

# With Edged Tools

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN  
Author of "The Sowers," "Roden's Corner," "From  
One Generation to Another," Etc.

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"Three months to get there," he answered at length, "one month to pick the leaf, and then you can bring the first crop down to the coast and home, while Meredith and I stay on at the plateau."

"I could be home again in eight months?"

"Certainly. We thought that you might work the sale of the stuff in London, and in a couple of years or so, when the thing is in swing, Meredith will come home. We can safely leave the cultivation in native hands when once we have established ourselves up there and made ourselves respected among the tribes."

"I suppose," Guy said after a pause, "that there is the question of money?"

"Yes; Meredith and I have talked that over. The plan we fixed upon was that you and he each put a thousand pounds into it; I put five hundred. For the first two years we share the profits equally. After that we must come to some fresh arrangement should you or Meredith wish to give up an active part in the affair. I presume you would not object to coming up at the end of the year with a handy squad of men to bring down the crop under escort?"

"No," responded Osgood after a moment's reflection. "I should be able to do that."

"I reckon," continued the other, "that the journey down could be accomplished in two months, and each time you do the trip you will reduce your time."

"Yes."

"Of course," Durpo went on, with the details which he knew were music in Osgood's ears—of course we shall be a clumsy party going up. We shall have heavy loads of provisions, ammunition and seeds for cultivating the land up there."

"Yes," replied Osgood absently. In his ears there rang already the steady plash of the paddle, the wailing melancholy song of the boatman, the music of the wind amid the forest trees.

Durpo rose briskly.

"Then," he said, "you will join us? I may telegraph out to Meredith that you will join us?"

"Yes," replied Osgood simply. "You may do that."

"There is no time to be lost," Durpo went on. "Every moment wasted adds to the risk of our being smothered. I sail for Loango in a fortnight. Will you come with me?"

"Yes."

When Durpo had gone Guy sat down and wrote to Lady Cantourne accepting her invitation to spend a few days at Cantourne Place, on the Solent. He explained that his visit would be in the nature of a farewell, as he was about to leave for Africa for a little big game hunting.

Miss Millicent Chyne was walking on the sea wall at the end of the garden with Guy Osgood. One of the necessary requirements of a modern educational outfit is the power of looking perfectly at home in a score of different costumes during the year, and needless to say, Miss Chyne was perfectly finished in this art. The manner in which she wore her sailor hat, her blue serge and her neat brown shoes conveyed to the onlooker, and especially the male of that species (we cannot in conscience call them observers), the impression that she was a yachtswoman born and bred. Her delicate complexion was enhanced by the faintest suspicion of sunburn and a few exceedingly becoming freckles. There was a freedom in her movements which had not been observed in London drawing rooms. This was Diana-like and in perfect keeping with the dainty sailor outfit; moreover, nine men out of ten would fall to attribute the difference to sundry cunning strings within the (London) skirt.

"It is said," Millicent was saying, "to think that we shall have no more chances of sailing. The wind has quite dropped, that horrid tide is running, and this is your last day."

She ended with a little laugh, knowing full well that there was little sentiment in the big man by her side.

"Really," she went on, "I think I should be able to manage a boat in time, don't you think so? Please encourage me. I am sure I have tried to learn."

"I do not know if you have learned much," he answered; "but I have."

"What have you learned?" she asked in a low voice, half fascinated by the danger into which she knew that she was running.

"That I love you," he answered, standing squarely in front of her and announcing the fact with a deliberate honesty which was rather startling. "I was not sure of it before, so I stayed away from you for three weeks; but now I know for certain."

"Why not?"

"I do not know—because you mustn't."

And in her heart she wanted him to say it again.

"I am not ashamed of it," he said, "and I do not see why I should not say it to you—or to any one else, so far as that goes."

"No, never!" she cried, really frightened. "To me it does not matter so much. But to no one else—never! Aunt Marian must not know it—nor Sir John."

