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I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

McBRIDE &WILL DRUG CO.

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Many a man has come to grief early in his business career because he did not learn to save when he was young. Start your boy right this Xmas with a savings account in the

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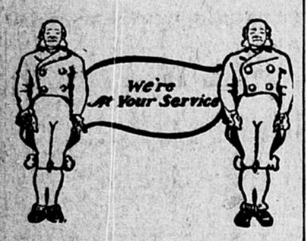

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STRENGTH

MARSHALL COUNTY NEWS OF INTEREST

Big Entertainment Planned at Clemons Christian Church January 3

ZEARING TALENT WILL ASSIST

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cober, Southwest Vienna, Celebrate Fifteenth Anniversary—Estal-Yetley Wedding New Year's Evening in Vienna Township.

Additional news of the county, received too late for publication with the regular weekly budget, will prove of interest to county readers. At Clemons on the evening of January 3 an entertainment is being planned by the young people of the Christian church, for the benefit of the church piano fund. Zearing talent will assist. From Southwest Vienna is told of the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cober, and the announcement of the approaching marriage, on New Year's evening, of Miss Lottie Yetley and Mr. John Estal.

CLEMONS.

Dec. 27.—Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Tucker and son Carl, of Davenport, arrived Monday evening for a visit at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. O. S. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Waldo of New Providence, Mr. Charlie Chapman, of Marshalltown, Dr. Tucker and family and O. S. Chapman and family spent Christmas day at the Frank Tucker home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clark, of St. Anthony, spent Christmas with Mr. Harry Bryant and family.

Mr. Byron Moore of McClusky, N. D., Mr. Eli Moore and family of Risley, Colo., and Mr. Virgil Moore, of Agra, Okla., are visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Brackney drove to Marshalltown Monday.

Mr. G. B. Dickover was in Marshalltown on business Monday.

Floyd Brackney, Carl Perry, Verne and Fred Clemons and Robert Pollock who are attending Cornell college, are spending the Christmas vacation at home.

Mrs. Allison's music class, of Clemons, assisted by several Zearing pupils, will give a music recital in the Clemons Christian church on January 3. This musical is given to add to the fund for the new piano recently purchased for the church. The program follows:

Piano duet—Mr. Alfred Butts.
Piano solo—Miss Adelle Butts.
Vocal solo and chorus, "Everybody Works But Father"—Floyd Brackney.
Piano solo, "Moon Winks"—Mrs. John Magee.
Vocal solo, "Golden Poppies"—Mrs. John Shoenhair.
Vocal duet, "Little Boy in Blue" — Misses Stella Mooney and Adelle Butts.
Piano solo, "Two Little Shoes"—Miss White.
Vocal solo, "Slumber Song" — Miss Adelle Butts.
Piano solo, "Blush Rose Waltz" — Miss Stella Mowry.
Vocal solo and chorus, from opera "Babes in Toyland."
"Solo"—Mrs. John Scoenhair; chorus Mesdames John Magee, A. L. Clemons, W. E. Pollock, A. W. Gandrup, Charles McCormack, Charles Clemons, J. Armstrong, and T. T. Butts.
Piano solo, "Mocking Bird" (with variations)—Mr. Floyd Brackney.
Piano solo, "Thoughts of Heaven"—Miss Freda Butler.
Vocalo solo, "The Swallows"—Miss Dull.
Piano solo, "Southern Dream"—Miss Effie Brackney.
Vocal solo, "I'm Papa's Little Sweetheart"—Miss Pluma Clemons.
Piano solo, "Sixth Nocturne"—Mr. Alfred Butts.
Vocal solo and chorus, from opera Tokio"—Solo, Miss Bull; chorus, Misses Wyckoff, Reese, Guthrey and Dallbreath.
Piano solo, "Waltz"—Lee Rice.
Piano duet, "Good Night"—Harold Clemons.

RHODES.

Dec. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. John Prunig have been visiting relatives in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jaroleman entertained a large company of friends at their home last Friday evening in honor of Miss Burchim, of Somonauk, Ill., who has been visiting here.

The funeral services of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Weishaar were held at the residence Friday at 10 o'clock. The body was laid to rest in Eden cemetery.

School is closed for one week's vacation. Miss McRoberts went to her home at Tama; Miss Norris to her home at Madrid, and Miss Totman to Marshalltown, to spend their vacations.

