

Between Two Shores

By ELLEN GLASGOW

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He started nervously and faced her almost roughly. "Who is happy?" he demanded, sneering. "Are you?"

She shrank slightly. "Somehow I think that a woman is never happy," she responded gently, "but you—"

He leaned toward her, a swift change crossing his face, his keen



"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said.

glance softening to compassion. "Then it is dastardly unfair," he said. "What is goodness for if it does not make one happy? I am a rough brute, and I get my desserts, but the world should be gentle to a thing like you."

"No, no," she protested. "I am not good."

His eyes lightened. "Any misdeed-misdeeds punishable by law?"

"I am disconcerted," she went on. "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints—mostly women—and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked.

He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an emerald set in a fawn colored dome. The lapping sound of the waves at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong, only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil. "Don't," she said pleadingly; "please, please don't!"

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?" Over the last word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously. "Tshaw! How do you know?"

"I don't know, I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned. "It is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

Above her head an electric jet was whirling, and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon her lashes, whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears he could not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said. "It won't do any harm even if it doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the morning she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night it was his arm upon which she leaned and his voice that wished her "Good night!" before her stateroom door. Her meals were served outside, and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking and again he attacked her with aggressive irony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it flashed like the just and the unjust, the stoner and the stoned against. It did not spare the woman for whose comfort he sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor ways. It was as if he hated himself for the interest she inspired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that the mental pressure under which he

labored had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion. And he often closed upon a gentler mood with burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury."

"There was a cloud upon his face. 'Of the ministering angel kind, I suppose,' he suggested.

"Yes."

"Your judgment is warped," he went on. "Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes; he makes me presents of prunes; therefore he is virtuous?"

She looked at him with wounded eyes. "That is not kind of you," she said.

"But, my dear lady, I am not kind. That is what I am arguing for."

Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer.

"Is the assertion admitted?" he inquired.

Her mouth quivered. He saw it, and his mood melted.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders and regarding her with an intent gaze, "that it makes any difference to you?"

The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference," she answered, "to—to be treated so."

His hand closed firmly over the rug and rested against her shoulder.

"Why does it make a difference?" he demanded.

She stammered confusedly. "Because—because it does," she replied.

His face was very grave. The hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope it does not make a difference," he said. "Look! There is a sail."

They rose and went to the railing, following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vessel's side porpoises were leaping on the waves. She leaned over, her eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft brown strands. There was a pink flush in her cheeks. "I should like to be a porpoise," she said, "and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy they are!"

"And you are not?"

The flush died from her cheeks. "I? Oh, no," she answered.

He leaned nearer. His hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.

"Did love make you happy?" he asked suddenly.

She raised her lashes, and their eyes met. "Love?" she repeated vaguely.

"That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"

Her gaze went back to the water. A wistful tremor shook her lips. "He was very good to me," she replied.

"And I suppose you loved him because he was good. Well, the reason suffices."

She looked at him steadily. "Because he was good to me," she corrected. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean," she added. "I know now that I did not."

"Oh?" he ejaculated half absently and then, "How do you know it?"

She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. "There are many ways—"

His eyes rested upon the soft outline of her ear, half hidden in her brown hair. "What are they?"

She turned her face still farther from him. "It made no difference to me," she said, "whether he came or went. It worried me to be with him, and I was very selfish. When he kissed me it left me cold."

His gaze stung her sharply. "And if you loved some one," he said, "it would make a great difference to you whether he came or went? It would gladden you to be with him, and when he kissed you it would not leave you cold?"

"I—I think so," she answered.

He bent toward her swiftly, then checked himself, with a sneering laugh. "I'll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said. "Don't allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot."

And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a notebook from his pocket, and when she seated herself he did not look up. There was a gray cast about his face, and his lips were compressed. She noticed that he was older than she at first supposed and that the hand which he held the pencil twitched nervously; then she lay watching him idly from beneath lowered lids.

An hour later he looked up, and their glances met. With sudden determination he closed the book and replaced it in his pocket. "You look pale," he remarked abruptly.

"Do I?" she questioned inanimately. "I do not see any reason why I should not."

"Perhaps, so long as it is not unbecoming to you."