"I cannot see that it is any business of Sir John's. Of course, Lady Cantourne would have liked you to marry a title; but if you cared for me she would be ready to listen to reason."

In which judgment of the good lady he was no doubt right, especially if reason spoke with the voice of £3,000 per annum.

"Do you care for me?" he asked, coming a little closer.

There was a whole world of gratified vanity and ungratified curiosity for her in the presence of this strong man at her elbow. It was one of the supreme triumphs of her life, because he was different from the rest. He was for her what his first tiger had been for him. The danger that he might come still nearer had for her a sense of keen pleasure. She was thoroughly enjoying herself, and the nearest approach that men can experience to the joy that was hers is the joy of battle.

"I cannot answer that—not now."

And the little half-shrinking glance over her shoulder was a low-minded, unmanly invitation. But he was in earnest, and he was, above all, a gentleman. He stood his ground a yard away from her.

"You when?" he asked, "when will you answer me?"

She stood with her back turned toward him, looking over the smooth waters of the Solent, where one or two yachts and a heavy black schooner were creeping up on the tide before the morning breeze. She drummed reflectively with her fingers on the low stone wall. Beneath them a few gulls whirled and screamed over a shoal of little fish. One of the birds had a singular cry, as if it were laughing to itself.

"You said just now," Millicent answered at length, "that you were not sure yourself—not at first—and therefore you cannot expect me to know all at once."

"You should know at once," he argued gravely. "If it were going to be 'no,' if you do not say 'no' now, I can only think that it may be 'yes' some day. And—he came closer; he took the hand that hung at her side, conveniently near—and I don't want you to say 'no' now. Don't say 'no'! I will wait as long as you like for 'yes.' Millicent, I would rather go on waiting and thinking that it is going to be 'yes,' even if it is 'no' after all."

She said nothing, but she left her hand in his.

"May I go on thinking that it will be 'yes' until I come back?"

"I cannot prevent your thinking, can I?" she whispered, with a tender look in her eyes.

"May I write to you?" She shook her head.

"Well—I—Now and then," he pleaded. "Not often. Just to remind you of my existence."

She gave a little laugh, which he liked exceedingly and remembered afterward.

"If you like," she answered.

At this moment Lady Cantourne's voice was heard in the distance calling them.

"There!" exclaimed Millicent. "We must go at once. And no one—no one, mind—must know of this."

"No one shall know of it," he answered.

CHAPTER IX.

THOSE who for their sins have been to Loango will scarcely care to have its beauties recalled to memory. And to such as have not visited the spot one can only earnestly recommend a careful avoidance.

## YOUNG PREACHER TRIES TO ELOPE

With Buxom Maiden Met At Country Revival.

Mother Notifies Police Who Intercept Couple at Station in Henderson.

### HEADED FOR INDIANA SHORE

Henderson, Ky., Oct. 13.—The Rev. John Williams, a Baptist minister of this city, and Miss Maude Tapp, a pretty sixteen-year-old Webster county girl, were foiled here yesterday in their attempt to elope to Evansville or some other northern point, where they intended to find their Gretta Green. The young preacher, who is about 25 years of age, was conducting a revival meeting at Poole, Webster county, when he met the buxom maiden, and they soon fell desperately in love with each other. Within a few days the question was "popped," and it did not seem too sudden for the girl.

On Wednesday night Miss Tapp left home after telling her mother that she was going to spend the night with a neighbor. On yesterday morning she went to the school-house as if there was nothing brewing. The dashing young minister drove from Poole to the school-house, and there met his would-be bride. They drove rapidly to the nearest railroad station and took a train that would pass through this city. Patrolman Robert Bailey intercepted the young people here at noon.

### Doctors Raise Price.

The Kentucky State Medical society yesterday went on record as opposed to any reduction in the standard of insurance medical examiners and fixed the minimum fee at \$5 for each examination. The big insurance companies were scored for an effort to procure cheap men for this purpose.