Mrs. Mead has gone to Kansas City to visit her daughter, Mrs. Niles, and family.

Mr. Ed Brahman left Sunday for his old home in Michigan.

Mrs. Finney and children left Monday for Montour and LeGrand to spend the holidays among relatives.

Miss Anna Phillips, who has been in Evanston, Ill., for some time, returned home Friday for a short visit.

Miss Myrtle Daugherty is home from Des Moines for a short visit among relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Hale went to Ames Tuesday to spend Christmas with Mr. Hale's parents.

The funeral services of Mr. Crook were held at the home of his son, William Crook, Tuesday afternoon, and were attended by a large crowd of neighbors and friends. The body was laid to rest in Eden cemetery.

Mr. Roy Finney went to Montour Christmas, where he spent the day at the home of his mother and other relatives.

Mr. Anway is making fast headway in the erection of his fine new modern house.

Mr. W. C. Nirk went to Des Moines to spend Christmas with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wallace and family spent Christmas at the home of Ezra Wallace in Melbourne.

Quite a number from town were Marshalltown callers Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Goodman were State Center visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rickerson spent Christmas with relatives at Boone.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gilman entertained a company of relatives during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Phillips and daughter, Miss Anna, were entertained at the Kennedy home near Collins, on Christmas.

Charles Dewey and family spent Christmas at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Thirsby.

The exercises at the M. E. church Christmas evening were largely attended and very much enjoyed by all present.

Dr. Charles Titus and wife, of Baxter, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, of Dysart, were entertained on Christmas day at the home of Dr. H. S. Titus and family.

Mr. Willis Mooers, of North Dakota, is visiting at the home of his parents at this place.

Mrs. H. M. Bangs, of Cedar Rapids, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Roebuck.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Weeks, of Traer, spent Christmas and visited a few days among relatives at this place.

SOUTHWEST VIENNA.

Dec. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cober celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary on last Saturday evening. A number of relatives and friends were invited to spend the evening with them. Refreshments were served by the hostess and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Bittner, of Fort Dodge, is visiting with the Cober families.

The Christmas exercises held at the chapel were well attended, and many presents were distributed among those in attendance.

Mrs. Garrett, of Marshalltown, spent Christmas with John Nichol and family.

Charles Zink and daughter entertained at Christmas dinner C. Belchley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Applegate, Mr. and Mrs. C. Russle and son John, and grandson, George, Miss Mabel Milholland, Fred Gephart and sister, John Zink and family, and Jacob Zink and family.

The annual New Year's meeting of the W. M. S. will be held at the home of Mrs. Ed Finch, the program beginning at 11 o'clock, and dinner following.

Happy congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yetley, who were married at 6 o'clock Christmas evening. Mr. and Mrs. Yetley will reside on the Estal farm, near the chapel

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Lottie Yetley and Mr. John Estal on New Year's evening.

Desperate Shooting

pains in the chest require quick treatment with Dr. King's New Discovery. Prevents pneumonia, 50c and $1.00. McBride & Will Drug Co.

Moore's Conscience.

Leigh Hunt relates in his writings the following:

"I remember, when I was showing Lord Byron and Moore my garden while in prison for publishing what was called a 'libel' on the prince regent, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to his eyes, having forgotten the lameness of his friend.

"'How much better you behaved,' he said to me afterward, 'in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot for the moment whom I was walking with.'

"I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not, and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it which the sufferer could not dislike.

"'True,' said he, 'but the devil of it was that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward.'

"This anxiety appeared to me very amiable."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold n One Day. 25c.

Husband and Wife.

A man is not happy when he is continually being made to feel that he has acted like a brute, nor does any man like to have a woman, however dearly he loves her, peering forever into the recess of his mind with a view to finding out if he cares for her as much as he did yesterday. I have seen many a decent fellow made almost brutal by this sort of affectionate inquisition. No man enjoys having his affections pulled up by the roots to see if they have grown or not since yesterday. In short, every human being feels the need of a little decent mental privacy. Every one has a right to thoughts of his own, a right to variations of emotions that he is not bound to tell about. Women do not think this. They will relentlessly track every feeling their husbands have to its last hiding place. Then, when all spontaneity is dead, they mourn for it.—"Husband" in Harper's.

