration will be carried the same at Oyster Bay as if the President were in Washington."

ATE CANDY SENT THROUGH MAILS

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

ATLANTIC CITY, July 4.—Suffering from symptoms of poisoning, believed to have resulted from eating chocolates received through the mail, Mrs. Pauline Andrews, who secretly wedded Assistant Comptroller John Andrews, of this city, in New York, is confined to her apartments in the Hotel Windsor, under the care of a physician.

In marrying Andrews, the woman, who is some years her husband's junior, gave up a fortune which came to her through her first husband, Col. Baird, of Virginia. She was a Miss Stavro, and for some years lived in Philadelphia.

The marriage occurred a year ago in New York and was not made known until a month ago, as the estate which came to the bride was entailed with a clause that it should revert to Baird's heirs in the event of her marriage.

The chocolates came in yesterday afternoon's mail, from what can be learned, and Mrs. Andrews received them when she returned from the beach.

Shortly after eating them she was seized with nausea, nervousness and headache. She was unable to comprehend the cause of her sudden illness, but called Dr. Reynolds, who, when questioned, admitted that there were symptoms of poisoning, as his patient claimed, but was not at all certain that the illness was due to any drug. He will have the chocolates sent to a chemist for an examination.

Mrs. Andrews was excited over the fear that some one had tried to poison her.

Who sent the candy is a puzzle. The handwriting was strange. The place whence it came could not be fixed for a certainty. The chocolates were crested with nuts. A powdered substance is suggested as having been placed beneath the nuts. The theory is that it was rat poison. The sweetmeats did not look as if they were made by a confectioner, but appeared homemade.

The police have not been consulted, but a private investigation is being made.

A FAMOUS SOUTHERN SCHOOL.

Its Lofty Ideals for the Higher Education of Young Women.

Among the many educational institutions of the country, the Mary Baldwin Seminary for Young Ladies is conspicuous for its high standards of achievement.

Situated at Staunton, Virginia, in the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley, it affords that first desideratum of a good school—a splendid climate, with every opportunity for healthful outdoor life. All proper exercises and sports are encouraged, and every effort is made to build up a sound body as the correct foundation for high mental training.

The advantages offered include music, art, science, literature and languages, under capable American and European teachers. The school combines the training of a high-grade institution with the life of a refined and cultured home.

Last year there were enrolled nearly 300 students from some thirty States, and the outlook for the coming year is still brighter.

Applications should be made as soon as possible, although arrangements may be made for pupils to enter at any time.

A finely illustrated catalogue may be had free upon request.

Officers of Damon Lodge.

The following officers of Damon Lodge, No. 7, K. of P., have been installed by D. D. G. C. Land: J. W. Arnold, P. C.; J. L. Speights, C. C.; R. C. Atkinson, prelate; H. C. Atkinson, M. of W.; T. V. Rudd, M. at A.; J. McRichardson, I. G.; W. T. Gale, O. G.

The above with the following holdovers complete the list for the present term: R. A. Hughes, K. of R. and S.; W. Dickie, M. of T.; Joseph T. Allen, M. of Ex. The reports of the financial officers show the lodge to be in a good condition.

One Figure Wrong.

Lynchburg, Va., July 4, 1904.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A change of one figure in my article in your issue of the 30th, which has just reached me, destroys the force of the argument presented. I wrote that statistics endorsed by the United States Bureau of Education showed that of 10,000 successful men reporting their education, 7,700 (not 1,700) were college trained. It may be added that 6,129 of these were A. B. graduates.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla

Imparts a superior delicacy of flavor; try it, use it.—"Adv."

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

"A Book to Be Thankful For."

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The little Scotchman with the sardonic face had been the tenant of the Grange these many years; yet he had never grown acclimatized to the land of the Southron. With his shrivelled body and weakly legs he looked among the sturdy, straight-limbed sons of the hill-country like some brown, wrinkled leaf holding its place amidst a galaxy of green. And as he differed from them physically, so he did morally.

He neither understood them nor attempted to. The North-country character was an unsolved mystery to him, and that after ten years' study. "One-half o' what ye say they doot, and they let ye see it; t'ither half they disbelieve, and they tell ye so," he once said. And that explained his attitude toward them, and consequently theirs toward him.

