

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, 1905, by Lathrop Publishing Company

Strangled in between my two companions I felt reasonably secure and soon fell asleep. The sun, streaming in



I had a mighty fear of her.

at the open door, roused me in the morning. At the beginning of each day of my journey I woke to find Uncle Eb cooking at the fire. He was lying beside me this morning, his eyes open.

"'Fraid I'm hard sick," he said as I kissed him.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. He struggled to a sitting posture, groaning so it went to my heart.

"'Rheumatiz," he answered presently. He got to his feet little by little, and every move he made gave him great pain. With one hand on his cane and the other on my shoulder he made his way slowly to the broken gate. Even now I can see clearly the fair prospect of that high place—a valley reaching to distant hills and a river winding through it glimmering in the sunlight; a long wooded ledge breaking in naked, grassy slopes on one side of the valley and on the other a deep forest rolling to the far horizon; between them big patches of yellow grain and white buckwheat and green pasture land and greener meadows and the straight road, with white houses on either side of it, glorious in a double fringe of goldenrod and purple aster and yellow John's-wort and the deep blue of the Jacob's ladder.

"Looks a good deal like the promised land," said Uncle Eb. "Hain't got much further 't goin'."

He sat on the rotting threshold, while I pulled some of the weeds in front of the doorpost and brought kindlings out of the house and built a fire. While we were eating I told Uncle Eb of the man I had seen in the night.

"Guess you was dreamin'," he said, and while I stood firm for the reality of that I had seen, it held our thought only for a brief moment. My companion was unable to walk that day, so we lay by in the shelter of the old house, eating as little of our scanty store as we could do with. I went to a spring near by for water and picked a good mess of blackberries, that I hid away until supper time so as to surprise Uncle Eb. A longer day than that we spent in the old house after our coming I have never known. I made the room a bit tidier and gathered more grass for bedding. Uncle Eb felt better as the day grew warm. I had a busy time of it that morning bathing his back in the spring and rubbing with my small arms. I have heard him tell often how vigorously I worked that day and how I would say, "I'll take care of you, Uncle Eb—won't I, Uncle Eb?" as my little hands flew with redoubled energy on his bare skin. That finished, we lay down sleeping until the sun was low, when I made ready the supper that took the last of everything we had to eat. Uncle Eb was more like himself that evening and, sitting up in the corner as the darkness came, told me stories.

It was very dark as he finished, and I was feeling a bit sleepy when I heard the boards creak above our heads. Uncle Eb raised himself and lay braced upon his elbow listening. In a few moments we heard a sound as of some one coming softly down the ladder at the other end of the room. It was so dark I could see nothing.

"Who's there?" Uncle Eb demanded. "Don't 'fraid that cun at me," somebody whispered. "This is my home, and I warn ye 't leave it er I'll do harm."

CHAPTER V. HERE I shall quote you again from the diary of Uncle Eb: "It was so dark I couldn't see a han' before me. 'Don't 'fraid yer gun at me,' the man whispered. 'I thought 'twas funny he could see me when I couldn't see him. Said 'twas his home an' we'd better leave. To' him I was sick (rhumatiz) an' couldn't stir. Said he was sorry an' come over near us. To' him I was an' of man goin' west with a small boy. Stopped in the ruts. Got sick. Out o' purvisions. 'Bout ready 't die. Didn't know what 't do. Started 't strike a match, an' the man said: 'Don't make no light, cos I don't want to see ye see my face. Never let nobody see my face.' Said he never went out 'less 'twas a dark night until folks was abed. Said he looked like good folks. Scared me a little cos we couldn't see a thing. Also he said: 'Don't be 'fraid of me. Do what I can fer ye.'"

I remember the man crossed the creaking floor and sat down near us after he had parleyed with Uncle Eb awhile in whispers. Young as I was, I keep a vivid impression of that night, and, aided by the diary of Uncle Eb, I have made a record of what was said that is in the main accurate.

"Do you know where you are?" he inquired presently, whispering as he had done before.

TO \$3 California

From Chicago, every day, March 1 to May 15, 1905, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California. Tickets good in tourist sleeping cars. Rate for double berth, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California, \$7. Through train service from Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Union Pacific—Southern Pacific Line

If you are thinking of such a trip, this is your opportunity to make it at least expense.

Handsome book descriptive of California sent for six cents' postage.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, 1245 Railway Exchange, CHICAGO.