Gum and Thought.

One thing is certain, you cannot chew gum and think at the same time with any degree of success. You may chew gum and work mechanically, you may read with gum in your mouth and perhaps not miss anything in the author, but when it comes right down to good hard mental effort you cannot concentrate and achieve the best results of which you are capable while your jaws work unceasingly. That champing is just so much wasted energy and as such dissipates your force and keeps your thinking powers reduced to the lowest point. Just put it down in your notebook as a fact that no man can think deep, logical or well balanced thoughts while his jaws are working overtime.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS COURTSHIP

By HELEN R. MARTIN,

Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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CHAPTER XXII.

IN the uncontrollable restlessnes that possessed her during the dragging days while she waited for Dr. Kinross' return, Eunice became so doplig (awkward) that she proved a sore irritant to her already outraged foster mother.

"Can't you watch what you're about oncet?" would be demanded of her a dozen times a day when, in her distraught state, she would spill, break, burn or otherwise destroy. "What's got into you these couple of days back? You don't do nothin' right! What do you think pop'll say at your leavin' all them pie git spoilt? I ast you did you take 'em to the spring house and you sayed yes, you did, and then here this morning there they stood standing—in this here hot kitchen all night yet! Pop'll jaw somepin turrible!"

It was in the occasional brief respite from toil in the evening hour, just before bedtime, that her unrest became feverish, maddening; and one night it governed her to the point of driving her to seek at least a moment's diversion from her unbearable heart hunger in an unprecedented act. On her return from the spring house, where she had gone to finish her last bit of the day's drudgery, she deliberately sat down with the two young ladies on the porch steps.

Miss Ellery had become an object of engrossing interest to Eunice since Dr. Kinross had told her that he "loved Georgiana." Georgiana herself had in the past few days observed the scrutiny she underwent whenever she was in Eunice's presence. The girl seemed to watch every movement she made, to hang upon every word she uttered, in a way which secretly gratified Georgiana's love of ascendency.

"What's the matter, Eunice?" asked Daisy in surprise and curiosity as Eunice joined them, for the farm girl had seemed during all their stay at the farm to shrink from any intercourse with them. "Have you and Abe had a scrap?"

"A scrap of what?"

Daisy squealed. "You know, Eunice, the course of true love never runs smooth, so, to be sure, you and Abe must expect to have rows now and then. Is it in Shakespeare, Georgiana, or the Bible? But never mind. No doubt Eunice knows. I can't account for your favoring us with your society, Eunice, unless you've been fighting with Abe and are wanting to be sympathized with. I'm sorry to say I can't oblige you. I couldn't possibly sympathize with a girl who would or could take an interest in Abe, a brute who thinks a woman's a pack horse. Oh, that kind of a man! How I'd love to stand on my hind legs and jump at him! Eunice," she said earnestly, "you're too nice a girl for Abe. Choke it off. You don't need to throw yourself away on a chump like Abe—a girl like you."

Eunice, gazing fixedly at Georgiana made no comment upon Daisy's advice.

"Would you object if I asked you a question?" she inquired timidly of Georgiana.

"Certainly not," Georgiana smiled kindly. "Ask me what you like, Eunice."

"How do you occupy your time when you are at home?"

"Up to now," Georgiana answered, "I have spent all my life in school and college. Now I am going to take my place at the head of my father's home. As he is a college president, my life will be more or less public. And of course I shall do a good deal of work in our woman's club. I would prefer to take up a career. But my father really needs me, and so," she concluded heroically, "I am willing to make the sacrifice."

"A career? What sort of a career would you like to follow?"

"If I consulted only my own inclination I would go on studying, take my degree in philosophy and teach."

"Teach!" exclaimed Eunice, with repressed excitement. "You think it a desirable occupation?"

"There is no higher work," Georgiana answered earnestly.

"There are some young women," answered Eunice, "to whom it would appear a pale drab. And some men wouldn't wish it to their 'meanest enemy.'"

Georgiana regarded her with a puzzled surprise. "What makes you think so, Eunice?"

"So I have been told."

"There is no nobler work," Georgiana insisted, with enthusiasm.

"Excuse me," objected Daisy. "I'd rather take in stairs to scrub. If you want to know what I'm going to do, Eunice, now that my education is finished"—

"Finished?" questioned Georgiana, with gentle irony.