He stood entirely alone; a son of Hagar, mocking. His sharp, ill tongue was rarely still, and always bitter. There was hardly a man in the land, from Langholm How to the market-cross in Grammoch-town, but had at one time known its sting, endured it in silence,—for they are slow of speech, these men of the fells and meres,—and was nursing his resentment till a day should bring that chance which always comes. And when at the Sylvester Arms, on one of those rare occasions when M'Adam was not present, Tammas summed up the little man in that historic phrase of his "When he's drunk he's wi'lent, and when he bain't he's wicious," there was an applause to gratify the blaze heart of even Tammas Thornton.

Yes it had not been till his wife's death that the little man had allowed loose rein to his ill-nature. With her firmly gentle hand no longer on the tiller of his life, it burst into fresh being. And alone in the world with David, the whole venom of his vicious temperament was ever directed against the boy's head. It was as though he saw in his fair-haired son the unconscious cause of his ever-living sorrow. All the more strange this, seeing that, during her life, the boy had been to poor Flora M'Adam as her heart's core. And the lad was growing up the very antithesis of his father. Big and hearty, with never an ache or ill in the whole of his sturdy young body; of frank, open countenance; while even his speech was slow and burring like any Dalebred boy's. And the fact of it all, and that the lad was palpably more Englishman than Scot—ay, and glorified in it—exasperated the little man, a patriot before everything, to blows. While, on top of it, David evinced an amazing pertness to have tried a better man than Adam M'Adam.

On the death of his wife, kindly Elizabeth Moore had, more than once, offered such help to the lonely little man as a woman only can give in a house that knows no mistress. On the last of these occasions, after crossing the Stony Bottom, which divides the two farms, and toiling up the hill to the Grange, she had met M'Adam in the door.

"Yo' maun let me put yo' bit things straight for yo', mister," she had said shyly; for she feared the little man.

"Thank ye, Mrs. Moore," he had answered with the sour smile the Dalesmen knew so well, "but ye maun think I'm a waeful' cripple." And there he had stood, grinning sardonically, opposing his small bulk in the very centre of the door.

Mrs. Moore had turned down the hill, abashed and hurt at the reception of her offer; and her husband, proud to a fault, had forbidden her to repeat it. Nevertheless her motherly heart went out in a great tenderness for the little orphan David. She knew well the desolateness of his life; his father's aversion from him, and its inevitable consequences.

It became an institution for the boy to call every morning at Kenmuir; and trot off to the village school with Maggie Moore. And soon the lad came to look on Kenmuir as his true home, and James and Elizabeth Moore as his real parents. His greatest happiness was to be away from the Grange. And the ferret-eyed little man there noted the fact, bitterly resented it, and vented his ill-humor accordingly.

It was this, as he deemed it, uncalled-for trespassing on his authority which was the chief cause of his animosity against James Moore. The Master of Kenmuir it was at whom he was aiming when he remarked one day at the Arms: "Masel', I aye prefaire the good man who does no go to church, to the bad man who does. But then, as ye say, Mr. Burton, I'm peculiar."

The little man's treatment of David exaggerated as it was by eager credulity, became at length such a scandal to the Dale that Parson Leggy determined to bring him to task on the matter.

Now M'Adam was the parson's pet antipathy. The bluff old minister, with his brusque manner and big heart, would have no truck with the man who never went to church, was perpetually in liquor, and never spoke good of his neighbors. Yet he entered upon the interview fully resolved not to be betrayed into an unworthy expression of feeling; rather to appeal to the little man's better nature.

The conversation had not been in progress two minutes, however, before he knew that, where he had meant to be calmly persuasive, he was fast become hotly abusive.

"You, Mr. Hornbut, wi' James Moore to help ye, look after the lad's soul, I'll see to his body," the little man was saying.

The parson's thick gray eyebrows lowered threateningly over his eyes.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk like that. Which d'you think the more important, soul or body? Oughn't you, his father, to be the very first to care for the boy's soul? If not, who should? Answer me, sir."

The little man stood smirking and sucking his eternal twig, entirely unmoved by the other's heat.

"Ye're right, Mr. Hornbut, as ye aye are. But my argiment is this; that I get at his soul best through his leetle carcase."