"Why will you say such things?" she demanded angrily. "I detest them."

"Indeed? Yes, pallor is not unbecoming to you. It gives you an interesting look."

She rubbed the cheek next him with the edge of her rug until it glowed scarlet. "There!" she exclaimed in resentment.

"That gives you a radiant look," he remarked composedly.

Her eyes flashed. "You will make me hate you," she retorted.

He smiled slightly, his eyes half sad. "I am trying to," he responded.

She stamped her foot with impatience. "Then you won't succeed. I will not hate you. Do you hear? I will not!"

"Is it a question of will?"

"In this case, yes."

"Do you hate as you choose—and love?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I hardly think I could hate you if I would, despite your—your hatefulness."

"Not though it were a part of wisdom?"

"Wisdom has nothing to do with—"

"With what?" he questioned.

"With hate."

"Nor with love?"

"Nor with love."

He shook himself free from an imaginary weight, passing his hand across his contracted brow. "Then so much the worse for hate," he responded, "and for love."

As she did not answer he spoke fiercely. "When you love, love a virtuous, straightaway plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. Love a fool, if you will, but let him be a fool who goes to his office at 9 and leaves it at 6, who craves no more exciting atmosphere than the domestic of a house girl worries and teething babies. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp post and bang!"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How—how dare you?" Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead, and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. He was panting like a man who has run a race.

She was looking straight before her. A small homing bird alighted for a swift instant on the railing near them, scanning suspiciously the deserted corner, and she knew that that bird would be blazoned on her memory forever after. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

"You shall love me," he said, "and right be damned!"

She stepped out upon the deck, her eyes shining. He met her moodily. "Shall we walk up into the bow?" he asked.

(To Be Continued.)

BROTHER KILLED BY INSANE BROTHER

Victim W. H. Sylvester, President of First National Bank of Montezuma, Ind.

Montezuma, Ind., May 11.—W. H. Sylvester, president of the First National bank of Montezuma, was shot and killed yesterday in his home by his brother whose mind is believed to be affected. Stephen Sylvester, the brother who did the shooting, was injured seven years ago by a fall and his mind has been affected since.

The shooting followed a quarrel at the home of W. H. Sylvester, the dead man, who was one of the most prominent men in the community. Stephen had demanded money from his brother and a quarrel and a fist fight followed. A neighbor named Pitman was called in by Mrs. Sylvester and he separated the men. Stephen agreeing to return to his home, Pitman released him and Stephen drew a revolver and fired a bullet into his brother's stomach, killing him almost instantly. Stephen ran from the house to his own home and took refuge in a shed recently built by him with an iron roof and wooden walls eight inches thick. In this he had placed a number of revolvers, rifles and ammunition. He entrenched himself inside, shouting through the door that he would never be taken alive. The sheriff at once began organizing a posse and declared he would take the man dead or alive. Stephen Sylvester is unmarried.

Contractors Must Remove Debris.

The board of public works has instructed Street Inspector Alonzo Elliott to notify the contractors reconstructing Kentucky avenue and Jefferson street to remove all debris and discarded material from the streets. The contractors will be permitted to store only material used in the construction of the street, in the thoroughfares. This is done in order to preclude the possibility of an accident and damage suit against the city.

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THE TOBACCO MARKET.

Week ending May 11, 1906.

Receipts week	Hhds
Receipts year	235
Offerings week	1844
Offerings year	134
Rejections week	686
Pr. sampling week	32
Pr. sales week	9
Sales week	130
Sales year	1200

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Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, furthermore, that it possesses valuable medicinal properties of its own, being emollient, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient anodyne.

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ATTORNEY TO UNSEAT GOVERNOR PATTISON

Will Be Made on Ground That He Is Too Ill to Serve.

Columbus, O., May 11.—Sensational reports that Capt. Coleman Gilliam of Portsmouth, a member of the Ohio board of penitentiary managers, is to contest the appointment of Edward W. Crayton, of Newark, to succeed him and thus bring up the question of the alleged disability of Gov. Pattison and his consequent inability to make appointments were denied by Mr. Gilliam just before going to the executive meeting of the board.

"I have no intention to file a contest of this appointment," he said. "If the governor wants Crayton to succeed me, I am sure I will not fight it."