"Anything more that's done for it, Georgiana, will have to be a passive process. I refuse to co-operate. I've monkeyed with myself long enough trying to 'develop' my 'latent possibilities.' Anything further in that line has got to be accomplished through a process of absorption by means of my contact with you and uncle. Meantime I'm going to sit in the market, Eunice—the matrimonial market, of course. I'm down to the highest bidder."

"Daisy," Georgiana pleaded with her, "if contact with me has given you no higher ideal than that"—

"Oh, it's easy for you to talk, Georgie!" Daisy retorted plaintively. "Your market is made."

"What do you mean, Daisy?"

"You're as good as engaged already to Dr. Kinross."

Eunice had a sensation as though the earth were suddenly floating out from under her. What did it mean, Daisy speaking of "Dr. Kinross?" Was his disguise a pretense and did these girls know him otherwise than as Pete? What was this which Daisy had said, "You are as good as engaged to Dr. Kinross!" And he had told her that he "loved Georgiana." Eunice felt herself floating amid clouds of illusion.

Georgiana laughed and looked rather pleased. "I'm afraid your assumptions are quite gratuitous, my dear."

"Well, at least there isn't the least doubt as to what his feelings will be," Daisy predicted. "You'll do him brown! He won't be able to help himself no matter how much he'd like to be a misogynist or whatever you call 'em."

"I'm not so sure," Georgiana protested, but she laid her hand affectionately on Daisy's arm.

"But you may be sure," Eunice spoke with a half gasp and almost without volition. "He does love you."

"What?" Daisy turned upon her.

"Yes, Dr. Kinross does love her."

Eunice's voice sounded hollow to herself. She was dazed. There was a dull dead weight upon her heart, an undefined but keen sense of loss and pain. Dr. Kinross and Georgiana were "as good as engaged."

"He says he loves you," she repeated mechanically.

There was a sob in her throat that ached intolerably. She felt an imperative need to get away by herself. She suddenly sprang up, and before the other two girls could collect themselves she was gone.

For an instant surprise held both of them silent.

"She's a little bit off the top!" declared Daisy.

"What could she have meant?" wondered Georgiana.

"I can't get aboard!" said Daisy. "I don't think she knew herself. I always did think that girl acted as if she had wheels!"

"If Pete were still here I would ask him what he knows about her. She is singular," Georgiana agreed. "But what could she have meant?"

"She never saw Kinross, and Kinross never saw you. She was talking through her hat."

"Of course," Georgiana again agreed reluctantly. It would be so much more interesting if Daisy's conclusion was not so inevitable—if Eunice had not been "talking through her hat."

Meantime Eunice, alone in the "haunted" chamber, seated on the side of the bed and staring with unseeing eyes into the darkness of the room, groped in a greater darkness of soul as she tried in her blind ignorance of life to understand her own great desolation.

Engaged to be married! What did marriage mean to men like him? She had an unhappy knowledge of what it meant to such as Abe and the other countrymen about here. But to a man like Dr. Kinross, a man with an intellect and a soul as well as a body, would not marriage mean something different to such as he?

Suddenly a hot wave of realization swept over her. Some burning lines of Browning came to her mind:

Be a god—and hold me with your charm.
Be a man—and hold me with your arm.

Eunice sank down upon the bed and buried her face deep in the pillow. To her trembling heart only one thing was clear. That which in the days just past had made the sun in the heavens shine for her as it had never shone before, that was over. He belonged to another. What had he to do with her or she with him? She was alone—utterly and absolutely alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT 5 o'clock in the afternoon two days later Kinross was once more with the assembled Morningstars in the farm kitchen, the entire family, including Eunice, being present at the important interview he was having with them.

The withdrawal of Georgiana's all pervading presence from the farm had made the family seem to Kinross on his return quite shrunken and small.

He had wondered how, after his few days' absence and his fresh contact with the world, Eunice would appear to him from the point of view of his own and her aunt's world, and it seemed to him now as he looked at her sitting opposite him at the kitchen table that she was even more detached from her environment than he had at first thought her and far more akin to his own and her aunt's sphere of life than that of the farm—to which, indeed, she seemed entirely alien.