The honest parson brought down his stick with an angry thud.

"M'Adam, you're a brute—a brute!" he shouted. At which outburst the little man was seized with a spasm of silent merriment.

"A fond dad first, a brute afterward, aiblins—he! he! Ah, Mr. Hornout! ye 'ford me vast diversion, ye do indeed, my loved, my honored, much-respected friend."

"If you paid as much heed to your boy's welfare as you do to the bad poetry of that profligate ploughman——"

An angry gleam shot into the other's eyes.

"D'ye ken what blasphemy is, Mr. Hornbut?" he asked, shouldering a pace forward.

For the first time in the dispute the parson thought he was about to score a point, and was calm accordingly.

"I should do; I fancy I've a specimen of the breed before me now. And do you know what impertinence is?"

"I should do; I fancy I've—I wad say it's what gentlemen often are unless their mammies whipped 'em as lads."

For a moment the parson looked as if about to seize his opponent and shake him.

"M'Adam," he roared, "I'll not stand your insolences!"

The little man turned, scuttled indoors, and came running back with a chair.

"Permit me!" he said blandly, holding it before him like a haircutter for a customer.

The parson turned away. At the gap in the hedge he paused.

"I'll only say one thing more," he called slowly. "When your wife, whom I think we all loved, lay dying in that room above you, she said to you in my presence——"

It was M'Adam's turn to be angry. He made a step forward with burning face.

"Aince and for a', Mr. Hornbut," he cried passionately, "understand I'll not ha' you and yer likes lay yer tongues on ma wife's memory whenever it suits ye. Ye can say what ye like aboot me—lies, sneers, snash—and I'll say naethin'. I dinna ask ye to respect me; I think ye might do saa muckle by her, puir lass. She never harmed ye. Gin ye canna let her bide in peace where she lies doon yonder"—he waved in the direction of the churchyard—"ye'll no come on ma land. Though she is dead she's mine."

Standing in front of his house, with flushed face and big eyes, the little man looked almost noble in his indignation. And the parson, striding away down the hill, was uneasily conscious that with him was not the victory.

CHAPTER III.

RED WULL.

The winter came and went; the lambing season was over, and spring already shyly kissing the land. And the back of the year's work broken, and her master well started on a fresh season, M'Adam's old collie, Cuttie Sark, lay down one evening and passed quietly away.

The little black-and-tan lady, Parson Leggy used to says had been the only thing on earth M'Adam cared for. Certainly the two had been wondrously devoted; and for many a market-day the Dalesmen missed the shrill, chuckling cry which heralded the pair's approach:

"Weel done, Cuttie Sark!"

The little man felt his loss acutely, and, according to his wont, vented his ill-feeling on David and Dalesmen. In return, Tammas, whose forte lay in invective and alliteration, called him behind his back, "A wenomous one!" and "A wiralent wiper!" to the applause of tinkling pewters.

A shepherd without his dog is like a ship without a rudder, and M'Adam felt his loss practically as well as otherwise. Especially did he experience this on a day when he had to take a batch of draft-ewes over to Grammoch-town. To help him Jem Burton had lent the services of his herring-gutted, herring-hearted, greyhound lurcher, Monkey. But before they had well topped Braithwaite Brow, which leads from the village on to the marshes, M'Adam was standing in the track with a rock in his hand, a smile on his face, and the tenderest blandishments in his voice as he coaxed the dog to him. But Master Monkey knew too much for that. However, after gambolling a while longer in the middle of the flock, a boulder, better aimed than its predecessors, smote him on the hinder parts and sent him back to the Sylvester Arms, with a sore tail and a subdued heart.

For the rest, M'Adam would never have won over the sheep-infested marches, alone with his convoy had it not been for the help of old Saunderson and Shep, who caught him on the way and aided him.

It was in a very wrathful mood that on his way home he turned into the Dalesman's Daughter in Silverdale.

The only occupants of the tap-room, as he entered, were Teddy Bolstock, the rubican, Jim Mason, with the faithful Betsy beneath his chair and the post-bags flung into the corner, and one long-limbed, drover-like man—a stranger.