W. S. HOWELL, General Eastern Agent, 981 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

Complete information will be sent free on receipt of this coupon with blank lines filled. Coupon should be mailed to-day.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____
Probable Destination _____

"I've no idee," said Uncle Eb. "Well, down the hill is Paradise valley, in the township o' Faraway," he continued. "It's the end o' Paradise road an' a purty country. Been settled a long time, an' the farms are big an' prosperous—kind uv a land o' plenty. That big house at the foot o' the hill is Dave Brower's. He's the richest man in the valley."

"How do you happen 't be livin' here, if ye don't 'nize 'tollin' me?" Uncle Eb asked.

"'Crazy," said he. "'Fraid o' everybody, an' everybody's 'fraid o' me. Lived a good long time in this way. Winters I go into the big woods. Got a camp in a big cave, an' when I'm there I see a little daylight. Here in the clearin' I'm only up in the night-time. There's how I've come to see so well in the dark. It's give me cat's eyes."

"Don't ye git lonesome?" Uncle Eb asked.

"'Awful—sometimes," he answered with a sad sigh. "an' it seems good 't talk with somebody besides myself. I get enough to eat generally. There are deer in the woods an' coons in the fields, ye know, an' potatoes an' corn an' berries an' apples an' all the kind o' thing. Then I've got my traps in the woods, where I ketch patridges an' squirrels an' coons an' all the meat I need. I've got a place in the thick timber 't do my cookin'—all I want 't do—in the middle o' the night. Sometimes I come here an' spend a day in the garnet if I'm caught in a storm or if I happen to stay a little too late in the valley. Once in a great while I meet a man somewhere in the open, but he always gits away quick as he can. Guess they think I'm a ghost—dunno what I think o' them."

"Our host went on talking as if he were glad to tell the secrets of his heart to some creature of his own kind. I have often wondered at his frankness, but there was a fatherly tenderness, I remember, in the voice of Uncle Eb, and I judge it tempted his confidence. Probably the love of companionship can never be so dead in a man but that the voice of kindness may call it back to life again.

"I'll bring you a bite 't eat before mornin'," he said presently as he rose to go. "Let me feel o' your han', mister."

Uncle Eb gave him his hand and thanked him.

"Feels good. First I've hed hold of in a long time," he whispered. "What's the day o' the month?"

"The 25th."

"I must remember. Where did you come from?"

Uncle Eb told him, briefly, the story of our going west.

"Guess you'd never do me no harm, would ye?" the man asked.

"Not a bit," Uncle Eb answered.

Then he bade us goodby, crossed the creaking floor and went away in the darkness.

"Sing'lar character?" Uncle Eb muttered.

I was getting drowsy, and that was the last I heard. In the morning we found a small pool of milk sitting near us, a roasted partridge, two fried fish and some boiled potatoes. It was more than enough to carry us through the day, with a fair allowance for Fred. Uncle Eb was a bit better, but very lame at that, and kept to his bed the greater part of the day. The time went slow with me, I remember. Uncle Eb was not cheerful and told me but one story, and that had no life in it. At dusk he let me go out in the road to play awhile with Fred and the wagon, but came to the door and called us in shortly. I went to bed in a rather unhappy frame of mind. The dog roused me by barking in the middle of the night, and I heard again the

familiar whisper of the stranger. "Sh-h-h! Be still, dog," he whispered. But I was up to my ears in sleep and went under shortly, so I have no knowledge of what passed that night. Uncle Eb tells in his diary that he had a talk with him lasting more than an hour, but goes no further and never seemed willing to talk much about that interview or others that followed it.

I only know the man had brought more milk and fish and told me that we stayed another day in the old house, that went like the last, and the night man came again to see Uncle Eb. The next morning my companion was able to walk more freely, but Fred and I had to stop and wait for him very often going down the big hill. I was mighty glad when we were leaving the nasty old house for good and had the dog hitched with all our traps in the wagon. It was a bright morning, and the sunlight glimmered on the dew in the broad valley. The men were just coming from breakfast when we turned in at David Brower's. A barefooted little girl a bit older than I, with red cheeks and blue eyes and long curly hair that shone like gold in the sunlight, came running out to meet us and led me up to the doozer, highly amused at the sight of Fred and the wagon. I regarded her with curiosity and suspicion at first, while Uncle Eb was talking with the men. I shall never forget that moment when David Brower came and lifted me by the shoulders high above his head and shook me as if to test my mettle. He then led me into the house, where his wife was working.

"What do you think of this small bit of a boy?" he asked.

She had already knelt on the floor and put her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"'Ain't no home," said he. "Come all the way from Vermont with an' of man. They're work out, both uv 'em. Guess we'd better take 'em in awhile."

"Oh, yes, mother—please, mother."

She knelt beside me and put her arms about my little shoulders and drew me to her breast and spoke to me very tenderly.