He fancied today that the habitual melancholy of her eyes was intensified. But surely the great news he had for her would quickly dissipate it and the original "pale drab" of her existence change to rosy hues—perhaps, alas, to lurid ones—for in his heart he felt not a little misgiving as to the possibly baneful effect of her seeming good fortune.

Before returning he had sent a message ahead of him to Mr. Morningstar, warning him to be ready against his arrival to pay over to Eunice immediately the sum of $3,000 or be prepared to accept the consequences.

The effect of this communication had been to lead the Morningstars to urge upon Eunice once more the suit of Abe, but neither their persuasions nor their anger had succeeded in moving her.

On his arrival he had of course insisted upon seeing Eunice alone. But he had met with such violent opposition to this from both Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar that even the girl herself drew back, unwilling to brave the storm that would follow her open defiance. He saw that pret, at least, of what he had to tell her of her affairs would have to be told in the presence of the family. Surely the news would make her able to throw off the last vestige of her yoke.

So, first, he had forced Morningstar, under the lash of his threats, to sign, in a cold perspiration of horror, the draft for $3,000 (which in fact represented at least a fourth of his possessions) and pass it over to the bewildered Eunice.

"Now, Mr. Morningstar," he began when this transaction had been completed, leaving the farmer utterly shaken out of his orbit, "I have a piece of news for you and your wife and for Eunice."

Eunice's face was pale, and her eyes, intent upon his face, were burning bright. He wished that he had the power to read all her thoughts, unique young creature that she was. It was distasteful, even painful, to have to break his news to her in the presence of these people, who, indeed, seemed her natural enemies, but it was apparently unavoidable.

"What's your news?" Mrs. Morningstar curtly demanded, her curiosity getting the better of her rage against him, and her husband, too, bitter as was his chagrin, looked up keenly, suspicious of further calamity.

"When I spent the night in the haunted room I made some discoveries. I found out, as you know, about the $4,000 belonging to Eunice. I found out also some other things."

He paused an instant. They all waited breathlessly.

"The man and woman who left Eunice here were not her parents."

"Now," exclaimed Mrs. Morningstar, "you ain't tellin' us that!"

"Och, my souls!" breathed Ollie "Forevermore!"

"Kin you prove it?" demanded Mr. Morningstar sullenly.

"What did they do with havin' her, then, along with 'em?" cried Mrs. Morningstar.

"They had stolen her from her home."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Morningstar, her eyes bulging.

"I had wished to talk to Eunice of this and other details alone, but as you made that impossible I'll give you the bare facts now, after which," he added in a tone of authority, "Eunice will come with me to hear in private what concerns no one but herself."

The Morningstars stared resentfully, but no one answered.

"Her father," Kinross went on, "was W. W. Wolcott of New York. He was a man of large means. Eunice was his only child. Her aunt, Miss Wolcott of Washington, who believed her to be dead, has meantime had possession of the fortune rightfully belonging to Eunice. She is ready now to make restitution."

"Kin you prove it?" Abe here repeated his father's demand.

"How did you find it out?" asked Morningstar.

"Haunted rooms reveal secrets," Kinross answered, with a solemnity that made the family shudder to a man.

"How much is comin' to her?" inquired Abe covetously.

"A very great fortune."

While the family gaped, speechless, he rose from the table and moved around to Eunice's side.

"Miss Wolcott," he said, holding out his hand, "I congratulate you."

It took the Morningstars a long time to grasp it, and Eunice herself seemed dazed by it. She had not the least conception of what a great fortune meant. Kinross found her childlike acceptance of the stupendous fact both refreshing and amusing.

It required a vast deal of explaining before he could make them all even begin to understand the discovery he had made. Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar were loud in their comments and questions. Even Ollie overcame her habitual shyness before him and became articulate. Only Eunice had nothing to say as she sat motionless, with her eyes fixed upon his face, when again he took his chair opposite her.

"Now, just to think!" heavily breathed Mrs. Morningstar. "Who'd 'a' thunk it?"

"Och, it minds me of that there story of Cinderella, ain't?" Ollie appealed to Kinross, taking courage under the excitement of the occasion to display her knowledge of literature.

"Now, see what you done me, mom," exclaimed Abe bitterly, "with your always jawin' Eunice fur makin' up to me! See what you cheated me out of! If you'd of left us be, look at what I'd be comin' into!"