### Tax Reform.

Tax reform was the dominant note in the Kentucky state development convention at Winchester yesterday, and it was the sense of the convention that efforts for reform be made again before the next general assembly. The committees are expected to make reports today touching on this subject and several addresses will be delivered, one by Lawson Puddy, of New York.

### White Wine and Red.

"A misapprehension about the strength of red and white wines exists," said a Californian. "Because red wine has a darker, richer look, people think it is more intoxicating. The opposite really is the case. Red wines are made by fermenting grape juice, skins and seeds together. White wines are made by fermenting grape juice alone. 'In the skins and seeds there is a lot of tannin, and red wine contains much tannin, while white wine contains none. This tannin an astringent, closes the pores of the stomach and prevents the alcohol in the red wine from entering the blood freely and going, as the saying is, to the head. 'White wine—champagne, for instance—has no tannin, and hence its intoxicating properties are much more keenly to be feared than those of the tannin-filled red wine.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### France's Big Wheat Crop.

The organ of the French Corn Exchange places the wheat crop of that country at 359,630,000 bushels, which is about 13,000,000 bushels in excess of last year's harvest and 24,000 above the past ten-year average. This does not include the wheat harvest of French Algeria, which amounts to 31,000,000 bushels, or nearly double that of last year, and which enters France free of duty. Accordingly, France will not have to import any wheat from outside of its own territory, and demand upon the great surplus produced this year in the United States will so far be reduced. This will not be helpful to the profitable marketing of the excessive American production.—Springfield Republican.

### A Kaffir Story.

Here is a good Kaffir story which has the merit of being true. A Christian Zulu-Kaffir was heard recounting to another Kaffir, with all the fullness and picturesqueness their language so well allows, a vision of heaven which he had had in a dream, and he described in detail what heaven was like. "And saw you any Kaffirs there?" inquired his listener. The teller of the story pondered a while, and then: "No," said he, "for I did not look into the kitchen."—London Standard.

(To be Continued.)

## THEATRICAL NOTES

(Continued From Page Eight.)

body's new triumph is shared by Charles Dalton, Frank Losee, Edward Mack, Lillian Lamson, Louise Rial and Gertrude Wolfe.

Eleanor Robson. Eleanor Robson inaugurated her 30 weeks' season at the Liberty theater, New York, with Israel Zangwill's new play, "Nurse Marjorie," on October 3. Miss Robson will present ten new plays among which may be "The Lady of Dreams," "Agatha," "Unleavened Bread," "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," A new one act play by Alfred Sutro and a new one act play by Miss Clotilde Graves.

### Miss Russell's Puck.

It was not reverential awe of Shakespeare, nor biliousness, esteem of a comedy of his, nor yet interest in a new theater bearing the name of the Astors, that moved most of those who went on the opening night to see the reproduction of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Annie Russell would be the Puck. That was the object of curiosity, expectation and the special interest.

Well, Miss Russell tricked and fooled the audience neatly as to her appearance and nicely as to her performance. She did not attempt to make her Puck look like a babyish boy, scant of both care and clothes; but like a youthful court jester, ample of raiment and somewhat Saian-like in his rogueries.

This Puck is wired for both light and power. He makes his entrance from aloft, alights on the branch of a tree, flies across the scene to a moss bank, which the tips of his toes barely dent, and settles down on the ground as though exempt from the law of gravitation.

### Tabloid Tragedy.

Mrs. Hugo de Bathe, daughter-in-law of Sir Henry de Bathe of England, better known as Mrs. Lily Langtry, "the Jersey Lily," arrived from Europe this morning for her engagement of eighteen weeks in vaudeville in America. When asked, "What's the title of your sketch?" Mrs. Langtry exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, please don't ever refer to my playlet as a sketch! That sounds too vaudevilleanous for anything. I never could stand it. I call my endeavor 'A Tabloid Tragedy.' The name of the tabloid tragedy is 'Twixt the Nightfall and the Light,' a line from Browning.