"Please let him stay," the girl pleaded again.

"David," said the woman, "couldn't turn the little thing away. Won't ye hand me those cookies?"

And so our life began in Paradise valley. Ten minutes later I was playing my first game of "I spy" with little Hope Brower among the fragrant stalks of wheat in the field back of the garden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREE TO OUR READERS

Botanic Blood Balm for the Blood.

If you suffer from ulcers, eczema, scrofula, blood poison, cancer, eating sores, itching skin, pimples, boils, bone pains, swellings, rheumatism, oosthry, or any blood or skin disease, we advise you to take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Especially recommended for old obstinate, deep-seated cases, cures where all else fails, heals every sore, makes the blood pure and rich, gives the skin the rich glow of health. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample sent free by writing Botanic Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid.

Keep your bowels regular by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. There is nothing better. For sale by Jackson Drug Co.

REARING GEESE.

When to Begin Hatching—Grass For the Goslings. Geese generally commence laying in the latter part of March or first of April in the north, but the laying may be promoted by feeding an egg producing ration, and by removing the eggs from the nests and feeding well a larger number of eggs will be laid, writes A. F. Hunter in Reliable Poultry Journal. When they begin laying they should be watched a bit to locate the nests, as the goose will cover the eggs with straw, hay or other material to conceal them. Then, too, in cold weather there is danger of the eggs becoming chilled, hence they should be gathered and put away in a dry, cool place and turned half over about twice a week until they are put under hens or the mother goose.

When set under a common hen five eggs are probably all she can well cover—a good sized goose will cover twelve eggs all right. It takes thirty days to hatch goslings, and no eggs should be set earlier than about a month before grass usually begins to sprout in your locality; then young, tender grass shoots will be accessible to the youngsters. Sprinkle the eggs twice a week after the fifteenth day and two days before the eggs are due to hatch.

When the goslings begin to hatch take them from the nest, wrap each one in a piece of old flannel or woolen cloth and put in a warm place by the kitchen stove. If left in the nest there is danger that the mother will trample them.

When they are about twenty-four hours old or when the hatch is done put them and the mother in a sheltered coop, with a board floor, and give them a feed of stale (but not moldy) bread-crumbs that are moistened with sweet milk, or water if you haven't the milk. Fresh, clean drinking water should be by them also. Keep the brood confined in a small yard with plenty of young, tender grass for a few days or a week and feed four times a day on bread-crumbs, moistened with milk or water, mixed with cornmeal and wheat middlings.

Fine grit or crushed oyster shells should be accessible always. Keep the young goslings out of the water or from being exposed to a hard rain until they have grown a full coat of feathers. They should have the shelter of a dry, warm coop at night and should not be allowed to run in the tall, wet grass early in the morning. After they are well feathered they need little food or care.

New Cure for Cancer. All surface cancers are now known to be curable, by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, Jas. Walters, of Duffield, Va., writes: "I had a cancer on my lip for years, that seemed incurable, till Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it, and now it is perfectly well." Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c. at The Jackson Drug Co.

If you want work done go after the man that is busy. The man that has nothing to do don't want anything to do.

A GALLON OF GREEN SEAL PAINT. Is a gallon of heavy bodied paint and when thinned up according to directions on every package, is the most economical paint made. For sale by M. S. Crain.

RAILROAD TABLES

Lexington & Eastern R'y

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Effective Oct. 10th, 1904.

West Bound.			
No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
AM	PM	AM	PM
6:25	2:25	6:25	2:25
6:29	2:30	6:29	2:30
7:26	3:26	7:26	3:26
7:47	3:47	7:47	3:47
8:01	4:01	8:01	4:01
8:28	4:30	8:28	4:30
8:37	4:39	8:37	4:39
9:23	5:25	9:23	5:25
10:10	6:05	10:10	6:05

East Bound.			
No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	No. 4 Daily
Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday	Ex. Sunday
PM	AM	PM	AM
2:25	7:45	2:25	7:45
3:10	8:25	3:10	8:25
3:56	9:13	3:56	9:13
4:06	9:23	4:06	9:23
4:35	9:54	4:35	9:54
4:49	10:08	4:49	10:08
5:11	10:29	5:11	10:29
6:11	11:26	6:11	11:26
6:15	11:30	6:15	11:30

Nos 3 and 4 make close connection for Cannell City and points on Ohio & Kentucky Railway Division, daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 connect at L. & E. Junction with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling and local points.

Trains Nos 1 & 2 connect at Beattyville Junction with L. & A. for Beattyville.

J. R. BARR, Gen. Mgr., CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

O. & K. RY

Effective May 22nd, 1904.