Secretary to the Governor Houch said:

"I know nothing of the report that an effort is to be legally made to test the matter of the governor's appointments on the ground that he is ill and physically unable to make appointments, and that Lieut. Gov. Harris will be called upon to assume the duties of governor. Such an attempt may be made, but I have no knowledge of it."

Attorney Emmet Tompkins, who represents those who are questioning the constitutionality of the governor's acts, reiterated today that a suit will be brought and an effort will be made to have Lieut. Gov. Harris to take the governor's chair and a protest will be made against the appointment of Mr. Crayton.

Growing Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Josie Sumner, Bremond, Tex., writes, April 15, 1902: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family for three years. I would not be without it in the house. I have used it on my little girl for growing pains and aches in her knees. It cured her right away. I have also used it for frost bitten feet, with good success. It is the best liniment I ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Sold by Alvey & List.

Condition Hopeless.

Mr. George Phillips, manager of the Webb-Phillips company, is dangerously ill and his condition is considered hopeless. He is lying at his mother's home on Jefferson street near Ninth in a precarious condition under the constant attention of a physician and a trained nurse. He is suffering from a general breakdown the result of a severe attack of typhoid fever last summer.

A Positive Necessity.

Having to lay upon my bed for 14 days from a severely bruised leg, I only found relief when I used a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine for bruises ever sent to the afflicted. It has now become a positive necessity upon myself.

D. R. Byrnes, Merchant, Droversville, Texas, 25c and 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Alvey & List.

Experts are working on Spiehl's accounts.

Dead Broker Left \$100,000 in Insurance—No Irregularities Reported.

Federal Council for Two Churches is Advised by Committee on Federation of Northern and Southern Methodists.

New York, May 11.—The Herald says that experts are examining the books of Charles L. Spier, the confidential employe of H. H. Rogers, and whose death from a bullet wound at his Staten Island home early Monday is not yet officially explained.

Mr. Rogers was asked regarding the developments of this investigation and is quoted by the Herald as follows:

"This matter is one I am averse to discussing. As a matter of fact, it is too early to talk of the condition in which Spier left his affairs. It is true expert accountants are going over his books and papers, and until they have completed their work it is impossible to exactly determine what result they will reach. They have thus far examined the stock books and it will be necessary to go over the check and bank books and other papers before any authoritative statement can be made."

Besides taking out new life insurance for \$75,000 during the last month, it was learned yesterday that Spier had renewed a \$25,000 policy, which he had permitted to lapse. He obtained this policy originally on May 27, 1904, and paid the premium for one year. On April 11 last he visited the office of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and applied for reinstatement. He then submitted to a medical examination and was reported to be a first-class risk. He paid the new premium. This was a twenty-year endowment policy in favor of Mrs. Spier. He had been paying for some years premiums on a \$2,500 policy in the Equitable Society.

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New York, May 11.—At the Southern Methodist conference a petition signed by many lay delegates was presented in the shape of a memorial asking that five bishops be elected in order to carry on "an aggressive forward movement to meet our rich opportunity during the next quadrennium." Four bishops are wanted for domestic fields and one for foreign missions.

Birmingham, Ala., May 11.—The report of the committee on federation of the committee on federation. The report says that the only meeting held by the committee during the past four years was with the committee of the Methodist Episcopal church in Baltimore April 18 and 19, 1906. It was harmonious. A resolution adopted at that meeting suggesting the advisability of a federal council for the two churches is then given. It says that such a council "without interfering with the autonomy of the respective churches and having no legislative functions shall yet be invested with advisory powers in regard to world-wide missions, Christian education, evangelization of the unchurched masses and the charitable and brotherly adjustment of all conflicts and misunderstandings that may arise between the different branches of Methodism." The committee's report says that the spirit of fraternity is steadily growing between the two churches. A clear pronouncement on the subject of federation by this conference is suggested.

May Issue Bonds.

Legislators at Madisonville, Ky., are confused over the matter of building a city electric light plant. Bids were called for several weeks ago, the estimates not to exceed \$15,000. A local firm bid but has been notified that the city will probably suspend immediate action pending a settlement on issuing bonds or the adoption of some other means of raising the revenue. The plant will cost more than originally intended.

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