"Tabloid plays are all the rage in Europe, especially in Paris. I think they will be more and more important in America after Americans see some of the best European tabloids."

### Not Up On Classic Art.

A story is going the rounds of the clubs of a Chicago millionaire who ordered a replica of the Venus of Milo to be delivered at his home. When the case arrived and was opened the millionaire discovered there were no arms, and threatened to bring action against the railroad company for damages. The company sent an official to inquire into the matter, found that the arms were missing—and paid.—New York Evening Post.

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## MOST IMPORTANT INSTITUTE WORK

Commissioner Vreeland Asks Cooperation of Farmers.

Big Meetings to be Held in Paducah and Lexington for Benefit of Whole State.

### FINE SPEAKERS TO BE SENT.

Commissioner of Agriculture Vreeland is sending the following communications:

"This is to be the busiest year in the farmers' institute work ever known in the state. In addition to the holding of an institute in every county in the state and the annual state institute, we are arranging to hold two big special institutes. The first of these will be held at Paducah, Ky., October 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of this department and the Paducah Commercial club. This will be known as the Western Kentucky Institute. As one of these special institutes has never been held in western Kentucky, I respectfully urge that every Farmers' club in the state send a large delegation to Paducah on the above dates. The title 'Western Kentucky Institute' does not signify that it is for the people of that section alone, but the farmers in every county in the state are expected to participate.

The second special institute will be held at Lexington, Ky., October 22, 24 and 25, under the auspices of this department, the Kentucky State Grange and the Fayette County Farmers' club.

Both of these institutes will be addressed by prominent institute lecturers, who will not only present the scientific side of farming, but the practical side as well. The success of institute work in Kentucky depends upon the co-operation of the farmers. I therefore, respectfully request that the president of every Farmers' club call a meeting at the earliest date practical and select delegates who will agree to attend these mammoth meetings."

### JAIL CLUB

Allows No "Harking" Among the inmates.

Even prisoners in the city lockup see the necessity of better sanitation and the following is a bulletin posted in the negro quarters in the city lockup:

**Rules of the Jail Club.**  
"To the men that harks and spits on this floor shall pay a fine or be whipped. Men in cell No. 1 are not allowed in cell No. 2. Don't forget. All new comers are treated as the rules of the club."

### PADUCAH BANKER

Honored by President of Kentucky Association.

Mr. James C. Utterback, cashier of the City National bank, has been appointed by President John G. Wynn, of the Kentucky Bankers association, as a delegate from the Kentucky association to the American Bankers' association which meets in St. Louis October 16 to 19.

### His Revenge.

Butcher Ludwig was continually being robbed of meat by a large black tom cat belonging to a next door neighbor. Finally his temper got the best of him, and he poisoned the cat. The cat's owner, the next morning, found his large black cat lying dead before his door. He knew at once who had done the killing, and with a low, bitter oath he took the dead cat up by the tail and went indoors. Butcher Ludwig had happened to advertise for the week a mark-down sale on sausage. That night his shop was thronged with sausage buyers. Suddenly, when the crowd was thickest, the outraged neighbor elbowed his way through the people and threw upon the chopping block the dead body of the huge dead black cat. "There you are, Mr. Ludwig," he said. "That makes thirty-five. I'll bring the fifteen others when you are not so busy."

### Supt. Lieb Is a Fan.

C. M. Lieb, the popular superintendent of the city schools, is an athlete and a baseball fan. He takes great interest in the fight being made at Chicago between the Sox and Cubs and is an admirer of the Cubs. Supt. Lieb formerly played third base on his college team and several national league stars were former classmates and teammates of the superintendent.

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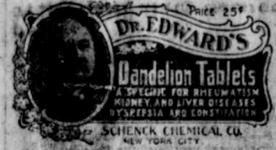
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