East Bound.		West Bound.	
Mixed Train	Passenger Train	Mixed Train	Passenger Train
9:30 AM	2:35 PM	11:20 AM	3:50 PM
9:25 AM	2:30 PM	11:26 AM	3:45 PM
8:43 AM	1:58 PM	11:52 AM	4:17 PM
8:30 AM	1:52 PM	11:58 AM	4:30 PM
7:30 AM	1:28 PM	12:22 PM	5:18 PM
7:15 AM	1:05 PM	12:45 PM	5:45 PM

West-bound Passenger Train connects at O. & K. Junction with train which leaves Lexington at 7:40 a.m.

East-bound Passenger Train connects at O. & K. Junction with train which arrives at Winchester 20 and Lexington at 6:05 p.m.

M. L. CONLEY, Sup't.

Louisville & Atlantic Ry.

Schedule in effect April 15th 1905.

WEST BOUND.			
AM	PM	AM	PM
6:25	2:25	6:25	2:25
10:30	3:30	10:30	3:30
3:45	10:50	3:45	10:50
6:35	12:25	6:35	12:25
7:35	1:30	7:35	1:30
6:00	1:35	6:00	1:35
6:28	2:02	6:28	2:02
6:55	2:27	6:55	2:27
7:55	3:25	7:55	3:25
10:45	6:15	10:45	6:15

H. R. SMITH, G. P. A., Versailles, Ky.

FARM FOR SALE 100 acres, 2 miles south of Indian Fields, known as a part of the Indian Old Fields: A house with 7 rooms eastern at the door with all the other necessary out buildings, one stock barn, one tobacco barn, sufficient to hold 4 acres of tobacco, Churches and school convenient. The farm is well watered and fenced. There is a nice young orchard of something over 100 apple trees in bearing selected fruit, call on or address me at Indian Fields, Ky.

G. W. ALLEN.

BLUE GRASS TRACTION CO

Georgetown and Lexington Traction Company. Cars leave Lexington for Paris every hour from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., and at 9 p. m. Leave Paris every hour from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. and at 10 p. m. Single fare 40 cents.

Leave Lexington for Georgetown every hour from 7 a. m. to 1 p. m. except 11 a. m. 1 p. m. 8 p. m. and 10 p. m. Leave Georgetown every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. except a. m. 12 m. and 7 and 9 p. m.

Y. A. ALEXANDER, President.

Here We Are!
The Celebrated
HANAN SHOE,
The Best on Earth.
PRICE \$5.00 PRICE

For Sale By
DAY BROS CO
Jackson, - - Kentucky.

FLOYD DAY, President. J. SAMUEL HEAD, Jr., Cashier.
F. P. DRAWFORD, Vice President. ROBT VAN ARSDALL, Asst. Cash.

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,

Jackson, Kentucky.
Paid up Capital and Surplus \$26,500.00

We solicit the Banking Business and accounts of
**Lumber Manufacturers,
Timber Dealers,
Business Men,
Merchants
Farmers**

Throughout Eastern Kentucky and offer our Customers the most
LIBERAL TERMS
Within the limits of legitimate business.

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY

WANTED. 38 Dollars

One Thousand Men and Women to pass the Civil Service Examination for the following United States Government positions:

NAME OF POSITION

Department Branch.

Age Limit, 20 and over

Clerk—Male or Female

Stenographer Male or Female

Stenographer and Typewriter Male or Female

Bookkeeper Male or Female

Railway Mail Clerk, Age 18 to 35

Tagger 20 and over

Custom House Branch

Age Limit 20 and over

Day Inspector

Clerk Male or Female

Assistant Weigher

Messenger

Sampler

Internal Revenue Branch

Age Limit 21 and over

Clerk

Ganger

Storekeeper

Post Office Branch

Clerk Male or Female 18 to 45

Clerk Carrier

For information as to requirements Address,
**BOX 585,
LEXINGTON, KY.**

A Business EDUCATION

Is absolutely necessary to the young man or young woman who would win success in life. Tus being conceded, it is of first importance to get your training at the school that stands in the very front rank—
The Bryant & Stratton Business College,
N E Corner Second and Walnut Sts., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Book-keeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy.

Seven experienced teachers, each one a specialist in his line. Write for a beautiful book giving testimonials from graduates occupying prominent positions all over the United States—it will be mailed to you FREE.

School open all the year. Students can enter at any time.
E. J. WRIGHT, President

Kodol

DYSPEPSIA CURE

DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT

The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents. PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. C. DEWITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
For Sale by M. S. CRAIN, Jackson, Ky