"And he coom up to Mr. Moore, Teddy was saying, "and says he, 'I'll gie ye twal' pun for yon gray dog o' yourn.' 'Ah,' says Moore, 'yo' may gie me twal' hunner'd and yet you'll not get ma Bob,' —h, Jim?"

"And he did thot," corroborated Jim.

"'Twal' hunner'd,' says he."

"James Moore and his dog agin" snapped M'Adam. "There's ithers in the world forbye them two."

"Ay, but none like 'em," quoth loyal Jim.

"Na, thanks be. Gin there were there'd be no room for Adam M'Adam in this melancholy vale.'"

There was silence a moment, and then:

"You're wantin' a tyke, bain't you, Mr. M'Adam?" Jim asked.

The little man hopped round all in a hurry.

"What!" he cried in well-affected eagerness, scanning the yellow mongrel beneath the chair. "Betsy for sale! Guid life! Where's ma check-book?" Whereat Jim, most easily snubbed of men, collapsed.

M'Adam took off his dripping coat and crossed the room to hang it on a chair-back. The stranger drover followed the meagre, shirt-clad figure with shifty eyes; then he buried his face in his mug.

M'Adam reached out a hand for the chair; and as he did so, a bomb in yellow leapt out from beneath it, and, growling horribly, attacked his ankles.

"Curse ye!" cried M'Adam, starting back.

"Ye devil, let me alone!" Then turning fiercely on the drover, "Yours, mister," he asked. The man nodded.

"Then call him aff, can't ye D—n ye!"

At which Teddy Bolstock withdrew, sniggering; and Jim Mason slung the post-bags on to his shoulder and plunged out into the rain, the faithful Betsy's following, disconsolate.

The cause of the squall, having beaten off the attacking force, has withdrawn again beneath its chair. M'Adam stooped down, still cursing, his wet coat on his arm, and beheld a tiny yellow puppy, crouching defiant in the dark, and glaring out with fiery light eyes. Seeing itself remarked, it bared its little teeth, raised its little bristles, and growled a hideous menace.

A sense of humor is many a man's salvation, and was M'Adam's one redeeming feature. The laughableness of the thing—this ferocious atomy defying him—struck home to the little man. Delighted at such a display of vice in so tender a plant, he fell to chuckling.

"Ye leetle devil!" he laughed. "He! he! ye leetle devil!" and flipped together finger and thumb in vain endeavor to coax the puppy to him.

But it growled, and glared more terribly.

"Stop it, ye little snake, or I'll flatten you!" cried the big drover, and shuffled his feet threateningly. Whereat the puppy, gurgling, like hot water in a kettle, made a feint as through to advance and wipe them out, these two bad men.

M'Adam laughed again and smote his leg.

"Keep a ceevil tongue and yer distance," says he, "or I'll e'en ha' to mak' ye. Though he is but as big as a man's thumb, a dog's a dog for a' that—he! he! the leetle devil." And he fell to flipping finger and thumb afresh.

"Ye're maybe wantin' a dog?" inquired the stranger. "Yer friends said as much."

"Ma friend lied; it's his way," M'Adam replied.

"I'm willin' to part wi' him," the other pursued.

The little man yawned. "Weel, I'll tak' him to oblige ye," he said, indifferently.

The drover rose to his feet.

"It's givin' 'im ye, fair givin' 'im ye, mind! But I'll do it!"—he smacked a great fist into a hollow palm. "Ye may have the dog for a pun'—I'll only ask you a pun'," and he walked away to the window.

M'Adam drew back, the better to scan his would-be benefactor; his lower jaw dropped, and he eyed the stranger with a drolly sarcastic air.

"A poun', man! A poun'—for yon noble dog!" he pointed a crooked forefinger at the little creature, whose scowling mask peered from beneath the chair. "Man, I couldna do it. Na, na! ma conscience wadna permit me. 'Twad be fair robbin' ye. Ah, ye Englishmen!" he spoke half to himself, and sadly, as if deploring the unhappy accident of his nationality; "It's yer grand, open-hairted generosity that grips a puir Scotsman by the throat. A poun'! and for yon!" He wagged his head mournfully, cocking it sideways the better to scan his subject.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

GOOD LUCK

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

BAKING POWDER.