"Yes, anyhow!" Mr. Morningstar also bitterly reproached his wife.

But Mrs. Morningstar turned on the latter resentfully. "Just as if you wasn't always agin it as much as me!"

"I only thought they oughtn't to engage to marry till they was sure oncet," he declared.

"Well, if you ain't"— But she checked herself judiciously. "That's all I meant, too!" she also declared, turning appealingly to Eunice.

But the girl did not reply. Mrs. Morningstar sighed heavily.

"But look a-here!" suddenly cried Mr. Morningstar. "It'll spite that there aunt somepin turrible to have to give up the money after her havin' it all this time and thinkin' it's hern!"

"I guess, too!" agreed his wife.

Eunice glanced an inquiry at Kinross. "Will it leave my aunt poor?"

"Comparatively. Not what you have been accustomed to call poor."

The girl looked thoughtful, but said no more.

"Under these circumstances, Mr. Morningstar," Kinross continued, "you understand you will of course have to part with Eunice."

Mrs. Morningstar started as if dodging a blow.

Would this man never have done tormenting and robbing them?

"You think you're a-goin' to take her away, do you?" she exclaimed fiercely.

"Why," he smiled, "even you could scarcely expect her to remain here now."

"I ain't leavin' her go!" she stoutly maintained, evidently not yet realizing at all the significance of what she had heard.

Kinross drew a purse from his pocket and, taking out some bills, laid them before Eunice. "Your aunt gave me this money to give to you for your expenses until you join her in New York."

The girl's eyes opened wide. "I am to go to my aunt?" she breathlessly asked. "My aunt! It seems so strange," she said, her face flushing, a quiver in her voice that revealed pitifully her lifelong loneliness, "to feel that there is some one in the world belonging to me!"

"Your aunt expects to send her secretary, Mrs. Kenyon, a widow, down here for you next week to take you back with her to New York. This money, she instructed me to tell you, you can use in getting yourself some clothing for your journey with the help of Mrs. Kenyon. When you are with your aunt she will do everything in the world for your welfare, I know."

"Eunice," cried Abe, starting up, "you ain't a-goin' away to stay away—ain't not, you ain't?" he pleaded. "Och, Eunice, if you'd say yes to me I'd leave you hire the washin' with the money wot your pop inherited to you, and I'd leave you spend at the cloes all you wanted, and we'd go a good bit, too, to circuses and county fairs and even to the rooft garden in town. We could afford to with your havin' such a lot yet! Why, I guess we could afford 'most anything! Won't you say yes to me?"

Eunice slowly turned her eyes upon him. "Say 'yes' to you now with freedom—freedom just at my hand? Marry you and remain a bond slave, with my heart still crying out as it has done all my life, 'Who will deliver me from the body of this death?' Tie myself to you, when liberty and the wide world lie before me? Oh, Abe," she exclaimed, "if the thought of marrying you was horrible to me while I was under your mother's and father's tyranny how must it look to me now that I am free—free to live, to be myself, to feed the hunger of my mind and soul with all the beauty of the world? Marry you, Abe?" A little rippling laugh broke from her lips. Kinross felt his brain beat with the shock of the joy that suddenly surged up in his heart at the revelation of her words while he mentally pronounced himself an ass for his stupidity in not having realized the impossibility of her caring for Abe.

"Ty-rantry!" exclaimed Mr. Morningstar, taking up her words, while Abe looked dazed. "After all me and mom done fur you—and our son even wantin' to marry you and us urgin' it—and givin' you back your $3,000"—

The draft for that money was in her hand. She suddenly broke in upon his speech by holding it out to him.

"Take it back. I know how you have suffered in having it forced from you. And I don't need it. Take it as payment for my board during the remainder of my stay here."

Mr. Morningstar almost pounced upon it, while his small eyes gleamed. "That ain't no more'n right, seein' you don't need it, and me I couldn't rightly spare it." He glanced triumphantly at Kinross. "You thought you was wonderful smart, ain't, gittin' this here money off of me? But I got ahead of you that there time."

Kinross gave a short laugh. "I'm satisfied with my work," he said.

"Eunice, you ain't goin' to act so ongrateful as to leave right in the middle of cannin' season?" exclaimed Mrs. Morningstar, with a momentary return to her habitual asperity toward the girl. "You could put off goin' to your aunt till a couple weeks a'ready anyhow. How is me and Ollie goin' to get through all without you? And mebbe if you stayed on a couple of weeks you'd come to see it some different about Abe too."

"Just as soon as the lady whom my aunt is sending for me can take me away I shall go."

"Well, if you don't call that actin' mean—right in the middle of cannin' the tomats, too, yet!"

"Och, mom, you talk dumm!" said her husband, with a disgusted turning of his back on her and flinging his words behind him at her. "With a fortune waitin' fur her at New York over, what would she do with stoppin' to help with our cannin' the tomats? She kin afford to buy canned tomats out of the grocery stores and won't have to bother no more with puttin' up. I know what a big fortune means to a person if you don't. I knowed a man out west was worth worse'n $50,000 yet."

Again Mrs. Morningstar sighed heavily. "Eunice," she said, changing her tone to motherly persuasiveness, "you'll come to see us now and again, ain't? You would like to come home where you was raised, still, ain't you would?"

Eunice looked at her and shook her head almost shudderingly.

"Never!"

"Ain't you got no gratefulness?" Mrs. Morningstar exclaimed in despair.

"But what," the girl asked gently, "have I to be grateful to you for? It seems to me I have much—very much more—to forgive. With $4,000 left to me, why was it not permitted to me to have even the little education that the district school might have given me? But there," she added, "you didn't realize the wrong you did me. And it is all in the past, and I have already turned my back upon my past."

"You're turnin' your back on us now, are you?" said Ollie darkly. "We ain't good enough fur you now, are we, since you're got so wonderful rich all of a suddent? I guess you wouldn't even send me a new dress from town oncet in so often to pay fur all the old ones I gev you a'ready!"

Again that little ripple of laughter from Eunice. "Would you like me to send you my clothes after I have no more use for them, Ollie?" she inquired, a touch of gayety in her voice and a bright color coming into her pale cheeks. "Why, certainly I will."

"If you can't send me a new one now and again, I don't want your old ones!" Ollie retorted.

"You may draw on me, Ollie, for all the silk dresses you can wear," Eunice said recklessly.

Ollie's eyes sparkled. "Look at here, Eunice, do you mean that fur really?"

Upon Eunice reassuring her Ollie's look of complacency proclaimed her resignation to the turn events had taken, since she herself was not altogether shut out from a share in them.

"Eunice, will you come with me now?" Kinross asked, again rising and feeling buoyant in the liberty which the new circumstances gave him to talk with her unrestrainedly and when and where they both would, independently of the government which had made her so inaccessible. "I have some things to discuss with you."

Eunice rose at once, the pensiveness of her countenance momentarily lifting as even his good news for her had not caused it to do.

"You haven't the dare to go; there's supper to make!" interposed Mrs. Morningstar from force of habit, not realizing yet that her reign was over.

Eunice walked to the door which Kinross was holding open for her. "I am afraid you and Ollie will have to get on without me," she said, turning at the threshold. "I have paid my board, you know, for the rest of the time I shall be here—$3,000 up to the end of next week. As a boarder, of course you can't expect me to do any work."

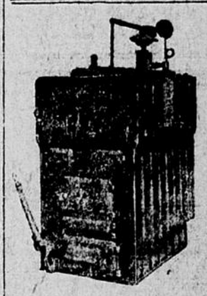
"If you don't work you don't eat!" snapped Mr. Morningstar viciously, the family habit of browbeating the girl getting the better of his prudence, for he knew, of course, that it was unwise to further offend one who had become so rich. "This here $3,000 ain't payin' fur your board, fur it ain't yourn to give—it was mine in the first place—extorted out of me by force! So you just come on here and help mom git supper or you don't eat!"

He emphasized his words by lifting his hand which held the draft, and instantly the valuable strip of paper was drawn out of his fingers. Kinross passed it on to Eunice.

"If I may offer a word of advice, don't pay your board in advance, Eunice. Wait until you are ready to leave."

Eunice, smiling, tucked the paper into the bosom of her calico gown, and in the face of the blank and utter consternation of the family, the two walked away, Kinross calling back over his shoulder, "Give us a good supper when we come in and we will pay accordingly. Poor grub, small pay! We'll be back in an hour probably."

(To Be Continued.)



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